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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

An Illustrated Magazine

For the People.

Conducted by J. G. Holland.

Volume XX.

(May, 1880, to Oct. 1880, inclusive.)

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New-York:

Scribner & Co., No. 743 Broadway.

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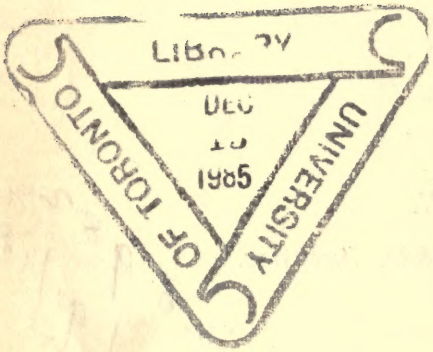

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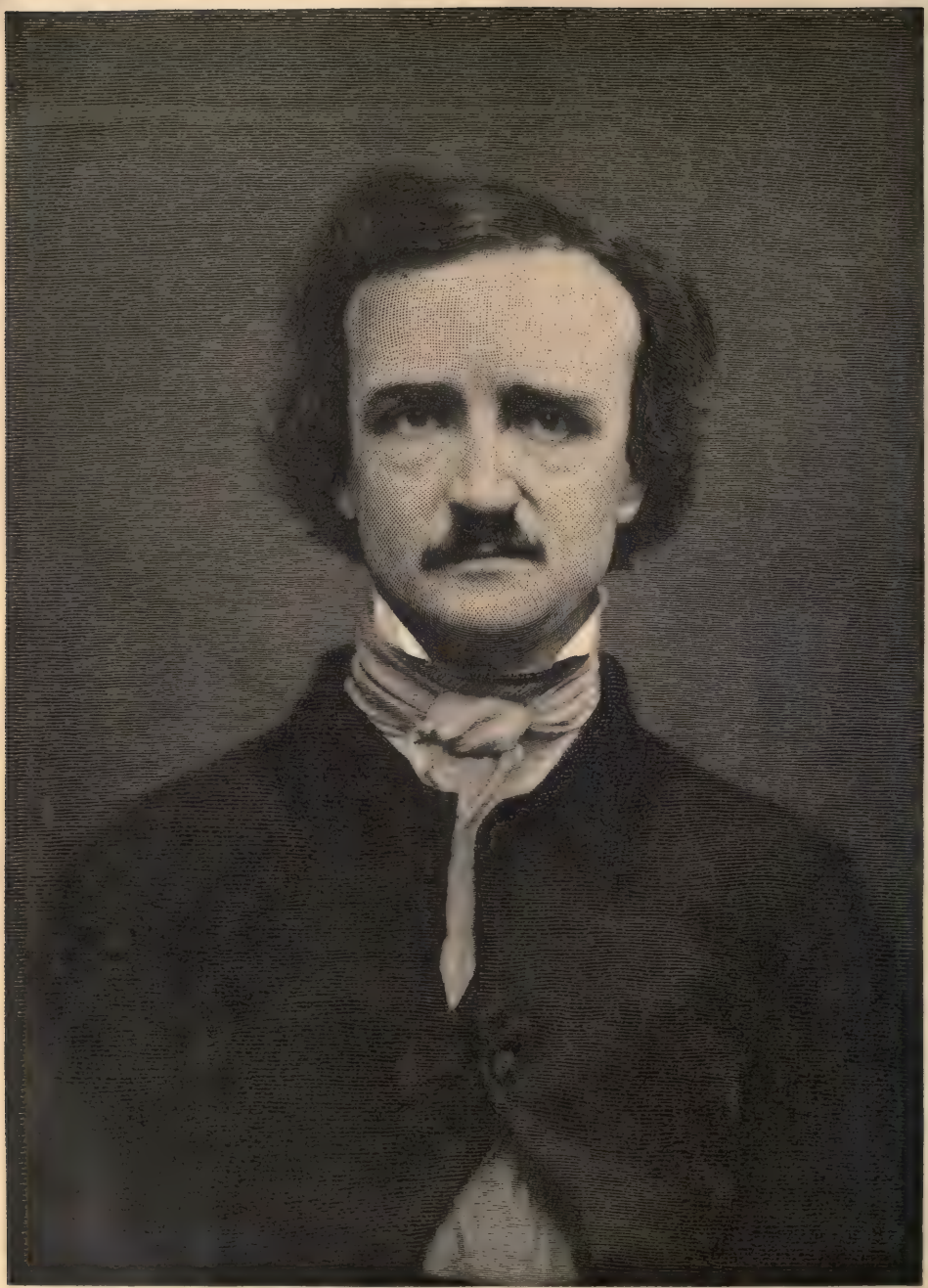

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. MAY, 1880. No. 1.

THE YOUNGER PAINTERS OF AMERICA.

FIRST PAPER.

THE annals of art in America have not been eventful, but the year 1876–7 may be said to mark the beginning of an epoch in them. Before that year, we had what was called, at any rate, an American school of painting; and now the American school of painting seems almost to have disappeared —or has, at the least calculation, lost the distinctive characterlessness which won for it its name and recognition. We are beginning to paint as other people paint. If we are to have a new American "school" hereafter, it is certain that it will be very different from its once popular predecessor; but at present it is quite evident that we are but accumulating and perfecting the material for such a national expression, and even to the taking of so initial a step as this, the destruction of our old canons and standards was necessary. In this sense, a just consideration of the younger painters who appeared in New York at the National Academy Exhibition three years ago is in the nature of a pæan rather than of a dirge. Even the three years that have elapsed since then have made it difficult to recall the general condition of our painting at that time. American painters of genius there were, certainly; it is not meant to insist here that there are many more now. Nothing is so difficult or so invidious as to single out individuals in a matter of this kind, but the youngest of "the young men" will recognize the long-since-established reputations of Elliott, Page, Hunt, La Farge, Inness, Vedder, Martin, Homer, and others easily recalled. They occupy the same relative position in point of merit in their generation that Stuart and Copley and Rembrandt Peale did in theirs. The point is that before 1876–7, roughly speaking, this notion went begging. None of them could be called representative men. The American school of painting was wholly opposed to their spirit and methods. It was represented in portraiture, not by Page, but by Huntington; in *genre*, not by La Farge, but by Eastman Johnson; in landscape, not by Inness or Martin, but by —— what a galaxy of names occurs to one here, from Church and Kensett to Bierstadt and William Hart! Any one who does not remember the American contribution to the art display of the Philadelphia International Exhibition may refresh his recollection of the general condition of American art three or four years ago,—of what was then admired and pointed to as American,—by thinking of any ordinary exhibition of that excellent association, the Artist Fund Society. The Artist Fund Society is by no means identical in point of membership with the National Academy of Design, but it is fairly typical of it in this respect; namely, that one of its exhibitions leaves upon the mind very much the same general impression of the spirit, and purport, and tendency of the kind of art therein revered and followed that an Academy exhibition used to. In the first place, it shuns ideality as something profane, substituting therefor what is known in conservative American art circles as "truth"; in the second place, for real truth—the essential, spiritual, vital force of nature, however manifested—it substitutes what is known as "fidelity" and what the early pre-Raphaelites who protested with so much vigor and success against the false classicism current nearly a hundred years ago would greatly marvel at, we may be sure. It is, in fine, in idea and

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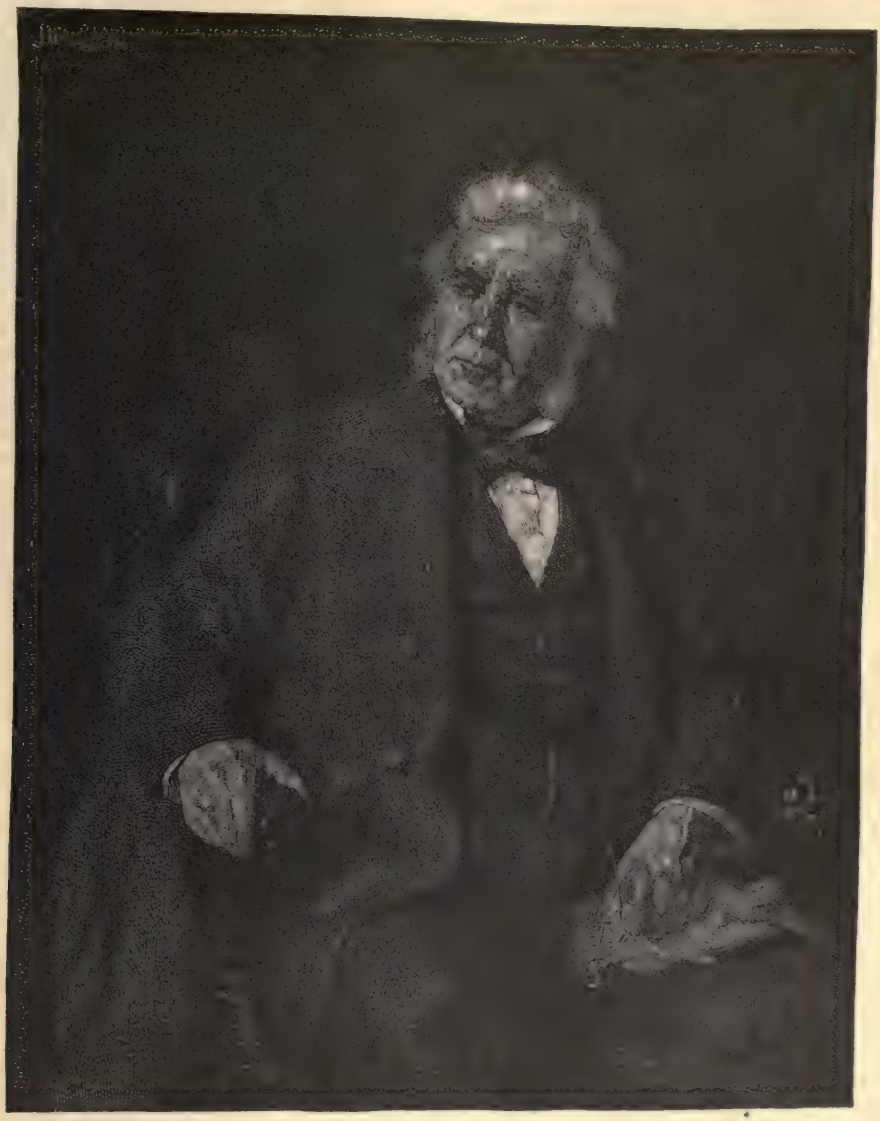
in technique, born of that benign mother of the "American school," Düsseldorf. The day of Düsseldorf has, however, gone by; and to say that the long-continued and triumphant influence of Düsseldorf in American art has at last perished or greatly declined is to note progress. Only in general terms can this be said, perhaps. There are as many painters painting in the old way, of course, and thinking well of it; and the disesteem in which they hold the "young fellows" is quite unaffected. But, in a general way, it is true that, beside the new leaven which is unquestionably working, there are different ideas going upon the whole subject of art. The most conservative must admit that at least a higher order of cant is prevalent. For example, it is more generally understood that when one talks about the advantage of those two preëminent elements of a landscape, light and air, he may still be serious; that such phrases as "large masses," "broad values," "fluent movement," "color as distinct from colors, and tone from either," really have a meaning, despite much current and glib abuse of them in art chatter; and that, whether or no painting is pure illusion and an independent interpreter of nature, to be judged by its own beauty without too strict insistence on "imitation," the ability to draw natural forms accurately is only a small part of a painter's equipment, instead of his whole stock in trade.

Precisely how much of this change is to be credited to the new painters it would, of course, be impossible to determine. To credit them with any of it is certain to excite vigorous protest. But it is fair to point out the coincidence between their appearance and the beginning of the new order, the Renaissance, so to speak, of 1877. Any one who visited the Academy on varnishing day of that year will remember the wholly new aspect of things which greeted him. It created, indeed, a memorable sensation. The Academy was profoundly agitated. Certain popular and estimable painters who had had a generous share of "the line" from time immemorial felt as if they had been treated not only with injustice and even contumely, but with absolute treachery by the hanging committee, of which a majority had studied at Munich, and had given the *pas* to works by mere students fresh from that famous but suspected metropolis of art, and had relegated the American school of painting to the limbo of the upper air. At a speedily called meeting a resolution that every Academician should have eight feet of "the line" to himself was passed in spleen, but it was soon after rescinded with magnanimous shamefacedness, and, after restoring the old order of things the next year, the Exhibition of 1879 was hung with an impartiality eloquent of the acceptance on the part of the Academy of the new departure. A new departure had, indeed, taken place. In 1878, the new painters overflowed from the Academy into the Kurtz Gallery, where they held an exhibition of their own, and a highly creditable one, though no doubt it seemed to many of their countrymen, who had been painters before they were born, a veritable chamber of horrors. Last year they emphasized their success with another which showed marked improvement, and the excellence of that recently closed should be fresh in every one's mind.

So far as we know, there has been no explanation of the simultaneousness with which they all appeared together three years ago, but it may be called a happy accident. The Centennial year had in many ways awakened a popular interest in art. Aside from the contents of Memorial Hall at the Exhibition itself, a study of which could not avoid being useful, and which, for one reason and another, was never not crowded, the loan exhibitions all over the country, and especially that in New York, served both to show how much artistic wealth there was in America, and to extend the popular acquaintance with the best in modern art. Renewed interest was taken in the art-schools. Mr. Eaton was secured at the Cooper Institute and Mr. Shirlaw at the Art Students' League almost immediately upon their return from Paris and Munich; and these schools, and those at the Academy under Mr. Wilmarth, felt and showed the impetus of the general movement. In a sort, the soil seemed to have been prepared for the seed which the new "Society of American Artists" evidently felt it to be its mission to sow. This society is not, it should be needless to explain, composed exclusively of the "new men," but it may be taken to represent the new movement, with which Mr. Hunt, Mr. La Farge and Mr. Martin were of course as much in sympathy as Mr. Chase or Mr. Shirlaw, and the rationale of which was, in a word, hostility to everything mechanical, enthusiasm for everything genuinely artistic; and those qualities they had for several years been illustrating, only without attracting the attention which is



PORTRAIT. (J. ALDEN WEIR.)

never won till quantity comes to the aid of quality. Until the new men appeared, it is entirely safe to say the mass of painters distinctly not in sympathy with the American "school" was not large enough to make an important popular impression.

That such an impression has now, however, been made there is no doubt expressed on any hand. Pictures which, when surrounded by the traditionary and regulation American landscape or *genre*, were viewed askance by honest folk who could see that one or the other sort was all wrong, and argued, as honest folk will, that the exceptions must be at fault,—such pictures, when massed as they were at the first exhibition of the new society, or even when "given the show" they had at the Academy in 1877, could not but make an impression. The new men have, indeed, not only ceased to be a sensation, but they have come to be accepted, in many quarters, indeed, with *empressement*, or, at least, cordial unquestioningness. It would not be surprising if this discovery, that instead of being proto-martyrs—a position they probably

contemplated with a good deal of satisfaction at the outset—they had become heads of corners, had made them as a body, to use an expressive vulgarism, a trifle "cocky." There have been rumors to that effect, at all events. But that is important only to themselves and their detractors, and the public is only concerned that they have now won a position which entitles them to candid discussion without apology.

One of the most distinctive things that strike one in looking at the works of nearly all of the new men—at least of nearly all with whom this paper has to do—is, perhaps, the strength of their technique. That was the noticeable thing about their work in the Academy Exhibition of 1877. To the reproach then current that they were "merely students," it was pertinent to reply that at any rate they were that;—a rejoinder which if directed in certain quarters contained much pith. Mr. Duveneck, Mr. Shirlaw, Mr. Chase, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Weir, and their fellows, had spent years of careful and diligent work under such masters as Diez, Piloty, Gérôme and Lindenschmidt; they were fresh from studios where real painting was done and its principles were understood; to say—as was so often said—that they painted in the Munich manner or the Paris manner was, except for its obvious qualification, merely to say that they painted as good painters paint; with the logical inference that it was not as, in general, they paint in Düsseldorf. Few people who saw it can have forgotten Mr. Duveneck's "Turkish Page," to take a noteworthy instance; it was a good-sized canvas exhibiting a skeleton-like boy sitting on a leopard skin, a red plush fabric covering his extended legs from his ankles to his waist, a red fez on his head, a brass basin containing fruit, at which a macaw is pecking, in his lap, and at his left hand a copper dish and pitcher; the wall behind him, against which he leans, being hung with striped tapestry. In pure technique this was certainly one of the best pictures we have ever had exhibited here by an American. What painters call quality, it had in surprising manner; the fez was clearly wool, the basin brass, the pitcher copper, and the bird's plumage as feathery as one might see in nature; the flesh was only less admirably rendered. And in the higher branch of technique, pictorial arrangement, it was quite as good, the whole being a complete entity, in philosophical phrase, the apparently incongruous materials mentioned reciprocally interdependent and auxiliary, and the entire effect single. No one needs to be told what high technical excellence these two things imply, and though his "Turkish Page" is a conspicuous example of them, they are evident in everything Mr. Duveneck has shown here; in his portraits, and even in his "Coming Man," of which the elements were so few as almost to make the picture simply a study. Mr. Eakins is another instance of a painter who knows how to paint. Whatever objection a sensitive fastidiousness may find to the subject of his picture, exhibited here a year ago, entitled "An Operation in Practical Surgery," none could be made to the skill with which the scene was rendered. It was a canvas ten feet high, and being an upright and the focus being in the middle distance, it presented many difficulties of a practical nature to the painter; the figures in the foreground were a little more, and those in the background a little less, than life size, but so ably was the whole depicted that probably the reason why nine out of ten of those who were startled or shocked by it were thus affected, was its intense realism: the sense of actuality about it was more than impressive, it was oppressive. It was impossible to doubt that such an operation had in every one of its details taken place, that the faces were portraits, and that a photograph would have fallen far short of the intensity of reproduction which the picture possessed. What accuracy of drawing, what careful training in perspective and what skill in composition this implies, are obvious. Of his two pictures in last year's Academy Exhibition the same may be said. The cleverness of Mr. Chase's technique is equally indisputable. In most technical points, his picture analogous to Mr. Duveneck's "Turkish Page," which hung in the same Exhibition, was quite the equal of it. And since that time, in portraiture, in landscape and in all departments of painting, if we except composition as such, Mr. Chase has improved upon that. His rendering of textures is admirable. That most difficult of the painter's problems, the painting of flesh, is perhaps wherein he is fondest of exhibiting the resources of his palette and the unhesitating sureness of his brush; the fullness of a cheek, the liquidity of an eye, or the smooth surface of a bald forehead, he gets with a success which few painters attain. As to what is called "catching character," such as the feeble-handedness of an old man or the carriage of a pretty girl, that is, perhaps, something which transcends technique, and

FEEDING THE PIGEONS. (WALTER SHIRLAW.)

should be spoken of further on. No allusion to flesh-painting would be complete here if it omitted Mr. Eaton, whose qualities as an artist, however, constantly tempt one to forget his capabilities as a painter. But they are distinct and noteworthy. His "Venus," in the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists a year ago, furnished abundant illustration of this; it was impossible not to feel, whatever qualifications or reservations one might be inclined to make in regard to the picture as a whole, that in pure painting this was an important work; any one who recollects it must recall the scrupulous and successful differentiation, so to speak, of the flesh and the drapery, which, in such a picture as this,

SPRING. (A. P. RYDER.)

with, technically considered, but two elements, is a rare merit. Of Mr. Shirlaw's strength of technique it should be quite needless to speak; not because his "Sheep-Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands" was the "swell" picture of the exhibition of 1877, and subsequently received a medal at the Paris Exposition—though we may be sure that no picture would commend itself to Parisian jurors which had not skill in painting to commend it—but because he has in many canvases shown an unusual range and an unusual ability adequately to set forth whatever he sees or conceives. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances; it should be patent to any one who has examined the work of the "new men" with any care and attention that they have made it their first business to get command of their tools—to the end that, having command of them, they may play with them artistically; that their conception of painting is wholly different from that of accurately imitating natural forms; that drawing is with them only one of the elements of the painter's equipment; and that the years they have spent in Europe have been productive of something beyond a catch-penny ability to imitate the "tricks of the trade" practiced by certain charlatan instructors of ingenious youth—such as Gérôme and Piloty. The "tricks" of those painters, so far as technique goes, are hard to imitate.

However, technique goes for very little in a large reckoning. The slight interest that many of us have in so great a master of it as Gérôme, for example, is witness of that. And, indeed, excellence of technique—which after all is chiefly a matter of diligent training—is not more characteristic of the new men than what may be called, for want of a more definite term, the genuine impulse to paint, which most of them certainly have. This is at bottom the test one applies to a painter, or indeed to an artist of any sort, of course. Was he born, "cut out," as they say in New England, for a painter? or is it rather the retail dry-goods business, say, to which he was naturally adapted but which some perverse fate prevented him from adopting? For painting to be serious, certainly requires something more than skill, even developed by education, on the one hand; and, on the other, it is surprising of how slight importance crudity and lameness become in comparison, provided they are associated with indisputable pictorial impulse. Thackeray showed this distinction very well, every

one will remember, in "The Newcomes," besides illustrating it himself, by the way; and though neither he nor Clive Newcome could probably have attained the skill which "J. J." possessed, it is clear that it would not have been of much service to them if they could have done so. Of course, the distinction is elementary and will be denied by no one; but, like many other elementary truths, it cannot be kept too constantly in the critical mind, it is so often neglected in practice. To many people, a bad line in a thoroughly pictorial landscape would appear a fatal blemish. The commonest censure with us has been to reproach a painter with ignorance, without inquiry as to his capacity and aptitude. It can at least be said that if it had not been for the Society of American Artists it is doubtful whether such an unmistakably genuine painter as Mr. A. P Ryder, for example, would ever have had his pictures hung where they could be seen and relatively judged. It is even now very doubtful whether he would fare well at the Academy; to hang him well at the Academy would indeed be to give up the ship.

Speaking broadly, therefore, whereas it used to be the main effort of American painters to imitate nature, it is the main effort of the new men to express feeling. Hitherto, admiration of American paintings has found expression in such statements as, "How true!" "How life-like!" "How marvelously Mr. Bristol has succeeded in rendering those blue Berkshire hills!" "How happily Mr. Heade has caught the hues of that humming-bird, and Mr. Eastman Johnson the attitude of that old man, and Mr. Brown the expression of that urchin, and Mr. William Hart the gorgeous brilliance of golden October!" and so on. To many people, it never occurred to question the fact as to whether nature had been thus happily imitated; the distinction between a photograph and a picture has only recently become hackneyed with us; few American connoisseurs even paused to reflect that nothing could be less like nature than terra-cotta cows and decalcomanie foliage, and theatric but metallic cloud "effects," and shiny banks of moss, of which and other similar elements a good deal of American painting has been and is composed. But aside from accepting thus unquestioningly the circumstance of "life-likeness," most people never thought of asking of a painting that it be "alive" instead of only "life-like." And yet, of course, this is the one thing needful to demand of a picture. And this characterizes the work

OYSTER GATHERERS AT CANCALE. (J. S. SARGENT.)

THE CHESS PLAYERS. (THOMAS EAKINS.)

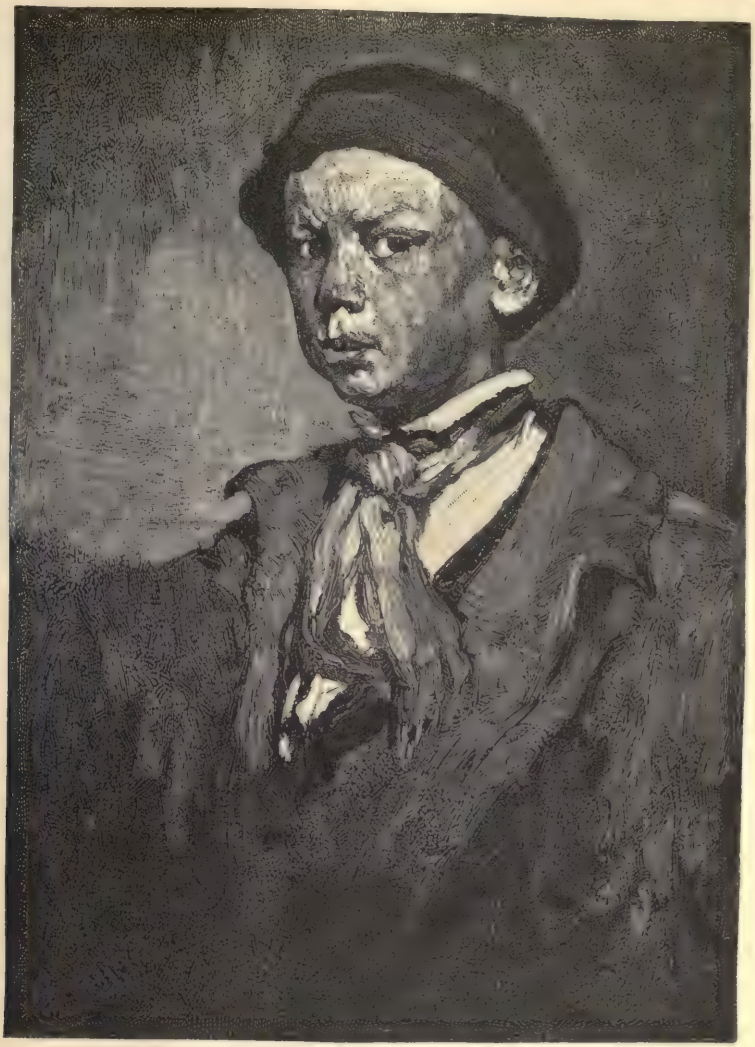
of the new men almost without exception. Almost without exception, nature is to them a material rather than a model; they lean toward feeling rather than toward logic; toward beauty, or at least artistic impressiveness, rather than toward literalness; toward illusion rather than toward representation. With the order of criticism that esteems this irreverence, we are all familiar; the eloquence of Mr. Ruskin over not Turner, but let us say Stanfield, has put that side of the case as strongly as it is possible to put it, perhaps. But it has long been widely known that it is for Mr. Ruskin's own literary art rather than for the soundness of his art criticism—or anything that calls for the exercise of his intelligence rather than of his genius—that he is admirable. The extravagances of the gospel of "art for art" have quite eclipsed Mr. Ruskin. But it is not necessary to subscribe to either in order to recognize the justice of such a remark as Goethe's, "There are no landscapes in nature like those of Claude," or indeed, in familiar speech, to know a good thing when you see it, whether it be in nature or on canvas. There is no doubt that as a class the new men care more for a good thing than they do whence they get it. As to the possibility of getting it from any source but nature, there is very little to be said on that point, one may admit, spite of the literature of it that exists. If one reflects upon what is meant by inspiration, however, he will not lose sight of the most important factor of all art. As to whether there is any such thing as actual inspiration, it may be well for painters themselves to remain in some doubt; there is apt to be a pretty constant ratio between a painter's "consciousness" of inspiration and his inability to persuade others that he is not mistaken. Bacon's wise saying, "Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was, but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music) and not by rule," should perhaps be remembered chiefly by painters who have no suspicion that they possess "a kind of felicity." And it is probable that the new men do trust too much, now and then, to this felicity and the certainty of their having it, and are a little contemptuous of "rule." The two common merits already noted in them —a strong technique and a genuine artistic impulse—have indeed their perils, and tempt to the neglect of those qualities which they are quite right, to our mind, in thinking

PORTRAIT OF FRANK DUVENECK. (WM. M. CHASE.)

too highly thought of at the Academy. It is due to this that they fall short, many of them, in the matter of style, a quality hardly less important in painting than motive itself. Their lack of style, in truth, seems their cardinal defect. Contempt for style held sincerely and definitely by persons of recognized authority in criticism is common enough. It is supposed by many persons to involve of necessity lifelessness and formality. The insistence of the French upon it is often pointed to as the one thing which hampers the freedom of their artistic expression. The monotony of contemporary Parisian architecture with its miles of egg-and-dart moulding, the correctness and cold-

ness of French classical music, the rigorous restrictions of French dramatic poetry, even the limitations of the French novel, are frequently mentioned as illustrations. And it cannot be denied that these illustrations have much force,—so much that nowhere has the protest against classic servility been made with such sharp distinctness, and, one may add, so much temper, as it has been in Paris from the days of the Romantic School of poetry to the publication of the protestant "L'Art." But the Frenchman who is never tired of lamenting the injustice of the French Academy to Balzac would never think of condoning the extravagances of M. Zola. And given over as Gallic critics are to fitting formulæ to beliefs with more precision than the nature of the latter quite permits, M. Eugène Véron, even, would probably scout such a statement as that recently uttered by Mr. Hamerton, in his "Portfolio," in criticism of M. Charles Blanc to the effect that "*le style* was an exploded superstition." M. Charles Blanc is one of the Academy's spokesmen, and is naturally over-partial perhaps to academic canons; but in what aroused Mr. Hamerton's disgust, M. Charles Blanc had been saying some, in our view, exceedingly true and useful things. He had been criticising a number of English pictures, and accusing them of an insular lack of style, which he said was quite pardonable in Mr. Burne-Jones, who possessed conspicuous genius, but which in less inspired painters he considered regrettable. That is precisely the truth about style, and it is here quoted for the clearness with which it puts the matter. In other words intelligence has its place in art as well as genius, and mere intelligence assuming the privilege of genius, of kicking over the traces whenever it chooses, is never an agreeable spectacle to an educated person. Exactly to define style is so difficult that it is fortunately unimportant; it is not quite the grammar, but perhaps better the rhetoric of art; it is so far from being manner that it is the thing about a work of art, which is a guide to, and a check upon manner which is essentially individual; what is always understood by it—and its presence is quite unmistakable—is a certain result of the artist's educated intelligence which indicates that he has an intimate enough acquaintance with and deference for the method of the greatest professors and practitioners of his art to prevent him from committing freaks and absurdities out of mere whim. It distinguishes barbaric from civilized art more than any other one quality, perhaps; it is at least the product of cultivation, and the only danger of it is that it may thwart or even stifle original force.

This, however, one would say the new men need not greatly fear. Most of them humor their conceits with such entire independence that the danger lies in the opposite direction. In the absence of any rigorous public opinion, and in the presence of a professional opinion whose provinciality and lifelessness are only too strong, it could not well be that they should betray any hampering deference to style. And they do not. Mr. Chase sends a portrait, of which the eyes are barely modeled and not painted at all, to the Exhibition of his Society; Mr. Weir, along with a large and ambitious canvas, the rapid and hasty study for one of its heads; Mr. Ryder a number of pictures justly to be denominated freaks in respect of their serene and conscious disregard of the conventions of painting; Mr. Duveneck is represented by a canvas which is a mere sketch, and defiantly leaves off when its principal effect is secured. And it is clear, moreover, that in many instances this is wisely done; for to their technique, and their individuality, and their sense for what is pictorially interesting, many of the painters have not yet the ability to add either the largeness or the distinction that belong to an impressive style. For the present, at least, if Mr. Ryder, for example, should attempt more than he does, it is odds that it would be disastrous, to a degree. His pictures are marked by an almost contempt for form; they assume an attitude of almost hostility to the observer bent on "making them out;" they seem to take it for granted that a picture is a simple rather than a complex thing, and to assert directly that a suggestive hint is as good as a complete expression. But if he should suddenly realize their short-comings in these respects and attempt to correct them out of hand, we should fear for their poetic feeling, their engaging color, and their softness and tenderness; even to lose their fragmentariness would, one feels, be risky. Notice the comparative failure of Mr. Weir's attempt to do something large in his "Park Bench," exhibited a year ago at the new Society. Mr. Weir is a capital painter, in our view. His portrait of his father, here engraved, is an admirable thing in many ways, large and simple in arrangement, modeled with firm vigor, and possessing the unmistakable merit, as even a stranger may see, of excellent portraiture. There is plenty of



THE WHISTLING BOY. (J. FRANK CURRIER.)

good painting in the "Park Bench," too; but the fact is fatal to it as a composition, as a complete thing, that it does not go together. The figures are crowded, and at the same time so far without instantly perceptible relations, that one has difficulty in making out their individual place and movement. This is undoubtedly because Mr. Weir, who has a strong feeling for character and a quick eye for a single effect, got out of his usual rut and attempted to combine a number of distinct impressions, to harmonize them, and to make a single picture of them, instead of conceiving his picture as a whole at the outset, as he does so well in so many instances when the problem is simpler.

Mr. Shirlaw succeeds far better in this respect; almost all of his works have that organic unity, the focus of interest and of color, and the subordination of details which comes of thorough study and continued practice. Style, too—painting, that is, in non-essential details, and in everything which does not need the accentuation of individuality—Mr. Eaton possesses to a noticeable degree. He conceives a picture admirably for the most part, and one always feels that he has devoted thought and study to its execution. Mr. Eakins is another example; nothing is clearer than that if he is to be called eccentric it is because of his manner, not of his failure in style.

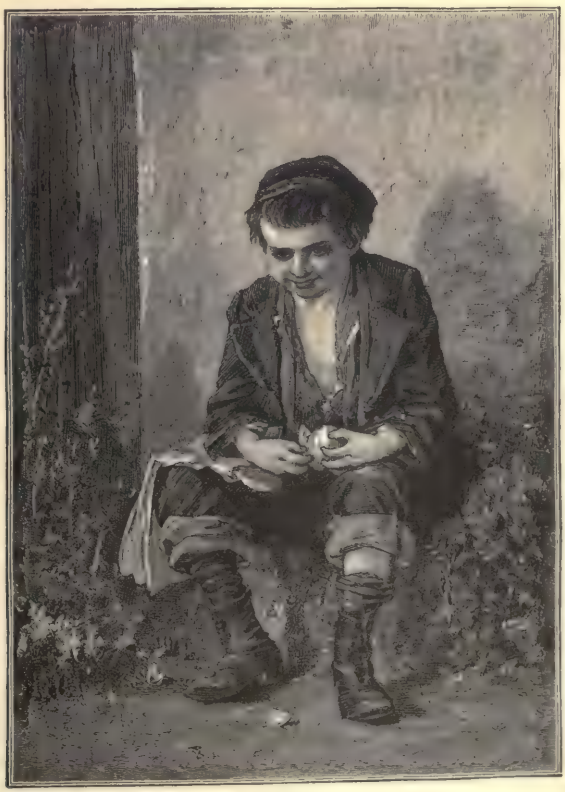
NEW ENGLAND CEDARS. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

Mr. Currier is an instance of the reverse. Indeed, the exhibitions of the new Society may be said to impress one as, in a greater degree than most exhibitions, a collection of studies—admirably strong and picturesque, but not a little crude, and in style as yet not thoroughly formed. And the reason is because, as it has been said of the outburst of English poetry at the beginning of this century, they had their origin "in a great movement of feeling, not in a great movement of mind," —though to be exact we should, perhaps, leave out the epithet "great" in this instance. If, however, these exhibitions are in a measure crude, and lack both the largeness and the distinction which comes of "knowing more," of bringing one's educated intelligence to bear, as well as one's artistic impulse, their crudity is refreshing. If they are not all exactly well-bred,—to use a social analogy to explain what we mean by "distinction,"—and have not the *bel air*, they at all events give platitude a wide berth.

They have, nevertheless, as a whole, a defect as much involved often in the avoidance of platitude, perhaps, as lack of style is in self-trustfulness,—namely, a lack of poetry. And as style is something to be acquired and poetry is not, this is considerably more serious. Criticism of the unpoetical character of many of the pictures of the new Society, as we have said, does not apply to Mr. Eaton's, which certainly have a very sweet and tender sentiment, whether they be large and "important" subjects, such as his "Harvesters at Rest," which he brought from the Salon to the Academy, in 1877, and his "Venus" heretofore alluded to, or such slight and unpretending canvases as his little, bright and fresh Spring idyl, exhibited a year ago at the Kurtz Gallery. Nor does it concern Mr. Ryder, who has possibly a proportional excess of poetry, as it has been intimated; nor Mr. Sargent, whose bent is distinctly poetic, as one may see in his charming "Oyster Gatherers," here engraved, as well as in the figure piece, or in his little urchins learning to swim, both of which were exhibited last year, and the latter of which was one of the most delightful canvases at the Academy. But it does apply, we suppose it will be admitted (to select some of the very ablest painters on our list), to Mr. Eakins, to Mr. Chase, to Mr. Duveneck, to Mr. Currier, to Mr. Shirlaw, and to Mr. Weir. Mr. Eakins's power almost makes up for the lack of poetry. His "Surgical Operation" beforementioned as a masterpiece of realism in point of technique, is equally a masterpiece of dramatic realism, in point of art. The painter increased rather than diminished the intensity which it is evident he sought after, by taking for a theme a familiar and somewhat vulgar tragedy of every-day occurrence in American hospitals, instead of an historic incident of Rome or Egypt. The play of emotions which is going on is strong

and vivid. The chloroformed patient is surrounded by surgeons and students whose interest is strictly scientific, his mother who is in an agony of fear and grief, and the operator who holds a life in his hand and is yet lecturing as quietly as if the patient were a blackboard. Very little in American painting has been done to surpass the power of this drama. But if the essence of fine-art be poetic, an operation in practical surgery can hardly be said to be related to fine-art at all. Many persons thought this canvas, we remember, both horrible and disgusting; the truth is that it was simply unpoetic. The tragedy was as vivid as that of a battle-field, but it was, after all, a tragedy from which every element of ideality had been eliminated. The same thing is true, with obvious differences of degree, of most of Mr. Eakins's work. He is distinctly not enamored of beauty, unless it be considered, as very likely he would contend, that whatever is is beautiful.

Mr. Currier's pictures are another instance of what can be done in art without poetry—even with the negation of poetry. The water-colors he sent here in the winter of 1878-79 made a sensation. They became the subject of endless discussion and may almost be said to have divided "art circles" into two hostile parties. It was contended on the one hand that they were wonderful examples of the way in which an impressionist, nobly careless of details and bent only on the representation of the spirit of nature rather than of her botanical forms, can succeed in the truest fidelity. On the other it was argued that nothing could be made out of them, that they were mere daubs, and that the only landscape which could in the faintest way resemble them was that of which one caught glimpses from the window of an express train. The ayes "had it" very clearly, in our view. Mr. Currier's "impressions" were masterly in technical qualities and very real at a proper distance. The fatal trouble with them was that they were horribly ugly. That is the difficulty with all of Mr. Currier's work; it is the difficulty with his genius. Painters such as



THE NEWSBOY. (FREDERICK DIELMAN.)

RETURNING FROM THE BROOK. (GEORGE INNESS, JR.)

he, who emulate the vigor and vividness of Franz Hals, forget that vigor and vividness are not the only nor the sufficient elements of a picture, and were never yet so deemed by any master even of the Dutch school. An exquisite and almost caressing art there is in the most intensely real Velasquez or in the most superficially ugly Franz Hals. Mr. Duveneck and Mr. Chase are in another category, though we suspect they are to be ranked as warm admirers of Mr. Currier. Mr. Duveneck atones for his absence of poetry not only by his power, and Mr. Chase by his extraordinary facility and swiftness, so to speak, but both by their sense of character of what is pictorially impressive, by their feeling in a word for picturesqueness. Nothing could be more picturesque than the Spanish-like portrait Mr. Duveneck sent to the Academy last year, and at the same time it was powerfully and subtly painted; and nothing more so than Mr. Chase's best work. His canvases have a life, an *élan*, a movement and an artistic interest in the highest degree noteworthy; we do not remember one of them which relies on beauty. They attract, stimulate, provoke a real enthusiasm at times for their straightforward directness, their singleness of aim, their absolute avoidance of all sentimentality, —but they have not charm. Mr. Shirlaw inclines more to things poetic; we remember a very charming picture of a sleeping girl; his "Gooseherd" was a by no means prosaic expression of jollity; and in portraiture he loses nothing of the sweetness and grace of an attractive subject. In the main, however, it is to be said that his strongest leaning is toward pure picturesqueness, and that in a measure he compromises a natural bent in essaying sentiment, however well he may handle it.

Of the qualities of Mr. Swain Gifford's work there should by this time be no need to speak; he is not a "new man," but his sympathy for the aims and character of the new men, in contradistinction from the character and aims for the most part current before their advent, renders his association with them pertinent. Mr. Dielman is a new man and has done excellent work, and though none of it is of large importance, it has the evident qualities of both skill and simplicity. Mr. George Inness, Jr. came honestly by his talent; more than any of the younger painters, perhaps, his progress within the past four or five years has been noticeable, and, apparently, from a clever amateur with a fondness for painting animals he has become one of the painters who count. He has a fondness for color and for "solidity of handling" that is on many accounts pleasant

to see, despite the fact that it is somewhat ingenuously evident; and he can make a picture with more elements of interest, better associated, than a great many who are both more deft by nature and more experienced; as may be seen from the engraving of his "Returning from the Brook." Mr. F. S. Church has been drawing and painting in New York for a number of years, and yet so curiously are grotesquerie and wholesomeness combined in him, that it is, perhaps, more difficult to speak with anything like satisfactory precision of him than of any of the painters we have referred to. He has done a great deal of a kind of work which neither he nor any one else would regard as serious, and which, indeed, is generally very justly regarded as tending to unfit one for serious work. But to see how really subordinate the purely humorous side of his talent is, and how easily he frees himself from its shackles when he chooses, one has only to glance at his "After the Rain," here reproduced, or at any of the work he has been doing of recent years. It is impossible not to see in such a picture as "After the Rain" a good deal of grace and a genuine and refined sentiment; to our mind there is something very agreeable in its nice compromise between the conventionality ordinarily inseparable from such a subject, and the painter's unmistakable individuality—or, better a graceful concession of the latter to the former. It is unlikely that Mr. Church will ever carry this too far, we should say, and there can be no need to fear that his work will not always keep something very individual about it. Perhaps he could not do better than to rid himself of all anxiety concerning the result of his sturdiness becoming even more softened than it is. But his absolute sincerity and almost awkward dread of anything like sentimentality, added to his clear bent toward painting and the technical skill with which his steady work has been rewarded—witness his Sandy Hook landscapes and his contribution to the last Water-Color Exhibition—make him one of the younger painters whose constant progress is a guarantee of the fulfillment of their promise.

To recall our conclusions in regard to these, taking them in the mass, and somewhat loosely. They have acquired a strong, if not too flexible or comprehensive, technique; they have a genuine impulse, a natural bent toward painting; and, though as yet they lack *style*, and seem a little more content to lack it than is quite deferential, and have no noticeable feeling for poetry, they atone for this, to a degree, not only by the qualities just mentioned but by a lively feeling for character and a quick sense for picturesqueness—for what is pictorially impressive.

AFTER THE RAIN. (F. S. CHURCH.)

LOUISIANA.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," "Haworth's," etc.

"MUST I GO AWAY?" HE SAID.

CHAPTER XV.

"IANTHY!"

It was later than usual when Louisiana awakened in the morning. She awakened suddenly and found herself listening to the singing of a bird on the tree near her window. Its singing was so loud and shrill that it overpowered her and aroused her to a consciousness of fatigue and exhaustion.

It appeared to her at first that no one was stirring in the house below, but after a few minutes she heard some one talking in her father's room—talking rapidly in monotonous tone.

"I wonder who it is," she said, and she lay back upon her pillow, feeling tired out and bewildered between the bird's shrill song and the strange voice.

And then she heard heavy feet on the stairs and listened to them nervously until they reached her door and the door was pushed open unceremoniously.

The negro woman Nancy thrust her head into the room.

"Miss Louisianny, honey," she said. "Ye aint up yet?"

"No."

"Ye'd better *git* up, honey—an' come down-stairs."

But the girl made no movement.

"Why?" she asked, listlessly.

"Yer pappy, honey—he's sorter cur'us. He don't seem to be right well. He didn't seem to be quite at hisself when I went to light his fire. He——"

Louisiana sat upright in bed, her great coil of black hair tumbling over one shoulder and making her look even paler than she was.

"Father!" she said. "He was quite

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well late last night. It was after midnight when we went to bed and he was well then."

The woman began to fumble uneasily at the latch.

"Don't ye git skeered, chile," she said. "Mebbe 'taint nothin'—but seemed to me like—like he didn't know me."

Louisiana was out of bed, standing upon the floor and dressing hurriedly.

"He was well last night," she said, piteously. "Only a few hours ago. He was well and talked to me and ——"

She stopped suddenly to listen to the voice down-stairs—a new and terrible thought flashing upon her.

"Who is with him?" she asked. "Who is talking to him?"

"Thar aint no one with him," was the answer. "He's by hisself, honey."

Louisiana was buttoning her wrapper at the throat. Such a tremor fell upon her that she could not finish what she was doing. She left the button unfastened and pushed past Nancy and ran swiftly down the stairs, the woman following her.

The door of her father's room stood open and the fire Nancy had lighted burned and crackled merrily. Mr. Rogers was lying high upon his pillow, watching the blaze. His face was flushed and he had one hand upon his chest. He turned his eyes slowly upon Louisiana as she entered and for a second or so regarded her wonderingly. Then a change came upon him, his face lighted up—it seemed as if he saw all at once who had come to him.

"Ianthy!" he said. "I didn't sca'cely know ye! Ye've bin gone so long! Whar hev ye bin?"

But even then she could not realize the truth; it was so short a time since he had bidden her good-night and kissed her at the door.

"Father!" she cried. "It's Louisiana! Father, look at me!"

He was looking at her, and yet he only smiled again.

"It's bin such a long time, Ianthy," he said. "Sometimes I've thought ye wouldn't never come back at all."

And when she fell upon her knees at the bedside, with a desolate cry of terror and anguish, he did not seem to hear it at all, but lay fondling her bent head and smiling still, and saying happily:

"Lord! I *am* glad to see ye!"

When the doctor came—he was a mountaineer like the rest of them, a rough, good-natured fellow who had "read a course" with somebody and "'tended lectures in Cincinnatty"—he could tell her easily enough what the trouble was.

"Pneumony," he said. "And pretty bad at that. He haint hed no health fer a right smart while. He haint never got over thet spell he hed last winter. This yere change in the weather's what's done it. He was a-complainin' to me the other day about thet thar old pain in his chist. Things hez bin kinder 'cumylatin' on him."

"He does not know me!" said Louisiana. "He is very, very ill!"

Doctor Hankins looked at his patient for a moment, dubiously.

"Wa-al, thet's so," he said, at length. "He's purty bad off—purty bad!"

By night the house was full of visitors and volunteer nurses. The fact that "Uncle Elbert Rogers was down with pneumony, an' Louisianny thar without a soul anigh her," was enough to rouse sympathy and curiosity. Aunt 'Mandy, Aunt Ca'line and Aunt 'Nervy came up one after another.

"Louisianny now, she aint nothin' but a young thing, an' don't know nothin'," they said. "An' Elbert bein' sich nigh kin, it'd look powerful bad if we didn't go."

They came in wagons or rickety buggies and brought their favorite medicines and liniments with them in slab-sided, enamel-cloth valises. They took the patient under their charge, applied their nostrums, and when they were not busy seemed to enjoy talking his symptoms over in low tones. They were very good to Louisiana, relieving her of every responsibility in spite of herself, and shaking their heads at one another pityingly when her back was turned.

"She never give him no trouble," they said. "She's got thet to hold to. An' they was powerful sot on her, both him an' Ianthy. I've heern 'em say she allus was kinder tender an' easy to manage."

Their husbands came to "sit up" with them at night, and sat by the fire talking about their crops and the elections, and expectorating with regularity into the ashes. They tried to persuade Louisiana to go to bed, but she would not go.

"Let me sit by him, if there is nothing else I can do," she said. "If he should come to himself for a minute he would know me if I was near him."

In his delirium he seemed to have gone back to a time before her existence—the time when he was a young man and there

was no one in the new house he had built, but himself and "Ianthy." Sometimes he fancied himself sitting by their fire on a winter's night and congratulating himself upon being there.

"Jest to think," he would say in a quiet, speculative voice, "that two year ago I didn't know ye—an' thar ye air, a-sittin' sewin', and the fire a-cracklin', an' the house all fixed. This yere's what I call solid comfort, Ianthy—jest solid comfort!"

Once he wakened suddenly from a sleep, and finding Louisiana bending over him, drew her face down and kissed her.

"I didn't know ye was so nigh, Ianthy," he whispered. "Lord! jest to think yer allers nigh an' thar cayn't nothin' separate us."

The desolateness of so living a life outside his was so terrible to Louisiana that at times she could not bear to remain in the room, but would go out into the yard and ramble about aimless and heart-broken, looking back now and then with a pang at the new, strange house.

"There will be nothing left if he leaves me," she said. "There will be nothing."

And then she would hurry back, panting, and sit by him again, her eyes fastened upon his unconscious face, watching its every shade of expression and change.

"She'll take it mighty hard," she heard Aunt Ca'line whisper one day, "ef ——"

And she put her hands to her ears and buried her face in the pillow, that she might not hear the rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"DON'T DO NO ONE A ONJESTICE."

He was not ill very long. Toward the end of the second week the house was always full of visitors who came to sympathize and inquire and prescribe, and who, in many cases, came from their farms miles away attracted by the news that "Uncle Elbert Rogers" was "mighty bad off." They came on horseback and in wagons or buggies—men in homespun, and women in sun-bonnets—and they hitched their horses at the fence and came into the house with an awkwardly subdued air, and stood in silence by the sick bed for a few minutes, and then rambled toward the hearth and talked in spectral whispers.

"The old man's purty low," they always said, "he's purty low." And then they added among themselves that he had "allers bin mighty clever, an' a good neighbor."

When she heard them speak of him in this manner, Louisiana knew what it meant. She never left the room again after the first day that they spoke so and came in bodies to look at him, and turn away and say that he had been good to them. The men never spoke to her after their first nod of greeting, and the women but rarely, but they often glanced hurriedly askance at her as she sat or stood by the sick man's pillow. Somehow, none of them had felt as if they were on very familiar terms with her, though they all spoke in a friendly way of her as being "a mighty purty, still kind o' a harmless young critter." They thought, when they saw her pallor and the anguish in her eyes, that she was "takin' it powerful hard, an' no wonder," but they knew nothing of her desperate loneliness and terror.

"Uncle Elbert he'll leave a plenty," they said in undertones. "She'll be well pervided fer, will Louisianny."

And they watched over their charge and nursed him faithfully, feeling not a little sad themselves as they remembered his simple good-nature and neighborliness and the kindly prayers for which he had been noted in "meetin'."

On the last day of the second week the doctor held a consultation with Aunt 'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line on the front porch before he went away, and when they re-entered the room they spoke in whispers even lower than before and moved about stealthily. The doctor himself rode away slowly and stopped at a house or so on the way-side, where he had no patients, to tell the inhabitants what he had told the head nurses.

"We couldn't hev expected him to stay allers," he said, "but we'll miss him mightily. He haint a enemy in the county—nary one!"

That afternoon when the sun was setting, the sick man wakened from a long, deep sleep. The first thing he saw was the bright pale-yellow of a tree out in the yard, which had changed color since he had seen it last. It was a golden tree now as it stood in the sun, its leaves rustling in a faint, chill wind. The next thing, he knew that there were people in the room who sat silent and looked at him with kindly, even reverent, eyes. Then he turned a little and saw his child, who bent toward him with dilated eyes and trembling, parted lips. A strange, vague memory of weary pain and dragging, uncertain days and nights came to him and he knew, and yet felt no fear.

"Louisianny!" he said.

He could only speak in a whisper and

tremulously. Those who sat about him hushed their very breath.

"Lay yer head—on the piller—nigh me," he said.

She laid it down and put her hand in his. The great tears were streaming down her face, but she said not a word.

"I haint got long—honey," he faltered. "The Lord, He'll keer—fer ye."

Then for a few minutes he lay breathing faintly, but with his eyes open and smiling as they rested on the golden foliage of the tree.

"How yaller—it is!" he whispered. "Like gold. Ianthy was powerful—sot on it. It—kinder beckons."

It seemed as if he could not move his eyes from it, and the pause that followed was so long that Louisiana could bear it no longer, and she lifted her head and kissed him.

"Father!" she cried. "Say something to *me!* Say something to *me!*"

It drew him back and he looked up into her eyes as she bent over him.

"Ye'll be happy —" he said, "afore long. I kinder—know. Lord! how I've—loved ye, honey—an' ye've desarved it—all. Don't ye—do no one—a onjestice."

And then as she dropped her white face upon the pillow again, he saw her no longer —nor the people, nor the room, but lay quite still with parted lips and eyes wide open, smiling still at the golden tree waving and beckoning in the wind.

This he saw last of all, and seemed still to see even when some one came silently, though with tears, and laid a hand upon his eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LEAF.

THERE was a sunny old grave-yard half a mile from the town, where the people of Bowersville laid their dead under the long grass and tangle of wild creeping vines, and the whole country-side gathered there when they lowered the old man into his place at his wife's side. His neighbors sang his funeral hymn and performed the last offices for him with kindly hands, and when they turned away and left him there was not a man or woman of them who did not feel that they had lost a friend.

They were very good to Louisiana. Aunt 'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line deserted their families that they might stay with her until all was over, doing their best to give her comfort. It was Aunt 'Nervy who first thought of sending for the girl cousin to whom the trunkful of clothes had been given.

"Le's send for Luther's Jenny, Ca'line," she said. "Mebbe it'd help her some to hev a gal nigh her. Gals kinder onderstands each other, an' Jenny was allus powerful fond o' Lowizyanny."

So Jenny was sent for and came. From her lowly position as one of the thirteen in an "onfort'nit" family she had adored and looked up to Louisiana all her life. All the brightest days in her experience had been spent at Uncle Elbert's with her favorite cousin. But there was no brightness about the house now. When she arrived and was sent upstairs to the pretty, new room Louisiana occupied, she found the girl lying upon the bed. She looked white and slender in her black dress, her hands were folded palm to palm under her cheek, and her eyes were wide open.

Jenny ran to her and knelt at her side. She kissed her and began to cry.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "somehow, I didn't ever think I should come here and not find Uncle Elbert. It don't seem right—it makes it like a strange place."

Then Louisiana broke into sobs too.

"It *is* a strange place!" she cried—"a strange place—a strange place! Oh, if one old room was left—just one that I could go into and not feel so lonely!"

But she had no sooner said it than she checked herself.

"Oh, I oughtn't to say that!" she cried. "I wont say it. He did it all for *me*, and I didn't deserve it."

"Yes, you did," said Jenny, fondling her. "He was always saying what a good child you had been—and that you'd never given him any trouble."

"That was because he was so good," said Louisiana. "No one else in the whole world was so good. And now he is gone, and I can never make him know how grateful I was and how I loved him."

"He did know," said Jenny.

"No," returned Louisiana. "It would have taken a long, long life to make him know all I felt, and now when I look back it seems as if we had been together such a little while. Oh! I thought the last night we talked that there was a long life before us—that I should be old before he left me, and we should have had all those years together."

After the return from the grave-yard there was a prolonged discussion held among the heads of the different branches of the family. They gathered at one end of the back porch and talked of Louisiana, who sat before the log fire in her room upstairs.

"She aint in the notion o' leavin' the place," said Aunt 'Nervy. "She cried powerful when I mentioned it to her, an' wouldn't hear to it. She says over an' over ag'in, 'Lemme stay in the home he made for me, Aunt Ca'line.' I reckon she's a kind o' notion Elbert 'lowed fur her to be yere when he was gone."

"Wa-al, now," said Uncle Luther, "I reckon he did. He talked a heap on it when he was in a talkin' way. He's said to me, 'I want things to be jest ez she'd enjoy 'em most—when she's sorter lonesome, ez she will be, mebbe.' Seemed like he hed it in his mind ez he warn't long fur this world. Don't let us cross her in nothin'. *He* never did. He was powerful tender on her, was Elbert."

"I seed Marthy Lureny Nance this mornin'," put in Aunt Ca'line, "an' I told her to come up an' kinder overlook things. She haint with no one now, an' I dessay she'd like to stay an' keep house."

"I don't see nothin' ag'in it," commented Uncle Steve, "if Louisianny don't. She's a settled woman, an's bin married, an' haint no family to pester her sence Nance is dead."

"She was allers the through-goin' kind," said Aunt 'Nervy. "Things'll be well looked to—an' she thought a heap o' Elbert. They was raised together."

"S'pos'n' ye was to go in an' speak to Louisianny," suggested Uncle Steve.

Louisiana, being spoken to, was very tractable. She was willing to do anything asked of her but go away.

"I should be very glad to have Mrs. Nance here, Aunt Minerva," she said. "She was always very kind, and father liked her. It wont be like having a strange face near me. Please tell her I want her to come and that I hope she will try to feel as if she was at home."

So Marthy Lureny Nance came, and was formally installed in her position. She was a tall, strongly built woman, with blue eyes, black hair, and thick black eyebrows. When she arrived she wore her best alpaca gown and a starched and frilled blue sun-bonnet. When she presented herself to Louisiana she sat down before her, removed this sun-bonnet with a scientific flap and hung it on the back of her chair.

"Ye look mighty peak-ed, Louisianny," she said. "Mighty peak-ed."

"I don't feel very well," Louisiana answered, "but I suppose I shall be better after a while."

"Ye're takin' it powerful hard, Louisianny," said Mrs. Nance, "an' I don't blame ye. I aint gwine to pester ye a-talkin'. I jest come to say I 'lowed to do my plum best by ye, an' ax ye whether ye liked hop yeast or salt risin'?"

At the end of the week Louisiana and Mrs. Nance were left to themselves. Aunt 'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line and the rest had returned to their respective homes, even Jenny had gone back to Bowersville, where she boarded with a relative and went to school.

The days after this seemed so long to Louisiana that she often wondered how she lived through them. In the first passion of her sorrow, she had not known how they passed, but now that all was silence and order in the house, and she was alone, she had nothing to do but to count the hours. There was no work for her, no one came in and out for whom she might invent some little labor of love; there was no one to watch for, no one to think of. She used to sit for hours at her window watching the leaves change their color day by day, and at last flutter down upon the grass at the least stir of wind. Once she went out and picked up one of these leaves and, taking it back to her room, shut it up in a book.

"Everything has happened to me since the day it was first a leaf," she said. "I have lived just as long as a leaf. That isn't long."

When the trees were bare, she one day remembered the books she had sent for when at the Springs, and she went to the place where she had put them, brought them out and tried to feel interested in them again.

"I might learn a great deal," she said, "if I persevered. I have so much time."

But she had not read many pages before the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"If he had lived," she said, "I might have read them to him and it would have pleased him so. I might have done it often if I had thought less about myself. He would have learned, too. He thought he was slow, but he would have learned, too, in a little while, and he would have been so proud."

She was very like her father in the simple tenderness of her nature. She grieved with the hopeless passion of a child for the wrong she had unwittingly done.

It was as she sat trying to fix her mind upon these books that there came to her the first thought of a plan which was afterward of some vague comfort to her. She had all the things which had furnished the old parlor taken into one of the unused rooms—the chairs and tables, the carpet, the ornaments and pictures. She spent a day in placing everything as she remembered it, doing all without letting any one assist her. After it was arranged, she left the room and locked the door, taking the key with her.

"No one shall go in but myself," she said. "It belongs to me more than all the rest."

"I never knowed her to do nothin' notionate but thet," remarked Mrs. Nance, in speaking of it afterward. "She's mighty still, an' sits an grieves a heap, but she aint never notionate. Thet *was* kinder notionate fer a gal to do. She sets store on 'em 'cause they was her pappy's an' her ma's, I reckon. It cayn't be nothin' else, fur they aint to say stylish, though they was allers good solid-appearin' things. The picters was the on'y things ez was showy."

"She's mighty pale an' slender sence her pappy died," said the listener.

"Wa-al, yes, she's kinder peak-ed," admitted Mrs. Nance. "She's kinder peak-ed, but she'll git over it. Young folks allers does."

But she did not get over it as soon as Mrs. Nance had expected, in view of her youth. The days seemed longer and lonelier to her as the winter advanced, and she had at last been able to read and think of what she read. When the snow was on the ground and she could not wander about the place, she grew paler still.

"Louisianny," said Mrs. Nance, coming in upon her one day as she stood at the window, "ye're a-beginnin' to look like ye're Aunt Melissy."

"Am I?" answered Louisiana. "She died when she was young, didn't she?"

"She wasn't but nineteen," she said grimly. "She hed a kind o' love-scrape, an' when the feller married Emmerline Ruggles she jest give right in. They hed a quarrel, an' he was a sperrity kind o' thing an' merried Emmerline when he was mad. He cut off his nose to spite his face, an' a nice time he hed of it when it was done. Melissy was a pretty gal, but kinder consumpshony, an' she hedn't backbone enough to hold her up. She died eight or nine months after they'd quarreled. Mebbe she'd hev died anyhow, but thet sorter hastened it up. When folks is consumpshony it don't take much to set 'em off."

"I don't think I am 'consumpshony,'" said Louisiana.

"Lord-a-massy, no!" was the reply, "an' ye'd best not begin to think it. I wasn't a-meanin' thet. Ye've kinder got into a poor way steddyin' 'bout yer pappy, an it's tellin' on ye. Ye look as if thar wasn't a thing of ye—an' ye don't take no int'russ. Ye'd oughter stir round more."

"I'm going to 'stir round' a little as soon as Jake brings the buggy up," said Louisiana. "I'm going out."

"Whar?"

"Toward town."

For a moment Mrs. Nance looked at her charge steadily, but at length her feelings were too much for her. She had been thinking this matter over for some time.

"Louisanny," she said, "you're a-gwine to the grave-yard, thet's whar ye're a-gwine, an' thar aint no sense in it. Young folks hedn't ought to hold on to trouble thetaway—'taint nat'ral. They don't gin'rally. Elbert 'd be ag'in it himself ef he knowed—an' I s'pose he does. Like as not him an' Ianthy's a-worryin' about it now, an' Lord knows ef they air it'll spile all their enjoyment. Kingdom come wont be nothin' to 'em if they're oneasy in their minds 'bout ye. Now an' ag'in it's 'peared to me that mebbe harps an' crowns an' the company o' 'postles don't set a body up all in a minnit an' make 'em forgit their flesh an' blood an' nat'ral feelin's teetotally—an' it kinder troubles me to think o' Elbert an' Ianthy worryin' an' not havin' no pleasure. Seems to me ef I was you I'd think it over an' try to cheer up an' take int'russ. Jest think how keerful yer pappy an' ma was on ye an' how sot they was on hevin' ye well an' happy."

Louisiana turned toward her. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh!" she whispered, "do you—do you think they know?"

Mrs. Nance was scandalized.

"Know!" she echoed. "Wa-al, now, Louisianny, ef I didn't know yer raisin', an' thet ye'd been brought up with members all yer life, it'd go ag'in me powerful to hear ye talk thetaway. Ye *know* they know, an' thet they'll take it hard, ef they aint changed mightily, but, changed or not, I guess thar's mighty few sperrits ez haint sense enough to see ye'r a-grievin' more an' longer than's good fur ye."

Louisiana turned to her window again. She rested her forehead against the frame-

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XXX.

PARALYSIS.

As we have said, the story of Bras-Coupé was told that day three times; to the Grandissime beauties once, to Frowenfeld twice. The fair Grandissimes all agreed, at the close, that it was pitiful. Specially, that it was a great pity to have hamstrung Bras-Coupé, a man who even in his cursing had made an exception in favor of the ladies. True, they could suggest no alternative; it was undeniable that he had deserved his fate; still, it seemed a pity. They dispersed, retired and went to sleep confirmed in this sentiment. In Frowenfeld the story stirred deeper feelings.

On this same day, while it was still early morning, Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c., with more than even his wonted slowness of step and propriety of rich attire, had re-appeared in the shop of the rue Royale. He did not need to say he desired another private interview. Frowenfeld ushered him silently and at once into his rear room, offered him a chair (which he accepted), and sat down before him.

In his labored way the quadroon stated his knowledge that Frowenfeld had been three times to the dwelling of Palmyre Philosophe. Why, he further intimated, he knew not, nor would he ask; but *he*—had been refused admission. He had laid open his heart to the apothecary's eyes—"It may have been unwisely ——"

Frowenfeld interrupted him; Palmyre had been ill for several days; Doctor Keene—who, Mr. Grandissime probably knew, was her physician ——

The landlord bowed, and Frowenfeld went on to explain that Doctor Keene, while attending her, had also fallen sick and had asked him to take the care of this one case until he could himself resume it. So there, in a word, was the reason why Joseph had, and others had not, been admitted to her presence.

As obviously to the apothecary's eyes as anything intangible could be, a load of suffering was lifted from the quadroon's mind, as this explanation was concluded. Yet he only sat in meditation before his tenant, who regarded him long and sadly. Then, seized with one of his energetic impulses, he suddenly said:

"Mr. Grandissime, you are a man of intelligence, accomplishments, leisure and wealth; why" (clenching his fists and frowning), "why do you not give yourself—your time—wealth—attainments—energies—everything—to the cause of the down-trodden race with which this community's scorn unjustly compels you to rank yourself?"

The quadroon did not meet Frowenfeld's kindled eyes for a moment, and when he did, it was slowly and dejectedly.

"He canno' be," he said, and then, seeing his words were not understood, he added: "He 'ave no Cause. Dad peop' 'ave no Cause." He went on from this with many pauses and gropings after words and idiom, to tell, with a plaintiveness that seemed to Frowenfeld almost unmanly, the reasons why the people, a little of whose blood had been enough to blast his life, would never be free by the force of their own arm. Reduced to the meanings which he vainly tried to convey in words, his statement was this: that that people was not a people. Their cause—was in Africa. They upheld it there—they lost it there—and to those that are here the struggle was over; they were, one and all, prisoners of war.

"You speak of them in the third person," said Frowenfeld.

"Ah ham nod a slev."

"Are you certain of that?" asked the tenant.

His landlord looked at him.

"It seems to me," said Frowenfeld, "that you—your class—the free quadroons—are the saddest slaves of all. Your men, for a little property, and your women, for a little amorous attention, let themselves be shorn even of the virtue of discontent, and for a paltry bait of sham freedom have consented to endure a tyrannous contumely which flattens them into the dirt like grass under a

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slab. I would rather be a runaway in the swamps than content myself with such a freedom. As your class stands before the world to-day—free in form but slaves in spirit—you are—I do not know but I was almost ready to say—a warning to philanthropists!"

The free man of color slowly arose.

"I trust you know," said Frowenfeld, "that I say nothing in offense."

"Havery word is tru'," replied the sad man.

"Mr. Grandissime," said the apothecary, as his landlord sank back again into his seat, "I know you are a broken-hearted man."

The quadroon laid his fist upon his heart and looked up.

"And being broken-hearted, you are thus specially fitted for a work of patient and sustained self-sacrifice. You have only those things to lose which grief has taught you to despise—ease, money, display. Give yourself to your people—to those, I mean, who groan, or should groan, under the degraded lot which is theirs and yours in common."

The quadroon shook his head, and after a moment's silence, answered:

"Ah cannod be one Toussaint l'Ouverture. Ah cannod trah to be. Hiv I trah, I h-only s'all soogceed to be one Bras-Coupé."

"You entirely misunderstand me," said Frowenfeld in quick response. "I have no stronger disbelief than my disbelief in insurrection. I believe that to every desirable end there are two roads, the way of strife and the way of peace. I can imagine a man in your place, going about among his people, stirring up their minds to a noble discontent, laying out his means, sparingly here and bountifully there, as in each case might seem wisest, for their enlightenment, their moral elevation, their training in skilled work; going, too, among the men of the prouder caste, among such as have a spirit of fairness, and seeking to prevail with them for a public recognition of the rights of all; using all his cunning to show them the double damage of all oppression, both great and petty ——"

The quadroon motioned "enough." There was a heat in his eyes which Frowenfeld had never seen before.

"M'sieu'," he said, "waid till Agricola Fusilier ees keel."

"Do you mean 'dies?'"

"No," insisted the quadroon; "listen." And with slow, painstaking phrase this man of strong feeling and feeble will (the trait of his caste) told—as Frowenfeld felt he would do the moment he said "listen"—such part of the story of Bras-Coupé as showed how he came by his deadly hatred of Agricola.

"Tale me," said the landlord, as he concluded the recital, "w'y deen Bras-Coupé mague dad curze on Agricola Fusilier? Becoze Agricola ees one sorcier! Elz 'e bin dade sinz long tamm."

The speaker's gestures seemed to imply that his own hand, if need be, would have brought the event to pass.

As he rose to say adieu, Frowenfeld, without previous intention, laid a hand upon his visitor's arm.

"Is there no one who can make peace between you?"

The landlord shook his head.

"'Tis impossib'; we don' wand."

"I mean," insisted Frowenfeld, "is there no man who can stand between you and those who wrong you, and effect a peaceful reparation?"

The landlord slowly moved away, neither he nor his tenant speaking, but each knowing that the one man in the minds of both, as a possible peace-maker, was Honoré Grandissime.

"Should the opportunity offer," continued Joseph, "may I speak a word for you myself?"

The quadroon paused a moment, smiled politely though bitterly, and departed repeating again:

"'Tis impossib'. We don' wand."

"Palsied," murmured Frowenfeld, looking after him regretfully,—"like all of them."

Frowenfeld's thoughts were still on the same theme when, the day having passed, the hour was approaching wherein Raoul Innerarity was exhorted to tell his good-night story in the merry circle at the distant Grandissime mansion. As the apothecary was closing his last door for the night, the fairer Honoré called him out into the moonlight.

"Withered," the student was saying audibly to himself, "not in the shadow of the Ethiopian, but in the glare of the white man."

"Who is with-e'd?" pleasantly demanded Honoré.

The apothecary started slightly.

"Did I speak? How do you do, sir? I meant the free quadroons."

"Including the gentleman frhom whom you rhent yo' sto'?"

"Yes, him especially; he told me this morning the story of Bras-Coupé."

M. Grandissime laughed. Joseph did not

see why, nor did the laugh sound entirely genuine.

"Do not open yo' do', Mr. Frhowenfeld," said the Creole. "Get yo' grheat-coat and cane and come take a walk with me; I will tell you the same storhy."

It was two hours before they approached this door again on their return. Just before they reached it, Honoré stopped under the huge street-lamp, whose light had gone out, where a large stone lay before him on the ground in the narrow, moonlit street. There was a tall, unfinished building at his back.

"Mr. Frhowenfeld,"—he struck the stone with his cane,—"this stone is Brhas-Coupé—we cast it aside because it turns the edge of ow tools."

He laughed. He had laughed to-night more than was comfortable to a man of Frowenfeld's quiet mind.

As the apothecary thrust his shop-key into the lock and so paused to hear his companion, who had begun again to speak, he wondered what it could be—for M. Grandissime had not disclosed it—that induced such a man as he to roam aimlessly, as it seemed, in deserted streets at such chill and dangerous hours. "What does he want with me?" The thought was so natural that it was no miracle the Creole read it.

"Well," said he, smiling and taking an attitude, "you are-h a grheat man fo' causes, Mr. Frhowenfeld; but me, I am fo' rhesults, ha, ha! You may pondeh the philosophy of Brhas-Coupé in yo' study, but *I* have got to get rhid of his rhesults, me. You know them."

"You tell me it revived a war where you had made a peace," said Frowenfeld.

"Yes—yes—that is his rhesults; but good-night, Mr. Frhowenfeld."

"Good-night, sir."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ANOTHER WOUND IN A NEW PLACE.

EACH day found Doctor Keene's strength increasing, and on the morning following the incidents last recorded he was imprudently projecting an out-door promenade. An announcement from Honoré Grandissime, who had paid an early call, had, to that gentleman's no small surprise, produced a sudden and violent effect on the little man's temper.

He was sitting by his window, looking out upon the levee, when the apothecary entered the apartment.

"Frowenfeld," he instantly began, with evident displeasure most unaccountable to Joseph, "I hear you have been visiting the Nancanous."

"Yes, I have been there."

"Well, you had no business to go!"

Doctor Keene smote the arm of his chair with his fist.

Frowenfeld reddened with indignation, but suppressed his retort. He stood still in the middle of the floor, and Doctor Keene looked out of the window.

"Doctor Keene," said the visitor, when this attitude was no longer tolerable, "have you anything more to say to me before I leave you?"

"No, sir."

"It is necessary for me, then, to say that in fulfillment of my promise, I am going from here to the house of Palmyre, and that she will need no further attention after to-day. As to your present manner toward me, I shall endeavor to suspend judgment until I have some knowledge of its cause."

The doctor made no reply, but went on looking out of the window, and Frowenfeld turned and left him.

As he arrived in the Philosophe's sick-chamber—where he found her sitting in a chair set well back from a small fire—she half whispered "Miche" with a fine, greeting smile, as if to a brother after a week's absence. To a person forced to lie abed, shut away from occupation and events, a day is ten, three are a month; not merely in the wear and tear upon the patience, but also in the amount of thinking and recollecting done. It was to be expected, then, that on this, the apothecary's third visit, Palmyre would have learned to take pleasure in his coming.

But the smile was followed by a faint, momentary frown, as if Frowenfeld had hardly returned it in kind. Likely enough, he had not. He was not distinctively a man of smiles; and as he engaged in his appointed task she presently thought of this.

"This wound is doing so well," said Joseph, still engaged with the bandages, "that I shall not need to come again." He was not looking at her as he spoke, but he felt her give a sudden start. He thought, "All her impulses are sudden and violent," but he should not have said "all." He said, presently: "With the assistance of your slave woman, you can now attend to it yourself."

She made no answer.

When, with a bow, he would have said good-morning, she held out her hand for his; and when, after a barely perceptible hesitation, he gave it, she held it fast, in a way to indicate that there was something to be said which he must stay and hear.

She looked up into his face. She may have been merely framing in her mind the word or two of English she was about to utter; but an excitement shone through her eyes and reddened her lips, and something sent out from her countenance a look of wild distress.

"You goin' tell 'im?" she asked.

"Who? Agricola?"

"*Non!*"

He spoke the next name more softly.

"Honoré?"

Her eyes looked deeply into his for a moment, then dropped, and she made a sign of assent.

He was about to say that Honoré knew already, but saw no necessity for doing so, and changed his answer.

"I will never tell any one."

"You know?" she asked, lifting her eyes for an instant. She meant to ask if he knew the motive that had prompted her murderous intent.

"I know your whole sad history."

She looked at him for a moment, fixedly; then, still holding his hand with one of hers, she threw the other to her face and turned away her head. He thought she moaned.

Thus she remained for a few moments, then suddenly she turned, clasped both hands about his, her face flamed up and she opened her lips to speak, but speech failed. An expression of pain and supplication came upon her countenance, and the cry burst from her:

"Meg 'im to love me!"

He tried to withdraw his hand, but she held it fast, and, looking up imploringly with her wide, electric eyes, cried:

"*Vous pouvez le faire, vous pouvez le faire* (you can do it, you can do it); *vous etes sorcier, mo conné bien vous etes sorcier* (you are a sorcerer, I know)."

However harmless or healthful Joseph's touch might be to the Philosophe, he felt now that her touch, to him, was poisonous. He dared encounter her eyes, her touch, her voice, no longer. The better man in him was suffocating. He scarce had power left to liberate his right hand with his left, to seize his hat and go.

Instantly she rose from her chair, threw herself on her knees in his path, and found command of his language sufficient to cry as she lifted her arms, bared of their drapery:

"Oh my God! don' rif-used me—don' rif-used me!"

There was no time to know whether Frowenfeld wavered or not. The thought flashed into his mind that in all probability all the care and skill he had spent upon the wound was being brought to naught in this moment of wild posturing and excitement; but before it could have effect upon his movements, a stunning blow fell upon the back of his head, and the Congo dwarf, under the impression that it was the most timely of strokes, stood brandishing a billet of pine and preparing to repeat the blow.

He hurled her, snarling and gnashing like an ape, against the farther wall, cast the bar from the street-door and plunged out, hatless, bleeding, and stunned.

CHAPTER XXXII.

INTERRUPTED PRELIMINARIES.

About the same time of day, three gentlemen (we use the term gentlemen in its petrified state) were walking down the rue Royale from the direction of the Faubourg Ste. Marie.

They were coming down toward Palmyre's corner. The middle one, tall and shapely, might have been mistaken at first glance for Honoré Grandissime, but was taller and broader, and wore a cocked hat, which Honoré did not. It was Valentine. The short, black-bearded man in buckskin breeches on his right was Jean-Baptiste Grandissime, and the slight one on the left, who, with the prettiest and most graceful gestures and balancings, was leading the conversation, was Hippolyte Brahmin-Mandarin, a cousin and counterpart of that sturdy-hearted challenger of Agricola, Sylvestre.

"But after all," he was saying in Louisiana French, "there is no spot comparable, for comfortable seclusion, to the old orange grove under the levee on the Point; twenty minutes in a skiff, five minutes for preliminaries—you would not want more, the ground has been measured off five hundred times—'are you ready?'——"

"Ah, bah!" said Valentine, tossing his head, "the Yankees would be down on us before you could count one."

"Well, then, behind the Jesuits' ware-

houses, if you insist. I don't care. Perdition take such a government! I am almost sorry I went to the governor's reception."

"It was quiet, I hear; a sort of quiet ball, all promenading and no contra-dances. One quadroon ball is worth five of such."

This was the opinion of Jean-Baptiste.

"No, it was fine, anyhow. There was a contra-dance. The music was—tárata joonc, tará, tará—tá ta joonc, tarárata joonc, tará—oh! it was the finest thing—and composed here. They compose as fine things here as they do anywhere in the —— look there! That man came out of Palmyre's house; see how he staggered just then!"

"Drunk," said Jean-Baptiste.

"No, he seems to be hurt. He has been struck on the head. Oho, I tell you, gentlemen, that same Palmyre is a wonderful animal! Do you see? She not only defends herself and ejects the wretch, but she puts her mark upon him; she identifies him, ha, ha, ha! Look at the high art of the thing; she keeps his hat as a small souvenir and gives him a receipt for it on the back of his head. Ah! but hasn't she taught him a lesson? Why, gentlemen,—it is—if it isn't that sorcerer of an apothecary!"

"What?" exclaimed the other two; "well, well, but this is too good! Caught at last, ha, ha, ha, the saintly villain! Ah, ha, ha! Will not Honoré be proud of him now? *Ah! voilà un joli Joseph!* What did I tell you? Didn't I *always* tell you so?"

"But the beauty of it is, he is caught so cleverly. No escape—no possible explanation. There he is, gentlemen, as plain as a rat in a barrel, and with as plain a case. Ha, ha, ha! Isn't it just glorious?"

And all three laughed in such an ecstasy of glee that Frowenfeld looked back, saw them, and knew forthwith that his good name was gone. The three gentlemen, with tears of merriment still in their eyes, reached a corner and disappeared.

"Mister," said a child, trotting along under Frowenfeld's elbow,—the odd English of the New Orleans street-urchin was at that day just beginning to be heard—"Mister, dey got some blood on de back of you' hade!"

But Frowenfeld hurried on groaning with mental anguish.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

It was the year 1804. The world was trembling under the tread of the dread Corsican. It was but now that he had tossed away the whole Valley of the Mississippi, dropping it overboard as a little sand from a balloon, and Christendom in a pale agony of suspense was watching the turn of his eye; yet when a gibbering black fool here on the edge of civilization merely swings a pine-knot, the swinging of that pine-knot becomes to Joseph Frowenfeld, student of man, a matter of greater moment than the destination of the Boulogne Flotilla. For it now became for the moment the foremost necessity of his life to show, to that minute fraction of the earth's population which our terror misnames "the world," that a man may leap forth hatless and bleeding from the house of a New Orleans quadroon into the open street and yet be pure white within. Would it answer to tell the truth? Parts of that truth he was pledged not to tell; and even if he could tell it all it was incredible—bore all the features of a flimsy lie.

"Mister," repeated the same child who had spoken before, re-inforced by another under the other elbow, "dey got some *blood* on de back of you' hade."

And the other added the suggestion:

"Dey got one drug-sto', yondah."

Frowenfeld groaned again. The knock had been a hard one, the ground and sky went round not a little, but he retained withal a white-hot process of thought that kept before him his hopeless inability to explain. He was coffined alive. The world (so-called) would bury him in utter loathing, and write on his head-stone the one word—hypocrite. And he should lie there and helplessly contemplate Honoré pushing forward those purposes which he had begun to hope he was to have had the honor of furthering. But instead of so doing he would now be the by-word of the street.

"Mister," interposed the child once more, spokesman this time for a dozen blacks and whites of all sizes trailing along before and behind, "*dey got some blood* on de back of you' *hade*."

That same morning Clotilde had given a music-scholar her appointed lesson, and at its conclusion had borrowed of her patroness (how pleasant it must have been to have such things to lend!) a little yellow maid, in order that, with more propriety, she might make a business call. It was that matter of the rent—one that had of late occasioned her great secret distress. "It is plain," she had begun to say to herself,

unable to comprehend Aurora's peculiar trust in Providence, "that if the money is to be got I must get it." A possibility had flashed upon her mind; she had nurtured it into a project, had submitted it to her father-confessor in the cathedral, and received his unqualified approval of it, and was ready this morning to put it into execution. A great merit of the plan was its simplicity. It was merely to find for her heaviest bracelet a purchaser in time, and a price sufficient, to pay to-morrow's "maturities." See there again!—to her, her little secret was of greater import than the collision of almost any pine-knot with almost any head.

It must not be accepted as evidence either of her unwillingness to sell or of the amount of gold in the bracelet, that it took the total of Clotilde's moral and physical strength to carry it to the shop where she hoped—against hope—to dispose of it.

'Sieur Frowenfeld, M. Innerarity said, was out, but would certainly be in in a few minutes, and she was persuaded to take a chair against the half-hidden door at the bottom of the shop with the little borrowed maid crouched at her feet.

She had twice or thrice felt a regret that she had undertaken to wait, and was about to rise and go, when suddenly she saw before her Joseph Frowenfeld, wiping the sweat of anguish from his brow and smeared with blood from his forehead down. She rose quickly and silently, turned sick and blind, and laid her hand upon the back of the chair for support. Frowenfeld stood an instant before her, groaned, and disappeared, through the door. The little maid, retreating backward against her from the direction of the street-door, drew to her attention a crowd of sight-seers which had rushed up to the doors and against which Raoul was hurriedly closing the shop.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLOTILDE AS A SURGEON.

WAS it worse to stay, or to fly? The decision must be instantaneous. But Raoul made it easy by crying in their common tongue, as he slammed a massive shutter and shot its bolt:

"Go to him! he is down—I heard him fall. Go to him!"

At this rallying cry she seized her shield —that is to say, the little yellow attendant, and hurried into the room. Joseph lay just beyond the middle of the apartment, face downward. She found water and a basin, wet her own handkerchief, and dropped to her knees beside his head; but the moment he felt the small, feminine hands he stood up. She took him by the arm.

"*Asseyez-vous, Monsieu*'—pliz to give you'-sev de pens to see down, 'Sieu' Frowenfel'."

She spoke with a nervous tenderness in contrast with her alarmed and entreating expression of face, and gently pushed him into a chair.

The child ran behind the bed and burst into frightened sobs, but ceased when Clotilde turned for an instant and glared at her.

"Mague yo' 'ead back," said Clotilde, and with tremulous tenderness she softly pressed back his brow and began wiping off the blood. "W'ere you is 'urted?"

But while she was asking her question she had found the gash and was growing alarmed at its ugliness, when Raoul, having made everything fast, came in with:

"W'at's de mattah, 'Sieur Frowenfel'? w'at's de mattah wid you? Oo done dat, 'Sieur Frowenfel'?"

Joseph lifted his head and drew away from it the small hand and wet handkerchief, and without letting go the hand, looked again into Clotilde's eyes, and said:

"Go home; oh, go home!"

"Oh! no," protested Raoul, whereupon Clotilde turned upon him with a perfectly amiable, nurse's grimace for silence.

"I goin' rad now," she said.

Raoul's silence was only momentary.

"W'ere you lef' you' hat, 'Sieur Frowenfel'?" he asked, and stole an artist's glance at Clotilde, while Joseph straightened up, and nerving himself to a tolerable calmness of speech, said:

"I have been struck with a stick of wood by a half-witted person under a misunderstanding of my intentions; but the circumstances are such as to blacken my character hopelessly; but I am innocent!" he cried, stretching forward both arms and quite losing his momentary self-control.

"'Sieu' Frowenfel'!" cried Clotilde, tears leaping to her eyes, "I am shoe of it!"

"I believe you! I believe you, 'Sieur Frowenfel'!" exclaimed Raoul with sincerity.

"You will not believe me," said Joseph. "You will not; it will be impossible."

"*Mais*," cried Clotilde, "id shall nod be impossib'!"

But the apothecary shook his head.

"All I can be suspected of will seem probable; the truth only is incredible."

houses, if you insist. I don't care. Perdition take such a government! I am almost sorry I went to the governor's reception."

"It was quiet, I hear; a sort of quiet ball, all promenading and no contra-dances. One quadroon ball is worth five of such."

This was the opinion of Jean-Baptiste.

"No, it was fine, anyhow. There was a contra-dance. The music was—tárata joonc, tará, tará—tá ta joonc, tarárata joonc, tará—oh! it was the finest thing—and composed here. They compose as fine things here as they do anywhere in the —— look there! That man came out of Palmyre's house; see how he staggered just then!"

"Drunk," said Jean-Baptiste.

"No, he seems to be hurt. He has been struck on the head. Oho, I tell you, gentlemen, that same Palmyre is a wonderful animal! Do you see? She not only defends herself and ejects the wretch, but she puts her mark upon him; she identifies him, ha, ha, ha! Look at the high art of the thing; she keeps his hat as a small souvenir and gives him a receipt for it on the back of his head. Ah! but hasn't she taught him a lesson? Why, gentlemen,—it is—if it isn't that sorcerer of an apothecary!"

"What?" exclaimed the other two; "well, well, but this is too good! Caught at last, ha, ha, ha, the saintly villain! Ah, ha, ha! Will not Honoré be proud of him now? *Ah! voilà un joli Joseph!* What did I tell you? Didn't I *always* tell you so?"

"But the beauty of it is, he is caught so cleverly. No escape—no possible explanation. There he is, gentlemen, as plain as a rat in a barrel, and with as plain a case. Ha, ha, ha! Isn't it just glorious?"

And all three laughed in such an ecstasy of glee that Frowenfeld looked back, saw them, and knew forthwith that his good name was gone. The three gentlemen, with tears of merriment still in their eyes, reached a corner and disappeared.

"Mister," said a child, trotting along under Frowenfeld's elbow,—the odd English of the New Orleans street-urchin was at that day just beginning to be heard—"Mister, dey got some blood on de back of you' hade!"

But Frowenfeld hurried on groaning with mental anguish.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

It was the year 1804. The world was trembling under the tread of the dread Corsican. It was but now that he had tossed away the whole Valley of the Mississippi, dropping it overboard as a little sand from a balloon, and Christendom in a pale agony of suspense was watching the turn of his eye; yet when a gibbering black fool here on the edge of civilization merely swings a pine-knot, the swinging of that pine-knot becomes to Joseph Frowenfeld, student of man, a matter of greater moment than the destination of the Boulogne Flotilla. For it now became for the moment the foremost necessity of his life to show, to that minute fraction of the earth's population which our terror misnames "the world," that a man may leap forth hatless and bleeding from the house of a New Orleans quadroon into the open street and yet be pure white within. Would it answer to tell the truth? Parts of that truth he was pledged not to tell; and even if he could tell it all it was incredible—bore all the features of a flimsy lie.

"Mister," repeated the same child who had spoken before, re-inforced by another under the other elbow, "dey got some *blood* on de back of you' hade."

And the other added the suggestion:

"Dey got one drug-sto', yondah."

Frowenfeld groaned again. The knock had been a hard one, the ground and sky went round not a little, but he retained withal a white-hot process of thought that kept before him his hopeless inability to explain. He was coffined alive. The world (so-called) would bury him in utter loathing, and write on his head-stone the one word—hypocrite. And he should lie there and helplessly contemplate Honoré pushing forward those purposes which he had begun to hope he was to have had the honor of furthering. But instead of so doing he would now be the by-word of the street.

"Mister," interposed the child once more, spokesman this time for a dozen blacks and whites of all sizes trailing along before and behind, "*dey got some blood* on de back of you' *hade*."

That same morning Clotilde had given a music-scholar her appointed lesson, and at its conclusion had borrowed of her patroness (how pleasant it must have been to have such things to lend!) a little yellow maid, in order that, with more propriety, she might make a business call. It was that matter of the rent—one that had of late occasioned her great secret distress. "It is plain," she had begun to say to herself,

unable to comprehend Aurora's peculiar trust in Providence, "that if the money is to be got I must get it." A possibility had flashed upon her mind; she had nurtured it into a project, had submitted it to her father-confessor in the cathedral, and received his unqualified approval of it, and was ready this morning to put it into execution. A great merit of the plan was its simplicity. It was merely to find for her heaviest bracelet a purchaser in time, and a price sufficient, to pay to-morrow's "maturities." See there again!—to her, her little secret was of greater import than the collision of almost any pine-knot with almost any head.

It must not be accepted as evidence either of her unwillingness to sell or of the amount of gold in the bracelet, that it took the total of Clotilde's moral and physical strength to carry it to the shop where she hoped—against hope—to dispose of it.

'Sieur Frowenfeld, M. Innerarity said, was out, but would certainly be in in a few minutes, and she was persuaded to take a chair against the half-hidden door at the bottom of the shop with the little borrowed maid crouched at her feet.

She had twice or thrice felt a regret that she had undertaken to wait, and was about to rise and go, when suddenly she saw before her Joseph Frowenfeld, wiping the sweat of anguish from his brow and smeared with blood from his forehead down. She rose quickly and silently, turned sick and blind, and laid her hand upon the back of the chair for support. Frowenfeld stood an instant before her, groaned, and disappeared, through the door. The little maid, retreating backward against her from the direction of the street-door, drew to her attention a crowd of sight-seers which had rushed up to the doors and against which Raoul was hurriedly closing the shop.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLOTILDE AS A SURGEON.

WAS it worse to stay, or to fly? The decision must be instantaneous. But Raoul made it easy by crying in their common tongue, as he slammed a massive shutter and shot its bolt:

"Go to him! he is down—I heard him fall. Go to him!"

At this rallying cry she seized her shield —that is to say, the little yellow attendant, and hurried into the room. Joseph lay just beyond the middle of the apartment, face downward. She found water and a basin, wet her own handkerchief, and dropped to her knees beside his head; but the moment he felt the small, feminine hands he stood up. She took him by the arm.

"*Asseyez-vous, Monsieu*'—pliz to give you'-sev de pens to see down, 'Sieu' Frowenfel'."

She spoke with a nervous tenderness in contrast with her alarmed and entreating expression of face, and gently pushed him into a chair.

The child ran behind the bed and burst into frightened sobs, but ceased when Clotilde turned for an instant and glared at her.

"Mague yo' 'ead back," said Clotilde, and with tremulous tenderness she softly pressed back his brow and began wiping off the blood. "W'ere you is 'urted?"

But while she was asking her question she had found the gash and was growing alarmed at its ugliness, when Raoul, having made everything fast, came in with:

"W'at's de mattah, 'Sieur Frowenfel'? w'at's de mattah wid you? Oo done dat, 'Sieur Frowenfel'?"

Joseph lifted his head and drew away from it the small hand and wet handkerchief, and without letting go the hand, looked again into Clotilde's eyes, and said:

"Go home; oh, go home!"

"Oh! no," protested Raoul, whereupon Clotilde turned upon him with a perfectly amiable, nurse's grimace for silence.

"I goin' rad now," she said.

Raoul's silence was only momentary.

"W'ere you lef' you' hat, 'Sieur Frowenfel'?" he asked, and stole an artist's glance at Clotilde, while Joseph straightened up, and nerving himself to a tolerable calmness of speech, said:

"I have been struck with a stick of wood by a half-witted person under a misunderstanding of my intentions; but the circumstances are such as to blacken my character hopelessly; but I am innocent!" he cried, stretching forward both arms and quite losing his momentary self-control.

"'Sieu' Frowenfel'!" cried Clotilde, tears leaping to her eyes, "I am shoe of it!"

"I believe you! I believe you, 'Sieur Frowenfel'!" exclaimed Raoul with sincerity.

"You will not believe me," said Joseph. "You will not; it will be impossible."

"*Mais*," cried Clotilde, "id shall nod be impossib'!"

But the apothecary shook his head.

"All I can be suspected of will seem probable; the truth only is incredible."

His head began to sink and a pallor to overspread his face.

"*Allez, monsieur, allez*," cried Clotilde to Raoul, a picture of beautiful terror which he tried afterward to paint from memory, "*appelez* Doctah Kin!"

Raoul made a dash for his hat, and the next moment she heard, with unpleasant distinctness, his impetuous hand slam the shop door and lock her in.

"*Baille ma do l'eau*," she called to the little mulattress, who responded by searching wildly for a cup and presently bringing a measuring-glass full of water.

Clotilde gave it to the wounded man, and he rose at once and stood on his feet.

"Raoul."

"'E gone at Doctah Kin."

"I do not need Doctor Keene; I am not badly hurt. Raoul should not have left you here in this manner. You must not stay."

"Bud, 'Sieur Frowenfel', I am afred to trah to paz dad gangue!"

A new distress seized Joseph in view of this additional complication. But, unmindful of this suggestion, the fair Creole suddenly exclaimed:

"'Sieu' Frowenfel', you har a hinnocen' man! Go, hopen yo' do's an' stan' juz as you har ub biffo dad crowd an sesso! My God! 'Sieu' Frowenfel', iv you cannod stan' ub by you'sev ——"

She ceased suddenly with a wild look, as if another word would have broken the levees of her eyes, and in that instant Frowenfeld recovered the full stature of a man.

"God bless you!" he cried. "I will do it!" He started, then turned again toward her, dumb for an instant, and said: "And God reward you! You believe in me, and you do not even know me."

Her eyes became wilder still as she looked up into his face with the words:

"*Mais*, I does know you—betteh 'n you know annyt'in' boud it!" and turned away, blushing violently.

Frowenfeld gave a start. She had given him too much light. He recognized her, and she knew it. For another instant he gazed at her averted face, and then with forced quietness said:

"Please go into the shop."

The whole time that had elapsed since the shutting of the doors had not exceeded five minutes; a sixth sufficed for Clotilde and her attendant to resume their original position in the nook by the private door and for Frowenfeld to wash his face and hands. Then the alert and numerous ears without heard a drawing of bolts at the door next to that by which Raoul had issued, its leaves opened outward, and first the pale hands and then the white, weakened face and still bloody hair and apparel of the apothecary made their appearance. He opened a window and another door. The one locked by Raoul, when unbolted, yielded without a key, and the shop stood open.

"My friends," said the trembling proprietor, "if any of you wishes to buy anything, I am ready to serve him. The rest will please move away."

The invitation, though probably understood, was responded to by only a few at the banquette's edge, where a respectable face or two wore scrutinizing frowns. The remainder persisted in silently standing and gazing in at the bloody man.

Frowenfeld bore the gaze. There was one element of emphatic satisfaction in it—it drew their observation from Clotilde, at the other end of the shop. He stole a glance backward; she was not there. She had watched her chance, safely escaped through the side door, and was gone.

Raoul returned.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', Doctor Keene is took worst ag'in. 'E is in bed; but 'e say to tell you in dat lill troubl' of dis mawnin' it is himseff w'at is inti'lie wrong, an' 'e hass you poddon. 'E says sen' fo' Doctor Conrotte, but I din go fo' him; dat ole scoun'rel—he believe in puttin' de niggas fre'."

Frowenfeld said he would not consult professional advisers; with a little assistance from Raoul, he could give the cut the slight attention it needed. He went back into his room, while Raoul turned back to the door and addressed the public.

"Pray, Messieurs, come in and be seated." He spoke in the Creole French of the gutters. "Come in. M. Frowenfeld is dressing, and desires that you will have a little patience. Come in. Take chairs. You will not come in? No? Nor you, Monsieur? No? I will set some chairs outside, eh? No?"

They moved by twos and threes away, and Raoul, retiring, gave his employer such momentary aid as was required. When Joseph, in changed dress, once more appeared, only a child or two lingered to see him, and he had nothing to do but sit down and, as far as he felt at liberty to do so, answer his assistant's questions.

During the recital, Raoul was obliged to

exercise the severest self-restraint to avoid laughing,—a feeling which was modified by the desire to assure his employer that he understood this sort of thing perfectly, had run the same risks himself, and thought no less of a man, *providing he was a gentleman*, because of an unlucky retributive knock on the head. But he feared laughter would over-climb speech; and, indeed, with all expression of sympathy stifled, he did not succeed so completely in hiding the conflicting emotion but that Joseph did once turn his pale, grave face surprisedly, hearing a snuffling sound, suddenly stifled in a drawer of corks. Said Raoul, with an unsteady utterance, as he slammed the drawer:

"H-h-dat makes me dat I can't 'elp to laugh w'en I t'ink of dat fool yesse'dy w'at want to buy my pigshoe for honly one 'undred dolla'—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed almost indecorously.

"Raoul," said Frowenfeld, rising and closing his eyes, "I am going back for my hat. It would make matters worse for that person to send it to me, and it would be something like a vindication for me to go back to the house and get it."

Mr. Innerarity was about to make strenuous objection, when there came in one whom he recognized as an attaché of his cousin Honoré's counting-room, and handed the apothecary a note. It contained Honoré's request that if Frowenfeld was in his shop he would have the goodness to wait there until the writer could call and see him.

"I will wait," was the reply.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"FO' WAD YOU CRYNE?"

CLOTILDE, a step or two from home, dismissed her attendant, and as Aurora, with anxious haste, opened to her familiar knock, appeared before her pale and trembling.

"*Ah, ma fille* ——"

The overwrought girl dropped her head and wept without restraint upon her mother's neck. She let herself be guided to a chair, and there, while Aurora nestled close to her side, yielded a few moments to reverie before she was called upon to speak. Then Aurora first quietly took possession of her hands, and after another tender pause asked in English, which was equivalent to whispering:

"W'ere you was, *chérie?*"

"'Sieur Frowenfel' ——"

Aurora straightened up with angry astonishment and drew in her breath for an emphatic speech, but Clotilde, liberating her own hands, took Aurora's, and hurriedly said, turning still paler as she spoke:

"'E godd his 'ead strigue! 'Tis all knog in be'ine! 'E come in blidding ——"

"In w'ere?" cried Aurora.

"In 'is shob."

"You was in dad shob of 'Sieur Frowenfel'?"

"I wend ad 'is shob to pay doze rend."

"How—you wend ad 'is shob to pay ——"

Clotilde produced the bracelet. The two looked at each other in silence for a moment, while Aurora took in without further explanation Clotilde's project and its failure.

"An' 'Sieur Frowenfel'—dey kill 'im? Ah! *ma chere*, fo' wad you mague me to hass all doze question?"

Clotilde gave a brief account of the matter, omitting only her conversation with Frowenfeld.

"*Mais*, oo strigue 'im?" demanded Aurora, impatiently.

"Addunno!" replied the other. "Bud I does know 'e is hinnocen'!"

A small scouting-party of tears re-appeared on the edge of her eyes.

"Innocen' from wad?"

Aurora betrayed a twinkle of amusement.

"Hev'ryt'in', iv you pliz!" exclaimed Clotilde, with most uncalled-for warmth.

"An' you crah bic-ause 'e is nod guiltie?"

"Ah! foolish!"

"Ah, non, mie chile, I know fo' wad you cryne: 'tis h-only de sighd of de blood."

"Oh, sighd of blood!"

Clotilde let a little nervous laugh escape through her dejection.

"Well, den,"—Aurora's eyes twinkled like stars,—"id muz be bic-ause 'Sieur Frowenfel' bump 'is 'ead—ha, ha, ha!"

"'T is nod-true'!" cried Clotilde; but, instead of laughing, as Aurora had supposed she would, she sent a double flash of light from her eyes, crimsoned, and retorted, as the tears again sprang from their lurking-place, "You wand to mague ligue you don' cyah! Bud *I* know! I know verrie well! You cyah fifty time' as mudge as me! I know you! I know you! I bin wadge you!"

Aurora was quite dumb for a moment, and gazed at Clotilde, wondering what could have made her so unlike herself. Then she half rose up, and, as she reached forward an arm and laid it tenderly about her daughter's neck, said:

"Ma lill dotter, wad dad meggin you cry? Iv you will tell me wad dad mague you cry, I will tell you—on ma *second word of honor*"—she rolled up her fist—"juz wad I thing about dad 'Sieur Frowenfel'!"

"I don' cyah wad de whole worl' thing aboud 'im!"

"*Mais*, anny'ow, tell me fo' wad you cryne?"

Clotilde gazed aside for a moment and then confronted her questioner consentingly.

"I tole 'im I knowed 'e war h-innocen'."

"*Eh*, *bien*, dad was h-only de poli-i-id-enez. Wad 'e said?"

"'E said I din knowed 'im 'tall."

"An' you," exclaimed Aurora, "it is nod pozzyble dad you ——"

"I tole 'im I know 'im bette'n 'e know annyt'in' 'boud id!"

The speaker dropped her face into her mother's lap.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Aurora, "an' wad of dad? I would say dad, me, fo' time' a day. I gi'e you mie word 'e don godd dad sens' to know wad dad mean."

"Ah! don godd sens'!" cried Clotilde, lifting her head up suddenly with a face of agony. "'E reg—'e reggo-ni-i-ize me!"

Aurora caught her daughter's cheeks between her hands and laughed all over them.

"*Mais*, don you see 'ow dad was luggy? Now, you know?—'e goin' fall in love wid you an' you goin' 'ave dad sadizfagzion to rif-use de biggis' hand in Noo-'leans. An' you will be h-even, ha, ha! Bud me—you wand to know wad I thing aboud 'im? I thing 'e is one—egcellen' drug-cl—ah, ha, ha!"

Clotilde replied with a smile of grieved incredulity.

"De bez in de ciddy!" insisted the other. She crossed the forefinger of one hand upon that of the other and kissed them, reversed the cross and kissed them again. "*Mais*, ad de sem tam," she added, giving her daughter time to smile, "I thing 'e is one *noble gen'leman*. Nod to sood me, of coze, *mais*, *çà fait rien*—daz nott'n'; me, I am now a h'ole woman, you know, eh? Noboddie can' nevva sood me no mo', nod ivven dad Govenno' Cleb-orne."

She tried to look old and jaded.

"Ah, Govenno' Cleb-orne!" exclaimed Clotilde.

"Yass!—Ah, you!—you thing iv a man is nod a Creole 'e bown to be no 'coun'! I assu' you dey don' godd no boddy wad I fine a so nize gen'leman lag Govenno' Cleb-orne! Ah! Clotilde, you godd no lib'-ral'ty!"

The speaker rose, cast a discouraged parting look upon her narrow-minded companion and went to investigate the slumbrous silence of the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AURORA INVESTS THE LAST PICAYUNE.

NOT often in Aurora's life had joy and trembling so been mingled in one cup as on this day. Clotilde wept; and certainly her heart could but respond; yet Clotilde's tears filled her with a secret pleasure which fought its way up into the beams of her eyes and asserted itself in the frequency and heartiness of her laugh despite her sincere participation in her companion's distresses and a fearful looking forward to to-morrow.

Why these flashes of gladness? If we do not know, it is because we have overlooked one of her sources of trouble. From the night of the *bal masqué* she had—we dare say no more than that she had been haunted; she certainly would not at first have admitted even so much to herself. Yet the fact was not thereby altered, and first the fact and later the feeling had given her much distress of mind. Who he was whose image would not down, for a long time she did not know. This, alone, was torture; not merely because it was mystery, but because it helped to force upon her the consciousness that her affections, spite of her, were ready and waiting for him and he did not come after them. That he loved her, she knew; she had achieved at the ball an overwhelming victory, to her certain knowledge, or, depend upon it, she never would have unmasked—never.

But with this torture was mingled not only the ecstasy of loving, but the fear of her daughter. This is a world that allows nothing without its obverse and reverse. Strange differences are often seen between the two sides; and one of the strangest and most inharmonious in this world of human relations is that coinage which a mother sometimes finds herself offering to a daughter, and which reads on one side, Bridegroom, and on the other, Step-father.

Then, all this torture to be hidden under smiles! Worse still, when by and by Messieurs Agoussou, Assonquer, Danny and others had been appealed to and a Providence boundless in tender compassion had answered, she and her lover had simultane-

ously discovered each other's identity only to find that he was a Montague to her Capulet. And the source of her agony must be hidden, and falsely attributed to the rent deficiency and their unprotected lives. Its true nature must be hidden even from Clotilde. What a secret—for what a spirit—to keep from what a companion!—a secret yielding honey to her, but, it might be, gall to Clotilde. She felt like one locked in the Garden of Eden all alone—alone with all the ravishing flowers, alone with all the lions and tigers. She wished she had told the secret when it was small and had let it increase by gradual accretions in Clotilde's knowledge day by day. At first it had been but a garland, then it had become a chain, now it was a ball and chain; and it was Oh! and oh! if Clotilde would only fall in love herself. How that would simplify matters! More than twice or thrice she had tried to reveal her overstrained heart in broken sections; but, on her approach to the very outer confines of the matter, Clotilde had always behaved so strangely, so nervously, in short, so beyond Aurora's comprehension, that she invariably failed to make any revelation.

And now, here in the very central darkness of this cloud of troubles, comes in Clotilde, throws herself upon the defiant little bosom so full of hidden suffering, and weeps tears of innocent confession that in a moment lay the dust of half of Aurora's perplexities. Strange world! The tears of the orphan making the widow weep for joy, if she only dared.

The pair sat down opposite each other at their little dinner-table. They had a fixed hour for dinner. It is well to have a fixed hour; it is in the direction of system. Even if you have not the dinner, there is the hour. Alphonsina was not in perfect harmony with this fixed-hour idea. It was Aurora's belief, often expressed in hungry moments with the laugh of a vexed Creole lady (a laugh worthy of study), that on the day when dinner should really be served at the appointed hour, the cook would drop dead of apoplexy and she of fright. She said it to-day, shutting her arms down to her side, closing her eyes with her eyebrows raised, and dropping into her chair at the table like a dead bird from its perch. Not that she felt particularly hungry; but there is a certain desultoriness allowable at table more than elsewhere, and which suited the hither-thither movement of her conflicting feelings. This is why she had wished for dinner.

Boiled shrimps, rice, claret and water, bread—they were dining well the day before execution. Dining is hardly correct, either, for Clotilde, at least, did not eat; they only sat. Clotilde had, too, if not her unknown, at least her unconfessed emotions. Aurora's were tossed by the waves, hers were sunken beneath them. Aurora had a faith that the rent would be paid—a faith which was only a vapor, but a vapor gilded by the sun—that is, by Apollo, or, to be still more explicit, by Honoré Grandissime. Clotilde, deprived of this confidence, had tried to raise means wherewith to meet the dread obligation, or, rather, had tried to try and had failed. To-day was the ninth, to-morrow, the street. Joseph Frowenfeld was hurt; her dependence upon his good offices was gone. When she thought of him suffering under public contumely, it seemed to her as if she could feel the big drops of blood dropping from her heart; and when she recalled her own actions, speeches, and demonstrations in his presence, exaggerated by the groundless fear that he had guessed into the deepest springs of her feelings, then she felt those drops of blood congeal. Even if the apothecary had been duller of discernment than she supposed, here was Aurora, on the opposite side of the table, reading every thought of her inmost soul. But worst of all was 'Sieur Frowenfel's indifference. It is true that, as he had directed upon her that gaze of recognition, there was a look of mighty gladness, if she dared believe her eyes. But no, she dared not; there was nothing there for her, she thought,—probably (when this anguish of public disgrace should by any means be lifted) a benevolent smile at her and her betrayal of interest. Clotilde felt as though she had been laid entire upon a slide of his microscope.

Aurora at length broke her reverie.

"Clotilde,"—she spoke in French—"the matter with you is that you have no heart. You never did have any. Really and truly, you do not care whether 'Sieur Frowenfel' lives or dies. You do not care how he is or where he is this minute. I wish you had some of my too large heart. I not only have the heart, as I tell you, to think kindly of our enemies, doze Grandissime, for example"—she waved her hand with the air of selecting at random—"but I am burning up to know what is the condition of that poor, sick, noble 'Sieur Frowenfel', and I am going to do it!"

The heart which Clotilde was accused

of not having gave a stir of deep gratitude. Dear, pretty little mother! Not only knowing full well the existence of this swelling heart and the significance, to-day, of its every warm pulsation, but kindly covering up the discovery with make-believe reproaches. The tears started in her eyes; that was her reply.

"Oh, now! it is the rent again, I suppose," cried Aurora, "always the rent. It is not the rent that worries *me*, it is 'Sieur Frowenfel', poor man. But very well, Mademoiselle Silence, I will match you for making me do all the talking." She was really beginning to sink under the labor of carrying all the sprightliness for both. "Come," she said, savagely, "propose something."

"Would you think well to go and inquire?"

"Ah, listen! Go and what? No, Mademoiselle, I think not."

"Well, send Alphonsina."

"What? And let him know that I am anxious about him? Let me tell you, my little girl, I shall not drag upon myself the responsibility of increasing the self-conceit of any of that sex."

"Well, then, send to buy a picayune's worth of something."

"Ah, ha, ha! An emetic, for instance. Tell him we are poisoned on mushrooms, ha, ha, ha!"

Clotilde laughed too.

"Ah, no," she said. "Send for something he does not sell."

Aurora was laughing while Clotilde spoke; but as she caught these words she stopped with open-mouthed astonishment, and, as Clotilde blushed, laughed again.

"Oh, Clotilde, Clotilde, Clotilde!"—she leaned forward over the table, her face beaming with love and laughter—"you rowdy! you rascal! You are just as bad as your mother, whom you think so wicked! I accept your advice. Alphonsina!"

"Momselle!"

The answer came from the kitchen.

"Come go—or, rather,—*vini'ci courri dans boutique de l'apothecaire*. Clotilde," she continued, in better French, holding up the coin to view, "Look!"

"What?"

"The last picayune we have in the world—ha, ha, ha!"

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF WOOD-CUT PRINTING. II.

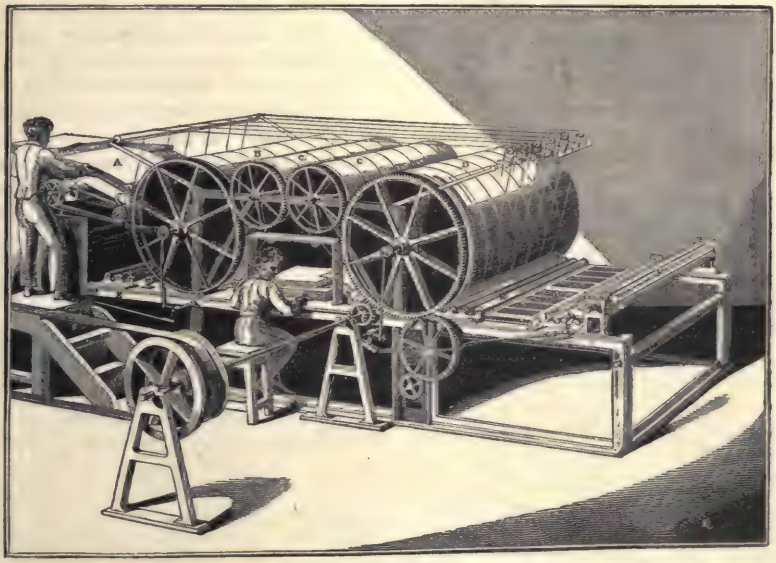
THE MODERN METHOD BY MACHINES.

THE early decline of engraving on wood must be attributed to the imperfect methods and materials of hand-press printing. If the art did not come before its time, it did wait nearly four centuries for the cuts which have most plainly shown the beauty and usefulness of the art—for cuts that had to be printed on printing machines of iron, and on machine-made paper. It should be noted that the iron press and iron printing machine which gave this demonstration could not have been made at a much earlier period. The invention of the machine waited for the invention of the steam-engine, and of swiftly following mechanisms which shaped and planed the metal of which it was made as it never could have been done by hand labor. When made, the machine itself could not have been used to profit without steam.

There is no accessible wood-cut of the first printing machine made for the London "Times," but it must have been a marvel of complexity, for, although it printed by one operation only one side of the sheet, it had more than one hundred pinion-wheels. The engraving shown on next page is a representation of a competing machine made in 1819, which printed both sides. The manufacturer plumed himself on its simplicity, and said it was "susceptible of little improvement,"—a statement which will draw a smile from pressmen of our time, who note the slenderness of its frame-work and cylinder-shafts, and the inconvenient method of delivery. It had, however, enough of merit to persuade Charles Knight that it was possible to print wood-cuts by machinery; who, encouraged by the support of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, begun, in 1832, the "Penny Magazine," the pioneer of modern illustrated journalism. It was a bold undertaking. Publishers and printers had decided that wood-cuts could not be printed on machines. Artists sneered

at an illustrated penny magazine as a degradation of art and literature. Most of them refused help. Critics in reviews hooted at it in this fashion: "As there is no royal road to mathematics, so we say, once for all, there is no 'Penny Magazine' road to the fine arts. The cultivation of the fine arts must be carried on by a comparatively small and gifted few, under the patronage of men of wealth and leisure." Engravers who could cut blocks for machine work were engaged with difficulty. To prevent delays in printing, unusual precautions had to be taken in the preparation of the wood. The blocks so prepared often broke in press, compelling the use of the inferior stereotype. The printing machine and its inking attachments often got out of order, and made great disappointments. Under discouragements which would have broken down most publishers, Knight persevered and pushed up the circulation of the magazine until, at one period, it reached 200,000 copies. He had a right to claim, as he did, that the "Penny Magazine" had made a revolution in popular art; that it had given to the ordinary British reader a knowledge of art treasures of painting and sculpture which could not have been imparted by any other agency; that it had given a world-wide reputation to the works of rising artists like Harvey, Doyle, Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel, and Gilbert, which never could have been secured so thoroughly through the patronage of a few men of wealth.

The quality of the earliest wood-cut printing of the "Penny Magazine" was not of the best, but it was as good as that of ordinary books. As the printers got experience the quality improved. One of the fruits of this experience was the discovery that the most unsatisfactory prints were those that contained the most "work," which means that they were over-full of elaborately laid-in copper-plate lines,—a style of cutting from which many engravers never could free themselves. Fine as these cuts seemed in the engraver's proof, they were either gray or muddy in the print, for the three inking-rollers of the best machines were not enough to distribute smoothly over them a sufficient quantity of ink. Some machines had but one inking-roller. No press-maker seemed to realize the gravity of this defect, —certainly not enough to compel him to make new machines with more rollers. Printers and publishers found it easier to alter the style of engraving. The most satisfactory prints were those in closest imitation of the open, free-hand sketch of the designer; prints that did not require as much ink and pressure as those in the copper-plate style. As the sketchy style was most pleasing to the artist, as well as easiest to the printer, it grew in favor, and became one of the most taking features of "Punch," when



ENGLISH PRINTING MACHINE OF 1819.

A, white paper on its way to first printing cylinder; B, first printing cylinder; C C, intermediate cylinders for reversing the paper; D, second printing cylinder; E E, inking rollers; F, inking fountain; H, delivery of printed sheet.

it appeared, for the first time, in 1841. For even the inartistic reader could see more freshness and real merit in the easy, simple lines of Cruikshank and Doyle than in the

A SKETCH BY DOYLE.

exact, insipidly fine, and monotonously gray wood-cuts of more pretentious publications.

The open, sketchy style of engraving had its disadvantages. Stereotypes of cuts in this style wore down too soon under the rapid beatings of the cylinder. On a long edition, of which the early impressions were sharp, clean and pure, the last were too often thick, muddy, disgraceful. This check to the development of wood-cut press-work was removed by the invention of the art of electrotyping, which substituted a thin shell of copper on a type-metal base for the stereotype of soft metal. For this invention there are four claimants,—Jacobi of St. Petersburg, Jordan and Spencer of England, and Joseph A. Adams, an engraver of New York,—all of whom were experimenting in 1839. Adams seems to have been the first who did practical work, as he fairly showed in an electrotyped wood-cut printed in "Mapes's Magazine" in 1841, as well as in the illustrations (the press-work of which he superintended) of Harper's "Illustrated Bible," which soon followed.

Electrotyping was soon tested to its utmost limits. As soon as it was demonstrated that the electrotype could receive, unharmed, an unusually large number of impressions, there followed a revival of the fondness for close and fine work, for middle tint and dark color. Engravers thought they were fully justified in cutting closer, finer, shallower than they would have dared on a block destined for stereotyping. This reversion to the older style of engraving put back the old impediment in the way of successful machine press-work, for the cuts in this revived style were too fine and too shallow to be properly inked with the machinery then in common use.

Nearly all the printing machines made in this country before 1850 were provided with but two inking-rollers,—not half enough for the inking of black or blackish-gray cuts. If the flow of ink were adjusted to give just enough for light lines, the dark grays and blacks would be but half inked; if the flow of ink were increased until the darker portions of the cut were fairly colored, then the lighter lines would be over-colored, thick and muddy. To give a proper measure to the light and dark parts of the cuts, it was necessary to increase the number of rollers, but most American machine makers were not entirely convinced, even as late as 1856, of the value of four and six-roller machines.

This hesitation seems surprising, for many of the most important improvements in printing machinery are American inventions. The Columbian hand-press of 1817, which was preferred to the Stanhope, was the forerunner of a great many. Of most importance was the Adams power-press, a huge machine which printed sheets twice as large and at four times the speed of the hand-press, by the same old method of platen pressure. It supplanted all rivals, almost without opposition. For nearly thirty years it was regarded by publishers as the only machine fit for printing books. This preference was warranted by its success with type-work and with the small wood-cuts which were sparsely scattered over the pages of American books thirty-five years ago. It was not so successful with large and black wood-cuts. Engravers complained that the Adams press did not "bring out" the strength of large work, but it was then supposed that the fault was due to deficient inking.

It was on this press that the experiment of four and six inking-rollers was first made, but only to the improved printing of cuts of small size and light color; on full-page or double-page cuts the failure of the press to face the cuts was as decided as ever. The unavoidable inference that the Adams press was too weak for heavy wood-cut work was formed very slowly. Printers who had no other form of press, and publishers who wished to save the extra charge for hand-press work on half sheets, were not yet ready to be convinced. Its occasional failures were set down as faults of paper, or

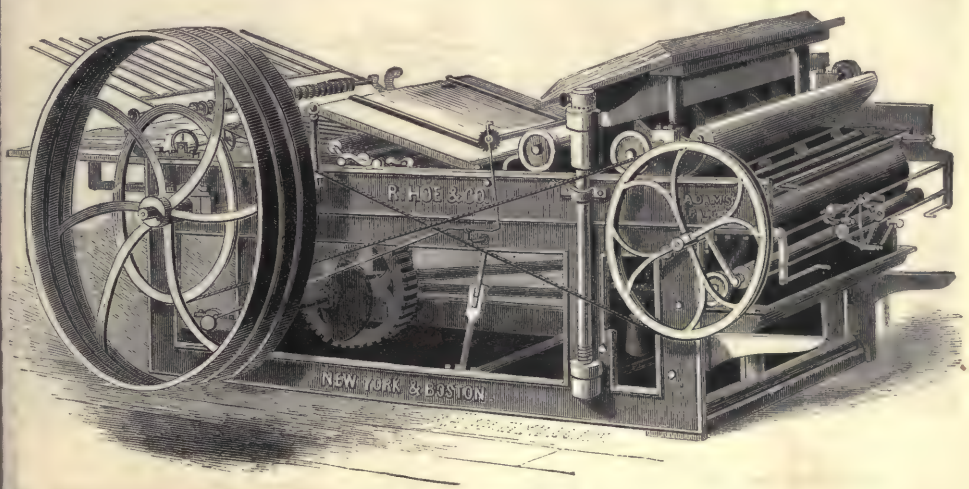
ink, of pressman,—of anything but the weakness of the press.

The stubborn refusal of American book-printers to use for fine book-work any other form of press than the Adams was a great hindrance to the development of engraving on wood. The large cuts published between 1850 and 1865 were not, as a rule, as well printed as they would have been in 1840 on the hand-press. This declension was the result of the gratuitous assumption that cuts could be fairly printed only under platen pressure. Our newspaper critics sneered at American wood-cut printing. The old question, "Who reads an American book?" was varied for new offenders. "Where is the American printer or publisher who can fairly or decently print wood-cuts?" It was a proper taunt, for transatlantic printers were then printing cuts of the highest merit on machines, while American printers were spoiling many of their best blocks through their prejudice in favor of platen pressure.*

Prejudice in favor of platen pressure died hard. It was asserted that, although the Adams press might be too weak for large cuts, the theory of platen pressure was correct. Old-fashioned book-printers contended so stoutly for the hand-press and for hand-rolling that several publishers were induced, between 1860 and 1868, to have all their choice wood-cut work printed by hand. One New York printer put up ten hand-presses, with intent to revive this neglected method of press-work. It was a disappointing experiment. About one-half of the work was done as well, but no better, than it could have been done on a machine; at least one-half was much worse. For it was found that the old race of skilled hand-pressmen had disappeared. They had slipped out of the ranks when the Adams power-press came in. In the hands of the inexperts who followed them, cuts were treated worse than they would have been by cylinder pressmen. To the few connoisseurs in fine printing, who still retain an admiration for hand press-work, it may be proper here to say that the skill of the wood-cut hand-pressman of forty years ago is not to be bought. In every large city there may be left one or two of the pupils of the old experts, but, as a trade or art, wood-cut printing by hand-press is as extinct an art as that of making paper by hand.

After repeated failures, publishers began to look into the matter. They found that for some years the large wood-cuts in manufacturers' catalogues, which had been printed by job-printers on cylinder presses, showed a sharpness of line, a fulness of color and a clearness of tint rarely seen in good library work. It was plain to the most prejudiced that the despised cylinder did work which the platen press could not do.

The easy victory won by the cylinders was largely due to improvements in their construction made after 1860. With some machine-makers these improvements were so

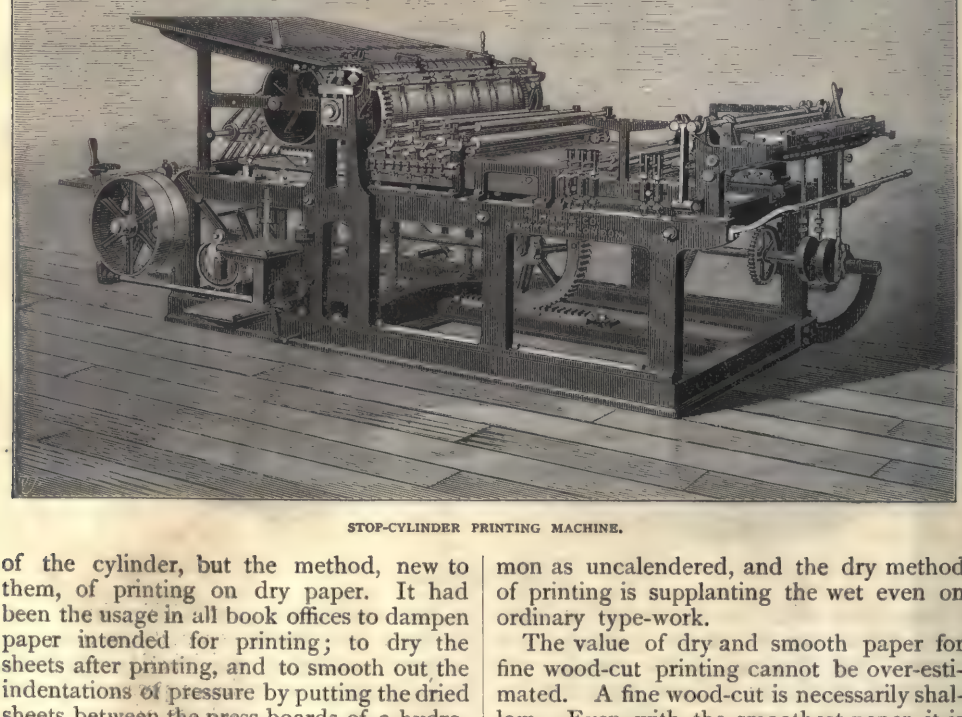


ADAMS POWER PRESS.

* I recall the astonishment of a deceased New England printer, who told me, concerning his typographical investigations abroad, that he had seen with his own eyes, in a printing-house at Tours, a *cylinder* press printing the wood-cuts of the Doré Bible in faultless style. He would not have believed it if he had not seen it. This in 1866!

many and so radical that they compelled an abandonment of old models and a thorough reconstruction. Machines were made with four and six inking-rollers, rotating incessantly, and rolling twice or thrice over the cuts or types in imitation of hand-press methods; with bed-plates and cylinders strong enough to print wood-cuts as large as 30 by 50 inches, yet so nicely adjusted that they could give almost a copper-plate clearness to the thinnest lines; with such accurate fittings and movement that a register of pages or of meeting colors could be made with the greatest precision.

Old-fashioned book printers were obliged to respect, not only the superior advantages of the cylinder, but the method, new to them, of printing on dry paper. It had been the usage in all book offices to dampen paper intended for printing; to dry the sheets after printing, and to smooth out the indentations of pressure by putting the dried sheets between the press-boards of a hydrostatic press—tedious, expensive and difficult processes. If the paper had been over wet, or not wet enough, the quality of the press-work was damaged, and the performance of the press was diminished. Printers on cylinder machines had already proved that the wetting of paper was often a positive injury to press-work, and that sharp lines and uniform color could be had with greatest certainty on dry paper. They could be had, however, only when this dry paper was faultlessly smooth. This smoothness was common enough on writing and rare on printing papers, but the machinery that served for one grade was made to serve for the other. Instead of imitating the expensive European process of putting the sheets through heated plates, the American manufacturer put the newly-made sheets between cylinders of iron and hardened paper pulp. Under this calendering, as cold-rolling is called, paper was made almost as smooth as by hot pressing, and at much less cost. Calendered book papers are now as common as uncalendered, and the dry method of printing is supplanting the wet even on ordinary type-work.



STOP-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE.

The value of dry and smooth paper for fine wood-cut printing cannot be over-estimated. A fine wood-cut is necessarily shallow. Even with the smoothest paper, it is difficult to keep the shallow channels made by the graver free from the ink that is pressed on the surface of the cut by the inking-roller and the printing-cylinder. If impression be made on the swelled and spongy surface of damp paper, the fibres of the paper will be forced more or less around the surface lines of the cut, over-

lapping them a little, closing up gradually the white channels, and making what engravers call inky press-work.

Book-printers gave up damp paper reluctantly. For the new method of printing dry compelled them to give up the woollen blanket which had been used between the paper and the pressing surface as the equalizer of impression ever since the invention of printing. That such an elastic medium was needed when types were old or of unequal height, or when the pressed and pressing surface of the press could not be kept in true parallel, needs no explanation; but the use of an elastic printing-surface was continued long after these faults had been corrected. The soft blanket, or the india-rubber cloth, often used in place of it, made an uncertain impression, which either thickened the fine lines of a cut, or made them ragged and spotty. It would have been useless to get smooth paper if the pressing-surface behind the paper could be made uneven. To get a pure impression it was necessary to resort not only to the engravers' method of proving on dry paper, but to his method of proving with a hard, inelastic pressing surface. A substance was needed which could be pressed with great force, without making indentation, on the surface of the cut, and on the surface only. This substance was found in mill-glazed "press-board," a thin, tough card, harder than wood, and smooth as glass, which enabled the pressman to produce prints with the pure, clean lines of the engraver's proof. Old-fashioned pressmen prophesied that the hard printing surface would soon crush type and cuts; but experience has proved that, when skillfully done, this hard impression wears types and cuts less than the elastic blanket.

It is not yet ten years since SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY made its first appearance, with its illustrations printed on a cylinder, on dry paper, and with hard impression—not ten years since its publishers were warned by experts that it was ridiculous to attempt fine printing under these conditions; but the publishers have seen the propriety of the methods (which they were the first of magazine men to adopt) vindicated not only by results but by the general approval of the best American printers. In the method of hard-surface impression, the printers of SCRIBNER have pushed experiments to the extreme. On two machines they have rejected the press-board impression-surface as not hard enough, and have substituted sheets of brass and solid iron with superior results. The finest wood-cuts have been most fairly printed when their surfaces have been brought nearest to unyielding metal, which gives a clearness and sharpness of line that could be had in no other way. The wear has been so slight that not one expert in a dozen could detect any difference between the first and the last thousand in an edition of 100,000 copies.

The sustained quality of the press-work is not entirely due to the hard impression. Plates and cuts would be worn out very soon were it not for the preliminary "overlaying" of the cuts and "making ready" of the plates. Before answering the questions, What are making-ready and overlaying? something must be said about the conditions which make these processes necessary.

All printing machines are made to give an even impression on every part of the printing surface, but this desired evenness of impression, by the direct or unaided action of the machine, can be had only when there is evenness in resistance. Different kinds of printing surfaces oppose different degrees of resistance: on a newspaper form the resistance is uniform; on a book form, containing black wood-cuts, open spaces and blank pages, the resistance is unequal. The black cuts resist more and the outline cuts less than the types; the blanks do not resist at all. Cuts with strong contrasts of light and shade need much impression in some parts and little in others. It follows that the even or flat impression of the best machine cannot make a good print. If the impression be made weak, to suit outlines or sky-tints, it will not transfer the dark grays or full blacks to the paper; if it be made strong enough for the blacks it will crush the outlines and thicken the tints. To fairly print the cut on next page, the pressure on every part of it must be in ratio with the resistance. It must be uneven,—very hard on the blacks, firm on the middle tints, and weak on all exposed light lines. This unevenness of impression, which must be made on every wood-cut every time it is put to press, is produced by pasting bits of paper, carefully cut, of different thicknesses, upon the impression surface, in every place where increased impression is needed. Every thickness of paper added to the impression surface adds to the force exerted. These pieces of cut paper are known as "overlays." How they are cut and affixed will be more clearly shown by this description of the process of

making an overlay for the following wood-cut.

A FLAT PRINT WITHOUT OVERLAY.

The pressman begins the work by printing a dozen flat proofs of the cut on different thicknesses of fine paper. These proofs

FIRST OVERLAY.

are called flat because the impression that prints them is perfectly flat,—as firm on the sky-tint as on the darkest shadows. The object is to show the engraver's work on the block more clearly than it appears in the artist's proof—to show it without attempt to make any part blacker or grayer than it is in the wood. The overlay-cutter compares these flat proofs with the artist's proof. He notes the superior blackness and greater delicacy of the latter, and then determines how many of its best effects can be imitated, and how many thicknesses of paper will be needed for the overlay. He decides that this cut will need five overlays to bring out the five

SECOND OVERLAY.

distinct tints of pale gray, dark gray, middle tint, dull black, deep black, which are clearly shown in the proof.

Selecting one of the proofs, he carefully cuts out of it all of the palest gray tints, and all thin exposed lines, pencil scrabble and the ends of thin lines near the high lights. The proof treated in this way is put aside as the first overlay.

For the second overlay he takes another proof out of which he cuts everything but the deep blacks. He then half cuts or picks up the prints of deep black in a manner which cannot be shown in the illustration, so that the impression will give increased blackness. This second overlay is fastened upon the first with great precision.

The third overlay is cut out of another proof with intent to bring out or intensify

THIRD OVERLAY.

the dull blacks of the cut. It is a skeleton of all the blacks and of some of the middle tint. This third overlay is, in like manner, fastened on the second.

The fourth overlay is made up of the darker grays in combination with the blacks and middle tint. It should be noticed that in this, as in all previous overlays, except the first, the paler grays are carefully cut out.

The fifth and last overlay shows the dark gray in combination with middle tint and blacks.

When the fourth and fifth overlays have been placed in order over the others, there will be in the combined piece five thicknesses over the deep blacks, four over the dull blacks, three over the middle tint, two over the dark gray, and one thickness over the pale gray. Properly combined, these overlays make in one piece a low relief in paper of the engraving on the wood. The hollows made by cutting out the tints near the high lights and the projection made by the deep blacks are clearly noticeable. Each thickness of paper in the combined overlay makes, or is intended to make, a difference in impression. Under the pressure of the five thicknesses the deep black of the cut will be forced not only on, but in the paper, while the single thickness over the lines that represent pale gray will merely touch the surface of the sheet.

This is a simple cut, in which the tints are clearly marked; but interior views, cut in fac-simile of brush-work, and all work of like nature in which high lights, pale grays and deep blacks are avoided, and the subject is developed by nice graduations of middle

FOURTH OVERLAY.

tints, are not so easily overlaid. Some cuts need but three, and some call for more than six overlays; some want little ink and much impression, and others much ink and little

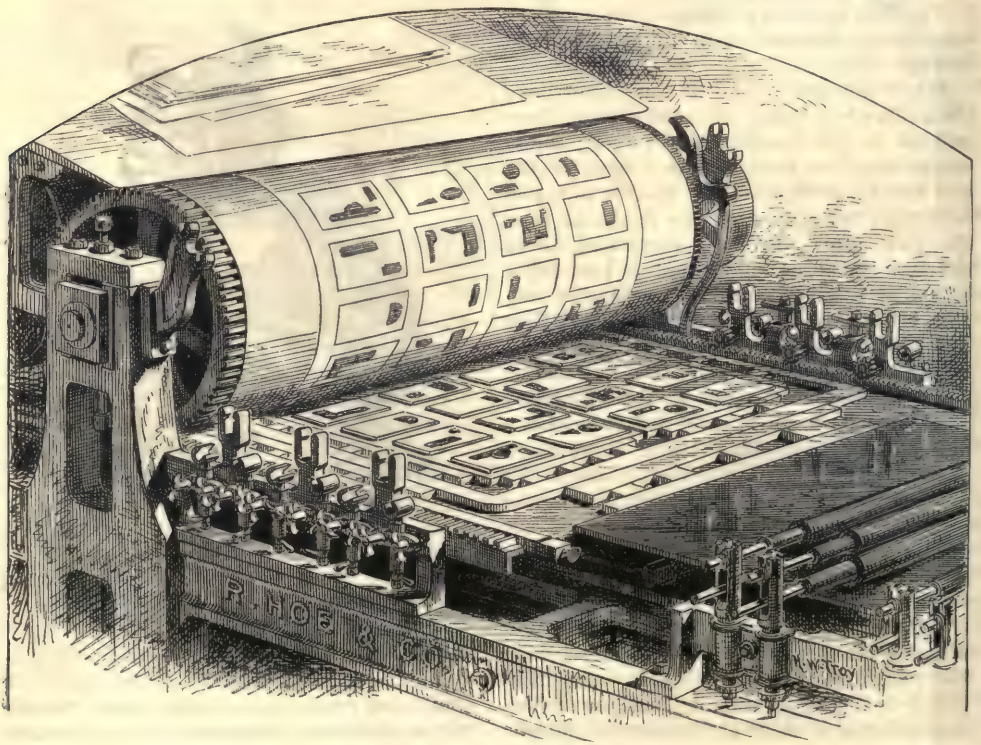
FIFTH OVERLAY.

impression. In every form containing discordant cuts, the method of cutting and combining overlays has to be varied to suit its peculiarities. Every overlay-cutter and

every pressman has his own way of getting results. Some would make but three overlays of this cut, and some six; some would arrange them in the order here stated, and others would transpose them. The object sought in overlaying is to do mechanically what the engraver does intelligently in proving, and to do it by a similar method—by graduating or making uneven the impression on different parts of the cut. The most skillful pressmen try to do their work with the least overlays. Too many defeat the purpose. If more than six thicknesses of paper are used, the overlay so made will increase the circumference of the cylinder so much that it will not strike exactly in the right place on the cut at the point of the impression. Nor is the overlay of any value if the machine be shackly or inaccurate in movement. Bed and cylinder must travel together, at any rate of speed, and under other difficult conditions, so exactly that every line in the overlay shall fairly meet its corresponding line in the electrotype plate.

Overlay-cutting is tedious work. Many of the pieces are small; each must be exact, and all must be fitted together with precision. If one be cut too large or small, or if it bag or wrinkle in any part, all the work will be lost and must be begun anew.

When all the overlays for the wood-cuts of a form of sixteen pages have been prepared, and the electrotyped plates for these pages are ready, the form is sent to press, and the work of making-ready begins. The electrotype plates are firmly fastened on blocks, and the blocks are secured on the bed of the printing machine. A sheet of fine paper is then stretched on the impression cylinder, to receive the first impression of the plates; the plates are lightly inked and passed under the cylinder, which has been so adjusted that it will but lightly press upon them. This light pressure makes a pale print upon the sheet on the cylinder. The first impression from electrotype plates is never even, for the plates are seldom evenly thick, and are always uneven on the surface. In one spot, the impression will be hard; in another, so light as to be unreadable. To correct the latter fault, the pressman underlays the plate, by pasting on its under side bits of paper of suitable size, in one or more thicknesses. This addition to the plate springs it up in every part underlaid, so that the surface fairly meets the inking rollers and the impression. With



THE OVERLAYS FIXED ON THE CYLINDER.

the same intent, he puts a proper underlay under every cut, or part of a cut, that contains much black surface, and fairly braces it to resist hard impression. When the impression is reasonably even, the pressman firmly pastes the overlays on the cylinder sheet,—each overlay being so exactly placed that at the moment of impression its lines will truly cover corresponding lines in the electrotype. When the pasted overlays are dry and fast, the pressman takes another impression, on a clean sheet, which fully exposes the merit or demerit of the work. If he has correctly discerned the relative value of every tint, and has cut the overlays carefully, the print should show graduations of shade and receding in perspective not much inferior to those in the engraver's proof. If he has blundered, if he has in any important part disturbed the relation of the tints, he will get a harsh print, which destroys the effects intended by the engraver. Minor errors in overlay-cutting may be corrected, but with some difficulty, after the overlay has been put on. Serious mistakes are irreparable.

The value of overlays will be seen by comparing the flat proof with the print from overlays. What is dull and harsh in the flat proof is bright and delicate in the print. It is the overlay which brings out the effects intended by the engraver. Every thickness of paper in it increases the impression and deepens the tint. On the single thickness the pressure is probably not more than ten pounds to the square inch, and the tint is pale gray; on two sheets the pressure will be more than double, with a corresponding darkening of the gray; and it keeps increasing with every thickness in increasing ratio. On the fifth sheet, where the intense black is wanted, the pressure is probably one thousand pounds to the square inch. The hard card-board, or harder metal of the impression cylinder, effectually prevents any sinking or yielding of pressure. There can be no flinching or giving way of the impression, as was too often the case in the hand-press.

But the great improvement made in the appearance of the wood-cut has been effected by sacrificing the appearance of the types. The thick overlays bear off the impression from the surrounding types, making the reading matter more or less illegible. To restore this impression, it is necessary that the pressman shall overlay the type work, by cutting out bits of paper of the shapes of the illegible portions, which bits he pastes down on the impression cylinder. When one thickness has been pasted down, he takes a new proof of the plates, which he carefully examines for defects of impression that have not been corrected by this overlay. Out of this proof he cuts a new overlay, which he pastes down in like manner. And he keeps repeating the work of proving and overlaying until he gets the impression even on every part of the sheet —so even that the sheet shows on its back only faint marks of indentation.

A PRINT FROM OVERLAYS.

This is a tedious method of preparing cuts and types for printing, but there is no shorter way to a satisfactory result. On a long edition no dependence can be placed on the permanence of an elastic impression, which soon packs and requires renewal, with consequent loss of time. The only workman-like way of making-ready a form is to make the impression even and solid from the beginning. If properly done then, it will need no after-patching, and there should be no difference in the appearance of the first and last impression. To insure this result, a careful printer does not grudge the time given to making-ready. It may, however, be a surprise to many to learn that, even after the overlays have been cut, the proper making-ready of a wood-cut form of sixteen pages of this magazine occupies the

time of an expert and a helper for at least thirty hours—and sometimes for fifty hours.

Much of the wood-cut printing condemned as bad is the sequel of shallow engraving. For this grave fault the engraver is not always blamable. Shallowness often comes from the engraver's efforts to reproduce a picture nearly fine enough on the drawing-paper, through its photograph on the wood, one-fourth the size of the original. To fac-simile marks of brush or crayon, and to keep the color of the drawing in this reduced copy, the engraver must cut fine and shallow. By methods of his own, not to be used by a printer on machine, the engraver can get an admirable proof from a shallow block, but this proof is a true *non sequitur*. It does not prove that the block can be printed. The conditions differ. If it takes, as it usually does, one hour's skillful work to get one fair proof, it should be plain that the finer effects of this proof cannot be reproduced on a machine which must print seven hundred large sheets in one hour. It should be plain, but artists seem to have a confidence in the ability of the pressman to print a shallow block which is not justified by experience. If the block is shallow, the print will be gloomy; if lines are thick in the wood, although "grayed down" in the proof, they will be black and harsh in the print. A skillful pressman can do no more than lighten up the harshness. He cannot make a thick line thin. He can put on the paper only what he finds in the block.

To make a good wood-cut, the work should be mechanically right from the beginning. The design should be put on the paper with intent to make a print, and with consideration for the difficulties of engraving and printing. Many artists miss this, the true object, and aim only at a pleasing picture. Drawing gray lead-pencil lines, they wonder why these lines are harsh when shown in black printing-ink. Tinting their copy for engravers with warm tints of buff and brown, and enlivening it here and there with dabs of solid white, they wonder why the print made after it in plain black is flat and heavy. When the sole objective point of the artist has been an artistic sketch, and that of the engraver a pleasing proof, and both think that the needs of the printer are of little consequence, the printer's chances of success with the wood-cut are doubtful.

There are good reasons why the printer's needs should be considered. The print, as usually made, is six removes from the original: (1) the photograph on the wood; (2) the engraving on the block; (3) the mould in the wax; (4) the electrotyped shell of copper; (5) the film of ink on the copper; (6) the transferred ink on the paper. In every remove, however skillfully done, there is in some feature more or less of a falling off from the original. This falling off is, perhaps, most noticeable in the fastening of this film of ink on the paper by means of pressure. The tendency of the impression is to flatten; to thicken light and fill up shallow lines; to cloud transparent and blacken smoky shadows; to bring everything on the block to a dead level of dullness—in short, to defeat the purpose of the designer. Overlays may effectually prevent the mischiefs of a needless flattening out of ink, but they cannot remedy the fallings-off which the original has already suffered in the earlier removes—from the distortion of lines or dulling of color by the camera to the thickening of lines in the electrotype. To understand the causes of these mechanical defects, to foresee and provide for them, should be as much a part of the designer's duty as it is that of a painter to prevent, as far as he can, the fading-out of color, or of a modeller to provide for the shrinking of melted metal.

The machine most liked by the printers of this magazine is the Hoe stop-cylinder, yet excellent press-work is also done by the large cylinder. These machines print, by the same operation, one side only of the sheet. The double cylinder, or perfecting machine, which is constructed to print both sides of the sheet by one operation, is highly thought of in England and France, but it is not approved by American printers, who say that a fair print on the second or reverse side of a sheet cannot be taken until the print on the first side is so dry that it will not set off or smear under pressure. The pale printing so often found fault with in modern books is usually caused by printing too fast, either on perfecting press or otherwise—by printing one side before the other is dry—and by under-inking with intent to prevent the greater faults of set-off and smearing.

The SCRIBNER machines were made to print from 1,000 to 1,500 impressions of ordinary work in one hour, but these numbers are never reached in wood-cut press-work,—not, however, through the fault of the machines, but by reason of the stiffness of the ink, which tears the inking-rollers and the paper when the machine is put to high speed. Wood-cut printers have to be content with about half the performance of the

machine on ordinary type-work. Contrasted with the Hoe web-machine, which can print and fold 30,000 perfect newspapers in one hour, the stop-cylinder seems slow, yet it shows a great gain over the performance of the hand-press.

To have printed, within the time allowed, the 125,000 copies of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for last February, would have required 200 of the best iron hand-presses made in 1815. If one can suppose this feat attempted in the days of the two-pull wood hand-press (an absurd supposition, which implies the aid of the art of electrotyping before its invention), then there would have been need for 400 presses and twice that number of pressmen. A publisher may, but the ordinary reader cannot, estimate the space that would be occupied by these presses, the losses by waste, errors, imperfect work, the difficulty of managing so many workmen. It is, perhaps, enough to say that it would be impossible by hand labor to print SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE as it is. Deprived of the aid of machines, of steam, and of electrotype, it would have been a different journal. It would have had to follow, with less than one-tenth its present circulation, in the dull path laid down about two hundred years ago by the "Journal des Savans" and the "Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious."

That machines have not debased the quality of engraving is plain. The last half year's volume of SCRIBNER'S contains more meritorious illustrations—meritorious not altogether through the technical skill shown in the handling of engraving tools, but by reason of their faithfulness to the artist's design—than could be found in any book printed before the invention of the cylinder. So far from checking, machines have really given new life to the torpid art. They have brought out the skill of the designer and engraver more fully than it was ever done before. The old prejudice against engraving on wood as a low form of art has been effectually broken.

Much has been done, but more may be, probably will be, done. Every engraver laments that all the brilliant effects of his proof are not reproduced in the print. Every printer regrets that the perfect graduation of tint he secures in one cut cannot be secured in all cuts. There is a general belief that there are capabilities in the art of wood-cutting which have not been fairly developed. It is not probable that the needed improvements will be made through finer engraving, for it is even now too common to engrave too fine for printing. Printing machines are abundantly strong and accurate. Overlay cutters and pressmen were never more skillful, but they are not in advance of the increasing requisitions made upon them. The further development of engraving on wood is waiting for improvements in paper, in ink and inking-apparatus, in electrotype and other and minor mechanisms. It waits quite as much for the co-operation of artists and engravers in a study of the mechanical difficulties of printing, and of the best methods of evading or conquering them—for artists and engravers whose objective point is not a pleasing sketch or a showy proof, but a faultless print, and who will neglect nothing that aids this purpose. The waiting will not be long. There is earnestness enough among the men who contribute to the making of wood-cut prints to warrant the hope that the next ten years will witness many great improvements in wood-cut printing.

PETER THE GREAT. IV.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXECUTION OF HAVÁNSKY. THE SUBMISSION OF THE STRELTSI.

ALTHOUGH the Dissenters had been put down, and the difficulties of the church had been turned rather than settled, there still remained Havánsky to deal with. He had acquired such influence and authority—he had made himself so prominent of late, especially in the dispute of the Dissenters—he was a man of such arrogant and braggart disposition, that no dependence whatever could be placed on him. He might at any time use his influence with the Streltsi to become dangerous to the government, and more especially to Iván Miloslávsky, the leading figure of the new administration, of whom he was a personal enemy. It

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is not necessary to infer that Havánsky had, actually, any thought of overturning the government, or, relying on his royal descent from King Gédimin of Lithuania, of placing the crown on his own head. But there

about to rise to murder the boyárs. On the 12th of July, a crowd of Streltsi came with a demand that the boyárs should be delivered up to them, as they had threatened to make away with them and torture them.

RUSSIA AT THE TIME OF PETER THE GREAT.

were persistent rumors that he was desirous of marrying his eldest son to one of the daughters of the Tsar Alexis, and the slightest words which he spoke were repeated at court with exaggerations and variations.

Meanwhile, the town was far from quiet; the Streltsi continued still to have their own way, to be riotous and disobedient, and there were constant rumors of coming disturbances—at one time that the boyárs were collecting an army to annihilate the Streltsi, and at another that the Streltsi were

Inquiries were made into the foundation of such rumors, and it was found that the converted Tartar prince, Matthew, had said something of this kind. On being subjected to torture, Matthew confessed that, dissatisfied with the smallness of his pension and the little honor he received, he had spread this report, hoping to gain something by the disturbance. The Tartar prince was drawn and quartered. Biziáef, a man from Yaroslávl, who had spread false reports of a similar nature against Véshniakof, a nobleman of

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

Moscow, and his son, a former colonel, was arrested and executed. The old Véshniakof died from the torture, for to get at the truth in such cases torture was impartially applied to all parties alike. An old colonel, Yánof, a very honorable and worthy man, was taken by the Streltsi, who were displeased with him for his alleged severity in times gone by, subjected to severe torture, and afterwards put to death on the Red Place, in front of the recently erected monument.

The new commander-in-chief, Havánsky, and his son, looked through their fingers at all these murders and cruelties, and took no steps to prevent them; on the contrary, they always took the side of the Streltsi,

and supported them under the convenient pretext that it would be dangerous to excite them. On the 26th of August, Havánsky brought to the palace a petition of the Streltsi that, for the benefit of those men who were taken from the districts belonging to the court, there should be collected equipment money to the amount of twenty-five rubles a man, making altogether an amount of more than 100,000 rubles which they demanded. The boyárs, in council, resisted this unlawful demand. Havánsky indignantly left the council, and it was reported to the Government that on going back to the Streltsi he had said:

"Children, the boyárs are threatening even me on your account because I wished well to you. I can do nothing more for you; you must take such measures now as you think best."

Whether Havánsky said this or not, it was quite sufficient that he was reported to have said it. His refusal to carry out orders and his general conduct had become insupportable. Sophia felt herself almost in slavery to him and to the Streltsi; while Iván Miloslávsky, who had even been demanded for execution by the Streltsi at Havánsky's suggestion, kept increasing the anger and indignation of Sophia by all the means in his power. Miloslávsky had been in such fear of late that he had been little in Moscow, and, to use the words of a contemporary, "was creeping like an underground mole," and had been concealing himself in his villas in the neighborhood of the capital. A plan was therefore formed for the ruin of Havánsky. This plan was nothing else, indeed, but the execution of the threat which Sophia had made at the time of the Dissenter riot—namely, that she would leave Moscow, and inform the people of Russia of such great disturbance and insubordination. It was, however, necessary to blind the eyes of Havánsky, in order that he might not see the danger, and consequently take measures of precaution. His own self-confidence rendered this all the easier.

On the 29th of July it was the custom to have a religious procession, in which the Tsar always took part, from the Cathedral of the Assumption to the Donskóy monastery, a few miles out of Moscow, in commemoration of the preservation of the capital from the attack of the Crim Tartar, in the reign of Theodore Ivánovitch. A rumor was set afloat that the Streltsi intended to profit by this occasion to seize the persons of the Tsars and kill them. Consequently, neither the Tsars nor any other member of their family took part in the procession. The next day —the 30th—Sophia, the Tsars, and the members of the family went to the villa of Kolómenskoe, which had been the favorite residence of the Tsar Alexis.

All the members of the imperial family who were not in the secret were naturally much disturbed by this sudden move, and the whole population of the capital was agitated by the departure of the court, and feared lest some new calamity was about to fall on them. Other people began also to leave Moscow; the Dutch merchants made preparations for going to Archangel, with such of their goods as they could transport; the Dutch resident asked Prince Havánsky for a guard to protect his house. The Streltsi, also, were much alarmed. They feared that the absence of the court from Moscow foreboded no good. A few days after, on the 2d of August, a deputation of the Streltsi arrived at Kolómenskoe, to express their regret that the Tsars had left Moscow. "It has been stated to our Lords," they represented, "that we, the Palace Guard, have become riotous, and have evil designs on the boyárs and the people near the sovereigns, and that secret correspondence is going on between the regiments; that we are wanting to go to the Krémlin with arms, as we did before, and this is the reason, we hear, that the Tsars have deigned to leave Moscow. But there is no design or plot at all in any of the regiments, nor will there be, and we beg our Lords not to believe such lying words, and to deign to go back to Moscow."

The answer was simply: "Your Lords know nothing about any plots of yours. They have gone from Moscow according to their imperial will and pleasure. Even before this, there were frequent excursions by the imperial family to the village of Kolómenskoe." The deputies were sent away with this reply.

The Streltsi quieted down, because they saw that the court remained at Kolómenskoe, for there was no intention of going elsewhere until a proper occasion arose, in order not to excite distrust. Havánsky came to court, in part to see what was going on, and in part to try to frighten Sophia by showing that she needed the support of the Streltsi, and, consequently, his assistance. He stated, before the boyárs, that various noblemen of Nóvgorod had been to him and said that their comrades intended to come

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN MOSCOW, DURING THE REIGN OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE. (FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLEMAGNE, PAINTER TO THE PRESENT COURT OF RUSSIA.)

to Moscow, ostensibly to petition about their pay, and that they would kill the inhabitants without distinction Sophia replied: "Information of that kind should be stated publicly in Moscow, in the council chamber and to the people of all ranks, and letters with the great seal will be sent to Nóvgorod for more exact information." This disturbed Havánsky, who used all efforts to prevent the public announcement of the fact, and to keep back the letters from Nóvgorod.

Taking as an excuse the name's-day of the Tsar Iván,—the 28th of September,—Sophia ordered Havánsky to send to Kolómenskoe the Stremény, or Stirrup, regiment—a regiment particularly devoted to the Tsars. Havánsky feared letting this regiment out of his hands. Knowing that Sophia had greater influence with it, and dreading lest that influence should be extended over the other regiments, he refused to obey the order, on the ground that he had previously ordered the regiment—although without the Tsars' permission—to go to Kíef. It was not until after the order had been repeated several times that Havánsky yielded.

The Russian year at that time began on the 1st of September (Old Style, that is, on the 11th of September by the Gregorian calendar), for it was an article of belief in the church that the world was created at the beginning of the autumn, and it had been the custom in Moscow to celebrate the first day of the year with great solemnity. The court, nevertheless, did not return for this festival, although orders were given to Havánsky to take part in the service at the cathedral. He did not go; and, to the astonishment of all Moscow, there was only one man of the higher nobility present. The Patriarch was very angry that the ceremony was attended with so little of the usual pomp. There were even few of the common people there, for every one was afraid. Rumors had been assiduously circulated, that, on this or some other festival, there would be another Streltsi riot; and the Streltsi themselves were no less frightened, for rumors were running amongst them that on this or some other festival, an attack would be made on them by the people and the boyárs, after they had gone on guard, and that their wives and children would be killed. The carriage of Havánsky was constantly attended by a guard of fifty men, and he had as constantly a large company of men in his court-yard—a thing which previously had been unknown with the Streltsi commanders.

To us, who live under regular and settled governments, such fears seem exaggerated and ridiculous. They are not impossible or unusual in a different state of society. In Constantinople, from 1876 to 1878—if I may be allowed a personal reminiscence—scarcely a week passed without rumors of this kind. Now, it was a general massacre of Christians by the Mohammedans fixed for the Bairam, and then postponed to another feast, when all preparations were made for resistance, and the communications of the foreign embassies in Pera with their ships of war in harbor were carefully studied; now, it was a rising of the Greeks or the Armenians for Christmas, or New Year's day, or Easter, which excited no less alarm among the Mussulmans of Stambul. The fear, as it proved, was vain, but the alarm was real. This is not the only case when the Russia of two hundred years ago has recalled to me the Turkey of to-day.

On the next day, the 12th of September, the court, under the pretext of pilgrimage to various monasteries, slowly made a circuit of Moscow, gradually getting further and further away from it; going first to the Sparrow Hills; then to the monastery of St. Savva near Zvenígorod, for the Festival of St. Savva on the 16th of September, and then through Pávlovsky Khliébovo to Vozdvízhenskoe for the festival of that village—the Elevation of the Cross—on the 24th of September (14th of September, Old Style). In this village Sophia considered herself safe, for it was only about two hours' journey from the strongly fortified monastery of Tróïtsa. Here Sophia commanded the court to remain for several days to celebrate her own name's-day on the 27th. Orders were therefore sent to Moscow for all the nobility and high officials to come to Vozdvízhenskoe, partly for matters of state, partly for the celebration of the name's-day of the Princess, and partly to receive the son of the Hetman of the Cossacks, whose arrival Havánsky had announced. Havánsky and his son were also invited, and it is probable that Sophia resolved to make use of the excellent occasion which the arrival of the Hetman's son brought about. At the same time, letters were sent—of course without Havánsky's knowledge—to Vladímir, Súzdal and other neighboring towns, calling upon the nobility and people in service to come to protect the Tsars, who were threatened with death through the treachery of Havánsky.

On the 27th—the festival of St. Sophia—a large number of people of all ranks had collected in Vozdvízhenskoe. After mass and a collation, at which the Tsars and their sisters were present, there was a council of boyárs. The Privy Councillor Shaklovíty made a report of the crimes attributed to Prince Havánsky and to his son, and read a long anonymous letter, found, it was said, at Kolómenskoe, in which Prince Havánsky, his son, and their adherents were accused of plots against the lives of the Tsars and the boyárs, and in which it was alleged that they themselves desired to ascend the Muscovite throne. In all probability this letter was untrue, and may, indeed, have been fictitious, although such anonymous letters were frequent in those days, but it served the purpose, and the assembly, without hearing further proof, or allowing an opportunity for defense, condemned Havánsky and his son Andrew, as well as several of their adherents.

Information had been obtained that Prince Havánsky, who, together with his son, had left Moscow the day before, was encamped among the peasants' barns near

the village of Púshkino, and that young Havánsky was in his villa at Bratóvstchina on the river Kliázma. Prince Lýkof, with a considerable force, was sent down the Moscow road, and succeeded in surprising and

GUARDS OF THE THRONE AT STATE RECEPTIONS.
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH MADE FOR THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.)

arresting both the Havánskys and bringing them, together with the few Streltsi who were with them, to Vozdvízhenskoe, where every arrangement had been made for the execution. As soon as the arrival of the Havánskys was known, orders were given to stop them in front of the gates of the house in which the Tsars were staying; while the boyárs and other officials went out and sat on benches and chairs which were brought for them. The accusation was read by Shaklovíty. In this many acts of insubordination and illegal conduct were mentioned, and they were accused, among other things, of having incited the first riot of the Streltsi. Prince Havánsky immediately made a protest, and offered, if time were given him, to show who were the real promoters of this riot. He declared his innocence of all the points of accusation, and said that if his son were guilty he would be the first to curse him and to deliver him over to justice. Miloslávsky immediately reported this to Sophia, and urged her to execute them at once, and she consented, for both—and he especially—feared a revolution would be brought about by Havánsky. A severe order came from Sophia to listen to nothing on the part of Havánsky, and to carry justice immediately into effect. No executioner could be found, but finally a soldier of the Streménoy regiment beheaded Iván Havánsky. His son kissed the breathless body of his father, and then laid his head upon the block. Odýntsof, who had taken part in the first Streltsi rioting, and Yúdin, who had assisted in the riot of the Dissenters, were also executed.

The same day a rescript in the name of the Government was sent to Moscow to the Streltsi, informing them of the execution of their commander Havánsky and his son, but at the same time stating that there was no anger or dissatisfaction with the Streltsi, and ordering them to serve with the same fidelity as previously. But another son of Prince Havánsky, Prince Iván, had succeeded in escaping to Moscow, and, arriving there that very night, told the Streltsi that his father had been captured in the village of Púshkino by the boyárs' people, and had been punished without the orders of the Tsars, and that it was the intention of the boyárs to march to Moscow and to burn all the houses of the Streltsi, and for that reason it would be well for them to fortify themselves in Moscow. The counsel was immediately followed. The Streltsi seized their arms, occupied the Krémlin, took from the arsenal the cannon, lead and powder, placed a strong guard everywhere, and put the city in a state of siege, allowing no one to enter or depart from it. There were cries that it was necessary to attack the boyárs, and people went in crowds to the Patriarch, who endeavored to persuade them to remain calm and not to resort to force. They threatened to kill him for what they considered to be siding with the boy-

GUARDS OF STATE AT RECEPTIONS AND PROCESSIONS.
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH MADE FOR THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.)

árs; but it all ended in threats, for fear was the prevailing feeling. The Butýrki soldiers, who had taken part in the Streltsi riot, were also frightened. Some of their men had got lost in the Marína wood, and

THE FORTIFIED MONASTERY OF TROITSA. (DRAWN BY R. SAYER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

they felt it necessary to get some cannon and protect themselves; and, fearing the advance of the boyárs, of which there were rumors, they sent their wives and children into the town for safety.

Meanwhile, the movements of the Streltsi were immediately reported at the Court, and couriers were sent out on all sides to call together in the Tróïtsa Monastery all men fit for service, fully armed. To this monastery the Court immediately repaired, and the place was put into a condition of defense, the chief command being given to the most faithful follower of Sophia, Prince Basil Galítsyn.

On the 29th of September, Andrew, the Archimandrite of the Miracle Monastery, came to Tróïtsa with a message from the Patriarch that the Streltsi petitioned the Tsars to return to Moscow, where they would suffer no harm, and begged them not to be angry with them, as they had no evil designs. The Government at once replied that it only remained for the Streltsi to show themselves obedient as before, and cease to terrify the whole town of Moscow; and as for Havánsky, who had been punished for his treachery, not to meddle with that matter, as punishment and mercy were left by God to the rulers.

The arrival at Tróïtsa of adherents from all sides enabled the court to act decisively. The Boyár Michael Golovín was sent to govern Moscow, and by his actions showed the Streltsi that they no longer inspired fear. This had a good effect, and on the 2d of October the Streltsi sent a delegation to Golovín, praying that they might be allowed to send a certain number from each regiment to Tróïtsa, to give their submission, as they did not dare to do so without an order to that effect. An order was immediately given that twenty men from each regiment should go to Tróïtsa. Two days later the Streltsi petitioned the Patriarch to send an archbishop with them to Tróïtsa, as they were afraid to go alone. The Patriarch sent with them Hilárion, the Metropolitan of Súzdal; but even this did not entirely quiet them. Many went back to Moscow; the remainder were presented to Sophia, who met them with a severe reprimand for their misconduct, and showed them the considerable army which had been collected to punish them. The Streltsi gave a written submission, in which they alleged that they were ready to obey, that those regiments assigned to Kief and other towns would proceed at once, that they would restore to the arsenal everything which had been taken, and would be most obedient and faithful servants. This, however, was not enough. The Regent promised the pardon of the Streltsi and soldiers only on conditions which expressed, in very exact terms, the obedience which would be required of them. The Streltsi consented. Prince Iván Havánsky was taken to Tróïtsa and sentenced to death; although, when his head was on the block, his punishment was commuted to exile.

On Sunday, the 18th of October, the

Patriarch, after the service in the Cathedral of the Assumption, which was filled with Streltsi, placed on the reading desks the Gospel and a precious relic—the arm of St. Andrew, the first missionary to Russia, and protector of the country. The new articles for the Streltsi were read, and those present kissed both the Gospel and the relic as a sign of their implicit obedience. The Court remained at Tróitsa, guarded by the levies of the nobility, and naturally the Streltsi were brought to agree to a final concession. On the 7th of November, they presented a petition asking to be allowed to pull down the stone column which had been erected on the Red Place in commemoration of the events of May. The permission was, of course, given. The column was destroyed to its foundation on the 12th of November, the iron plates, with the inscription, were torn off and burnt, and even the foundation was dug up out of the ground. The rescripts given to the Streltsi after the May riots were returned, and new ones given in their stead. All the troubles of the spring and summer were now ascribed to Prince Havánsky and the Dissenter Colonel Alexis Yúdin; and it was forbidden to call the Streltsi traitors or rebels.

Four days after this, on the 16th of November, the Court returned to Moscow, surrounded by the troops of the nobility, who acted as guards instead of the Streltsi. The Department of the Streltsi—for now they were no longer to be called the "Palace Guard"—was placed, temporarily, in the hands of the Okólnitchy Zméief, and a month afterwards was given to the Councillor Theodore Shaklovíty.

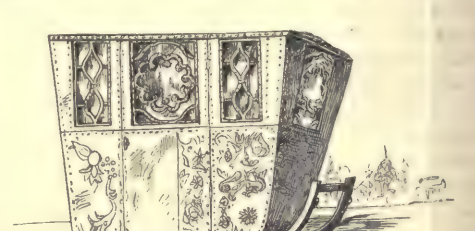
The new commander soon showed his firmness, and by his vigorous measures succeeded rapidly in getting the Streltsi under control. He took occasion of various infringements of discipline to re-arrange all the regiments and to transfer the worst and most riotous of the Streltsi to the cities of the Ukraine. In this way he succeeded in restoring quiet to the town without exciting any great bad feeling on the part of the Streltsi, for he was conciliatory as well as adroit and firm. The most important of his measures were formed into a new code for the government of the troops, and inserted in the laws as an act to punish riotous conduct and inflammatory language. It took a longer time to put down the disturbances in the remoter provinces, which had been set going by news of the success of the Streltsi, and by seditious letters from Moscow. It was of the more importance to restore order to the country as speedily as possible, because the Poles had taken occa-

THE CITY OF KIEF. (DRAWN BY R. SAYER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

sion of the riots at Moscow to produce disturbances in the border provinces, with the hope of again getting them into their possession. Strict orders were therefore sent everywhere to governors to arrest and punish all runaway Streltsi, to restore to their masters all fugitive serfs, severely to punish robbery and marauding. Various old laws which had been abolished or moderated in the time of Theodore were restored in all their severity. The fingers of thieves were to be cut off, and the third offense was punishable with death. Later on this was mitigated, in so far that, for the first offense, the criminals lost their ears and not their fingers. Most difficulty was found in appeasing the always unruly country of the Don Cossacks, and in putting down the bands of marauders which started from that region, and which constantly threatened to bring about a new revolution, equaling in proportion that of the famous Sténka Rázin. The perseverance of Sophia and the firmness of her ministers at last brought about a tolerable pacification of the whole country.

The youth of Peter, the loneliness and friendless condition of his mother, and the imbecility of Iván, left Sophia the mistress of the situation. Her right to rule had been recognized by the decree which inserted her name as Regent, and, on the whole, she ruled well for seven years, and with advantage to Russia. At first she made no appearance in public as a member of the Government, although she transacted business with the higher officials and sometimes received foreign embassies. She was, however, so little in public view that the diplomats of that time rarely speak of her in their dispatches, but always of Prince Galítsyn as the real ruler of Muscovy. Her name appeared in public decrees only as "The Most Orthodox Princess, the Sister of Their Majesties," until the end of 1685, when, for the first time, she is mentioned as autocrat on an equal with her brothers, and it was not until two years later that a formal decree was issued to this effect, punishing certain persons who had drawn up papers without inserting the word Autocrat after her name.

The greatest figure during Sophia's reign is Prince Basil Galítsyn, whom we have already had occasion to mention several times. He was born in 1643, of one of the great Russian families descended from the rulers of Lithuania; had served with distinction in the campaigns against the Turks at Tchigirin, and, as we already know, had taken the leading part in the abolition of precedence. During the May riots he had been given the direction of foreign affairs by the temporary Government, and, after the Government of Sophia had become regularly established, he received by a decree the title of Keeper of the Great Seal, or Chancellor. His more immediate duties, however, always remained those of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Of his character as a statesman it



SLEDGE OF PETER DURING HIS CHILDHOOD. (DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD, FROM "THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.")

will be more easy to judge when we have considered the chief events of Sophia's reign, and especially the new relations which Russia then entered into with foreign powers. As a man, Galítsyn had received a good education, and was imbued with Western culture and Western ideas. By his dignity, his ready courtesy, and, above all, by his wealth and magnificence, he produced a great impression on all the foreign embassadors with whom he came into contact, with whom he could talk in Latin without the aid of an interpreter; and Baron van Keller, and especially Neuville, an agent sent to Moscow by the Marquis de Bethune, the French embassador in Poland, were particularly under his charm. Neuville speaks of the splendor of his house and the urbanity of his manners,—so different from those of the other Russians whom he met, calls him a veritable *grand seigneur*, and says that on entering the house of Prince Galítsyn he thought he was in the palace of some great Italian prince. He was much struck, too, by the circumstance that Galítsyn, instead of pressing him to drink, as was the Russian habit, on the contrary, advised him not to take the small glass of *vodka* brought in on the arrival of guests, as it could not be pleasant to a foreigner. Galítsyn sought the society of foreigners, dined and supped at the houses of the foreign envoys, as well as of the chief officers in the German suburb; was in intimate relations with General Gordon; and, among other things, protected the young Swiss, Lefort,

who was destined afterward to hold a position rivaling his own. If we may judge from the ideas and plans of Galítsyn, as recounted by Neuville, for the development of trade in Siberia, for the reform of the military organization of the country and of the internal legislation, as well as for a possible emancipation of the serfs, all of which remained merely as projects,—for the state of things during the government of Sophia left no chance to carry them out,—we must consider him as one of the most liberal-minded men of that epoch, and fully fitted to sympathize with and carry out the reforms of Theodore, and even of Peter. When Galítsyn was condemned and banished, in 1689, a full inventory of all the property in his house was taken, which still exists in the archives of the Ministry of Justice. From this we can form some idea of his magnificence as well as of his tastes. Besides costly furniture and tapestry hangings, equipages, busts, painted glass, carvings in wood and ivory, mathematical and physical instruments, a tellurium in gold and silver, portraits of the Tsars as well as of princes of Western Europe, crystal, precious stones, and silver plate and musical instruments, there were silver mountings for horse trappings and harness to the value of what would now be forty thousand dollars, and an immense sum in silver coin. In his library there were books in several different languages, many historical works, and, what is most interesting, a manuscript of an encyclopædical work on statesmanship and political economy, with a special reference to Russia, written by the learned Serbian, Yury Krýzhanitch, in his exile at Tobolsk, which now serves as most precious material for estimating the character of the time just before Peter. In it are developed all the ideas of reform then current among the few, some of which were carried into effect by Peter.

Prince Iván Miloslávsky took a prominent part in the councils of Sophia until his death, which occurred soon after. But the man on whom she and Galítsyn relied more than the rest for the execution of their designs was Theodore Shaklovíty, the new commander of the Streltsi. He was, by origin, from Little Russia, apparently without more than the rudiments of an education, but adroit, decided, and devoted. He was ready to carry out any order of his sovereign, no matter what. The command of his superior was for him a sufficient reason, and, at the same time, his devotion was such that he was willing to engage in plots and intrigues on a mere hint, in order to advance the interests of his master.

The councils of Sophia were completed on their spiritual side by the Monk Sylvester Medvédief, a countryman of Shaklovíty, who had originally been a brilliant young civilian, and at one time had been attached to a great embassy to Courland. He preferred, however, to give up civil life and to enter the church. He was a zealous disciple of Simeon Polótsky, the tutor of the Tsar Theodore and the Princess Sophia, and as such was thought to be tainted with Romish heresies. His contemporaries considered him the most learned man in Russia, and he wrote several theological works, one of them called "Manná," in which he carried on a heated controversy with the Patriarch Joachim, on a question which then greatly divided both clergy and laymen in Russia, namely, the actual moment when Transubstantiation began during the celebration of the Eucharist. For us, he chiefly lives in his short but interesting memoirs of the early part of Sophia's reign and of the troubles of 1682.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOYHOOD OF PETER. HIS MILITARY EXERCISES, AND THE BEGINNING OF BOAT-BUILDING.

DURING the early period of Sophia's regency, Peter was left very much to himself. But as his name was used in all

COURTIERS OF THE TIME OF PETER. (FROM A LITHOGRAPH MADE FOR THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.)

public documents, he was required to sign many of them, and he seems to have performed this part of his duty with punctuality and accuracy. He had also to go to Mos-

cow, on occasions of ceremony, to take part in the reception of foreign embassadors, and to be present at court, and State banquets, and at the ceremonies and processions on religious festivals. The Polish envoy, in his report on affairs at Moscow, stated that Sophia was exceedingly fond of her brother Peter, and was endeavoring to put the State in good condition in order to hand the Government over to him when he became old enough. The sincerity of her attachment to Peter we may be allowed to doubt, but she certainly manifested no open ill-will to him, and, indeed, there are several entries in the books of the court of troubles of the Dissenters and of Prince Havánsky naturally kept him from indulging the full bent of his inclinations in the country, and for the rest of the year he was detained in Moscow by official duties. Early in 1683, however, we find him ordering uniforms, banners, and wooden cannon, all of which were immediately furnished by the authorities, and as soon as he was able to go into the country to Preobrazhénsky and to the Sparrow Hills, messengers came almost daily to the Krémlin for lead, powder and shot. On his eleventh birthday—in 1683—he was allowed for the first time to have some real guns, which he fired him

PETER PLAYING AT WAR. (FROM A RUSSIAN PAINTING, ARTIST'S NAME UNKNOWN.)

her favorable disposition to him. Thus, in July, 1684, she presented him with some clasps, buttons and stars. With his brother Iván, Peter was always on the best of terms, and especially so after the Government had become settled. Van Keller, writing in 1683 of Peter's residence in the country, says: "The natural love and intelligence between the two Lords is even better than before. God will it long continue so."

So much was Peter's mind set on military objects and playing at soldiers, that even a day or two after the first riot of the Streltsi we hear of his sending down to the arsenal for drums, banners and arms. The self, in the way of salutes, under the direction of a German artilleryman named Simon Sommer, who had recently come from foreign parts, and was a captain in the regiment of General Shépelof. After this he was allowed small brass and iron cannon and could indulge his taste for music as well as for military pastime, for musicians and especially drummer boys, were selected for him from the different regiments. About that time—July, 1683—a German traveler named Engelbert Kämpfer, passed through Moscow on his way to Astrakhán, and, in his diary, which still exists in manuscript in the British Museum, tells of his reception

the Russian Court, as acting secretary for the Swedish Envoy, Fabricius:

"Here we got off our horses, and, handing our swords to a servant, walked up some steps and passed through a building magnificent with gilded vaults, and then through an open stone passage, again to the left, and through an ante-room into the audience hall, the floor of which was covered with Turkish carpets, where we came to the 'piercing eyes' of their Tsarish Majesties. Both their Majesties sat not in the middle but somewhat to the right side of the hall, next to the middle column, and sat on a silver throne like a bishop's chair, somewhat raised and covered with red cloth, as was most of the hall. Over the throne hung a holy picture. The Tsars had on, over their coats, robes of silver cloth woven with red and white flowers, and, instead of scepters, had long golden staves bent at the end like bishops' croziers, on which, as on the breast-plate of their robes, their breasts and their caps, glittered white, green and other precious stones. The elder drew his cap down over his eyes several times, and, with looks cast down on the floor, sat almost immovable. The younger had a free and open face, and his young blood rose to his cheeks as often as any one spoke to him. He constantly looked about, and his great beauty and his lively manner—which sometimes brought the Muscovite magnates into confusion—struck all of us so much that had he been an ordinary youth and no imperial personage we would gladly have laughed and talked to him. The elder was seventeen, and the younger sixteen years old. When the Swedish Envoy gave his letters of credence, both Tsars rose from their places, slightly bared their heads and asked about the king's health, but Iván, the elder, somewhat hindered the proceedings through not understanding what was going on, and gave his hand to be kissed at the wrong time. Peter was so eager that he did not give the secretaries the usual time for raising him and his brother from their seats and patting their heads: he jumped up at once, put his own hand to his hat and began quickly to ask the usual question: 'Is his royal Majesty, Carolus of Sweden, in good health?' He had to be pulled back until the elder brother had a chance of speaking."

It was evident that Peter must have been a large, healthy boy, if when he was only eleven he appeared to Kämpfer and the Swedish mission to be sixteen.

It is interesting to compare with this the account of Johann Eberhard Hövel, who, in the next year, 1684, came on a mission from the Emperor Leopold I. Peter was at that time ill with the measles—an illness which excited considerable alarm among his partisans—and was unable to receive. Hövel, therefore, saw no one but the Tsar Iván. He says that when the health of the Emperor was asked about, the Tsar was so weak from long standing that he had to be supported by his two chamberlains, who held up his arms, and he spoke with a very weak and inarticulate voice. General Gordon, who was received a few days later, the 22d of January, had tried to put off his reception in order to see both the Tsars at once; but, as he was obliged to leave soon for his command at Kief, was received only by Iván and by Sophia. According to his account, Iván was sickly and weak, and always looked toward the ground. He said nothing himself, and all the questions were put through Prince Galítsyn. This was just after the marriage of Iván with Praskóvia Sóltykof, of a distinguished family. This marriage Hövel, as well as many other people, considered to be a plot on the part of Sophia to obtain heirs from the elder brother, and thus get rid of the claims of Peter, whom he calls "a youth of great expectancy, prudence, and vigor." Considering, however, that Iván, in spite of the infirmities of his eyes, his tongue and his mind, was in perfect physical condition, it is the most natural thing in the world that his friends should have desired him to marry. Later in the same year, in June, Laurent Rinhuber, a doctor of medicine, coming from Saxony, was received at court, and was granted an audience by the Tsars. He says: "Then I kissed the right hand of Peter, who, with a half laughing mouth, gave me a friendly and gracious look and immediately held out to me his hand; while the hands of the Tsar Iván had to be supported. He is a remarkably good-looking boy, in whom nature has shown her power; and has so many advantages of nature that being the son of a king is the least of his good qualities. He has a beauty which gains the heart of all who see him, and a mind which, even in his early years, did not find its like."

In the autumn of the same year, 1684, Peter had another attack of illness, which was more severe than the measles and which caused great alarm. His recovery excited universal joy, more especially in the foreign quarter of Moscow. There were many banquets and feasts in honor of his convalescence, and Prince Boris Galítsyn, the cousin of the Chancellor and the chief adviser of Peter, together with other Russians of that party, dined with the Dutch minister, and caroused till a late hour. A year later, in September, 1685, Van Keller writes:

"The young Tsar has now entered his thirteenth year; nature develops herself with advantage and good fortune in his whole personality; his stature is great and his mien is fine; he grows visibly, and advances as much in intelligence and understanding as he gains the affection and love of all. He has such a strong preference for military pursuits that when he comes of age we may surely expect from

him brave actions and heroic deeds, and we may hope that some day the attacks of the Crim Tartars will be somewhat better restrained than at present. This was the noble aim always set before the ancestors of the young Tsar."

The military exercises of Peter brought him into constant contact with German officers at Moscow, for all the best officers and even soldiers were foreigners, and it was necessary to draw on the German suburb for the officers and instructors for the new regiment which was organized, at the end of 1683, for Peter's amusement. The first man who was enrolled as a soldier in the regiment was Sergius Bukhvastóf, one of the grooms of the palace, and Peter was so much struck with his readiness, and so much pleased with the formation of this regiment, that long afterward he ordered the Italian artist Rastrelli, then a favorite in St. Petersburg, to cast a life-size statue of him as the first Russian soldier. Other volunteers soon presented themselves, and Peter himself enlisted as bombardier, for which duty he had an especial fancy, and then passed through the various grades until he became colonel and chief of the regiment. Among the other volunteers were Yekím Vorónin and Gregory Lúkin—at whose deaths, during the siege of Azof, Peter grieved greatly, "as he and they had been brought up together"—and Alexander Menshikóf, the future favorite. This was the beginning of the celebrated Preobrazhénsky Regiment, even now the first regiment of the Imperial guard, and of which the Emperor is always the chief. The name Preobrazhénsky was given to it first because it was formed and quartered at the palace and village of Preobrazhénsky, or the Transfiguration, which, in turn, took their name from the village church. Peter and his friends called this regiment, and others which were afterwards formed, "the guards," but the common name for them at Moscow was the Potiéshnie Koniúkhi, *i. e.*, "Amusements Grooms," or "Troops for Sport."

The number of volunteers for this regiment increased so rapidly that the village of Preobrazhénsky could not hold them, and it was necessary to quarter some of the soldiers in the adjoining village of Seménofsky, where another regiment called the Seménofsky Regiment grew up. All the young nobles who desired to gain Peter's good graces followed his example by enrolling themselves in some way or other in these regiments. Thus, Prince M. M. Galítsyn, the future Field Marshal, began his service as drummer in the Seménofsky Regiment, and Ivan Ivánovitch Buturlín served up to the rank of major in the Preobrazhénsky Regiment.

Peter entered upon his military exercises with such zest that they ceased to be mere child's play. He himself performed every exercise, giving himself no rest night or day. He stood his watch in turn, took his share of the duties of the camp, slept in the same tent with his comrades, and partook of their fare. There was no distinction made between the Tsar and the least of his subjects. When his volunteers became proficient in their discipline, he used to lead them on long marches in the neighborhood of his country-home, and went at times even as far as the Monastery of Tróïtsa, at Kaliazín. As his followers were armed, these marches were in the nature of campaigns, and the troops, such as they were, were under strict military discipline, and were regularly encamped at night with the usual military precautions. In 1685, when Peter was thirteen years old, he resolved on something further, and, in order to practice the assault and defence of fortifications, began to construct a small fortress on the banks of the Yaúza, at Preobrazhénsky, the remains of which are still visible on the edge of the Sokólniki wood. This fort, probably at the suggestion of one of the German officers, was called Pressburg. It was built with a considerable amount of care, timber was drawn for the purpose from Moscow, and its construction took the greater part of the year. Peter named it with great ceremony, including a procession from Moscow which included most of the Court officials and nobles. All this, as I have said, brought Peter into very close relations with the foreign suburb, and the foreigners in Moscow were fond of social amusements, always accompanied, according to their habits, with beer, wine and tobacco. Peter, who was precocious, both physically and mentally, took his full share in these entertainments, and on the return feasts he gave it may be imagined that there was no stint of drink. With such society Peter gained not only a knowledge of men and of the world, but his inquiring mind led him to be curious about many subjects which rarely before had troubled the head of a Russian Prince. Without regard to rank or position, he was always glad to make the acquaintance of any one from whom he could learn anything, and was especially attracted by anything mechanically curious.

Frequently, for amusement, he used to hammer and forge at the blacksmith's shop. He had already become expert with the lathe, and we have documentary evidence to prove that he had practically learnt the mechanical operation of printing as well as binding books. We can believe that the Electress Charlotte Sophia did not exaggerate when she said, in 1697, in describing her interview with Peter, that he "already knew excellently well fourteen trades."

All this was a school for Peter; but do not let us be led astray by the word school. Peter's military education was such as he chose to give himself, and entirely for his own amusement. There was nothing in it similar to the regular course of military training practiced in a cadet's school. Peter was only too glad to escape from the nursery and the house to the amusements of the street and the fields. Although we know that in the Russia of that day the intellectual development of a youth did not at all keep on an equality with his physical growth, and that when a lad was grown to the stature of a man, he immediately assumed the duties and responsibilities of a man, though in mind he might be still a child; yet the way in which Peter seems to have slipped through the hands of his instructors, tutors and guardians shows not only his strong self-will, but the disorganization of his party, and the carelessness of his family. Such a training may have been useful, and indeed, it was useful to Peter; at all events it was better than nothing; but in no sense of the term can it be considered education. This Peter himself, in later life, admitted, and the Empress Elizabeth tells how, when she was bending over her books and exercises, her father regretted that he had not been obliged or enabled to do the same.

GLOBE MADE OF METAL, FROM WHICH PETER STUDIED GEOGRAPHY, FORMERLY OWNED BY ALEXIS. NOW IN THE TREASURY AT MOSCOW. (DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD, FROM "THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.") [SEE P. 60.]

One more word with regard to Peter's military amusements. They were, as I have said, mere amusements, and had not the regularity or the plan which subsequent chroniclers and anecdote-writers ascribe to them. In playing at soldiers, Peter followed his natural inclination, and had in his head no plan whatever for reorganizing or putting on a better footing the military forces of his country. The reorganization of the Russian army, indeed, grew out of the campaigns and exercises at Preobrazhénsky; but it was not until real war began that Peter saw of what service these exercises had been to him and to others, and found that the boy-soldiers could easily be made the nucleus of an army.

The year 1688 was an important one for Peter. In January he was induced by his sister Sophia to take part for the first time in a council of state, and thus made his public appearance in political life in something more than a mere formal way. But his mind was at that time too full of his military exercises for him to care for state affairs, and, after visiting all the public offices on the day of commemoration of the death of his father, Alexis, when he gave money to some prisoners and set others free, he went back again to the country, to his troops. Later on, his intellect began to awaken, and he seriously applied himself to study; and then, too, his thoughts were first turned to navigation and things naval, which soon became the ruling passion of his life. He told the story himself, long afterwards, in his preface to the "Maritime Regulations."

He had heard somewhere that abroad, in foreign parts, people had an instrument by which distances could be measured without moving from the spot. When Prince Jacob Dolgorúky was about to start on his mission to France, and came to take his leave, Peter told him of this wonderful instrument, and begged him to procure him one abroad. Dolgorúky told him he himself had once had one, which was given him as a present, but it had been stolen, and that he would certainly not forget to bring one home. On Dolgorúky's return, in May, 1688, the first question of Peter was whether he had fulfilled his promise; and great was the excitement as the box was opened and a parcel containing an astrolabe and a sextant was eagerly unwrapped; but, alas! when they were brought out no one knew the use of them. Dolgorúky scratched his head, and said that he had brought the instrument, as directed, but it had never occurred to him to ask how it was used. In vain Peter sought for some one who knew its use. At last his new doctor, Zacharias Von der Hulst, told him that in the German suburb he knew of a man

TIMMERMANN EXPLAINING TO PETER THE USE OF THE ASTROLABE. (FROM A RUSSIAN PAINTING, ARTIST'S NAME UNKNOWN.)

with a notion of mechanics,—Franz Timmermann, a Dutch merchant, who had long ago settled in Moscow, and had a certain amount of education. Timmermann was brought next day. He looked at the instrument, and, after a long inspection, finally said he could show how it should be used. Immediately he measured the distance to a neighboring house. A man was at once sent to pace it, and found the measurement correct. Peter was delighted, and asked to be instructed in the use of the new instrument. Timmermann said: "With pleasure; but you must first learn arithmetic and geometry." Peter had once begun studying arithmetic, but was deficient in its full knowledge. He did not even know how to subtract or divide. He now set to work with a will, and spent his leisure time, both day and night, over his copy-books. These are still preserved at St. Petersburg, and we find there many problems, written in the hand of Timmermann, with Peter's efforts at solution. The writing is careless, and faults of grammar abound; but the ardor and resolution with which Peter worked are evident on every page. Geometry led to geography and fortification. The old globe of his school-room was sent for repairs, and he had, besides, the one in metal presented to his father, which still is shown in the treasury at Moscow.

From this time Timmermann became one of Peter's constant companions, for he was a man from whom something new could always be learned. A few weeks later, in June, 1688, as Peter was wandering about one of his country estates near the village of Ismaílovo, he pointed to an old building in the flax-yard and asked one of his attendants what it was. "A store-house," replied the man, "where all the rubbish was put that was left after the death of Nikíta Ivánovitch Románof, who had lived here." This Nikíta was an own cousin of the Tsar Michael Románof, and in that way the estate had descended to Peter. With the natural curiosity of a boy, Peter had the doors opened, went in, and looked about. There, in one corner, turned bottom upward, lay a boat, yet not in any way like those flat-bottomed, square-sterned boats which he had seen on the Moskvá or the Yaúza.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That is an English boat," said Timmermann.

"What is it good for? Is it better than our boats?" asked Peter.

"If you had sails to it, it would go not only with the wind, but against the wind," replied Timmerman.

"How against the wind? Is it possible? Can that be possible?"

Peter wished to try it at once. But, after Timmermann had looked at the boat on all sides, it was found to be too rotten for use;

it would need to be repaired and tarred, and beside that a mast and sails would have to be made. Timmermann at last thought he could find a man capable of doing this, and sent to Ismaílovo a certain Carsten Brandt, who had been brought from Holland about 1660 by the Tsar Alexis, for the purpose of constructing vessels on the Caspian Sea. After the troubles of Astrakhán, when his vessel, the *Eagle*, had been burnt by Sténka Rázin, Brandt had returned to Moscow and had remained there, making a living as a joiner. The old man looked over the boat, caulked it, put in the mast and arranged the sail, and then launched it on the River Yaúza. There, before Peter's eyes, he began to sail up and down the river, turning now to the right and then to the left. Peter's excitement was intense. He called out to him to stop, jumped in, and began himself to manage the boat under Brandt's directions. "And mighty pleasant it was to me," he writes in the preface to his "Maritime Regulations," where he describes the beginning of the Russian navy. It was hard for the boat to turn, for the river was narrow and the water was too shallow. Peter eagerly asked where a broader piece of water could be found, and was told of the Prosyány Pool. The boat was dragged overland to the Prosyány Pool. It went better, but still not to his satisfaction. At last Peter found that about fifty miles beyond the Tróïtsa Monastery there was a good large lake where he would have plenty of room to sail—Lake Plestchéief, near Pereyaslávl. It was not, however, so easy for Peter to get there. It was not customary for the Tsars or members of their family to make journeys without some recognized object, and what should a boy of this age do so far away, and alone? An idea struck Peter. It was then June, and there was a great festival at the Tróïtsa Monastery. He asked his mother's permission to go to Tróïtsa for the festival, and as soon as the religious service was over he drove as fast as he could to Lake Plestchéief. The country was at that time delightful. The low hills were covered with the fresh green of the birches, mixed with the more sturdy lindens and the pines black by contrast. The faint smell of the lilies of the valley came up from the meadows on the lake shore. Peter did not notice this. His mind was too intent upon navigation; he saw only that the lake was broad enough, for it stretched out of sight. But he soon learned that there was no boat there, and he knew that it was too far to bring the little English boat which he had found at Ismaílovo. Anxiously he asked Brandt whether it were not possible to build some boats there.

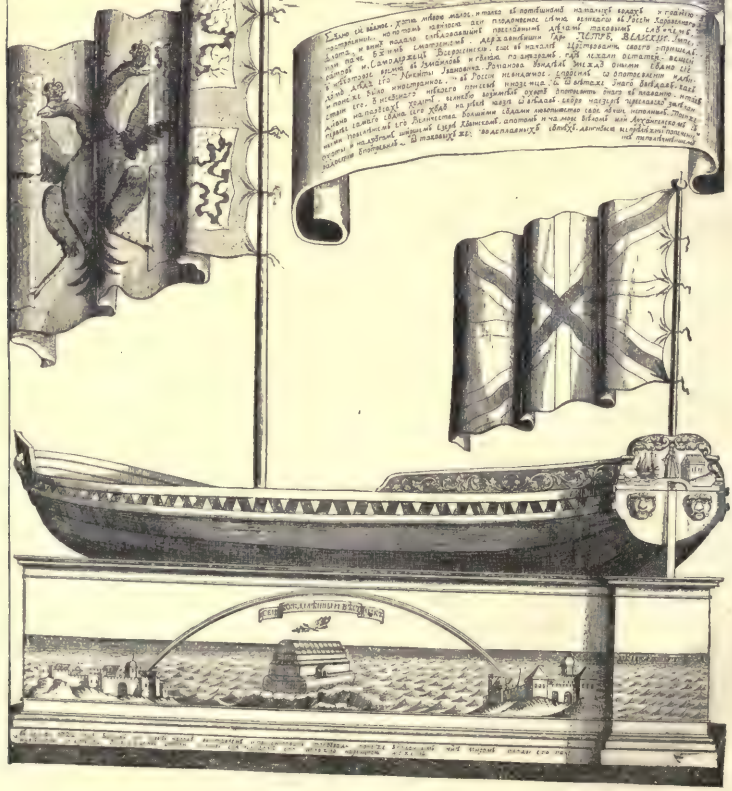
"Yes, sire," said Brandt, "but we will require many things."

PETER LAUNCHING "THE GRANDFATHER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET." (FROM A RUSSIAN PAINTING, ARTIST UNKNOWN.)

"Ah, well! that is of no consequence," said Peter. "We can have anything."

And he hastened back to Moscow with his head full of visions of ship-building. He scarcely knew how to manage it, for to engage in such a work at Lake Plestchéief would require his living there for some time, and he knew that it would be hard to bring his mother to consent to this. At last he extorted this consent, but he was obliged to wait at Moscow for his name's-day, when there was a Te Deum at the Cathedral, after which the boyárs and grandees paid their respects at the palace and received cups of *vodka* from Peter and goblets of wine from the hands of his mother. He hastened off the next day—the 10th of July—together with Carsten Brandt and a ship-builder named Kort, an old comrade whom Brandt had succeeded in finding at Moscow. Timmermann, probably, also accompanied him. Fast as Peter and his comrades worked together—for he had remained with them in the woods—there was so much to do in the preparation of timber, in the construction of huts to live in, and of a dock from which to launch the boats, that it came time for Peter to return long before any boat was ready, and there was no sign that any could be got ready before winter set in. The Tsaritsa Natália had grown anxious for her son. He had been away nearly a month, and political affairs were taking a serious turn. Much to his regret, therefore, Peter came back to Moscow for his mother's name's-day, on the 6th of September, leaving his faithful Dutchmen strict injunctions to do their utmost to have the boats ready by the following spring.

The place chosen by Peter for his ship-building was on the east side of Lake Plestchéief, at the mouth of the river Trúbezh, which runs into it. The only traditions still remaining of Peter's visit are the sight of a church dedicated to the Virgin at the Ships, and the decaying remains of some piles under water, which apparently formed the wharf or landing-stage. Lake Plestchéief,



OLD RUSSIAN PRINT OF "THE GRANDFATHER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

nowadays, is famous for nothing but an excellent and much sought-for variety of fresh-water herring.

The boat which Peter found at Ismaílovo is thought by many to have been constructed in Russia by Dutch carpenters, in 1688, during the reign of the Tsar Alexis, at a place called Dédinovo, at the confluence of the rivers Moskvá and Oká. By others, it is thought to be a boat sent by Queen Elizabeth to the Tsar Iván the Terrible. Ever since Peter's time it has borne the name of the "Grandfather of the Russian fleet," and is preserved with the greatest care in a small brick building near the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, within the fortress at St. Petersburg. In 1870, on the celebration of the 200th anniversary of Peter's birth, it was one of the chief objects of interest in the great parade at St. Petersburg; and again, in 1872, it was conveyed with much pomp and solemnity to Moscow, where, for a time, it formed a part of the Polytechnic Exposition.

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH.

ARMS OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Good Americans, in foregoing the many fine things to be said of the martial scream of the American eagle over an ascending scale of a hundred years,—things which would be regarded as boasts by some, and as superannuated truisms by others,—cannot, however, conceal the fact that they are proud of the military prowess of their country. This pride is perhaps all the stronger in that the defense of the republic rests with a militia system whose strength lies rather in its traditions, and in the "grit" and flexibility of the American character, than in any formidable or active organization.

Indeed, so far as active organization goes, with the exception of three or four States, the militia service of the country has been a broad farce. Certain ghostly battalions have existed on paper, for the patriotic purpose of enabling State authorities to get a share of the $200,000 annually appropriated, since 1792, by the General Government, to provide arms and equipments for the State militia. By this plan, the State of New York, with a bona fide uniformed militia numbering nearly twenty thousand, has been drawing a proportionate share of the $200,000 provided for a mythical host estimated at four hundred thousand men. As for the regular army, the contempt some Congressman occasionally bestows on it, and the growing record of its losses by Indian warfare, serve now and then to remind the country that a few of the "boys in blue" are still left. But whether or not the strength of the standing army be raised, it is evident that some re-organization of the militia is necessary. This the railroad riots of 1877 have clearly demonstrated.

With this purpose in view, in January, 1879, a delegate convention from the different States met in New York, and framed and urged upon the attention of Congress an Act "To reorganize and discipline the militia of the United States," its provisions having previously been indorsed by the militia delegates of about twenty States. Congress, however, has been too much absorbed with partisan thrusts and parries to consider the bill, which has been interpreted as an infringement on the present State control of the militia, and consequently a new attack upon the doctrine of States' Rights. On the contrary, it carefully provides that the militia of any State shall be wholly under the control of the authorities of that State, except, of course, where the militia is called into the service of the United States, according to the laws already in force. The fact that all the provisions of the bill received the approval of the Southern delegates, proves that the convention studiously avoided the question

of State Rights. The bill asks for an annual appropriation by the General Government of one million dollars, instead of the two hundred thousand now devoted to arms and equipments; and, to secure a fair division of

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MEMORIAL STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK, BY J. Q. A. WARD.

the money, provides that only the regularly uniformed and disciplined militia be taken into account in making the distribution, and that no State be allowed to draw for more than 700 officers and enlisted men to each Congressional district. If each State should organize a force closely approximating to this limit, the uniformed and disciplined militia of the country, capable of being called into service at a few hours' notice, would make a respectable footing of two hundred thousand men. It has also been charged that the clause empowering the President to detail an officer on the retired list of the regular army to be present at the annual inspection of the militia by the State authorities, is an infringement on State rights. But the President's appointee is empowered only "to observe the general condition of the troops and public property, with the consent, and under the general directions, of the Governor of such State or Territory," and is accorded "no authority in any way to control or interfere with the State Inspector, or to exercise any power or authority, during such inspection, over the officers or men of the active militia inspected." If the spirit of Calhoun had inspired this clause, it could not have been more considerate of the feelings of State authorities. It simply aims to protect the General Government and provident States against the negligence of any State.

The bill, if it becomes a law, will make a militia-man of every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who, as he may elect, will be classed with the active militia, to be known as the National or State Guard, or with the reserve militia. Each State receiving any portion of the appropriation must maintain at least one rifle-range, and provision is made for prizes to excite emulation. Also, there must be an annual encampment of the active militia, during at least five consecutive days. Under such a law, the full quota on which the State of New York could draw aid, would be 23,100 men—3,100 more than her active militia, as fixed by the State law. In January, 1878, the New York militia consisted of 20,035 men, or 1,152 commissioned officers and 18,883 non-commissioned officers, privates, and musicians. This force was organized into seven divisions—one of which has since been disbanded—comprising twenty-four regiments, seven separate battalions and twenty-one separate companies of infantry, one battalion and eleven batteries of artillery, and one regiment and eleven separate troops of cavalry. The plan is being tried of disbanding weak regiments and battalions in the interior counties of the State, and organizing, partially out of the same material, strong battalions and separate companies,—the effect being to stimulate local interest and more widely to distribute the militia, that it may the better supplement the civil authorities, in case of local disturbance.

Nine infantry regiments, with cavalry and artillery to correspond,—about eight thousand, all told,—constitute the active militia of New York city, or the First Division N. G. S. N. Y., under the command of General Alexander Shaler. This is the finest and largest militia organization in the country, and the Seventh has the honor of being the "crack regiment" in it; though there are two or three other regiments in the same division standing near enough to the favorite to keep alive a wholesome feeling of emulation. An account of this regiment must, therefore, to a great extent, be an account of the New York militia system.

Early in the present century, the first four companies of the Seventh Regiment inherited from yet older organizations the military spirit and tradition of revolutionary days. Two hundred years earlier, the Dutch burgher corps, in its conflicts with the Indians and with the white settlers of Connecticut, founded the military reputation of the inhabitants of Manhattan Island. In 1691, a militia law was enacted, requiring every male between the ages of fifteen and sixty to register with the militia within one month after coming to reside or sojourn in the colony, under penalty of a fine of twenty shillings. Eighty years of English tyranny produced that hardy band of patriots who called themselves the "Sons of Liberty;" who erected the first liberty-pole in the fields, now the City Hall Park, and in January, 1770, encountered the British garrison in the "battle of Golden Hill," a skirmish fought in John street, between Gold and Pearl streets. About 1807, the first, second, third and fourth companies of the present Seventh Regiment

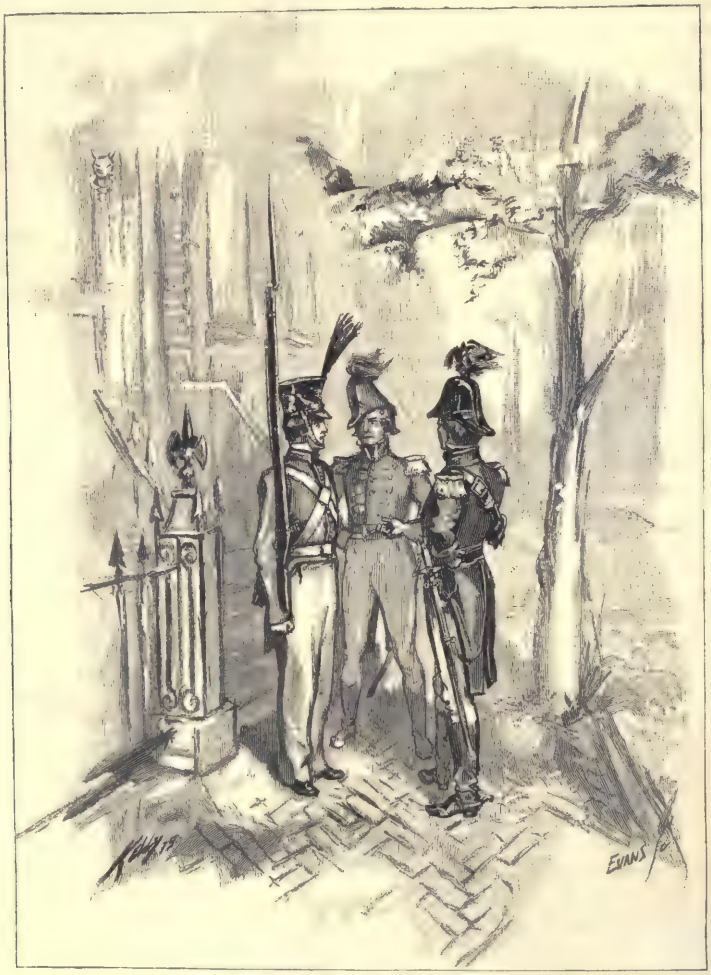
NEW YORK STATE AND SEVENTH REGIMENT COLORS.

belonged to the Third Regiment of New York Artillery, prominent among the militia organizations of that day. Only one battalion of the regiment was artillery proper, the other battalion being armed and equipped like infantry, and carrying the old-fashioned, smooth-bore flint-locks. Both battalions wore the Continental uniform. These four infantry companies had been organized the year before, during a season of great public excitement, when England was making a practical test of the theory that an English seaman could not, of his own free will, sever his allegiance to the British crown and take protection and service under the American flag. Outrages on American commerce fanned the war feeling, but war was not declared until June, 1812. Two months earlier, the Third Regiment, by a re-assignment of numbers, had become the Eleventh Regiment, New York Artillery, and as such it was foremost in manning the fortifications of the city and harbor, at different periods of alarm, previous to the victory of New Orleans, in January, 1815, and the close of the war.

THE SHAKSPERE TAVERN, NEW YORK. (FROM SKETCH BY ASHER TAYLOR.)

Lafayette's last visit to America, in 1824, as the guest of the Republic whose independence he had helped to establish,

makes a prominent chapter in the history of the Seventh, for to that visit is referred the origin of its gray uniform, as well as its title of "National Guard," since appropriated by the entire militia of the Empire State. When the cannon of Fort Lafayette broke the stillness of the morning of Sunday, August 15th, with a salute of twenty-three guns, flags were hoisted on the City Hall, and many citizens hastened to the Battery and looked down the bay to the Narrows, where might be seen the stately ship *Cadmus*, gliding, with all flags flying, to her anchorage off Staten Island. Here Lafayette went ashore and remained the guest of Vice-President Tompkins over Sunday. Early Monday morning a mounted sergeant, followed by a bugler, dashed up Pearl street from the Battery, stopping at each prominent corner to sound the signal for the gathering of the militia. For several weeks the Eleventh Regiment had been disturbed by a controversy over the color and cut of the contemplated new uniform. A compromise pattern was wanted. When Philetus H. Holt, then a private, heard the bugle-call, he put on his uniform



SELECTING THE UNIFORM.

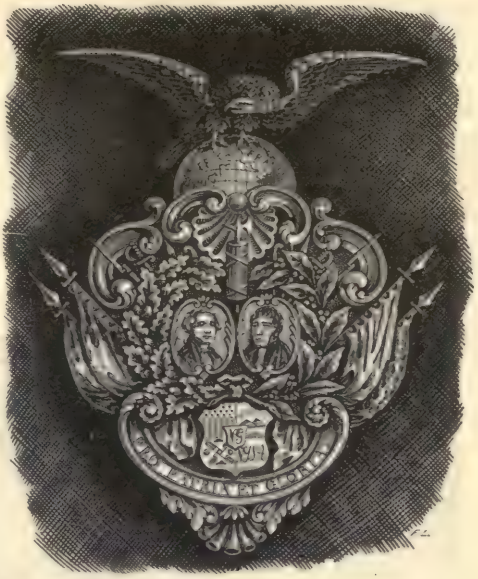
with the exception of his coat, which was with a tailor in Franklin Square directly in his way to Chatham Square, the place of rendezvous. So he put on his business coat, a close-fitting garment of gray cloth with short tails of the present conventional dress-coat style, and over that his cross-belts, and started for the tailor's. On the way, he met Major John D. Wilson and

Captain Prosper M. Wetmore (afterward Colonel), both of whom were struck with the neat and stylish appearance of the gray coat in conjunction with the tall, bell-crowned hat and white trowsers of the regular uniform, and they ordered the private to halt and parley. They concluded on the spot that the compromise uniform had been found.

By noon, the whole militia force of the city was assembled at the Battery, and the artillery planted on the water-front. Men who looked upon the waters of New York Harbor on that bright summer day say that the upper bay, with its fortressed islands and dimpled shores, flanked by the green slopes of Long Island, the graceful hills of Staten Island, and the far-off blue of the Jersey hills, has never seemed more lovely, more thronged with sail than when the Guest of America embarked at Staten Island and voyaged with almost Venetian splendor to the city. As Lafayette embarked on the *Chancellor Livingston*, the land batteries of Staten Island fired a salute, to which Fort Lafayette and the *Chancellor Livingston* made response. The *Robert Fulton*, dressed from the rails to the mast-head in bunting, and manned by two hundred sailors, led the squadron, followed by the *Chancellor Livingston*, the *Oliver Ellsworth*, the *Connecticut*, the *Olive Branch*, and the *Nautilus*, while the good ship *Cadmus*, with the kindly assistance of two smart tug-boats, brought up the rear. When the festive fleet, which was surrounded by every variety of small craft, was off Governor's

TAYLOR'S SEVENTH REGIMENT ALBUM.

Island, the guns of Castle William began the deafening welcome, while the brigade of artillery fired a Major-General's salute,

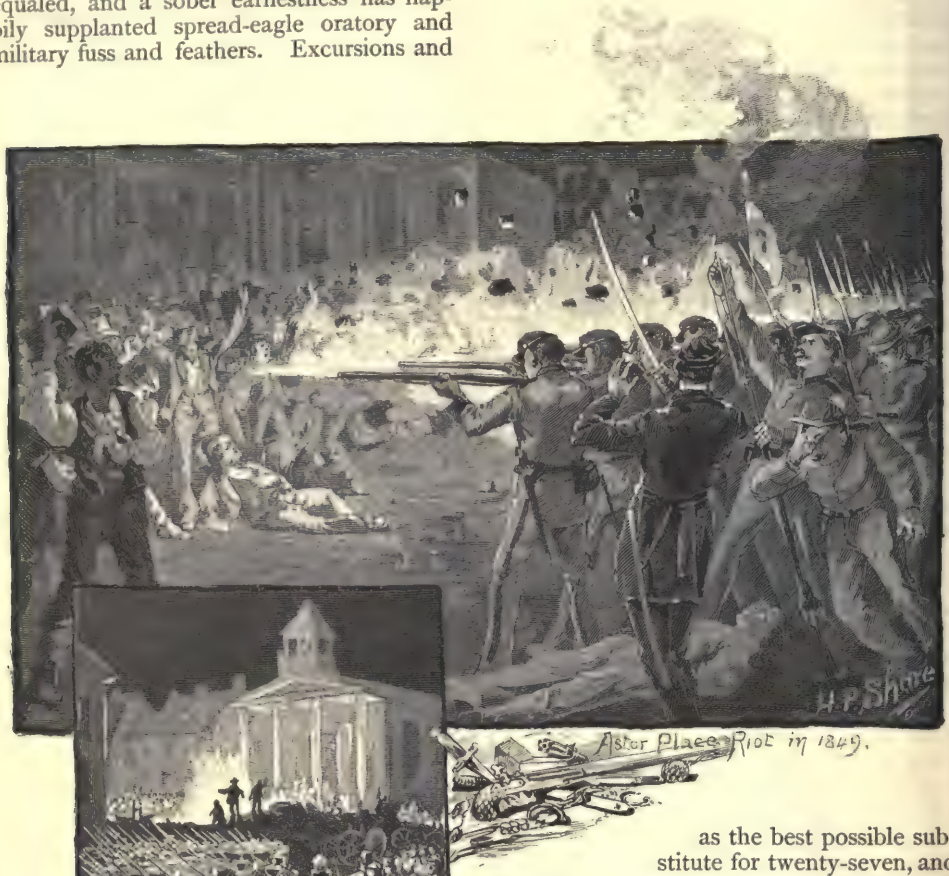


THE LAFAYETTE MEDAL.

and the forts in the harbor sent the echoes flying to the neighboring hills and through the city's streets with a national salute of a hundred guns. Before Lafayette passed down the line of troops drawn up in review, some of the officers of the Eleventh had been talking of his last campaign at the head of the National Guards of France. The suggestion was then first made to name the infantry battalion of the Eleventh the "National Guards" in his honor, and a few evenings afterward the name was formally adopted at the old Shakspere Tavern, at Fulton and Nassau streets, famous as the head-quarters of the militia officers and town gossips for half a century. In 1832 Lafayette received from the National Guard, through James Fenimore Cooper, a medal in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Washington. The gray uniform was first worn in public by Orderly Sergeant Asher Taylor of the Fourth Company. Sergeant Taylor joined the National Guard in 1822 and labored for the good of the regiment until his death in 1878. After the National Guard Battalion (which separated from the artillery companies of the Eleventh and joined the Second regiment in 1825) became, in 1826, the nucleus of a new regiment, the Twenty-seventh, Asher Taylor designed the regimental coat-of-arms and also the National Guard standard. In his declining years he compiled two large albums, superbly bound and mounted, which contain historical accounts of the Seventh

Regiment, portraits of officers, and designs illustrating the life of the organization during half a century.

For over twenty years, the Twenty-seventh Regiment occupied the foremost place in the militia of New York. The "dash and fume" of those days has never been equaled, and a sober earnestness has happily supplanted spread-eagle oratory and military fuss and feathers. Excursions and summer encampments were yearly occurrences. In 1847, a new militia law having been passed during the previous year, it was found desirable to renumber the militia organizations. This was distasteful to the officers and men of the Twenty-seventh, for the regiment possessed a national reputation; but the number seven, which had never before designated a New York city regiment, was accorded to them as the best possible substitute for twenty-seven, and the Seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. entered on a new career of usefulness, which was first exemplified the second year afterward, at the Macready-Forrest riot in Astor Place. Assembling at an hour's notice, 211 officers and men of the Seventh defended public order against the mob, at the expense of injuries to 141 of their number. Fifty-three members were disabled and carried home. The mob suffered severely for its violence, for thirty persons were killed, many of whom were innocent of any part in the disturbance, and upward of fifty were wounded. For this show of determination to kill when the public peace demanded a sacrifice, the rabble was long afterward greatly incensed



THE ABOLITION RIOT IN 1834.

against the Seventh, which it nicknamed "Old Gray-backs." The National Guard had before defended the city during the election and Abolition riots of '34, the Stevedore riots of '36, the flour riot of '37 and the Croton water riot of '40.

The Seventh Regiment band and drum corps has always been an object of regimental pride. How the Seventh plumed itself in 1850, when that wonderful phenomenon Drum-major Teller appeared at its head! Teller was six feet five inches in stature, and wore a bear-skin that elongated his symmetrical figure to nine feet. He had twirled the baton in the Prussian army and under General Scott in Mexico. Satiated with the military glory of two hemispheres, there remained for him to gain only one more honor worthy of his majestic tread and gorgeous carriage: the admiration of New York as he marched down Broadway at the head of the Seventh Regiment.

But the manly Seventh has felt a nobler pride than that inspired by its famous drum-major: the pride of being several times a grandfather. In 1853, a little maid of ten or twelve years came one day to the armory dressed in a jaunty military suit, and as she walked down the long line with Colonel Duryée, every man of it took her shy little hand in his and adopted her as the Daughter of the Regiment. She was the child of Major Joseph A. Divver, who had been for several years a genial and popular officer of the Seventh. He went to the Mexican war as a captain of dragoons, and escaped death in the face of the enemy only to meet it in a sad way after his return home. Out of pity for the orphan and love for the officer, the Regiment cared for and educated his child, each officer and private paying one dollar a year into a fund for that purpose. When the young lady came of age, though mistress of a thousand hearts, she deserted to an enemy that offered her only one. However, that one belonged to a brave young man; and now, the Daughter of the Regiment is mother to a small regiment of her own.

During the first month of 1861, the officers of the Seventh Regiment privately expressed to Governor Morgan their readiness to march at the first act of threatening rebellion. On Washington's Birthday, the Governor reviewed the regiment, and Colonel Marshall Lefferts addressed his men from the balcony of the armory. When Sumter fell, the Seventh was restless for the word to march. On the 15th of April, President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to defend the capital. The Seventh once more proffered its services, and many of its men waited at the armory in hourly expectation of a summons. This came at eleven o'clock at night and was received with cheers, the order being given that the regiment would march on the 19th. The Seventh soon bitterly regretted this delay of a single day, necessary to allow every member to arrange his affairs so that

THE DRUM-MAJOR.

they might depart with full ranks. On the 18th, Major Robert Anderson (the hero of Fort Sumter) disembarked, and the city gave him a great ovation. The day before, the Sixth Massachusetts, zealous of being

THE SEVENTH OFF TO THE WAR—APRIL 19, 1861.

the first in the field and the first militia to encounter the enemy, had passed through the city on its way to Baltimore and Washington.

When the morning of the 19th broke, clear and beautiful, men were already stirring in the Seventh Regiment armory. The excitement was too great for slumbers. Before noon, the length of Broadway was gay with countless flags. Every house-top and window from Astor Place to Courtlandt street was occupied with spectators, while men, women, and children swarmed upon the sidewalks and blocked the side streets. Astor Place and the vicinity of the armory were a dense mass of human beings. At four o'clock, 945 men had reported to their companies, and with difficulty the regiment pressed through the crowd and formed in Lafayette Place. The men were in heavy marching order. Wealthy citizens and the commercial associations had given liberally to equip the Seventh for active service. Rumors of the conflict in Baltimore between the Massachusetts Sixth and the rebel sympathizers were in everybody's mouth, and the faces of the spectators who filled Lafayette Place showed a realization of all that such a farewell might mean, and of the fact that the Seventh was on no holiday mission. When the word came to march and the impatient Seventh wheeled round into Broadway, the air resounded with a billow of cheers that moved along with the advancing regiment. Every man marched with a firm step, and the well-drilled platoons, joined by a common aim and stimulus, moved in perfect unison. The effect was irresistible, and the excitement knew no bounds. Above the loud huzzas could be heard the stirring notes of "Hail Columbia," and in the momentary lull, the measured tramp! tramp! tramp! and the regular sway of a thousand mettled men told with exciting effect upon the crowd, that felt another thrill when the fife and drum took up the step to the tune of "The Girl I left Behind Me." At Prince street, Major Anderson reviewed the regiment from a balcony. The excitement was overpowering, and the men gave a sigh of relief as they marched aboard the ferry-boat at the foot of Courtlandt street. An immense crowd cheered as the train moved out of Jersey City and sped the Seventh away to Philadelphia, where it arrived at two o'clock in the morning, 991 strong.

The hardships and difficulties and importance of the Seventh's march to Washington

cannot be overestimated. At Philadelphia, Colonel Lefferts learned that the Marylanders had already burned bridges to impede the progress of the Seventh, and were mustering a force to give armed resistance. General B. F. Butler was then at Philadelphia, with the Massachusetts Eighth, having arrived the evening before. Colonel Lefferts, wisely acting on his own judgment, chartered the steamer *Boston* to convey the Seventh to Annapolis, *via* the ocean and Chesapeake Bay. General Butler then decided to reach the bay by railroad to Havre de Grace, trusting to a ferry-boat for transport to Annapolis. Sunday, the Seventh was at sea. Early on Monday morning, the *Boston* was hailed by the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides," lying at anchor in Annapolis Harbor. When the morning mist arose, the Seventh saw the ferry-boat *Maryland*, with the Eighth Massachusetts, fast aground on a mud-bank. For several hours, the *Boston* tried to extricate the boat and the thirsting and famishing Massachusetts boys, but it was compelled, finally, to disembark the Seventh and to return for the Eighth. There had been no communication with Washington since the Seventh left New York. Colonel Lefferts realized the danger of a moment's delay. As soon as he could gain scanty rations for the march, he set out, at three o'clock Wednesday morning, April 24th. An ingenious Yankee of the Eighth had patched up a broken engine, and two old cars had been found, on which were loaded the howitzers and baggage. The soldiers mended the railroad track and bridges as they advanced, now scouring a meadow for a displaced rail, now diving into a stream for another, and occasionally chasing off Marylanders who were destroying the railroad. The day was fiercely hot and the night cold, but Colonel Lefferts gave no order to suspend the march, all day or all night, until, at 3:30 the next morning, they arrived near Annapolis Junction. At 10 A. M., they proceeded from the Junction by train to Washington, and at noon the Seventh marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, and was reviewed by President Lincoln from the portico of the White House. The Eighth Massachusetts joined them a few hours later, other regiments were on the way, and Washington was safe. The Seventh soon established itself at Camp Cameron. May 23d, it joined the advance into Virginia, and worked in the trenches at Arlington Heights, returning to the camp May 26; and, its term of enlistment for thirty days having expired, it soon started for home, arriving in New York June 1st.

LIFE AT CAMP CAMERON.

ADVANCE PICKET.

Many of the officers and men wanted to remain in the field, as a volunteer regiment, but Colonel Lefferts was opposed to any action which should deprive the regiment of its place in the militia organization. And while the citizens of New York were, in general, disappointed that the Seventh should return so soon, many influential citizens, as has always been the case, preferred to have the regiment where it could act in home emergencies. Its contribution to the war was more of commanders than of privates. At Washington, General McDowell had said to Captain Clark, "Sir, you have a company of officers." By June 15th, seventy members of the regiment had been commissioned lieutenants in the regular army. And during the war, 606 members served as officers in the regular and volunteer army and navy. Three became major-generals, nineteen brigadier-generals, twenty-nine colonels, and forty-six lieutenant-colonels. On a commanding granite pedestal in Central Park stands a bronze statue, by J Q. A. Ward, erected "In honor of the members of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.—fifty-eight in number—who gave their lives in defence of the Union, 1861–1865."

The first one to fall will be the last remembered. Some day it may be thought fitting to erect a separate monument to the patriotism and genius of Theodore Winthrop, who left his countrymen a picture of his true heart and manly fervor in the pages of "John Brent," and other books, and of his love of country in the manner of his early death. He marched with the Seventh to Washington, as a member of the Ninth Company, and after the first campaign, accepted a place on General Butler's staff, with the rank of major. In the battle of Great Bethel, he led an impetuous assault on the enemy's flank, and was shot dead at the head of his troops. His writings, published posthumously, have given him a durable fame. Doctor Thomas W. Parsons, the poet, has embalmed his memory in the "Dirge for One who Fell in Battle," first printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," and beginning:

"Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once
her lover:

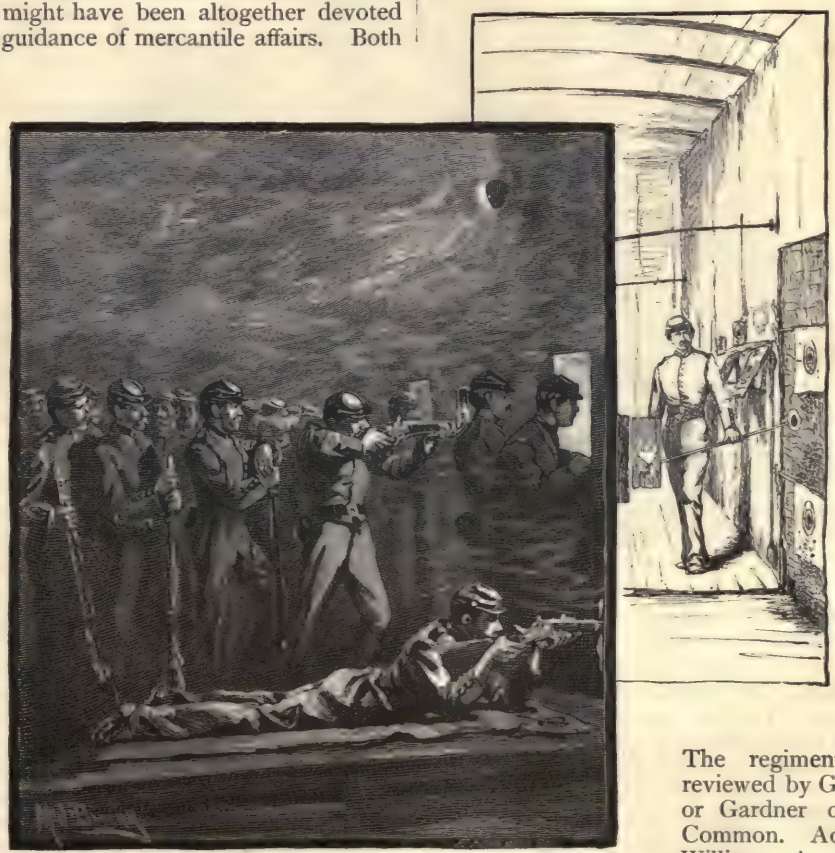
"Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it."

While the Seventh was sending men to the field to take command of volunteers in 1861, it was also on the alert at home. It was again in the field when, in 1862, Stonewall Jackson raided the Shenandoah Valley and threatened a flank movement on the National Capital, and in 1863 it hastened to the defense of Pennsylvania against General Lee's advance. It returned home July 16th, to take part in the last scenes of the draft riots, and met the mob with spirit and success at Second Avenue and Twenty-third street. In June, 1864, Colonel Marshall Lefferts resigned his command, after a service in the regiment of fourteen years, and Emmons Clark, captain of the Second Company, was elected colonel. While the Seventh was on its way to Philadelphia during the Centennial year, to occupy Camp Washington on the Exhibition grounds, Colonel Lefferts was overcome with the heat and died on the cars of an affection of the heart.

Colonel Emmons Clark has now been fifteen years in command of the Seventh. Under his leadership the regiment has attained its highest prosperity and discipline,

THEODORE WINTHROP. (AFTER THE CRAYON SKETCH BY ROWSE.)

and the recent subscriptions to the new armory fund are sufficient proof of its great popularity. But for a slight circumstance, Colonel Clark's marked abilities as an officer might have been altogether devoted to the guidance of mercantile affairs. Both his grandfathers served in the Revolution. Born in Wayne County, New York, in 1827, he was graduated at Hamilton College in his twentieth year, and came to the city at his majority to begin the study of medicine, a profession which was deserted for a business opportunity which soon placed him in the responsible position of cashier of a transportation company. Only one thing disturbed his content with business pursuits: his name was placed early on the jury list and had a disagreeable habit of turning up whenever a jury was struck. To escape this annoyance, he determined to seek exemption from jury duty by entering the militia, and joined the Second Company of the Seventh. The first few evenings at the armory kindled the latent military spark within him. He bought a manual and an old musket for home practice before a tall mirror. In the same year, 1857, he accompanied the Seventh to Boston to take part in celebrating the battle of Bunker Hill.



TARGET PRACTICE AT THE ARMORY.

The regiment was reviewed by Governor Gardner on the Common. Adjutant William A. Pond

(now Colonel of the veteran corps of the Seventh) wanted a regimental guide placed near the Governor. He happened to go to the Second Company and laid his hand on Private Clark, who felt the dignity of his position and presented such a soldierly figure and military bearing that every eye in the regiment noticed him. Some one said to Captain Shaler, "That young fellow will be colonel, yet." The next year, he reached the first rung of the ladder, in his election as first sergeant. Another twelvemonth found him wearing the shoulder-straps of a second and soon of a first lieutenant. In 1860, Captain Shaler was elected Major of the Regiment, and Emmons Clark, in the third year of his service, became Captain of the Second Company, at the head of which he led the advance in that memorable march from Annapolis to Washington. While in garrison at Fort Federal Hill, in 1862, he adopted a theory for the government of his company, opposed to the views of the older officers. This was that the best way to keep up the good spirits of the men was to give them something to do. He drilled his company before breakfast, and after breakfast, and twice in the afternoon. As a consequence, the Second Company became remarkably proficient in company and skirmish drill; the men slept well and were the life of the regiment.

COLONEL EMMONS CLARK.

When Colonel Lefferts resigned, Captain Clark was elected to the colonelcy. The rank and file, in 1873, presented their colonel with a silver service, and Grafulla dedicated to him the "Tribute Quickstep." Since 1866, he has been Secretary of the New York Board of Health and has devoted his spare moments mainly to the Seventh.

In the voluntary militia service, the members of a regiment have the right to elect

new members. The term of enlistment is now for five instead of seven years. Militia-men are exempt from jury duty while in active service, and if they complete their term of enlistment, for life. About one-third do not complete the full term, and those who do may join the Veteran Corps of the Seventh Regiment.

There was a time when the company feeling in the Seventh overbalanced the regimental feeling. But now, while every member does his best to advance the interests of his particular company, he takes at the same time a larger pride in the prosperity and reputation of the regiment. Social intercourse is somewhat confined within the membership of the different companies, each company having a separate room in the armory for its meetings, by-laws of its own, and separate company drill. The companies differ slightly also as to the tastes and social position or occupation of their members. To indicate a few characteristics: The Third Company claims seniority. At the present time, the Tenth Company contains more of the sons of old and wealthy New York families than any other. (One can hardly mention any prominent family of wealth or social prestige that has not a representative in the regiment.) The Ninth Company is accorded the first place as being the best drilled and evincing the most spirit; its members are for the most part connected with the great commercial houses of the metropolis. The Second Company is a rival of the Ninth in discipline, and resembles it in membership. The Eighth Company's ambition to excel in rifle practice overshadows every other characteristic. The popularity of a company depends, to a great extent, on its captain. The slight social distinctions pertaining to the different companies change very slowly, because, where one young man offers himself for membership in a company without a social acquaintance with some of its members, ten are drawn in purely on account of such acquaintanceship. Social values tell in the Seventh Regiment roll; but that does not necessarily mean money or ancient lineage. The regiment is recruited mainly from clerks of average means and native ability, as well as education, who hold good positions in the large banks, insurance offices, wholesale mercantile houses and manufacturing establishments. There are always in the regiment fifty or more young gentlemen who take care of their estates, or whose estates take care of them. They are good soldiers, and have nothing to gain in the regiment more than the poorest member—in fact, less, for it is very rare that a man born to wealth becomes an officer in the Seventh, for he does not apply himself to drill and details with the energy and assiduity of the men who are obliged to make their own way in the world. In so far that merit, and neither wealth nor family, counts in the line of promotion, the Seventh is a pure democracy. Several companies are now insisting on a surgeon's examination before receiving a new member.

The would-be recruit signs an application for membership, giving his name, residence, place and kind of business, the name of the member who proposes him, and the names of references. This is posted on the armory bulletin. He is then visited by a committee who test the quality of his ambition to become a soldier, and who make inquiry of acquaintances concerning his character. If the report of the committee is favorable, he is balloted for. Five black balls exclude. Once elected, he signs the enlistment roll, takes the "iron-clad" oath of the United States, and is directed to purchase a fatigue uniform. This is an expense of $15 or $18. He is then promoted to the awkward squad for instruction in the school of the soldier. About this time he wonders why he ever joined a militia regiment, and is astonished to find that for years his heels, toes, head, shoulders, and arms, have been out of place and have grown obstinate by habit. Finally, he can toe the mark and stand straight without feeling dizzy. He is then made the custodian of a musket, and feels renewed affliction of spirit after tossing this musket from hand to shoulder until his arms are tired and disintegration sets in near the small of the back. Instruction in the manual once a week for six months smooths out the wrinkles in his body and disposition, and he is at last transferred to his company, begins to talk about the glorious privilege of military drill and discipline, and entices one of his outside friends into the awkward squad. Once allowed to parade, he is on the company roll and liable to every duty that arises. By this time he is thoroughly convinced that there is something dreadfully earnest about the life of a militia regiment.

The new member has never been accused of a disposition to hide the "7" under a bushel. He has, of course, obtained a full uniform before appearing on parade. His dress-coat, of graceful cut and close fit, is of cadet-gray

TARGET PRACTICE AT CREEDMOOR.

trimmed with black cloth and gold lace, and with white worsted shoulder-knots in summer and gray in winter; there are white leather cross-belts and trappings; white duck trowsers in summer, and gray, with a black stripe, in winter, and a stiff black French cap with pompon. If he happen to have a fine figure, this uniform will bring out his good points; if he happen to have a bad figure, Apollo help him, for the uniform will not. Knapsack, cap, belts, and cartridge-box bear the cipher, or monogram, of his regiment. His overcoat has a small cape, and is of the light blue of the regular army. The fatigue uniform is simply gray jacket, trowsers, and cap. Seventy or eighty dollars, it is said, will obtain the whole outfit, the arms and accouterments being supplied by the State. With a little care, the dress uniform will last through the five years' term of service, unless, indeed, the young soldier thrives too well on militia life and outgrows his clothes. Only slight changes have been made in the uniform of the Seventh during half a century. The yearly dues are $12 or $15, varying with different companies.

From October to April, the members of the Seventh meet at the armory once a week

for company drill. Ten battalion drills, by division, are held in the course of the year. The Seventh turns out for public parade five or ten times in a twelvemonth. The May inspection and parade always attract public attention.

Too much importance cannot be attached to rifle practice, as it is being fostered by the National Guard at Creedmoor and other rifle ranges, in New York and other States. It is doing more than any other agency to awaken interest and produce efficiency in the militia. General George W. Wingate is called "the father of rifle practice in this country," and deserves credit for being mainly instrumental in turning the new mania to useful account. Among the full regiments, the Seventh takes the palm for rifle shooting. Its ten companies have been severely drilled in the armory in the manipulation of the breech-loading rifle. With the remarkable precision and skill which the Seventh has acquired in the use of this weapon, short work would be made with any city mob. Almost every bullet would go on a death's errand, and at two blocks kill perhaps two or even three men. Creedmoor gives the men confidence.

THE MAY INSPECTION.

Three days a week, from May to November, the National Guard enjoy the privileges of the range. When all the companies of the Seventh reach the general proficiency of the four or five crack companies, ordinary infantry and cavalry could scarcely cope with the regiment in the open field. Four or five companies of the Seventh, deploying as close skirmishers, could witness the onset of a brigade of infantry or

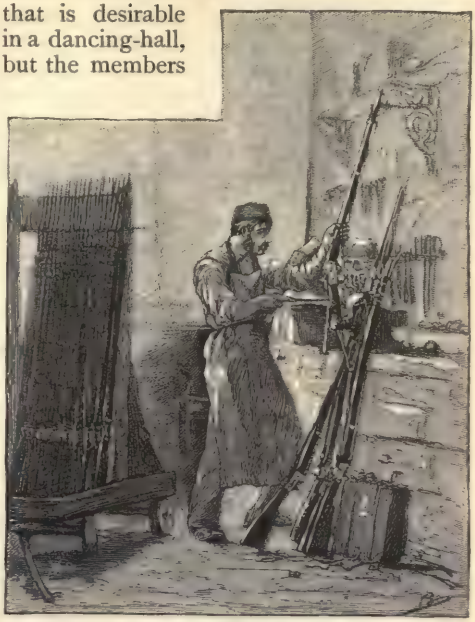
a regiment of cavalry without shrinking. Every man would know that there would be one less of the enemy after each shot he fired; and while the attacking column was advancing one hundred and fifty yards, three hundred skirmishers could deliver such a murderous fire that no ordinary troops could hold their ground. It was lucky for the mob which the Seventh confronted at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth street, during the Orange riots of July, 1871, that Creedmoor had not then been opened.

The New Armory is a monument to the hold the Seventh Regiment has on the gratitude and confidence of the citizens of the metropolis, who have expressed the pride they feel in the regiment by putting their hands into their pockets for nearly a quarter million dollars. The ground—the square bounded by Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets, and Fourth and Lexington avenues—is a part of old Hamilton Park and belongs to the city, which has given the Seventh Regiment a perpetual lease. Of the armory fund, $200,000 was the voluntary contribution of members of the regiment and wealthy citizens. Bonds were issued, with legislative sanction, for $150,000, secured by an assignment of the lease and the building to the trustees of the armory fund. The city government is in duty bound to provide its regiments with quarters, and it pays a rental on the building for a limited term of years—long enough, however, to cancel the interest and principal on the bonds. The very successful issue of the New Armory Fair, which was the principal semi-social event of the autumn, enabled the regiment properly to furnish the armory, which will be occupied about the time this paper comes from the press. The reception and ball have, however, been postponed until the coming autumn and winter.

The Armory building covers an entire block, with a frontage of 200 feet on the avenues and 400 feet on the streets. It is massively built of red brick, with granite trimmings. The Fourth Avenue front, of 200 feet, with a depth of 100 feet, is built three stories high, and forms what is called the administration building. A tower rises above the central entrance, and in this and the square, slightly projecting corners there are narrow loop-holes for musketry. The long, narrow windows and the castellated appearance of the massive cornice strongly suggest the purposes of the structure. Three stories of the administration building are divided into ten rooms for the several companies, a council cham-

THE NEW ARMORY.

ber, veteran corps room, library, reception room, staff rooms, band and drum corps rooms, armorer's and janitor's rooms, rifle gallery, gymnasium, and a cadet corps room, —for it is the intention to revive the Seventh Regiment Cadets, a successful feature in war times, and thus to give the spirited boys of the city an opportunity to train for future membership in the regiment. The remaining space, 200 feet wide by 300 feet deep, is a drill-room, the floor on the solid earth and the roof a broad oval, supported by iron truss arches designed by the architect as an improvement in strength on the supports of the arched roof of the Grand Central Depot. Care has been taken to secure a perfect floor. On a five-inch layer of concrete, covered with asphalt, to hold back the moisture of the soil, have been laid sleepers of Long Island locust, sixteen inches apart, the intervening spaces filled in with concrete. The flooring strips of yellow pine plank, three inches wide and two inches thick, are laid on this solid foundation, the planks being cut across the grain to prevent sliver-ing. The drill-hall is lighted from the sides and from the roof. There are balconies for spectators at each end, and a narrow raised platform encircles the walls. Racks for muskets are ranged against the walls of the administration building, in the third story of which is a lunch and coffee kitchen. The drill-room may not be all that is desirable in a dancing-hall, but the members



THE ARMORER.

will probably make it suffice for many grand balls of the future. Colonel Clark's ideas of such a building are, to a great extent, embodied in the general plan of the armory, which was designed by Mr. C. W. Clinton, a member of the veteran corps. The architect has adapted the Italian style

A CREEDMOOR SPORT—"THE TUG OF WAR."

to a special purpose, which has no parallel in any part of Europe, for America is not a camp, and the militia system of the United States is indigenous to the soil and atmosphere of republican institutions. The New York Seventh wanted for an armory neither a barracks nor a fort. It sought something between a military club-house and a barracks-arsenal—a structure that should look like the home of an active military organization, and speak in its plain, massive walls and noble aspect of the utility and dignity and firmness and strength of the National Guard.

With the new armory, the Seventh Regiment takes upon itself greater obligations of duty, that only untiring discipline and increased public devotion can fulfill. Its many warm friends believe it will not belie its honorable record of the past, and that its motto, "*Pro Patria et Gloria*," will be the watchword of its future.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA. I.

THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

NEARLY three centuries and a half ago, Jacques Cartier, looking for the Indies, found the St. Lawrence. The Indian village of Stadaconé, hard by the beetling cliff of Quebec, and the palisaded Indian town of Hochelaga nestling amid corn-fields under the shadow of the mountain,—which he named Mount Royal,—gave him kindly welcome. These and the mighty river and unbroken forests primeval extending to unknown horizons, were fair to see under the glowing summer sun and the marvelous tints of autumn. But an apparently endless winter succeeded, and horrible scurvy wasted his men like a pestilence. Returning to France with tales of "black forests, deep snow, and thick ice," instead of schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls, he received from his patrons maledictions instead of thanks. Of this introductory chapter of Canadian history, little remains but the memory of the hardy mariner of St. Malo.

The first period of Canadian history begins with the first years of the seventeenth century, and ends with the death of Count Frontenac and the peace made with the Iroquois in the year 1700. Through all this time, Canada had to fight for life with the Iroquois, or Five Nations of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Senecas. The territory of this formidable confederacy extended from Lake Champlain and the Mohawk River to the western extremity of Lake Erie. The great Canadian names of the period, Champlain, Mais-

onneuve, La Salle, and Count Frontenac, are but the brightest stars in a crowded firmament.

Between Jacques Cartier and Champlain's time comes in an episode that frequently takes hold of my imagination. The Marquis de la Roche undertook to colonize and Christianize New France. To find gold and silver mines, and to spread the Gospel were the twin motives that animated the French gentlemen who sailed from France to the New World in those brave days of gunwale the men could wash their hands in the sea. Coasting to the south of Nova Scotia, he came to those long low ridges of sand, well called Sable Island, that had been the dread of Basque and Norman and Breton fisherman before Jacques Cartier's day, and that are the dread of mariners still. Here he landed his jail-birds, intending to return for them when he had selected a site for his colony. A furious storm drove him back to France, and, thrown into prison by an enemy, he could neither organize

SABLE ISLAND, A. D. 1603.

old. The quality of De la Roche's colonists was bad enough, and the quantity not much better. In addition to his crew he had only some forty convicts. They sailed in a vessel so small that from the cords of the another expedition nor get speech of the king. When the little craft that had borne them across the Atlantic slowly receded from the gaze of the convicts, suspicions may have crossed their minds. When the

days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, without a sail appearing on the horizon, the suspicions deepened into conviction. Savagely they cursed their fate and each other, and the patron who had proved their betrayer. What were they to do? On this ocean-girt Sahara, nearly a hundred miles from the mainland, there was, at any rate, nothing to stir ambition or excite passion; no house to break into, no one to plunder, no society that had been their enemy, and against which instinct, necessity or revenge impelled them to wage war; no guards to enforce work, no handcuffs, or strait and lonely cells. They were brothers in evil fate; surely the sentiment of a common brotherhood would now be born in them and restore them to manhood! The island is a wilderness of sand, bow-shaped, about thirty miles long, with a lake in the center, on the shores of which grow a few shrubs and sickly plants. Neither tree, rock nor cave offered friendly shelter from the driving rain and wintry sleet. They gazed on long reaches of sand, broken only by sand ridges covered with rank grass, or whortleberry and cranberry bushes in the depressions; along the indented shifting coast, the skeleton or ribs or broken mast of an ancient wreck; or—after a gale of wind—human skeletons exposed to view; and beyond, the wild waste of the Atlantic, imprisoning them more relentlessly than their old prison bars. Fortunately they were able to build rude barracks out of the remains of Spanish vessels which had been wrecked on their way to Cape Breton, and they found on the island cattle and sheep that had come from those same vessels. When the cattle and sheep failed, they lived on fish; and when their clothes were worn out they clothed themselves with the pelts of seals. Without adequate protection from the cold; surf-laden winds howling night and day; impenetrable fogs hiding the sky; the thunder of the sea striking the long line of land, and the vibration of the island under the tremendous pressure making them dread that they and their wretched sand-lots were to be swept into space; and, to crown all, the fellowship of naught but the beast in themselves! They quarreled and murdered one another, till only twelve were left. Seven miserable years passed, when one day a sail was seen making for the island, instead of giving it the usual wide berth. The pilot—Chédotel—who had sailed with De la Roche was in charge. The Parliament of Rouen had sent him to ascertain their fate, and bring back those who had survived. With all haste they packed up the stock of furs they had accumulated; but their ill-luck did not desert them, Chédotel seized upon their furs as the price of their voyage. Arrived in France the king—Henry IV.—desired to see them. They were presented to him, "covered with seal skins, with hair and beard of a length and disorder that made them resemble the pretended river gods, and so disfigured as to inspire horror. The king gave them fifty crowns apiece, and sent them home, released from all process of law."* Chédotel, too, was obliged to give back to them half their furs; and the curtain falls on the convicts who form the first link of connection between French history on the St. Lawrence and in Nova Scotia.

The seventeenth century opens on Canada, not with the St. Lawrence, but with attempted settlements at the mouth of the river St. Croix, in New Brunswick, and at Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. The names of DeMonts, Poutrincourt, Champlain, Lescarbot, and others like them, men of gentle birth and insatiable enterprise, are linked with these unsuccessful attempts. We read sadly and sorrowfully of failure where our sympathies cry out for success; but what other results could there be with colonization schemes based on court favor and government monopoly, instead of patient industry, and with a rank and file swept from streets and jails, instead of material like that which founded and made New England?

Champlain did not linger long about the rugged shores of Acadie. It was from the St. Lawrence that France could best extend her sway in all directions over the New World. In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec not far from the village of Stadaconé, where Jacques Cartier had spent a miserable winter sixty-seven years before. The site of Champlain's town is the market-place of the present Lower Town of Quebec. Above it rose the fort and the Upper Town, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world. Well guarded gates defended the approaches from the Lower Town, the St. Charles, the suburbs, and the open country in the rear. From Champlain's time, here has been the center of French life and influence in America. Till Montcalm fell gloriously, a long line of French governors ruled proudly from the old castled rock. There

* Charlevoix, vol. 1, p. 109. Champlain's Voyages, p. 42.

the lilies of France gave way to the Cross of St. George, which has waved ever since over a people French in blood and sentiment, but who in every hour of need prove their loyalty to the British throne, and their attachment to institutions under which they first learned the lessons of liberty. Admirably situated for trade and commerce, strong as a fortification, surpassingly beautiful in situation, the center of almost everything that is romantic in the history of New France, Quebec was also fortunate in its founder. While he lived, Champlain was the head, heart and hand of the infant Colony. No name more deserving of honor is enrolled in Canada's book of gold—not so much for what he did, as for what he was. Leaving out Jacques Cartier's name, he was the first of that race of intrepid explorers, lay and clerical, voyageurs and nobles, who searched out the farthest recesses of the forest wilderness, and gave French names to mountains and lakes, rivers, portages and forts, from Louisburg to the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, and from Hudson's Bay and Lake Athabasca to Louisiana. Fervid piety rather than love of adventure is the explanation of his life. "The saving of a soul," he would often say, "is worth more than the conquest of an empire." Patriotism and religion determined his policy, and amid infinite labors and explorations his policy was single. With that as his pole star he forced his way up the Ottawa to the mouth of the Mattawan; thence westerly to Lake Nipissing, and down French River to the mighty Lake Huron. Pursuing his course southward, along the eastern shores of the Georgian Bay, he came to the rich and populous country of the Hurons, around Lake Simcoe, now one vast wheat field in the heart of the great Province of Ontario. His policy was to unite the Indians of the Saguenay, of the Ottawa, of the Georgian Bay, and of Lake Erie into one great confederacy, under French leadership. Those tribes were to be converted by Franciscans and Jesuits, who would thus win a new field for Mother Church in compensation for that which had been lost in the Old World. The same policy would ensure the prosperity of Quebec. The Indians would bring their valuable peltries to the place where, under the Governor's own eye, they could exchange them for French goods. The growth of the colony would be stimulated, dividends would be paid to the company that had established it, and the loyalty of the Indians and their respect for the mission-

JACQUES CARTIER.

RECOLLET FRIAR.

aries who represented France in their far-away villages would be increased, when, at each annual visit to Quebec, they beheld the state of the Governor, partook of his hospitality, and heard the thunder of his cannon. The policy seemed feasible enough. The tribes of the East and West and North willingly acknowledged the supremacy, and accepted the protection of Champlain. Admiration of the French, a keen desire to exchange their furs for the marvelous things the French alone could give, and a common dread of the Iroquois actuated them. To bind them as his allies, Champlain deliberately made himself the enemy of the Iroquois. This was the one fatal defect of his policy. He should have conciliated those formidable warriors at any cost. A policy of conciliation must have succeeded. Had he sent among them his gray robes and black robes, the Recollet Friars and Jesuit fathers; backed these with presents that would have been irresistible at one-tenth the cost of war; gradually established a few forts along the Richelieu and the Hudson—New York could have been secured as a winter port. This gained, the great game would have been gained for New France at the first move. The Pilgrim Fathers would have landed in 1620 at New Plymouth, but they would have been limited to rocky New England. English advance to the West would have been blocked, and the Atlantic colonies of the future cut in twain. It is strange that a man like Champlain, who had felt the dangers and loss resulting from being locked out from the ocean half the year, should have wasted his time on explorations to the north of the St. Lawrence instead of pressing to the open south. The Iroquois alone barred the way. With these on his side he could have anticipated the feeble Dutch colony that, in 1613, settled on Manhattan Island, or could have swept them off. Probably he underestimated the strength of the Iroquois, and imagined that when he had consolidated the Northern and Western tribes, these would not resist him long. He could not foresee that the Dutch were to establish themselves at Albany, and by supplying the Iroquois with fire-arms make them a terror to Frenchmen as well as to Hurons; or that along those rocky inlets and pine-covered Atlantic shores that had appeared to him so unpromising, a great commonwealth would grow,—slowly at first, but resistlessly as fate. Certainly it is not for us to mourn Champlain's mistake. After all, it is difficult to imagine that any one head could have changed the destinies of America. Mighty forces soon came into play, which swallowed up the wisdom and the folly, the success and failure of the wisest and strongest. We know that what Champlain undertook to do he did with grand self-forgetfulness, and two and a half centuries after his death Quebec continues to honor his memory.

Struggling against difficulty and misfortune, sustained by motives and hopes that

baser souls never know, Champlain's picture is hung up in the national heart. Everything was against his determination to make Quebec prosperous. Boundless and fair as seems the view from Cape Diamond, the extent of good soil was limited; for the rugged Laurentides press down almost to the river's brink. What the soil yielded in summer never fed the colony in winter. In spite of Champlain's example, few of the colonists devoted themselves to tillage. They had come out, not to farm, but to trade, to hunt, and to make money, which they intended to carry back to France and spend there. The existence of Quebec depended on the fur-trade; that depended on peace being kept with the Iroquois; and the Iroquois had been challenged to do their worst. The city was thus little better than one of the Hudson Bay Company's forts of the present day in the northwest, except that there was about it more of military and ecclesiastical state. It was perpetually in peril of starvation. Every winter scurvy decimated the wretched inhabitants. Again and again Champlain saw that it was on the verge of extinction; but he would not let it die. Honor to that patient courage undismayed by long continued toil, that unselfishness, that religious continence and purity of life that long made his name an inspiration to the infant colony!

Champlain's successor was De Montmagny. In his time the Island of Montreal was settled. Religion had much to do with the foundation and early history of Quebec. It had everything to do with the foundation of Villemarie de Montreal. The new settlement was conceived in the brain of Jean Jacques Olier, the founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The picture in his brain was not the splendid city of to-day, with its massive quays, palatial warehouses, widening and far-extending streets, but a religious community, full of heavenly zeal to propagate the true faith all through the illimitable wildernesses that extended along the banks of the two mighty rivers whose currents met at and embraced the beautiful island. Of course, when the immense commercial value of the position began to be understood, insinuations were thrown out that the founders had been animated by mundane rather than purely religious motives. So talked the agents and friends of the great company of one hundred associates to whom Louis XIII. had made over all the territory of New France, with its capital, Quebec. They saw that Montreal would prove a serious rival to Quebec. From that day to this the two cities have been jealous of each other. The founders of Montreal indignantly repudiated the insinuations of the Company and its agents. They had forsaken France for Canadian winters, the privations of emigrants, and anticipated tortures, not at the call of ambition nor with hope of gain, but for the greater glory of God. They had contributed freely all their worldly goods as well as themselves to the enterprise, and had bound themselves to seek no return for the money expended. Men of gentle birth, ladies who had been accustomed all their lives before to delicate nurture and the refinements of the most refined society on earth, braved the Atlantic in filthy, infected little ships, made their home in the thick of the gloomy forest, and wore their lives out in ministering, nursing, and teaching. From the first, Montreal consisted of three religious communities, in honor of the Holy Family—a seminary of priests consecrated to Jesus, a hospital tended by nuns consecrated to Joseph, and a school consecrated to the Virgin. Everything else in the settlement,—the farming, milling, trading, the military guard, existed for these, for these enshrined the heart and purpose of the new colony. Who of us is sufficiently pure in heart to pronounce righteous judgment on the members of the Society of Notre-Dame de Montreal? Motives cross and blend in each of us so strangely that we cannot tell which is dominant at any moment. Dross may have mingled with the gold in the hearts of Olier, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Jeanne Mance, and the other founders of Montreal, but fine gold was undoubtedly there, and it is the gold that we value. Especially are we attracted to the first governor, Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Like Champlain, devout as a saint, pure in life amid surrounding license and manifold temptations, loving adventure, yet always maintaining a steadfast purpose, adding to the innate bravery of the French gentleman a caution that could cope with Indian craft, Maisonneuve's character always inspires respect. Manly strength and straightforward piety never fail him. When his father opposed his embarking in the seemingly mad enterprise, he answered: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold," with an air so matter-of-fact that the worldly-minded

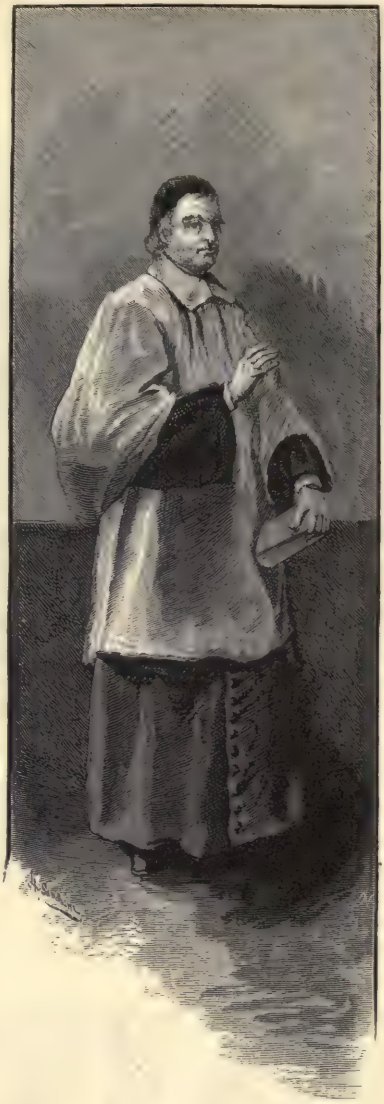
old gentleman really believed his son was going to make a good thing out of it, and ceased further opposition. When he arrived at Quebec, and the Governor and Council represented the folly and impracticability of founding a settlement so far away from any possible succor, and offered him the Island of Orleans instead, he answered: "It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois!" As we trace the history of the early struggles of Montreal for existence, we know not whether the prize of valor should be awarded to nuns or priests, to the Governor, the soldiers, or the laborers. Soldiers lived like priests, and priests out-did the soldiers in fearlessness. Every man carried his life in his hand, and heaven seemed so near that he counted life of little worth. All through the glowing summer there was no respite from watching. During the day the laborers took their guns to the fields and worked, with anxious glances at the surrounding forest. During the night the Iroquois lay in wait behind the nearest tree or among the blackened stumps, or in the very shadow of the fort or windmill. Woe to the heedless who ventured outside! Happy he who got away maimed and bleeding from an enemy who tortured his prisoners with ingenuity, mercilessly prolonging life that agony might be prolonged! Only when winter had robbed the mountain of its glorious autumn crown, and the St. Lawrence was bound fast under crystal gyves as strong as steel, could the settlers venture beyond the fort or palisaded hospital, or their little row of houses then, as now, called St. Paul street. And not always even then, for the Iroquois defied the winter itself, and lurked for weeks in the deep, dry snow, ready to attack should the slightest carelessness invite them. I never hear men grudge the Sulpitians their property in Montreal without thinking of how it was acquired, and suggesting to the grumblers that property likely to be equally valuable two or three centuries hence, if not sooner, can now be secured on the Saskatchewan or the Peace river. To the Sulpitians we owe the foundation of the city. They won it from the forest and the savage by years of unrequited toil and continuous expenditure of blood and tears. The infant colony was in the jaws of wolves. On it always broke the first and fiercest surges of attack. Every year some unfortunates were snatched away to a horrible death, and none knew whose turn would come next. These were conditions of existence to nurture heroism or despair. No one despaired. Many a story of the time has been preserved for us by the industrious Abbe Faillon. One, sympathetically told by Parkman, is well worth the reading.* In 1660 a young officer,

LONG SAULT RAPIDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

* "The Old Régime in Canada," Chapter III.

Adam Daulac by name, resolved that instead of waiting for the Iroquois to attack Montreal, he would go up the river, wait at some point they must needs pass, and attack them as they descended. Sixteen others joined him, the oldest thirty-one years of age. You can find their names, ages, occupation, property, and all about them, in the old records of Montreal. Maisonneuve, like a true knight, gave them leave to go on their quest. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacraments, and went forth with joy, like ancient Paladins, or like those early Christians who rushed on martyrdom. At the foot of the Long Sault they found a little palisade, "scarcely better than a cattle-pen," and they determined to make this their fort and their grave. Attacked by two hundred Indians, they held their own for a week; and when seven hundred hewed a breach in the palisades, the Frenchmen—sword in one hand and knife in the other—threw themselves into the thickest of the swarm and fought like madmen till every man of them was shot or stricken down. Thus died the glorious band, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, obeying the law of honor. The price of the victory made the Iroquois relinquish all thought of attacking Montreal that year. Full of fight as they were, they had had enough of it, and the colony was saved by the devotion of a handful of its children.

The glory of Daulac pales before the steady light that enshrines the figures of the Jesuit missionaries to the Indians of Canada. Eyes and heart alternately glow and fill as we read the endless "Relations" of their faith and failures, their heaped-up measure of miseries, their bootless wisdom, their heroic martyrdoms. We forget our traditional antipathy to the name of Jesuit. The satire of Pascal, the memories of the Inquisition, and the political history of the order, are all forgotten. We dislike to have our sympathy checked by reminders that in Canada, as everywhere else, they were the consistent, formidable foes of liberty; that their love of power not only embroiled them continually with the civil authorities, but made them jealous of the Recollets and Sulpitians, unwilling that any save their own order, or, as we say—sect—should share in the dangers and glory of converting the infidels of New France. How can we—sitting at home in ease—we who have entered into their labors, criticise men before whose spiritual white heat every mountain melted away; who carried the cross in advance of the most adventurous *coureurs de bois*, or guides; who taught agriculture to the Indians on the Georgian Bay before a dozen farms had been cleared on the St. Lawrence; drove or carried cattle through unbroken forest round the countless rapids and cataracts of the Ottawa and French River, that they might wean the Hurons from nomadic habits and make of them a nation; who shrank from no hardship and no indignity, if by



GENTLEMAN OF THE ORDER OF ST. SULPICE, IN THE COSTUME OF 1700.

JEAN-BAPTISTE, INDIAN PILOT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

any means they might save some of the miserable savages who heaped indignities upon them; who instituted hospitals and convents wherever they went, always (in the spirit of their Master) caring most for the weak, the decrepit, the aged; and submitted themselves, without thinking of escape, to unutterable tortures rather than lose an opportunity of administering the last sacraments to those who had fallen under the hatchets of the Iroquois! Few Protestants have any idea of the extraordinary missionary activity of the church of Rome in the seventeenth century. Few Englishmen know to what an extent French society was inspired then by religious fervor. Few Canadians have any knowledge of the spiritual inheritance of which they are the heirs. It would be well for all of us to read Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," if we cannot get hold of the original "Relations"; for the story looked at even from a Protestant and Republican standpoint is one to do us all good, revealing as it does the spiritual bonds that link into oneness of faith Protestant and Roman Catholic, and teaching that beneath the long black robe of the dreaded Jesuit is to be found not so much that disingenuousness and those schemes of worldly ambition usually associated with the name, but a passionate devotion to the Savior, love for the souls of men, and the fixed steadfastness of the martyr's spirit that remains unshaken when heart and flesh faint and fail. The extent of the Jesuit missions in Canada is surprising, in a century, too, when the Protestant churches scarcely gave a thought to the great world work that now so largely engages their sympathies. In the Huron country alone, the mission consisted of eighteen priests, four lay brothers, and twenty-three men serving without pay, called *donnés*, or given men, as distinct from *engagés*, or hired men; besides nineteen hired laborers, soldiers, and boys. On the towns of the Mission of St. Ignace—the majority of whose inhabitants had accepted Christianity, fell the heavy hand of Iroquois invasion in the spring of 1649. Here the

VIEW IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

two Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant were stationed. Their converts implored them to fly, but they refused. It was theirs to remain at their post, the one to give baptism at the last moment to whomsoever

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

sought it, the other to give absolution to the dying. Sixteen years before, Champlain had introduced Brébeuf and two others to the Hurons who had come down to trade. "These are our fathers," he said. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honor these, our fathers." Brébeuf at this time was forty years old. The enthusiasm of youth had passed into a deep, overmastering spiritual passion that fused all the forces of his being and directed them to the one great end. An iron constitution—the ready servant of a strong, fervid will—enabled him to do and endure anything. He might easily have won worldly distinctions, but his sole ambition was to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For fifteen years he had been the "*decus et tutamen*" of the Huron Mission. His zeal had never flagged; and now, after seeing success coming to crown his labors, he was doomed to behold the destruction of the Mission and of the Huron Nation.

Lalemant, the nephew of the Superior at Quebec, was the counterpart of Brébeuf. Elijah sought and found his complement in Elisha. Bold St. Peter attached to himself the timid John Mark. Stormful Luther met his mild Melancthon. Not more unlike, physically or temperamentally, were Brébeuf and Lalemant. They had toiled together in life, one in fervor and aim; and in death they were not divided. Space is wanting for details concerning the missionary work of the various Roman Catholic orders in Canada. Nothing discouraged them; no defeat made them despair of eventual success. As brethren in Christ, we rejoice in their superb faith, though we may sometimes smile at the naïve form in which it found expression. The Recollet friar, Joseph le Carou, the first priest who visited the Huron country, thus sustains his sinking courage: "When one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion and sacrifice to it his repose and his life." Zuinglius himself might pardon the bold Sacramentarianism from such lips. The prophetic words of the Father Superior of the Jesuits in 1647 stir the heart of the Christian—by whatsoever name known among men—like the blast of a trumpet: "We shall die; we shall be captured, burned, butchered. Be it so. Those who

die in their beds do not always die the best death. I see none of our company cast down." And truly, in spite of failures, these men did a great work. Seeds of divine truth they sowed broadcast over the wilderness. Gradually they tempered the ferocity of the Indian character, and mitigated the horrors of Indian war. They induced the remnants of many tribes to settle under the shadow of their missions protected by forts. Portions even of the terrible Iroquois settled in Canada, and the Church has, on the whole, no children more obedient, and Queen Victoria certainly no subjects more loyal. Their superiority to other Indians is as plainly marked to-day as it was two centuries ago. No better voyageurs exist. In traveling among the Canadian lakes and Lacustrine rivers, get Iroquois to man your canoes, and you are all right. No other crew, white or red, can be compared to them. Never intruding on their employers, because conscious of their own dignity; prompt to do what is needed without fuss or chatter; ready to talk when you wish it, but not offended should you keep silence for weeks; never grumbling; strong, cleanly, weather-wise, and experienced in all the mysteries of wood-craft and canoeing, they are splendid fellows to have with you.

Other orders as well as the Jesuits established missions at various points, and the Christianized Indians from these did good service in the wars of the next period. The Sulpitians established one in Montreal on the slope of the mountain near the present Seminary. Two stone towers, part of the defenses of this Mission, still exist, and were recently pointed out to me by one of the priests as the oldest remains of former days now standing in Montreal. Recently, Protestant churches in Canada have sent missionaries to the Indians, but the church of Rome bore the burden and heat of the day, and still occupies the post of honor. Her missions are co-extensive with the Dominion. I have seen them in New Brunswick, where the Restigouche mingles its waters with the Bay Chaleur; on the great Manitoulin, where the remains of the Huron Nation sought refuge, and under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where gentle ladies who had traveled across the great loneland lovingly ministered to Cree and Blackfeet children orphaned by war and the smallpox. Words are too weak to acknowledge the devotion to God's will and the self-sacrifice for man that the histories of such missionaries record. They have laid the country under a large debt of gratitude. The one thing that Canada cannot be too thankful for is that she has no Indian wars. For this unspeakable blessing, how much do we owe to the teaching, sacrifices, and long-continued labors of self-exiled men and women whose names are written, not in the columns of newspapers, but in the Book of Life?

The first period of Canadian history closes with the administration of Count Frontenac. Previous to his arrival in the colony the only settlements of consequence were in the neighborhood of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. His predecessor, Courcelles, had seen the advantages of establishing a fort at the outlet of Lake Ontario, and before Frontenac had been long in the country this step was urged on his attention by Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, a young man whose brain teemed with vast schemes of discovery, and of securing to France the trade of the great unknown West and the Indies. The Seminary of St. Sulpice had given to La Salle, soon after his arrival in Montreal, a large grant of land above the rapids, now known as the Lachine, on the understanding that he should form an outpost there, from which, at any time, intelligence of the approach of the Iroquois could be conveyed to the city. While engaged on this seigniory, clearing land and fur trading, some Indians from the west gave him information of a river called the Ohio, which they said flowed west or south until it reached the ocean. Leaping to the conclusion that this ocean must be the "Vermilion Sea," or Gulf of California, his imagination was fired with the prospect of finding the long-desired western passage across America to China and India. To this great work of discovery he at once devoted himself, and never did Knight of the Table Round seek for the Sangreal, or Crusader press forward to gain the Holy City, with more disregard of difficulties or contempt of dangers, or with more sustained faith, than animated La Salle. His first step was to secure a permanent foothold on Lake Ontario, to be his starting point and base of operations. He parted with his seigniory, the Seminary paying him handsomely for his improvements; and, gaining the entire confidence of the new Governor, he induced him to establish a fort at the point where the St. Lawrence issues from Lake Ontario to sweep in long reaches and winding channels around and past the countless islets and rocks and fairy haunts that we

modestly style the Thousand Islands. The new fort, called Frontenac, was established at the mouth of the Cataraqui, near the site of the Tête du Pont Barracks, in what is now the city of Kingston. Fort Frontenac at once became an important trading center for all the tribes of the upper lakes. Previously their trade was being diverted through the country of the Iroquois to New York, and Frontenac felt that friendship and allegiance would soon follow trade. Kingston is still of importance as the place of transhipment for the corn and lumber of the west on its way to the east. The lumber brought from Michigan and Lake Superior in vessels is made up into rafts at Garden Island, or Collins' Bay, near the city, and rafted down the river to Quebec; and the corn is transferred from vessels, by means of elevators, into barges suited to the canals of the St. Lawrence. Count Frontenac and La Salle saw clearly that the diversion of the trade of the upper lakes out of Dutch and English hands into their own could be made a personal as well as a national gain. Hence opposition, natural enough on the part of the Montreal traders; though as La Salle's only object in making money was to spend it on schemes of discovery for the aggrandizement of France, his personal gains would be, in a manner, national. This is not the place to speak of his heart-breaking failures, and of the fixed will that never acknowledged failure, nor of his famous discoveries and untimely end. It is said that the rapids beside his first seigniory received the name of La Chine from some of his recreant followers, in derision of his original dream; but derision could not well be more out of place in connection with any man than with La Salle, whose failures were more splendid and fruitful than most men's success. In 1673 the Jesuit Marquette had reached the "Father of Waters" from Lake Michigan, by the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Now, in 1680, La Salle came upon it from the Illinois, sailed in canoes to its mouth, and took possession of it and its valley and coast for France and King Louis XIV. He gave the name of Louisiana to the vast region extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the head-waters of the Missouri. New France and Louisiana thus embraced the whole continent, except the country along the Atlantic coast to the east of the Alleghanies, where the British colonies were struggling into existence. New France included not only all to the north of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, but that magnificent prairie and timbered country out of which the northwestern States of the Union were subsequently carved. In a triangle, the apex of which is the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi—one side the line of the Ohio, the other the line of the Missouri, and the base the great lakes—we

KINGSTON HARBOR.

find the very core of the United States. This great region was admittedly included in New France, and Louisiana included all to the south of it; while the country between the Ohio and the Alleghanies was disputed territory. At every important strategic point near the outlets of the lakes and along the rivers, the flag of France waved over some kind of a fort; and in every fort you found a soldier, a trader and a missionary. The second period of Canadian history tells of the long contest with Britain and the British Colonies for this future seat of empire, this great home of gathered millions, and ends with the death of Wolfe and Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, and the surrender of Canada to Great Britain in 1760.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century all the indications, to a superficial observer, were in favor of America being French rather than Anglo-Saxon. Had Louis XIV. allowed the Huguenots to emigrate, such might have been the result. The only people in old France anxious to leave it during his reign were the Huguenots, and only to them was emigration forbidden. Gladly would they have carried their skill and industry, their national versatility and enterprise, to the New World, and built up round their altar fires a great French State. They would have supplied the blood, bone and muscle needed to make the vast outline of New France a reality. Expecting nothing from the home government, seeking no court favor, they would have trusted to their own initiative for everything. From very necessity the fabric of their commonwealth would have grown up in the bracing atmosphere of liberty. But while neither England nor France then understood religious or civil liberty, England, as usual, was happily illogical. She permitted her Puritans to exile themselves from the fatherland. The boon, perhaps, seems to us small, but not so would it have seemed to the French nonconformists. The English Puritans could seek, and they found, beyond seas, freedom to worship God. And though their own sufferings for conscience sake did not teach them the elements of toleration practically, it came to this, that they had all the freedom they themselves desired. In Massachusetts they tolerated only "the truth," and persecuted Anabaptists and Antinomians, Quakers and witches; but the persecutions in the Bay State simply led to the founding of other States. They had freedom to build schools and churches and to lay the foundations of colleges; to take possession of the forest, till the soil, and engage in near and far-distant fisheries. They developed naturally. The Imperial Government treated them with wholesome neglect, allowing them to grow without incasing their young bodies in strait-jackets, or flattening their heads out of shape to please the eye of bishop or intendant or lieutenant-general of the king. Slowly but surely the illogically-treated illogical exiles built up a series of sturdy commonwealths, self-governed and bound together by that best cement of society—the strong religious convictions of the individual members.

New France got only the emigrants that the king and the company sent out. They would send any but Huguenots. Unfortunately few except Huguenots cared to go. The Huguenots were the victims of a more logical persecution than the Puritans. They might not live in France unless they denied their faith, neither might they depart in peace from the land that denied them the first right of human beings. If they escaped beyond the border they could enrich Holland, Brandenburg, England—any land save New France, the land that needed them most. There the priest and the soldier ruled,—pious priest, brave soldier, but unfortunately out of their place, not in their place,—and priest and soldier were one. By the law, no heretic could remain on the fair virgin soil of New France. Even the Huguenot merchants of Rochelle, who held in their hands the greatest part of the trade of the colony, were not allowed a residence. The principal merchant came out to see after his property, but the honest man could not get even a special license to remain all winter and collect his debts. Doubtless his debtors believed the law good! Let the New World remain a wilderness rather than be converted into a refuge and home for heretics! Great efforts were indeed made to people it with true believers. The king did his best. He sent soldiers to protect the settlers, and ship-loads of women to be wives for them. Royal favors and bounties were given to encourage early marriages and large families. The stimulants proved more successful in accomplishing those results than the similar stimulants offered to encourage the growth of hemp. We read of *gentilshommes* and *habitants* with families of thirteen and fifteen; but with only two or three sheep, and sometimes not so many. When the father went off to hunt or fight, the mother and children would have starved

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR MONTREAL.

had it not been for the exhaustless supplies of eels that the St. Lawrence yielded. Beneficent and mighty stream—sacred river of Canada—its Ganges and Nile combined—well may Canadians love thee! What other river can be compared to our St. Lawrence? None other pours down to the ocean such a mighty flood of water—and such water! Not like the yellow Tiber or the muddy Mississippi; but a crystal purity in current vast and strong, that man, with all his abominations of steamers and sewers and factories has been, as yet, unable to pollute. Why should poet celebrate the honey of Hymettus and the vines of Rhineland, and not the fish of the St. Lawrence, its bass, sturgeon, muskallonge, and its white fish, most delicious of all fresh-water fish? What a course it runs, from the exhaustless, crystal reservoir of Lake Superior, suspended 600 feet above the sea, across nearly thirty degrees of longitude to the Gulf! Down the Sault Ste. Marie, and among the multitudinous Huronian rocks of the Georgian Bay; out of Lake Huron, and along the low, fertile banks of Lake Erie; rushing into Ontario to the sound of the thunder of Niagara; stealing quietly away from Kingston and seeking to lose itself amid a marvelous labyrinth of islands that offer to it in wood and rock, in bluff, bay and glen, every variety of form and color; sedately emerging from those fascinations and pursuing the quiet, onward flow of an ordinary river, only to break loose soon and leap madly over broken precipices in a succession of wonderful rapids during the next hundred miles; now gathering itself together again under the towers of Montreal, to swing grandly down to the far-distant sea, past the storied ramparts of Quebec and the frowning cliffs of the Saguenay! Proudly Canadians boast that there is no river like their own St. Lawrence. And well may we sing its praises. It has been everything to us in the past, and promises to be more in the future.

But to return to our narrative. With the best intentions in the world on the part of a king, who believed himself to be Providence, the infant colony was kept in leading strings, ecclesiastical, civil and industrial. Men went to mass under penalty of being made fast to a post with collar and chain. Profane swearing was punished with fines, and at length with the pillory. In spite of religion being so protected, the good priests never weary of lamenting over the stubborn wickedness of the people. Of course, too, it could be argued, if the people are so bad when authority does its utmost on behalf of religion, what would they be if the bonds were relaxed! The regulations in Massachusetts and the blue laws of Connecticut may be quoted as an offset. True, but herein lay the difference. Instead of being imposed on them by external authority, the harsh laws of New England were adopted by the people in the exercise of their own intelligence, and could be changed as the people became politically more intelligent. But in New France there could be no such thing as popular initiative or change in politics, education, religion, or

trade. These included every activity and department of life, save eating, drinking and amusements. Local legislation was forbidden and local schools undreamed of. Industrially, nothing could be done unless His Majesty pulled the strings. He must give money or authority. Charters and patronage as well as honors flowed from him. Monopolies rigidly confined trade within licensed bounds, and when it languished in consequence, the only cure suggested was another monopoly. Officials, skilled in the art of "how not to do it," multiplied. Knavery and corruption widened their baleful influence year by year. As far as the people were concerned, this centralized system of exclusiveness and authority resulted in driving adventurous young men into the forest, there to become lawless *coureurs de bois*, and in stupefying the masses,—teaching them not to put their own shoulders to the wheel, but to look up to the Government as a Hercules ever ready and able to deliver them. The feudal land tenure also stood in the way of agricultural improvement and popular advance. The knowledge that his toil goes to improve his own land, for his own and his children's benefit, inspires the dullest clodpoll. This inspiration the *habitans* had not. Laboriously, yet indolently, they worked their farms with the absurd old implements their fathers had known in Normandy. They divided and subdivided their land among children and grandchildren, in long, narrow strips, so that each might get a river frontage, until the subdivision of the original paternal acres afforded a fit illustration of the infinite divisibility of matter. What boundless contempt these ribband farms—66⅔ or 33⅓ yards broad and 2,000 yards long—inspire in the breast of a prairie farmer! In more ways than one, however, they suited the genius of a people who loved society. The farmhouses of an agricultural district constituted a continuous village of neat white-washed cottages along the line of the main road. Interminable law-suits and fiddling broke the monotony of life; still more frequently, religious festivals, when work was thrown aside, and gaiety—that too often degenerated into drunkenness—reigned supreme. The people enjoyed life like children—enjoyed it more than their prosperous Puritan neighbors to the south, who took their pleasures, like their religion, sadly. They followed a trusted leader through the deep woods, for an onslaught on the Iroquois or the English, with a gayety of heart very different from the prayerful deliberativeness with which New England made war; but their attacks were

VIEW ON THE GODBOUT, A CANADIAN SALMON RIVER.

confined to exposed settlements, the fate of which determined nothing; whereas, when the British laid aside axe and sickle and grasped the musket, they struck at the enemy's capitals. In the contest, our sympathies are continually enlisted on the side of the hopeless a contest he had been sent; but none the less did he do his duty.

The first period of Canadian history ends with the death of Frontenac. The second, with the death of Montcalm. The third

FORT HENRY, KINGSTON.

gallant, kindly, gay-hearted Frenchmen; but none the less do we feel that the issue was predetermined. France deserved to lose New France. She endeavored to govern her thin line of settlers for her benefit, and not their own, and with the worn-out wisdom of Paris, instead of the fresh experience they themselves gained in the wilderness. And to those who would gladly have emigrated in thousands, and who would have made the best colonists in the world, she issued imperative orders: "Land not on the wide, extended shores, that require only the hand of the diligent; people not the banks of those mighty rivers, that are calling so loudly for you." Her orders were perforce obeyed. Nemesis followed, as it always does; for in Nature and Providence there is no such thing as forgiveness. And so it happened that, when the long contest came to be finally fought out between England and France for the prize of the New World, the one power had on the ground two or three millions of hardy, intelligent, self-reliant fishermen, farmers, and backwoodsmen; the other had little groups of soldiers, Indians, and *coureurs de bois*, scattered among scores of forts and over illimitable forests, and a militia drawn from some sixty or seventy thousand colonists, poor, dependent, uneducated; ready, indeed, at a moment's notice for dashing foray or raid, but whose families would starve if their bread-winners enlisted *en masse* for continuous service. No one saw more clearly than Montcalm to how

deals with Canada as a colony under British rule, and ends with the Act of 1867, which united the various British colonies on the main land of North America into the Dominion of Canada. The political history of Canada begins in the second half of this period, and in its social and political development consists its chief interest.

By the peace of 1763, virtually the whole continent became British. Canada and the old British Colonies had, however, walked too long apart, to be easily united. They did not share in a common life. The thoughts that stirred the heart of the one people found no echo in the breast of the other. They acknowledged the same authority without being linked in any other way. Hence, when twelve years afterward the struggle began, the issue of which was supposed to be the utter destruction of British authority in America, though the children separated themselves from the mother, the old foe remained true to the new allegiance. At the beginning of the war, Montgomery captured Montreal, and along with Arnold made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to carry Quebec, by escalade, in midwinter. The invasion ended in failure, and was not renewed even when France came to the assistance of the States, and when it might be supposed the sympathies of the Canadians would incline them to fight side by side with the soldiers of France against the soldiers of England. The St. Lawrence again became, and still remains, the dividing line between two peoples and governments.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN MAY.

(J. H. E. MAY 3d, 1870.)

WHY, Death, what dost thou, here,
This time o' year?
Peach-blow, and apple-blossom;
Clouds, white as my love's bosom;
Warm wind o' the West
Cradling the robin's nest;
Young meadows, hasting their green laps to fill
With golden dandelion and daffodil:—
These are fit sights for Spring;
But, oh, thou hateful thing,
What dost thou, here?

Why, Death, what dost thou here
This time o' year?
Fair, at the old oak's knee,
The young anemone;
Fair, the plash places set
With dog-tooth violet;
The first sloop-sail,
The shad-flower pale;
Sweet are all sights,
Sweet are all sounds of Spring;
But thou, thou ugly thing,
What dost thou, here?

Dark Death let fall a tear.
Why am I here?
Oh, heart ungrateful! Will man never know
I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?
Whose the sweet season, then, if it be not mine?
Mine, not the bobolink's, that song divine
Chasing the shadows o'er the flying wheat!
'Tis a dead voice, not his, that sounds so sweet.
Whose passionate heart burns in this flaming rose
But his, whose passionate heart long since lay still?
Whose wanhope pales this nun-like lily tall,
Beside the garden wall,
But hers, whose radiant eyes and lily grace,
Sleep in the grave that crowns yon tufted hill!
All Hope, all Memory
Have their deep springs in me,
And Love, that else might fade,
By me immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes.

NOTES OF A WALKER. III.

NATURE AND THE POETS, AGAIN.

It is pleasant to note how many persons throughout the country stand ready to defend our poets against anything that seems like unfair treatment. Question but the minutest fact of Bryant, or Lowell, or Longfellow, and a cloud of witnesses rises up to confound you. Since my article on the above subject in the December SCRIBNER, I have been taken to task by several writers in the magazines and newspapers, and by many private letters, and the fallacy of my harmless criticism pointed out to me. A bright school girl, whom I met on the train, said it was not "fair," and, for the moment, I was filled with confusion and contrition.

But I am not now going to take back anything I have said, but rather to add to my offending. Only a few days since I was reading a poem, in one stanza of which the wild rose, the golden-rod, the white elder, and the meadow lilies, were all made to bloom at the same time. Our two species of elder, *S. Canadensis* and *S. pubens*, bloom in May and June; the common wild rose, or eglantine, a little later; the yellow lilies are in their glory in July, and the golden-rod in late August and September. This is the rule; exceptional instances might occur that would justify the poet's combination; but the poet is not to deal in exceptions; his verse is to reflect the large universal fact; he must keep the broad highway of the seasons, and if he steps aside from it the reader is to be apprised of the fact. Every flower has its period; the main body comes at some well-defined time; there are stragglers before and after, but they only point to the larger fact I have stated.

It was upon this ground that I criticised Lowell's use of the dandelion and buttercup, describing his lawn as gilded with them both at the same time. Everybody knows that an occasional dandelion may be observed in bloom any time from May to November, especially when the grass is kept short, and that the buttercup holds on late in the season also, yet the periods of the main inflorescence of the two plants are separated by at least a month, while Lowell speaks of them as if they were contemporaneous. The buttercup *(R. acris)* is a tall plant, it comes when things are high; it holds its head above the clover and the daisies, and shows upon the waving fields like a thin wash of gold. The dandelion, on the other hand, belongs to that earlier stage of the season when the grass is short,—to unfledged May; it is a carpet flower; it sits low upon the ground, and spots the lawn with gold rather than gilds it. Growing amid the buttercups and the blooming clover, it would be entirely hidden. No, nature does not bid against herself in this way. Lowell, in "Al Fresco," is literally in clover; he is reveling in the height of the season, the full tide of summer is sweeping around him, and he has no right to the dandelion, which he himself elsewhere says is the

> "First pledge of blithesome May."

(It is true the low, or bulbous, buttercup comes earlier than *R. acris*, and this would help Lowell out by a week or two.)

Our genial Autocrat lays himself open to the same kind of criticism when, in his poem on spring, even stretching spring well into June, he rings in the pond lily, and makes it a rival of the rose.

> "Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
> The rival lily hastens to emerge,
> Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
> Till morn is sultan of her parted lips."

The white pond lily belongs to the last half of summer, when the heat has reached the slime and ooze at the bottom of the streams and lakes. The Autocrat is aware of this fact too, for in his poem on "Midsummer," he says:

> "I hate those roses' feverish blood!—
> Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
> A long-stemmed lily from the lake,
> Cool as a coiling water snake."

The poet which most readers and critics seem to regard as the high priest of nature, and incapable of error of this kind, is Bryant. I yield to none in my admiration of the sweetness and simplicity of Bryant's poems of nature, and, in general, of their correctness of observation; yet I believe he sometimes tripped upon his facts, and that at other times he deliberately moulded them, adding to or cutting off, to suit the purposes of his verse. I will cite here two instances in which his natural history is at fault. In his poem on the bobolink he makes the parent birds feed

their young with "seeds," whereas, in fact, the young are fed exclusively upon insects and worms. The bobolink is an insectivorous bird in the North, or until its brood has flown, and a granivorous bird in the South.

In his "Evening Revery" occur these lines:

"The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells and shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight."

It is not a fact that the mother-bird aids her offspring in escaping from the shell. The young of all birds are armed with a small temporary horn or protuberance upon the upper mandible, and they are so placed in the shell that this point is in immediate contact with its inner surface; as soon as they are fully developed and begin to struggle to free themselves, the horny growth "pips" the shell. Their efforts then continue till their prison walls are completely sundered, and the bird is free. This process is rendered the more easy by the fact that toward the last the shell becomes very rotten; the acids that are generated by the growing chick eat it and make it brittle, so that one can hardly touch a fully incubated bird's egg without breaking it. To help the young bird forth would ensure its speedy death. It is not true either that the parent shoves its young from the nest when they are fully fledged, except, possibly, in the case of some of the swallows and of the eagle. The young of all our common birds leave the nest of their own motion, stimulated probably by the calls of the parents, and, in some cases, by the withholding of food for a longer period than usual.

As an instance where Bryant warps the facts to suit his purpose, take the "Yellow Violet," of which I spoke in the previous article, and the poem, "The Fringed Gentian." Of this last flower he says:

"Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end."

The fringed gentian belongs to September, and, when the severer frosts keep away, it runs over into October. But it does not come alone and the woods are not bare. The closed gentian comes at the same time, and the blue and purple asters are in all their glory. Golden-rod, turtle-head, and other fall flowers also abound. When the woods are bare, which does not occur in New England till in or near November, the fringed gentian has long been dead. No, if one were to go botanizing and take Bryant's poem for a guide he would not bring home any fringed gentians with him. The only flower he would find would be the witch-hazel. Yet I never see this gentian without thinking of Bryant's poem, and feeling that he has brought it immensely nearer to us.

What I said of Bryant's yellow violet last December, I repeat now: it is not the first flower in any part of the country, and it is not sweet-scented in any proper sense of the term. It doubtless has a faint, herby, grassy smell, as have all fresh, growing things, but perfume that one can detect upon the "virgin air" it has not; the white violet *V. blanda* alone of our violets is entitled to this praise.

Bryant speaks of the yellow violet as an April flower lasting over into May, and two of my critics confirm this statement. Now Bryant has a poem called "The Twenty-Seventh of March," in which he makes mention of the two earliest wild flowers. Is the yellow violet one of them? Here are the lines:

"Within the woods
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath
The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
Upon the chilly air, and, by the oak,
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,
Hide in their bells, a soft aerial blue"—

ground-laurel being a local name for trailing arbutus, called also May-flower, and squirrel-cups for hepatica, or liver-leaf. I hope my critic of the "Evening Post" can reconcile the above lines with his statement, so carefully corroborated, that the yellow violet *(V. lanciolata)* is the first spring flower in Massachusetts. In which of the two poems is Bryant nearer the truth? Of course in the latter, although he doubtless considered himself near enough to the truth for poetical purposes in the former. He set out to glorify the early yellow violet, to enhance and magnify its charms, and in doing so he endowed it with virtues not its own. In some localities the houstonia, claytonia, dicentra, and saxifrage come before it: the arbutus is generally earlier, and the hepatica always is. The last two plants make preparation in advance, but these two,—as, in a measure of course, do all plants,—carry their leaves through the winter and their flower buds fully formed, and when spring comes have less to do than the violets, which have to develop both leaf and flower from the mold.

They have the protection of the woods, too, and of the dry leaves, which is an important matter. They ought to bloom in March if the violet does in April.

Speaking of the arbutus reminds me of Stedman's charming little poem upon this subject, called "Seeking the May-flower."

* * * * * * * *

"I see the village dryad kneel,
Trailing her slender fingers through
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts
Their pink, pale flowers to view."

* * * * * * * *

"Fresh blows the breeze through hemlock-trees,
The fields are edged with green below;
And naught but youth and hope and love
We know or care to know!"

The arbutus is sweet, but this couple found something sweeter, as all may who go in the same spirit.

The poem recalls the robin's jocund note, and the tender yearnings and wistfulness of spring.

A SECOND CROP OF WEEDS.

THE walker makes the acquaintance of all the weeds. They are travelers like himself, the tramps of the vegetable world. They are going east, west, north, south; they walk, they fly, they swim, they steal a ride, they travel by rail, by flood, by wind; they go underground, and they go above, across lots and by the highway. But, like other tramps, they find it safest by the highway; in the fields they are intercepted and cut off, but on the public road, every boy, every passing herd of sheep or cows gives them a lift. The other day, along the road, I met the viper's bugloss (*Echium*) slowly making its way north. It is said to be a troublesome weed in Virginia, but I do not remember to have seen it before in this State. In Orange County I saw near the railroad a field overrun with what I took to be the branching white mullein (*V. lychnitis*). Gray says it is found in Pennsylvania, and at the head of Oneida lake, in this State. Doubtless it had come by rail from one place or the other. Along the Wallkill the spiked loosestrife (*L. Salicaria*), a tall, downy weed, with large, purple flowers, has long been common; now it has traveled down the stream into the Hudson, and is beginning to appear in the little bays and marshy places along shore. Doubtless it will, in time, make its way down the whole Atlantic coast through this outlet. Weeds, like vermin, are carried from one end of the earth to the other. A curious illustration of this fact is given by Sir Joseph Hooker. "On one occasion," he says, "landing on a small uninhabited island, nearly at the Antipodes, the first evidence I met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English Chickweed; and this I traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor, and that was covered with the plant, doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug."

Ours is a weedy country because it is a roomy country. Weeds love a wide margin, and they find it here. You shall see more weeds in one day's travel in this country than in a week's journey in Europe. Our culture of the soil is not so close and thorough, our occupancy not so entire and exclusive. The weeds take up with the farmers' leavings, and find good fare. One may see a large slice taken from a field by elecampane, or by teasle, or milk-weed; whole acres given up to white-weed, golden-rod, wild carrots, or the ox-eye daisy; meadows overrun with bear-weed, and sheep pastures nearly ruined by St. John's-wort or the Canada thistle. Our farms are so large and our husbandry so loose that we do not mind these things. By and by we shall clean them out. Weeds seem to thrive here as in no other country. When Sir Joseph Hooker landed in New England a few years ago, he was surprised to find how the European plants flourished there. He found the wild chicory growing far more luxuriantly than he had ever seen it elsewhere, "forming a tangled mass of stems and branches, studded with torquoise-blue blossoms, and covering acres of ground." This is one of the weeds that Emerson puts in his bouquet, in his "Humble-Bee.":

"Succory to match the sky."

Is there not something in our soil and climate exceptionally favorable to weeds—something harsh, ungenial, sharp-toothed that is akin to them? How woody and rank and fibrous many varieties become, lasting the whole season, and standing up stark and stiff through the deep winter snows,—desiccated, preserved by our dry air! Do nettles and thistles bite so sharply in any other country? To know how sharply they bite, of a dry August or September day, take a turn at raking and binding oats with a sprinkling of blind nettles in them. A sprinkling of wasps and hornets would not be much worse.

Yet it is a fact that all our more pernicious weeds, like our vermin, are of Old World origin. They hold up their heads and assert themselves here, and take their fill of riot and license; they are avenged for their long years of repression by the stern hand of European agriculture. Until I searched through the botanies I was not aware to what extent we were indebted to Europe for these vegetable Ishmaelites. We have hardly a weed we can call our own; I recall but three that are at all noxious or troublesome, viz.: milk-weed, rag-weed and golden-rod; but who would miss the latter from our fields and highways?

> "Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
> That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
> Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,"

sings Whittier. In Europe our golden-rod is cultivated in the flower-gardens, as well it might be. The native species is found mainly in woods, and is much less showy than ours.

Our milk-weed is tenacious of life; its roots lie deep, as if to get away from the plow, but it seldom infests cultivated crops. Then its stalk is so full of milk and its pod so full of silk that one cannot but ascribe good intentions to it, if it does sometimes over-run the meadow.

> "In dusty pods the milkweed
> Its hidden silk has spun,"

sings "H. H.," in her "September."

Of our rag-weed not much can be set down that is complimentary, except that its name in the botany is *Ambrosia*, food of the gods. It must be the food of the gods if of anything, for, so far as I have observed, nothing terrestrial eats it, not even billy-goats. Asthmatic people dread it, and the gardener makes short work of it. It is about the only one of our weeds that follows the plow and the harrow, and, except that it is easily destroyed, I would suspect it to be an immigrant from the Old World. Our fleabane is a troublesome weed at times, but good husbandry makes short work of it.

But all the other outlaws of the farm and garden come to us from over seas; and what a long list it is:

The common thistle,	Nightshade,
The Canada thistle,	Buttercup,
Burdock,	Dandelion,
Yellow dock,	Wild mustard,
Wild carrot,	Shepherd's purse,
Ox-eye daisy,	St. John's-wort,
Chamomile,	Chick-weed,
The mullein,	Purslane,
Elecampane,	Mallow,
Plantain,	Darnel,
Motherwort,	Poison hemlock,
Stramonium,	Hop-clover,
Catnip,	Yarrow,
Gill,	Wild radish,
Blue-weed,	Wild parsnip,
Stick-seed,	Chicory,
Hound's-tongue,	Live-forever,
Henbane,	Toad-flax,
Pig-weed,	Sheep-sorrel,
Quitch grass,	

and others less noxious. To offset this list we have given Europe the vilest of all weeds, a parasite that sucks up human blood, tobacco. Now if they catch the Colorado beetle of us it will go far toward paying them off for the rats and the mice, and for other pests in our houses.

The more attractive and pretty of the British weeds, as the common daisy, of which the poets have made so much, the larkspur, which is a pretty corn-field weed, and the scarlet field-poppy which flowers all summer, and is so taking amid the ripening grain, have not immigrated to our shores. Like a certain sweet rusticity and charm of European rural life, they do not thrive readily under our skies. Our fleabane (*Erigeron Canadensis*) has become a common road-side weed in England, and a few other of our native less known plants have gained a foothold in the Old World.

Poke-weed is a native American, and what a lusty, royal plant it is! It never invades cultivated fields, but hovers about the borders and looks over the fences like a painted Indian sachem. Thoreau coveted its strong purple stalk for a cane, and the robins eat its dark crimson-juiced berries.

It is commonly believed that the mullein is indigenous to this country, for have we not heard that it is cultivated in European gardens, and christened the American velvet plant? Yet it, too, seems to have come over with the pilgrims, and is most abundant in the older parts of the country. It abounds throughout Europe and Asia, and had its economic uses with the ancients. The Greeks made lamp wicks of its dried leaves, and the Romans dipped its dried stalk in tallow for funeral torches. It affects dry uplands in this country, and, as it takes two years to mature, it is not a troublesome weed in cultivated crops. The first year it sits low upon the ground in its coarse flannel leaves and makes ready; if the plow comes along now its career is ended; the second season it starts upward its tall stalk, which in late summer is thickly set with small yellow flowers, and in fall is charged

with myriads of fine black seeds. "As full as a dry mullein stalk of seeds" is almost equivalent to saying, "as numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore."

Perhaps the most notable thing about the weeds that have come to us from the Old World, when compared with our native species, is their persistence, not to say pugnacity. They fight for the soil; they plant colonies here and there and will not be rooted out. Our native weeds are for the most part shy and harmless, and retreat before cultivation, but the European outlaws follow man like vermin; they hang to his coat skirts, his sheep transport them in their wool, his cow and horse in tail and mane. As I have before said, it is as with the rats and mice. The American rat is in the woods and is rarely seen even by woodmen, and the native mouse barely hovers upon the outskirts of civilization; while the Old World species defy our traps and our poison, and have usurped the land. So with the weeds. Take the thistles, for instance; the common and abundant one everywhere, in fields and along highways, is the European species, while the native thistle is much more shy, and is not at all troublesome; indeed, I am not certain that I have ever seen it. The Canada thistle too, which came to us by way of Canada, what a pest, what a usurper, what a defier of the plow and the harrow! I know of but one effectual way to treat it: to put on a pair of buckskin gloves, and pull up every plant that shows itself; this will effect a radical cure in two summers. Of course the plow or the scythe, if not allowed to rest more than a month at a time, will finally conquer it.

Or take the common St. John's-wort (*Hypericum perforatum*), how has it established itself in our fields, and become a most pernicious weed, very difficult to extirpate, while the native species are quite rare, and seldom or never invade cultivated fields, being found mostly in wet and rocky waste places. Of Old World origin, too, is the curled leaf-dock (*Rumex Crispus*) that is so annoying about one's garden and home meadows, its long tapering root clinging to the soil with such tenacity that I have pulled upon it till I could see stars without budging it; it has more lives than a cat, making a shift to live when pulled up and laid on top of the ground in the burning summer sun. Our native docks are mostly found in swamps, or near them, and are harmless.

Purslane, commonly called "pusley," and which has given rise to the saying "as mean as pusley"—of course is not American. A good sample of our native purslane is the Claytonia, or spring beauty, a shy, delicate plant that opens its rose-colored flowers in the moist sunny places in the woods or along their borders, so early in the season.

There are few more obnoxious weeds in cultivated ground than sheep-sorrel, also an Old World plant, while our native wood-sorrel, with its white, delicately veined flowers, or the variety with yellow flowers, is quite harmless. The same is true of the mallow, the vetch, or tare, and other plants.

The European weeds are sophisticated, domesticated, civilized; they have been to school to man for many hundred years and they have learned to thrive upon him; their struggle for existence has been sharp and protracted; it has made them hardy and prolific; they will thrive in a lean soil, or they will wax strong in a rich one: in all cases they follow man and profit by him. Our native weeds, on the other hand, are furtive and retiring; they flee before the plow and the scythe, and hide in corners and remote waste places. Will they, too, in time, change their habits in this respect?

"Idle weeds are fast in growth," says Shakspere, but that depends whether the competition is sharp and close. If the weed finds itself distanced, or pitted against great odds, it grows more slowly and is of diminished stature, but let it once get the upper hand and what strides it makes! Red-root will grow four or five feet high, if it has a chance, or it will content itself with a few inches and mature its seeds almost upon the ground.

Many of our worst weeds are plants that have escaped from cultivation, as the wild radish, which is troublesome in parts of New England, the wild carrot, which infests the fields in eastern New York, and live-forever, which thrives and multiplies under the plow and harrow. In my section an annoying weed is *Abutilon*, or velvet-leaf, also called "old maid," which has fallen from the grace of the garden and followed the plow afield. It will manage to mature its seeds if not allowed to start till midsummer.

Weeds have this virtue: they are not easily discouraged; they never lose heart entirely; they die game. If they cannot have the best they will take up with the poorest; if fortune is unkind to them to-day, they hope for better luck to-morrow; if they cannot lord it over a corn-hill, they will sit humbly at its foot and accept what comes; in all cases they make the most of their opportunities.

ECONOMIC DEFECTS IN CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

In October, 1878, an International Conference on Foreign Missions was held in London. This was the third meeting of the kind since 1854, numbering about six hundred delegates, representing forty different missionary societies,—English, Scotch, French, German and American,—and it showed that the tendency toward co-operative action among men of different nations is not confined to law reformers and the interested guardians of literary property. Such a conference could not fail to discover some of the economic defects of missionary enterprise, and to make opportune a plea for a division of labor among the Christians of Europe and America.

The founder of Christianity did not prescribe methods and machinery for the world's conversion; having planted the seed of right living, he left its propagation to the varying circumstances of time and place. In the apostolic age, the founding of churches at the strategic centers of the Roman Empire and missionary journeys through its provinces were the simple and obvious work of the disciples. But centuries have wrought their changes, and to-day there is a missionary problem, complex and difficult. The distance between Jerusalem and Rome no longer measures missionary tours; the field has literally become the world. Another missionary religion — Mohammedanism — has entered the lists, and disputes with Christianity the possession of Africa and Asia; within, many sects struggle for leadership, while rival missionary boards over-run pre-empted ground and obliterate the boundaries of Christian comity. In its infancy missionary labor proceeded from a single center; now it proceeds from many centers. Then, it was under the imperial leadership of a born organizer—Paul; now, it is under the democratic control of divided counselors. Then, there was no need of elaborate plans for a campaign; now, the weakness of missionary enterprise is its want of system, and a disregard of the economic law that the quality of work tends to improve, and the product tends to increase, with the subdivision of labor. In industrial and commercial affairs, division of labor reduces the element of waste, both of power and of material, to a minimum, and multiplies and cheapens the product till the luxuries of the palace become the necessaries of the hovel: in social, philanthropic and civil organizations, it increases capacity and reduces the cost of administration. Unless, then, it can be shown that missionary labor is not subject to economic law,—which will hardly be attempted in this age,—failure to work in harmony with it must be less than wise. But there are special reasons for the application of the principle of division of labor to missions. We mention three:

1. *The physical conditions of the work.*

Gigantic physical facts, continents, oceans, deadly climates, populations teeming till plague and famine are a boon to survivors, oppose the progress of Christianity. These obstacles are often underrated in that glow of enthusiasm which is the iridescence of moral courage and aspiring self-sacrifice. We can gauge the resistance of brute force by days' marches, the loss of blood and treasure; we cannot measure the resistance of mental and moral inertia, the work of opening weak and prejudiced minds to new ideas, and guarding their slow growth for centuries till through the loom of new institutions the warp and woof of national thought and feeling are changed. That this resistance involves yearly sacrifice of life and treasure makes it an important factor in the missionary problem of the future. Consider, then, the *acreage* of the missionary field. The two largest continents, Asia and Africa, are barely skirted with a line of missionary pickets. China had Nestorian missionaries as early as the seventh century, French missionaries as early as the twelfth century; it has had Protestant missionaries since 1807, yet we are told that "essentially that great empire is grim, dark and Christless" as in the first century. In Japan and India, the ancient faiths are losing their hold, and whole populations are out in search of a religion. In Africa, the heroic age of missions is just dawning. A report of a committee of the Royal Geographical Society (See the London "Mail," June 17, 1878) contains these significant words:

"Were all the inhabitants of Africa equally hostile and intractable, it might well be doubted whether any more lives should be imperiled in efforts for the redemption of the country and of the whole race from barbarism and slavery. But there is abundant evidence that only certain tribes and regions are dangerous to approach; while vast tracts, capable

of supporting an agricultural and industrious population, if cultivated, are only waiting the hand of civilized man and a Christian spirit to establish, with willing aid from native tribes, peaceable communities over the greater portion of Central Africa. Enough is known to justify the supposition that from eighty to one hundred millions would not be an over estimate of the population cruelly oppressed and kept in hopeless barbarism by the tyranny and violence of comparatively small numbers of predatory and bloodthirsty tribes. If these could be held in check but for a short period, while peaceable influences had time to work among the better-disposed of the populations, there is every reason to believe that a sufficient number of these would soon be collected into communities and villages, able successfully to defend themselves and their possessions under European guidance."

Over two great continents then, Asia and Africa, embracing more than a half of the earth's acreage, Christianity neither bears nominal sway nor has adequate missionary machinery to make its early triumph probable. Nor can the Western world be omitted from the list of missionary lands. Protestants strive for converts in Italy, Austria and Spain, and the Propaganda of Rome views the United States as missionary ground. In South America and Mexico, religious life is stifled by the poisonous exhalations of bigotry and intolerance that make civil government a ghastly masquerade. In our own country, one State,—Texas,—largely peopled by negroes in whom there still survives a tendency to fetishism, and by unassimilated foreigners, equals in extent ten of Paul's Macedonias, while our Home Missionary Territory is larger than the Old Roman Empire.

The population, also, of missionary lands suggests the need of plan for their conquest. Behm and Wagner's well-known "Bevölkerung der Erde" states the estimated population of Asia to be 831,000,000, and that of Africa 205,219,500. Add to these elements of acreage and population the difficulties of transportation and communication, climatic dangers and heathen poverty, and we have before us some of the physical conditions of missionary work that necessitate system and division of labor.

2. *The differing mental and moral conditions of those whom it is sought to Christianize.*

Of these, some races are bright and speculative, others dull and practical; some are in the caves of superstition, others on the heights of philosophy; all are in the childhood of religion. To ignore these differences of capacity and development, and to apply methods of work and modes of worship without anxious study of their adaptation to temperament, traits of character, and mental peculiarities, is to court defeat. And yet the want of co-operation between the different missionary agencies of the church makes this result well nigh inevitable. Intense zeal and passionate hunger for the early fruition of hope often blind men to the essential conditions of success. If missionaries are wanted for Central Africa, the Scotch boards look well to the relation between climate and the physical constitution of candidates; but the adaptation of Scotch Presbyterianism to the latitude of Uganda and to minds tattooed with the marks of fetishism is assumed, not canvassed. And yet the importance of adaptation in the latter case is every whit as great as in the former.

Inherited beliefs and modes of thought cannot be changed in a day. Nature demands centuries for such work, and stamps violent attempts to supplant ancient faiths with failure. She educates the race in religion as in art, politics, morals—slowly and through error, sloughing off falsehood and grafting in truth as experience widens. Creeds, forms of worship, modes of ecclesiastical government are only means to an end; they are the temporary staging of the religious nature, which, like every other growth, tends to variety of form and manifestation. Why, then, always seek to train it in the same mold? Why apply indiscriminately the robes of Episcopacy or the straight-jacket of Calvinism? Such neglect of relations and adaptations must issue in defeat, if we measure results by the yardstick of centuries. There is no short cut from fetishism to highly speculative dogma, and the attempt to make one produces mongrel feeling and abortive character.

Are the friends of missions afraid to face these facts? Will they not be frank to acknowledge that the negro finds attractive and congenial elements in the Methodist and the Baptist churches, which are wanting in the Congregational communion? Or, again, has not the Episcopal service a captivating power for the African far greater than the cold barrenness of the Kirk? If aye, then nay to all attempts of those who seek to use ecclesiastical tools at present, unfit for the upbuilding of African manhood.

The same law of adaptation would assign missionary work among the bigoted Catholics of Austria and Spain to the Church of England rather than to that of John Robinson; it might, by reason of national antipathy, allot Russia, if opened to missionaries,

to the Episcopalians of America, rather than to Englishmen of the same body; and it might grant leadership in the assault upon the strongholds of Buddhism to the followers of Martineau and Channing. If it is thought that any form of Christianity and church government will do equally well for India, let us remember that educated Hindoos incline to theism rather than to atheism, and give ear to the following testimony from the "Ceylon Observer:"

"There is no quarter of the globe where there is less need for High Churchmen and Ritualists than in India and Ceylon. A people steeped in idolatry can only laugh at the childish playing of the Anglicans with forms, ceremonies and symbols, in the face of their own more open, honest belief in the efficacy of an outward material worship. They have, too, from the Roman Catholics, a far more complete and splendid substitute for heathenism;"—

or to this, from "The Indian Public Opinion":—

"An Arya Somaj has been founded to restore the Vedic religion to its original position, and to discourage, as far as possible, the so-called religious doctrines contained in spurious and interpolated texts. It is, in fact, a movement which aims at establishing the unity of God and setting the people free from the trammels of superstition;"—

or to this, from "The Lucknow Witness":

"The service on Friday night was especially for educated natives of India. Some thirty or forty of them assembled, and a goodly number of others made up a large and attentive audience. The speaker discussed the general subject of Transformations in Nature, tracing out some of the more common processes of mechanical, chemical and vital change going on all about us, and also touching upon the subject of the conservation and correlation of forces. Occasion was taken to lead the mind from nature up to nature's God, and it is to be hoped many good impressions were left."

Such evidence shows the truth of the statement that "the intellectual and spiritual sympathies of Oriental people are with Syria and Greece rather than with Rome and Germany; that they move with greater freedom along the lines traced by Origen and Athanasius than along those of Augustine and Anselm." Need we, then, feel surprise when a high English official predicts that the Christian church of India will take a *form* unknown in the western world? The student of history is prepared to find this difference of mental attitude between the East and West; the speculative theologies of the one and the materialistic mythologies of the other are its legitimate forerunners. To him the necessity of different treatment to secure an inlet for Christianity in the two hemispheres is as patent as the need of different political institutions in Prussia and Siam. But, doubtless, there are those who will insist that truth is absolute, and should be presented in the same form to all ages and peoples. We do not believe, however, that this Procrustean treatment of the human mind commends itself to those who have had actual experience in missionary work; it certainly does not to common sense. Nor does it avail the objector that Nature's provision for the survival of that type of religion and worship best suited to the mental environment of Chinese, or Bengalese, will ultimately secure the result we seek. Certainty of the final issue cannot excuse enormous waste of power meantime, unless man be a puppet and fatalism become a dogma of the Christian church.

3. *The economic conditions of the work.*

The value of all labor to those who support it is the net result of two elements, one positive, one negative—work and waste. How to produce with the minimum of waste, is the problem of all successful industry. In the early stages of missions this negative element of waste is often the more prominent element. Rivalry of different sects for possession of eligible stations is its first occasion. This is illustrated by the following extract from a pamphlet issued by the American Board: "In Africa we have one of the best locations to be found on that continent—a chief objection to it being that too many, appreciating its advantages, have followed us." Home missionaries testify to the waste that results from the ecclesiastical scramble for possession and leadership on our own frontiers. But, both at home and abroad, this indiscriminate attempt to magnify Ism, that Christianity may be honored, produces costly friction. What, for instance, must be the effect in the missionary field where the "Ceylon Diocesan Gazette," speaking of the Presbyterian Mission, says:

"Perfect as its machinery may be, as regards its human organization, it lacks, of course, Episcopal authority, *without which no missionary enterprise in the world has ever been, or can be, really and permanently successful.*"

Even Foreign and Domestic Bible Societies do not find the world large enough without treading on one another's ground. There is credible authority for painful statements as to these rivalries. The Bible Society, for instance, of one nation, prepares an Arabic translation of the Bible, prints it, fixes the price upon the advice of all the missionaries in the field, of whatever sect and

country, gives a set of the electrotype plates to a Bible Society of another nation, and, straightway, the latter enters upon schemes to undersell the former. And what is the cost of the friction produced by this unseemly competition? It can only be measured in the consequent distrust and confusion of the heathen mind, in missionary discouragement, and in increasing deficits.

One of our Boards tells us that "prosperous missions, up to a certain point, become more and more expensive." This will be readily believed when it is remembered that some of them perform the seven functions of "(1) a Foreign Missionary Society, (2) a Home Missionary Society, (3) a Publishing Society, (4) a Church Erection Society, (5) a School Society, (6) a College Society, (7) an Education Society."

Such being the loss of power by friction, and such the law governing the cost of missionary enterprise, it is important to know how this element of waste can be reduced.

We suggests the following means:

1. Mission work should be so divided as to secure adaptation of instrument to material. The economical justification of this principle has been already stated.

2. Mission fields should be apportioned among the various Christian bodies so as to bring the work of each into correspondence with its financial capacity.

3. The allotment of territory should be such as will give exclusive possession till a native self-supporting church is established, and fix a definite responsibility upon each body of Christians. Concentration of power upon a single point leads to great economy in its use. In the mission field, under the conditions named, it would eliminate the friction of jarring sects. Nor should it be overlooked that more missionary force is likely to be produced where each body of Christians is held responsible for a specific field. The idea of a world's conversion has educating power, but it is apt to induce diffuse and unproductive activity. The mass of men find difficulty in keeping pace with the affairs of two hemispheres; the mind recoils from the infinitude of detail; the common imagination cannot represent to itself the moral and religious condition of many peoples. But to generate large force—men and means—these conditions must be made painfully real. How can this be done? Vividness of conception requires intense attention to a few points. Apply this well-known psychological law to the mission field. For instance, let the Congregationalists of this country be charged by the Christians of Europe and America with the sole and exclusive care of all missionary work in Japan, the Madras Presidency of India, and Asiatic Turkey, and it is inevitable that they would come into fuller knowledge of the history, mental habitudes and pressing wants of the peoples of these three lands, and be impelled to more earnest effort for them than they can ever make for any people while Congregational sympathy and labor is diffused from pole to pole, among all races, kindreds, and tribes. The rapid growth of mission-schools under the care of a particular church or Sunday-school, illustrates the advantage of concentrating labor and responsibility. Let the object of interest once be realized, and duty acquires new force in ministering to its want.

4. Missionary power should be generated as near as possible to the point where it is to be applied. This principle is elementary, both in physics and politics. No one tries to heat a large city with steam generated in one of its corners; the loss by radiation and absorption is too great. No free government finds it economical to regulate parish and township affairs from the national center. But moral and religious influences, more subtle than steam or political feeling, are transmitted with greater loss. The distance of the centers of Christendom from the citadels of paganism makes some waste inevitable; but the loss due to attempts to apply missionary force generated in one corner of the world—England or New England—to all quarters of the globe, is needless and inexcusable. It goes almost without saying that when an American board tries to meet the spiritual wants of Spain, Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey, South Africa, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Micronesia, Mexico, and the North American Indians, the work cannot be as economically done as it might be if that board concentrated its attention upon two or three of these countries, and sought to apply its power at points relatively near to those at which it is generated. The existence of a steamship line between the United States and Japan, and the want of one between New York and South Africa, are economic facts worthy of consideration in allotment of mission ground. The proximity of the United States to Mexico, and our remoteness from Austria, may well be weighed in apportioning papal lands, if there is to be any regard for economy in the conduct of Christian enterprise.

Doubtless it will be objected that such a

division of labor in mission work as we contemplate is impracticable—that the comity of non-interference is all that can be expected. It cannot be denied that great obstacles exist. The victims of sect-culture, for once, would unite in opposing such a movement; surrender of pet fields to what seems a spurious form of the faith would call for a higher than denominational charity.* Sticklers for the seven points of Calvinism might fail to see how a less metaphysical system than theirs could support the germs of Christian manhood; Baptists might find difficulty in entering a co-operative movement with those whose fleshly habiliments had not been immersed. It would be very hard to persuade uncultured minds that, as truth often advances faster when coated with error,—that, as the rapid conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity was accelerated by the adhesion to the truth of apostolic error regarding a second advent and the end of the world,—so, now, an inferior type of Christianity may have adaptations to particular nations because of its inferiority and admixture with error. Yet upon the possibility of overcoming these objections depends the future success of missions. The present machinery is inadequate for the work. We have reached a point where nothing less than an inter-church treaty between the Christians of Europe and America for a division of the missionary field, on principles of adaptation and economy, can give reasonable promise of speedy and permanent advance. Christianity itself stands at a pivotal point in the centuries. Sword and fagot have disappeared from its path, only to disclose new obstacles. In the East, the gates of walled empires have opened to its messengers; but within, they are greeted by a Mohammedan revival. In the West, the rack is banished; but a literary scalpel takes its place. Even if Christianity be valued only as a police power curbing the animalism of society, it is no time to haggle over isms and pet fields when Heathendom is making earnest appeal "for six young men, free from Christian taint, to come to Ceylon, study the *Pali* and the *Singhalese*, and acquaint themselves with the doctrines of Buddha, that, returning to America, they may indoctrinate and evangelize the Christians;" when Christendom is giving birth to proposed substitutes for religion, which are winning the jealous homage of artisan and shop-keeper; and when abroad we have the spectacle (the Wu-shih-shan case at Trochow, recently reported in the Shanghai "Courier") of the authorities of a pagan temple appealing with success to a British court of justice against the aggression and wrong-doing of a Christian missionary society. To meet the responsibilities of such a period, the missionary treasury of the church should be full. Of late it has disclosed serious deficits. If its revenues are to increase with the revival of industrial and commercial prosperity till the missionary budget of the church exhibits ways and means equal to its opportunities, guerrilla warfare must give way to co-operation and division of labor. Thus only can the church greatly increase the contributions of its intelligent members; thus only can its missions command the aid of those who, rejecting the theology of the church as a patristic and mediæval gloss, still believe that the world cannot do without Christianity, and would fain help in wise efforts to make men better. It has taken Christianity eighteen centuries to gain nominal control of Europe and America; unless its conquest of Asia and Africa is to take eighteen centuries more, the disciples of Jesus must acknowledge, by their acts, the reign of economic law.

* Such division of the missionary field as is here advocated need not interfere with *contribution* to any department of the work. In 1877 the Unitarians, recognizing their own unfitness to minister to the wants of the freedmen, gave direct pecuniary aid to a fit agency—the Methodist African church.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will."—*Joseph Glanvil.* [Quoted in "Ligeia."]

Upon the roll of American authors a few names are written apart from the rest. With each of these is associated some accident of condition, some memory of original or eccentric genius, through which it arrests attention and claims our special wonder. The light of none among these few has been more fervid and recurrent than that of Edgar Allan Poe. But as I in turn pronounce his name, and in my turn would estimate the man and his writings, I am at once confronted by the question,—Is this poet, as now remembered, as now portrayed to us, the real Poe who lived and sung and suffered, and who died but little more than a quarter-century ago?

The great heart of the world throbs warmly over the struggles of our kind; the imagination of the world dwells upon and enlarges the glory and the shame of human action in the past. Year after year, the heart-beats are more warm, the conception grows more distinct with light and shade. The person that was is made the framework of an image to which the tender, the romantic, the thoughtful, the simple and the wise, add each his own folly or wisdom, his own joy and sorrow and uttermost yearning. Thus, not only true heroes and poets, but many who have been conspicuous through force of circumstances, become idealized as time goes by. The critic's first labor often is the task of distinguishing between men as history and their works display them and the ideals which one and another have conspired to urge upon his acceptance.

The difficulty is increased when, as in the case of Poe, a twofold ideal exists, of whose opposite sides many that have written upon him seem to observe but one. In the opinion of some people, even now, his life was not only pitiful, but odious, and his writings are false and insincere. They speak of his morbid genius, his unjust criticisms, his weakness and ingratitude, and scarcely can endure the mention of his name. Others recount his history as that of a sensitive, gifted being, most sorely beset and environed, who was tried beyond his strength and prematurely yielded, but still uttered not a few undying strains. As a new generation has arisen, and those of his own who knew him are passing away, the latter class of his reviewers seems to outnumber the former. A chorus of indiscriminate praise has grown so loud as really to be an ill omen for his fame; yet, on the whole, the wisest modern estimate of his character and writings has not lessened the interest long ago felt in them at home and abroad.

It seems to me that two things at least are certain. First, and although his life has been the subject of the research which is awarded only to strange and suggestive careers, he was, after all, a man of like passions with ourselves,—one who, if weaker in his weaknesses than many, and stronger in his strength, may not have been so bad, nor yet so good, as one and another have painted him. Thousands have gone as far toward both extremes, and the world never has heard of them. Only the gift of genius has made the temperament of Poe a common theme. And thus, I also think, we are sure, in once more calling up his shade, that we invoke the manes of a poet. Of his right to this much-abused title, there can be little dispute, nor of the claim that, whatever he lacked in compass, he was unique among his fellows,—so different from any other writer that America has produced as really to stand alone. He must have had genius to furnish even the basis for an ideal which excites this persistent interest. Yes, we are on firm ground with relation to his genuineness as a poet. But his narrowness of range, and the slender body of his poetic remains, of themselves should make writers hesitate to pronounce him our greatest one. His verse is as conspicuous for what it shows he could not do as for that which he did. He is another of those poets, outside the New England school, of whom each has made his mark in a separate way, —among them all, none more decisively than Poe. So far as the judgment of a few rare spirits in foreign lands may be counted the verdict of "posterity," an estimate of him is not to be lightly and flippantly made. Nor is it long since a group of his contemporaries and successors, in his own country, spoke of him as a poet whose works are a lasting monument, and of his "imperishable" fame.

After every allowance, it seems difficult for one not utterly jaded to read his poetry and tales without yielding to their original and haunting spell. Even as we drive out of mind the popular conceptions of his nature, and look only at the portraits of him in the flesh, we needs must pause and contemplate, thoughtfully and with renewed feeling, one of the marked ideal faces that seem—like those of Byron, De Musset, Heine—to fulfill all the traditions of genius, of picturesqueness, of literary and romantic effect.

Halpin's engraving of Poe, in which the draughtsman was no servile copyist, but strove to express the sitter at his best, makes it possible to recall the poet delineated by those who knew and admired him in his nobler seasons. We see one they describe as slight but erect of figure, athletic and well molded, of middle height, but so proportioned as to seem every inch a man; his head finely modeled, with a forehead and temples large and not unlike those of Bonaparte; his hands fair as a woman's,—in all, a graceful, well-dressed gentleman,—one, even in the garb of poverty, "with gentleman written all over him." We see the handsome, intellectual face, the dark and clustering hair, the clear and sad gray-violet eyes,—large, lustrous, glowing with expression,—the mouth, whose smile at least was sweet and winning. We imagine the soft, musical voice (a delicate thing in man or woman), the easy, quiet movement, the bearing that no failure could humble. And this man had not only the gift of beauty but the passionate love of beauty,—either of which may be as great a blessing or peril as can befall a human being stretched upon the rack of this tough world.

But look at some daguerreotype taken shortly before his death, and it is like an inauspicious mirror, that shows all too clearly the ravage made by a vexed spirit within, and loses the qualities which only a living artist could feel and capture. Here is the dramatic, defiant bearing, but with it the bitterness of scorn. The disdain of an habitual sneer has found an abode on the mouth, yet scarcely can hide the tremor of irresolution. In Bendann's likeness,* indubitably faithful, we find those hardened lines of the chin and neck that are often visible in men who have gambled heavily, which Poe did not in his mature years, or who have lived loosely and slept ill. The face tells of battling, of conquering external enemies, of many a defeat when the man was at war with his meaner self.

Among the pen-portraits of Poe, at his best and his worst, none seem more striking in their juxtaposition, none less affected by friendship or hatred, than those left to us by C. F. Briggs, the poet's early associate. These were made but a short time before the writer's death,—after the lapse of years had softened the prejudices of a man prejudiced indeed, yet of a kindly heart, and had rendered the critical habit of the journalist almost a rule of action.

If these external aspects were the signs of character within, we can understand why those who saw them should have believed of Poe,—and in a different sense than of Hawthorne,—that

> "Two natures in him strove
> Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom."

The recorded facts of his life serve to enhance this feeling. My object here is not biography, but let us note the brief annals of the wayward, time-tossed critic, romancer, poet. Their purport and outline, seen through a cloud of obscurities, and the veil thrown over them by his own love of mystery and retreat,—made out from the various narratives of those who have contended in zeal to discover the minute affairs of this uncommon man,—the substance of them all, I say, may readily enough be told.

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* A photograph of this, from the daguerreotype taken in Richmond, is the frontispiece of the "Memorial Volume," published in Baltimore, 1877. The frontispiece-portrait in the present number of SCRIBNER is reproduced, on an enlarged scale, from what is thought to be the last daguerreotype obtained of the poet. The editor is indebted to the kindness of Dr. H. S. Cornwell, of New London, for the use of this picture, and for the facts establishing its authenticity. It was taken by the late Mr. Masury, of Providence, R. I., and Mr. Cornwell makes it probable that Poe sat for it within a year or two of his death in 1849. The lines of the neck and chin are not so heavy as in the Bendann daguerreotype, but my comments on the latter otherwise apply to this picture. The unusual development of Poe's forehead in the regions where the analytic and imaginative faculties are thought to hold their seat, is here shown as in no other likeness of the poet. Mr. Cornwell writes of it:

"The aspect is one of mental misery, bordering on wildness, disdain of human sympathy, and scornful intellectual superiority. There is also in it, I think, dread of imminent calamity, coupled with despair and defiance, as of a hunted soul at bay."

II.

THE law of chance, that has so much to do with the composition of a man, that makes no two alike, yet adjusts the most of us to a common average, brings about exceptional unions like the one from which the poet sprang. A well-born, dissolute Maryland boy, with a passion for the stage, marries an actress and adopts her profession—taking up a life that was strolling, precarious, half-despised in the pioneer times. Three children were the fruit of this love-match. The second, Edgar, was born in Boston, January 19, 1809.* From his father he inherited Italian, French and Irish blood; the Celtic pride of disposition and certain weaknesses that were his bane. His mother, Elizabeth Arnold, an actress of some talent, was as purely English as her name. Two years after his birth, the hapless parents, wearied and destitute, died at Richmond, both in the same week. The orphans "found kind friends," and were adopted—the oldest, William, by his grandfather Poe, of Baltimore; Edgar and Rosalie by citizens of Richmond. Edgar gained a devoted protector in Mr. Allan, a person of great fortune, married, but without a child. The boy's beauty and precocity won the heart of this gentleman, who gave him his name, and lavished upon him, in true Southern style, all that perilous endearment which befits the son and heir of a generous house. Servants, horses, dogs, the finest clothes, a purse well-filled, all these were at his disposal from the outset. Great pains were taken with his education, the one element of moral discipline seemingly excepted. When eight years old he went with Mr. Allan to England, and was at the school in Stoke-Newington, to which it is thought his memory went back in after years, when he wrote the tale of "William Wilson." At ten we find him at school in Richmond, proficient in classical studies but shirking his mathematics—already writing verse; instinctively

> "Seeking with hand and heart
> The teacher whom he learned to love
> Before he knew 'twas Art."

His grace and strength, his free, romantic, and ardent bearing, made him friends among old and young, and at this time he certainly was capable of the most passionate loyalty to those he loved. Traditions of all this—of his dreamy, fitful temperament, of his early sorrows and his midnight mournings over the grave of a lovely woman who had been his paragon—are carefully preserved. He was a school-boy, here and there, until 1826, when he passed a winter at the University of Virginia. He ended his brief course in the school of ancient and modern languages with a successful examination, but after much dissipation and gambling, which deeply involved him in debt. His thoughtlessness and practical ingratitude justly incensed an unwise, affectionate guardian. A rupture followed between the two, Mr. Allan finally refusing to countenance Edgar's extravagances; and the young man betook himself to his aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, of Baltimore, in whose house he found a home for about two years.* Her daughter Virginia was then six years old, and Poe interested himself in the training of the sweet and gentle child, who loved him from the first, and made his will her law through girlhood and their subsequent wedded life. At this period he brought out his first book, a collection of his juvenile poems. In 1829 his heart was touched by news of the death of Mrs. Allan, who had always given him a sympathetic mother's love, and he easily effected a reconciliation with the widower in his hour of loneliness and sorrow.

Poe now was asked to choose a profession; he selected that of arms, and his benefactor secured his admission to West Point. Here we find him in 1830, and find little good of him. Though now a man grown, he was unable to endure discipline. After a first success, he tired of the place and brought about his own expulsion and disgrace, to his patron's deep, and this time lasting, resentment. But here he also arranged for the issue, by subscription, of another edition of his poems, which was delivered to his classmates after his departure from the academy.

A new personage now comes upon the scene. Mr. Allan, naturally desiring affection from some quarter, married again, and after a time heirs were born to the estate which Poe, had he been less reckless, would have inherited. The poet, returning in disgrace to Richmond, found no intercessor in the home of his

* Gill's Memoir. Stoddard says, February 19, 1809.

* The unauthentic story of Poe's expedition to Europe, that he might join the Greeks in their struggle for independence, warrants a reference to his elder brother, the real hero of this adventure. William H. L. Poe was as handsome and as dissipated as Edgar; he also wrote verses, but died in early manhood.

youth. This change, and his manner of life thus far, render it needless to look for other causes of the final rupture between himself and his guardian. It was the just avenge of fate for his persistent folly, and a defeat was inevitable in his contest with a lady who, by every law of right, was stronger than he. Poe went out into the world with full permission to have the one treasure he had seemed to value—his own way. Like a multitude of American youths, the sons or grandsons of successful men, he found himself of age, without the means proportionate to the education, habits and needs of a gentleman, and literally, in the place of an unfailing income, without a cent. Better off than many who have erred less, he had one strong ally—his pen. With this he was henceforth to earn his own bed and board, and lead the arduous life of a working man of letters.

For the struggle now begun his resources of tact, good sense, self-poise, were as deficient as his intellectual equipment was great. It would not be strange if the disputed legend of his enlistment as a private soldier, under his first sense of helplessness, should prove, in spite of its coincidence with an episode in Coleridge's life, to be founded on fact. Soon after the loss of a home-right, which he forfeited more recklessly than Esau, his professional career may be said to have begun. It embraced a period of years,—from 1832 to December 7th, 1849, the date of his untimely death. Its first noteworthy event was the celebrated introduction to Kennedy, Latrobe, and Miller, through his success in winning a literary prize with the "MS. found in a Bottle." This brought him friends, work, and local reputation,—in all, a fair and well-earned start.

Seventeen years, thenceforward, of working life, in which no other American writer was more active and prominent. I have considered elsewhere the influence of journalism upon authorship. It enabled Poe to live. On the other hand, while he rarely made his lighter work commonplace, it limited the importance of his highest efforts, gave a paragraphic air to his criticisms, and left some of his most suggestive writings mere fragments of what they should be He discovered the pretentious mediocrity of a host of scribblers, and when unbiased by personal feeling, and especially when doing imaginative work, was one of the few clear-headed writers of his day. He knew what he desired to produce, and how to produce it. We say of a man that his head may be wrong, but his heart is all right. There were times enough when the reverse of this was true of Poe. I do not say there were not other times when his heart was as sound as his perceptions. What, after all, is the record of his years of work, and what is the significance of that record? We must consider the man in his environment, and the transient, uncertain character of the markets to which he brought his wares. His labors, then, constantly were impeded, broken, changed; first by the most trying and uncontrollable nature that ever poet possessed, that ever possessed a poet; by an unquiet, capricious temper, a childish enslavement to his own "Imp of the Perverse," a scornful pettiness that made him "hard to help," that drove him to quarrel with his patient, generous friends, and to wage ignoble conflict with enemies of his own making; by physical and moral lapses, partly the result of inherited taint, in which he resorted, more or less frequently, and usually at critical moments—seasons when he needed all his resources, all his courage and manhood—to stimulants which he knew would madden and besot him more than other men. None the less his genius was apparent, his power felt, his labor in demand wherever the means existed to pay for it. But here, again, his life was made precarious and shifting by the speculative, ill-requited nature of literary enterprises at that time. From various causes, therefore, his record—no matter how it is attacked or defended—is one of irregularity, of broken and renewed engagements. From 1832 to 1835 Poe had but himself to support, and a careless young fellow always gets on so long as he *is* young, with one success and the chance of a future. The next year his private marriage to his sweet cousin Virginia, still almost a child, was reaffirmed in public, and the two set up their home together. The time had come when Poe, with his sense of the fitness of things, could see that Bohemianism, the charm of youth, is a frame that poorly suits the portrait of a mature and able-handed man. So we are not surprised to find him engaged, for honest wages, upon "The Southern Literary Messenger." That his skillful touch and fantastic genius, whether devoted to realistic or psychological invention, were now at full command, is shown by his "Hans Pfaall," and by his first striking contribution to the "Messenger," the spectral and characteristic tale of "Berenice." In short, he did uncommon work, for that time, upon

the famous Southern magazine, both as tale-writer and critic, and increased its reputation and income. Yet he felt, with all the morbid sensitiveness of one spoilt by luxury and arrogance in youth, the difference between his present work-a-day life, and the independence, the social standing, which if again at his command would enable him to indulge his finer tastes, and finish at ease the work best suited to his powers. From this time he was subject to moods of brooding and despair, of crying out upon fate, that were his pest and his ultimate destruction. And so we again are not surprised to find this good beginning no true omen of the fifteen years to come; and that these years are counted by flittings here and there between points that offered employment; by new engagements taken up before he was off with the old; by legends of his bearing and entanglements in the social world he entered; by alternate successes and disgraces, in Richmond, Philadelphia, Boston, New York,—by friendships and fallings out with many of the editors who employed him,—the product, after all, with which we are chiefly concerned being his always distinctive writings for the "Quarterly," "The Gentleman's Magazine," "Graham's," "Godey's," "The Mirror," "The American Review," and various other fosterers and distributors of such literature as the current taste might demand. We begin to understand his spasmodic, versatile industry, his balks and breaks, his frequent poverty, despondency, self-abandonment, and almost to wonder that the sensitive feminine spirit —worshiping beauty and abhorrent of ugliness and pain, combating with pride, with inherited disease of appetite—did not sooner yield, was not utterly overcome almost at the outset of these experiences. So have I wondered at seeing a delicate forest-bird, leagues from the shore, keep itself on the wing above relentless waters into which it was sure to fall at last. Poe had his good genius and his bad. Near the close of the struggle he made a brave effort, and never was so earnest and resolved, so much his own master, as just before the end. But a man is no stronger than his weakest part, and with the snapping of that his chance is over. At the moment when the poet, rallying from the desolation caused by the loss of his wife, found new hope and purpose, and was on his way to marry a woman who might have saved him, the tragedy of his life began again. Its final scene was as swift, irreparable, black with terror, as that of any drama ever written. His death was gloom. Men saw him no more; but the shadow of a veiled old woman, mourning for him, hovered here and there. After many years a laureled tomb was placed above his ashes, and there remain to American literature the relics, so unequal in value, of the most isolated and exceptional of all its poets and pioneers.

Poe's misfortunes were less than those of some who have conquered misfortune. Others have been castaways in infancy and friendless in manhood, and have found no protectors such as came at his need. Others have struggled and suffered, and have declined to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. They have sought consolation in their work, and from their cruelest experiences have won its strength and glory. The essential part of an artist's life is that of his inspired moments. There were occasions when Poe was the master, when his criticism was true, when he composed such tales as "Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher," poems like "The Raven," "The Bells," "The City in the Sea." It must be acknowledged, moreover—and professional writers know what this implies—that Poe, in his wanderings, after all, *followed his market.* It gradually drifted to the North, until New York afforded the surest recompense to authors not snugly housed in the leafy coverts of New England. Nor did he ever resort to any mercantile employment for a livelihood. As we look around and see how authors accept this or that method of support, there seems to be something chivalrous in the attitude of one who never earned a dollar except by his pen. From first to last he was simply a poet and man of letters, who rightly might claim to be judged by the literary product of his life. The life itself differed from that of any modern poet of equal genius, and partly because none other has found himself, in a new country, among such elements. Too much has been written about the man, too little of his times; and the memoir containing a judicial estimate of his writings has not yet appeared.*

* I have a collection of essays and articles upon the life and writings of Poe and references to his works, some anonymous, others by Lathrop, Ingram, Stoddard, Fairfield, Conway, Gosse, Swinburne, etc. The following are my principal sources of information:

I. "Poe's Works." Memoir by Griswold. Notices by Willis and Lowell. 4 v. [First collective edition.] N. Y.: 1850. II. "Edgar Poe and his Critics." By Mrs. Whitman. N. Y.: 1860. III. "Poetical Works." Notice by James Hannay.

His story has had a fascination for those who consider the infirmity of genius its natural outward sign. The peculiarity of his actions was their leaning toward what is called the melodramatic; of his work, that it aimed above the level of its time. What has been written of the former—quite out of proportion to the analysis derivable from his literary remains—frequently has been the out-put of those who, if unable to produce a stanza which he would have acknowledged, at least feel within themselves the possibilities of his errant career. Yet, as I observe the marvels of his handicraft, I seem unjust to these enthusiasts. It was the kind which most impresses the imagination of youth, and youth is a period at which the critical development of many biographers seems to be arrested. And who would not recall the zest with which he read, in school-boy days, and by the stolen candle, a legend so fearful in its beauty and so beautiful in its fear as "The Masque of the Red Death," for example, found in some stray number of a magazine, and making the printed trash that convoyed it seem so vapid and drear? Not long after, we had the collected series, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." With what eagerness we caught them from hand to hand until many of us knew them almost by heart. In the East, at that time, Hawthorne was shyly putting out his "Mosses" and "Twice Told Tales," and it was not an unfruitful period that fostered, among its brood of chattering and aimless sentimentalists, two such spirits at once, each original in his kind. To-day we have a more consummate, realistic art. But where, now, the creative ardor, the power to touch the stops, if need be, of tragedy and superstition and remorse! Our taste is more refined, our faculties are under control; to produce the greatest art they must, at times, compel the artist. "Poetry," said Poe, "has been with me a passion, not a purpose,"—a remarkable sentence to be found in a boyish preface, and I believe that he wrote the truth. But here, again, he displays an opposite failing. If poetry had been with him no less a passion, and equally a purpose, we now should have had something more to represent his rhythmical genius than the few brief, occasional lyrics which are all that his thirty years of life as a poet—the life of his early choice—have left to us.

London: 1856. IV. "Works. With a Study, etc., from the French of C. Baudelaire." London: 1872. V. "Poems." Memoir by R. H. Stoddard. N. Y.: Widdleton. 1875. VI. "Works." 4 v. Complete revised edition. Memoir by Ingram, etc., etc. N. Y.: Widdleton. 1876. VII. "Memorial volume." By Sara Sigourney Rice. Baltimore: 1877. VIII. "Life." By William F. Gill. 4th edition revised. New York and London: 1878. IX. "Life and Poems." Memoir by Eugene L. Didier. N. Y.: Widdleton. 1876. 4th edition, 1879.

Some of the ablest estimates of Poe are to be found in newspaper editorials—for example, those which appeared in the New York "Tribune" and "Post," November, 1875, the time when a monument was placed above his grave. I shall refer hereafter to Griswold's memoir and criticisms. Of the successive memoirs issued by Mr. Widdleton, within the last five years, Mr. Stoddard's biographical sketch is that of a poet and literary expert. Thus far, however, we are indebted chiefly to Mr. Gill for an enthusiastic and diligent exploration of Poe's early life, in which he has corrected numerous errors of Griswold and other writers, and brought to light facts of genuine interest. Mr. Didier's estimate is a eulogy, valueless compared with Stoddard's, and adding little of worth to the information collected by Gill. A longer memoir by Ingram shortly will be issued from the London press. I learn, also, that Mr. Widdleton soon will publish a new and complete edition of the poet's works, accompanied by a more extended life from the pen of Mr. Stoddard, who has materials in his possession hitherto unused, and whose poetic sympathy and ability as a critic scarcely can fail to give us a book that shall meet the just wishes of the public.

III.

In estimating him as a poet, the dates of these lyrics are of minor consequence. They make but a thin volume, smaller than one which might hold the verse of Collins or Gray. Their range is narrower still. It is a curious fact that Poe struck, in youth, the key-notes of a few themes, and that some of his best pieces, as we now have them, are but variations upon their earlier treatment.

His first collection, as we have seen, was made in his twentieth year, and re-printed, with changes and omissions, just after he left West Point. The form of the longer poems is copied from Byron and Moore, while the spirit of the whole series vaguely reminds us of Shelley in his obscurer lyrical mood. Poe's originality can be found in them, but they would be valueless except for his after career. They have unusual significance as the shapeless germs of much that was to grow into form and beauty. Crude and wandering pieces, entitled "Fairy Land" and "Irene," "To ———," "A Pæan," etc., were the originals of "The Sleeper," "A Dream within a Dream," and "Lenore"; while "The Doomed City" and "The Valley Nis" re-appear as "The City

in the Sea" and "The Valley of Unrest." Others were less thoroughly re-written. Possibly he thus remodeled his juvenile verse to show that, however inchoate, it contained something worth a master's handling. Mr. Stoddard thinks, and not without reason, that he found it an easy way of making saleable "copy." The poet himself intimates that circumstances beyond his control restricted his lyrical product. I scarcely remember another instance where a writer has so hoarded his early songs, and am in doubt whether to commend or deprecate their reproduction. It does not betoken affluence, but it was honest in Poe that he would not write in cold blood for the mere sake of composing. This he undoubtedly had the skill to do, and would have done, if his sole object had been creation of the beautiful, or art for art's sake. He used his lyrical gift mostly to express veritable feelings and moods—I might almost say a single feeling or mood—to which he could not otherwise give utterance, resorting to melody when prose was insufficient. Herein he was true to the cardinal, antique conception of poesy, and in keeping it distinct from his main literary work he confirmed his own avowal that it was to him a passion, and neither a purpose nor a pursuit.

A few poems, just as they stood in his first volume, are admirable in thought or finish. One is the sonnet, "To Science," which is striking, not as a sonnet, but for its premonition of attitudes which poetry and science have now more clearly assumed. Another is the exquisite lyric, "To Helen," which every critic longs to cite. Its confusion of imagery is wholly forgotten in the delight afforded by melody, lyrical perfection, sweet and classic grace. I do not understand why he omitted this charming trifle from the juvenile poems which he added to the collection of 1845. It is said that he wrote it when fourteen, and nothing more fresh and delicate came from his pen in maturer years.

The instant success of "The Raven,"—and this was within a few years of his death—first made him popular as a poet, and resulted in a new collection of his verses. The lyrics which it contained, and a few written afterward,—"Ulalume," "The Bells," "For Annie," etc.,—now comprise the whole of his poetry as retained in the standard editions. The most glaring faults of "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," phrases such as "the eternal condor years," have been selected by eulogists for special praise. Turning from this practice-work to the poems which made his reputation, we come at once to the most widely known of all.

Poe could not have written "The Raven" in youth. It exhibits a method so positive as almost to compel us to accept, against the denial of his associates, his own account of its building. The maker *does* keep a firm hand on it throughout, and for once seems to set his purpose above his passion. This appears in the gravely quaint diction, and in the contrast between the reality of everyday manners and the profounder reality of a spiritual shadow upon the human heart. The grimness of fate is suggested by phrases which it requires a masterly hand to subdue to the meaning of the poem. "'Sir,' said I, or 'madam,'" "this ungainly fowl," and the like, sustain the air of grotesqueness, and become a foil to the pathos, an approach to the tragical climax, of this unique production. Only genius can deal so closely with the grotesque and make it add to the solemn beauty of structure an effect like that of the gargoyles seen by moonlight on the façade of Notre Dame.

In no other lyric is Poe so self-possessed. No other is so determinate in its repetends and alliterations. Hence I am far from deeming it his most poetical poem. Its artificial qualities are those which catch the fancy of the general reader; and it is of all his ballads, if not the most imaginative, the most peculiar. His more ethereal productions seem to me those in which there is the appearance, at least, of spontaneity,—in which he yields to his feelings, while dying falls and cadences most musical, most melancholy, come from him unawares. Literal criticisms of "The Raven" are of small account. If the shadow of the bird could not fall upon the mourner, the shadows of its evil presence could brood upon his soul; the seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkle upon the tufted floor, may be regarded as seraphim of the Orient, their anklets hung with celestial bells. At all events, Poe's raven is the very genius of the Night's Plutonian shore, different from other ravens, entirely his own, and none other can take its place. It is an emblem of the Irreparable, the guardian of pitiless memories, whose burden ever recalls to us the days that are no more.

As a new creation, then, "The Raven" is entitled to a place in literature, and keeps it. But how much more imaginative is such a poem as "The City in the Sea"! As a

picture, this reminds us of Turner, and, again, of that sublime madman, John Martin. Here is a strange city where Death has raised a throne. Its

> "shrines and palaces and towers
> (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
> Resemble nothing that is ours.
> Around, by lifting winds forgot,
> Resignedly beneath the sky
> The melancholy waters lie."

This mystical town is aglow with light, not from heaven, but from out the lurid sea, —light which streams up the turrets and pinnacles and domes,—

> "Up many and many a marvelous shrine,
> Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
> The viol, the violet, and the vine.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> While, from a proud tower in the town,
> Death looks gigantically down."

The sea about is hideously serene, but at last there is a movement; the towers seem slightly to sink; the dull tide has a redder glow:

> "And when, amid no earthly moans,
> Down, down that town shall settle hence,
> Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
> Shall do it reverence."

This poem, notwithstanding its somberness and terror, depends upon effects which made Poe the forerunner of our chief experts in form and sound, and both the language and the conception are suggestive in a high degree.

"The Sleeper" is even more poetic. It distills, like drops from the opiate vapor of the swooning moonlit night, all the melody, the fantasy, the exaltation, that befit the vision of a beautiful woman lying in her shroud, silent in her length of tress, waiting to exchange her death-chamber

> ——"for one more holy,
> This bed, for one more melancholy."

Poe's ideality cannot be gainsaid, but it aided him with few, very few, images, and those seemed to haunt his brain perpetually. Such an image is that of the beings who lend their menace to the tone of the funeral bells:

> —"The people—ah, the people—
> They that dwell up in the steeple
> All alone,
> And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
> In that muffled monotone,
> Feel a glory in so rolling
> On the human heart a stone,—
> They are neither man nor woman,
> They are neither brute nor human,
> They are Ghouls."

In the same remarkable fantasia the bells themselves become human, and it is a master-stroke that makes us hear them shriek out of tune,

> "In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,"

and forces us to the very madness with which they are

> "Leaping higher, higher, higher,
> With a desperate desire,
> And a resolute endeavor
> Now—now to sit, or never
> By the side of the pale-faced moon."

Clearly this extravagance was suggested by the picture and the rhyme. But it so carries us with it that we think not of its meaning; we share in the delirium of the bells, and nothing can be too extreme for the abandon to which we yield ourselves led by the faith and frenzy of the poet.

The hinting, intermittent qualities of a few lyrics remind of Shelley and Coleridge with whom Poe always was in sympathy. The conception of "The Raven" was new, but in method it bears a likeness to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," so closely in fact, that the rhythm of the one probably was suggested by that of the other. In motive they are so different that neither Poe nor Mrs. Browning could feel aggrieved. After an examination of dates, and of other matters relating to the genesis of each poem I have satisfied myself, against much reasoning to the contrary, that Poe derived his use of the refrain and repetend, here and elsewhere, from the English sibyl, by whom they were employed to the verge of mannerism in her earliest lyrics.

"The Conqueror Worm" expresses in a single moan the hopelessness of the poet's vigils among the tombs, where he demanded of silence and the night some tidings of the dead. All he knew was that

> "No voice from that sublimer world hath ever
> To sage or poet these responses given."

The most he dared to ask for "The Sleeper" was oblivion; that her sleep might be as deep as it was lasting. We lay the dead "in the cold ground" or in the warm flower-springing bosom of dear Earth, as best may fit the hearts of those who mourn them. But the tomb, the end of mortality is voiceless still. If you would find the beginning of immortality, seek some other

oracle. "The Conqueror Worm" is the most despairing of lyrics, yet quite essential to the mystical purpose of the tale "Ligeia." But to brood upon men as mimes, ironically cast "in the form of God on high"—mere puppets, where

> "the play is the tragedy, 'Man,
> And its hero the Conqueror Worm,"

—that way madness lies, indeed. In the lyric, "For Annie," death is a trance; the soul lingers, calm and at rest, for the fever, called living, is conquered. Human love remains, and its last kiss is still a balm. Something may be hereafter—but what, who knows? For repose, and for delicate and unstudied melody, it is one of Poe's truest poems, and his tenderest. During the brief period in which he survived his wife, he seemed to have a vision of rest in death, and not of horror. Two lyrics, widely different, and one of them of a most singular nature, are thought to be requiems for his lost companion. It is from no baseness, but from a divine instinct, that genuine artists are compelled to go on with their work and to make their own misery, no less than their joy, promote its uses. Their most sacred experiences become, not of their volition, its themes and illustrations. Every man as an individual is secondary to what he is as a worker for the progress of his kind and the glory of the gift allotted to him.

Therefore, whether Poe adored his wife or not, her image became the ideal of these poems. I shall add little here to all that has been written of "Ulalume." It is so strange, so unlike anything that preceded it, so vague and yet so full of meaning, that of itself it might establish a new method. To me it seems an improvisation, such as a violinist might play upon the instrument which had become his one thing of worth after the death of a companion had left him alone with his own soul. Poe remodeled and made the most of his first broken draft, and had the grace not to analyze the process. I have accepted his analysis of "The Raven" as more than half true. Poets know that an entire poem often is suggested by one of its lines, even by a refrain or a bit of rhythm. From this it builds itself. The last or any other stanza may be written first; and what at first is without form is not void—for ultimately it will be perfected into shape and meaning. If "Ulalume" may be termed a requiem, "Annabel Lee" is a tuneful dirge—the simplest of Poe's melodies, and the most likely to please the common ear. It is said to have been his last lyric, and was written, I think, with more spontaneity than others. The theme is carried along skillfully, the movement hastened and heightened to the end and there dwelt upon, as often in a piece of music. Before considering the poet's method of song, I will mention the two poems which seem to me to represent his highest range, and sufficient in themselves to preserve the memory of a lyrist.

We overlook the allegory of "The Haunted Palace," until it has been read more than once; we think of the sound, the phantasmagoric picture, the beauty, the lurid close. The magic muse of Coleridge, in "Kubla Khan," or elsewhere, hardly went beyond such lines as these:

> "Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
> On its roof did float and flow,
> (This—all this—was in the olden
> Time long ago;)
> And every gentle air that dallied,
> In that sweet day,
> Along the ramparts, plumed and pallid,
> A wingèd odor went away."

The conception of a "Lost Mind" never has been so imaginatively treated, whether by poet or painter. Questioning Poe's own mental state, look at this poem and see how sane, as an artist, he was that made it. "Do you act best when you forget yourself in the part?" "No, for then I forget to perfect the part." Even more striking is the song of "Israfel," whose heart-strings are a lute. Of all these lyrics is not this the most lyrical,—not only charged with music, but with light? For once, and in his freest hour of youth, Poe got above the sepulchers and mists, even beyond the pale-faced moon, and visited the empyrean. There is joy in this carol, and the radiance of the skies, and ecstatic possession of the gift of song:

> "If I could dwell
> Where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I,
> He might not sing so wildly well
> A mortal melody,
> While a bolder note than this might swell
> From my lyre within the sky!"

All this, with the rapturous harmony of the first and third stanza, is awakened in the poet's soul by a line from the Koran, and the result is even finer than the theme. If I had any claim to make up a "Parnassus," not perhaps of the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly

to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose "Israfel," for pure music, for exaltation, and for its original, satisfying quality of rhythmic art.

IV.

FEW and brief these *reliquiæ* which determine his fame as a poet. What do they tell us of his lyrical genius and method? Clearly enough, that he possessed an exquisite faculty which he exercised within definite bounds. It may be that within those bounds he would have done more if events had not hindered him, as he declared, "from making any serious effort" in the field of his choice. In boyhood he had decided views as to the province of song, and he never afterward changed them. The preface to his West Point edition, rambling and conceited as it is—affording such a contrast to the proud humility of Keats's preface to "Endymion,"—gives us the gist of his creed, and shows that the instinct of the young poet was scarcely less delicate than that of his nobler kinsman. Poe thought the object of poetry was pleasure, not truth; the pleasure must not be definite, but subtile, and therefore poetry is opposed to romance; music is an *essential*, "since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception." Metaphysics in verse he hated, pronouncing the Lake theory a new form of didacticism that had injured even the tuneful Coleridge. For a neophyte this was not bad, and after certain reservations few will disagree with him. Eighteen years later, in his charming lecture, "The Poetic Principle," he offered simply an extension of these ideas, with reasons why a long poem "cannot exist." One is tempted to rejoin that the standard of length in a poem, as in a piece of music, is relative, depending upon the power of the maker and the recipient to prolong their exalted moods. We might, also, quote Landor's "Pentameron," concerning the greatness of a poet, or even Beecher's saying that "pint measures are soon filled." The lecture justly denounces the "heresy of the didactic," and then declares poetry to be the child of Taste,—devoted solely to the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty, as it is in music that the soul most nearly attains the supernal end for which it struggles. In fine, Poe, with "the mad pride of intellectuality," refused to look beyond the scope of his own gift, and would restrict the poet to one method and even to a single theme. In his *post facto* analysis of "The Raven" he conceives the highest tone of beauty to be sadness, caused by the pathos of existence and our inability to grasp the unknown. Of all beauty that of a beautiful woman is the supremest, her death is the saddest loss—and therefore "the most poetical topic in the world." He would treat this musically by application of the refrain, increasing the sorrowful loveliness of his poem by contrast of something homely, fantastic or quaint.

Poe's own range was quite within his theory. His juvenile versions of what afterward became poems were so very "indefinite" as to express almost nothing; they resembled those marvelous stanzas of Dr. Chivers, that sound magnificently—I have heard Bayard Taylor and Mr. Swinburne rehearse them with shouts of delight—and that have no meaning at all. Poe could not remain a Chivers, but sound always was his *forte*. We rarely find his highest imagination in his verse, or the creation of poetic phrases such as came to the lips of Keats without a summons. He lacked the dramatic power of combination, and produced no symphony in rhythm; was strictly a melodist, who achieved wonders in a single strain. Neither Mrs. Browning nor any other poet had "applied" the refrain in Poe's fashion, nor so effectively. In "The Bells" its use is limited almost to one word, the only English word, perhaps, that could be repeated incessantly as the burden of such a poem. In "The Raven," "Lenore," and elsewhere, he employed the repetend also, and with still more novel and poetical results:

"An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young."

"Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere."

One thing profitably may be noted by latter-day poets. Poe used none but elementary English measures, relying upon his music and atmosphere for their effect. This is true of those which seem most intricate, as in "The Bells" and "Ulalume." "Lenore" and "For Annie" are the simplest of ballad forms. I have a fancy that our Southern poet's ear caught the music of "Annabel Lee" and "Eulalie," if not their special quality, from the plaintive, melodious negro songs utilized by those early writers

of "minstrelsy" who have been denominated the only composers of a genuine American school. This suggestion may be scouted, but an expert might suspect the one to be a patrician refinement upon the melody, feeling and humble charm of the other.

Poe was not a single-poem poet, but the poet of a single mood. His materials were rather a small stock in trade, chiefly of angels and demons, with an attendance of Dreams, Echoes, Ghouls, Gnomes and Mimes ready, at hand. He selected or coined, for use and re-use, a number of what Mr. Miller would call "beautiful words"—"albatross," "halcyon," "scintillant," "Ligeia," "Weir," "Yaanek," "Auber," "D'Elormie," and the like. Everything was subordinate to sound. But his poetry, as it places us under the spell of the senses, enables us to enter, through their reaction upon the spirit, his indefinable mood; nor should we forget that Coleridge owes his specific rank as a poet, not to his philosophic verse, but to melodious fragments, and greatly to the rhythm of "The Ancient Mariner" and of "Christabel." Poe's melodies lure us to the point where we seem to hear angelic lutes and citherns, or elfin instruments that make music in "the land east of the sun and west of the moon." The enchantment may not be that of Israfel, nor of the harper who exorcised the evil genius of Saul, but it is at least that of some plumed being of the middle air, of a charmer charming so sweetly that his numbers are the burden of mystic dreams.

V.

If Poe's standing depended chiefly upon these few poems, notable as they are, his name less frequently would be recalled. His intellectual strength and rarest imagination are to be found in his "Tales." To them, and to literary criticism, his main labors were devoted.

The limits of this article compel me to say less than I have in mind concerning his prose writings. As with his poems, so with the "Tales,"—their dates are of little importance. His irregular life forced him to alternate good work with bad, and some of his best stories were written early. He was an apostle of the art that refuses to take its color from a given time or country, and of the revolt against commonplace, and his inventions partook of the romantic and the wonderful. He added to a Greek perception of form the Oriental passion for decoration. All the materials of the wizard's craft were at his command. He was not a pupil of Beckford, Godwin, Maturin, Hoffman, or Fouqué; and yet if these writers were to be grouped we should think also of Poe, and give him no second place among them. "The young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the terrific," said Kennedy, in his honest way. Poe could not write a novel, as we term it, as well as the feeblest of Harper's or Roberts's yearlings. He vibrated between two points, the realistic and the mystic, and made no attempt to combine people or situations in ordinary life, though he knew how to lead up to a dramatic tableau or crisis. His studies of character were not made from observation, but from acquaintance with himself; and this subjectivity, or egoism, crippled his invention and made his "Tales" little better than prose poems. He could imagine a series of adventures—the experience of a single narrator—like "Arthur Gordon Pym," and might have been, not Le Sage nor De Foe, but an eminent *raconteur* in his own field. His strength is unquestionable in those clever pieces of ratiocination, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," "The Purloined Letter"; in some of a more fantastic type, "The Gold Bug" and "Hans Pfaall"; and especially in those with elements of terror and morbid psychology added, such as "The Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Black Cat," "The Tell-tale Heart," and the mesmeric sketches. When composing these he delighted in the exercise of his dexterous intellect, like a workman testing his skill. No poet is of a low grade who possesses, besides an ear for rhythm, the resources of a brain so fine and active. Technical gifts being equal, the more intellectual of two poets is the greater. "Best bard, because the wisest."

His artistic contempt for metaphysics is seen even in those tales which appear most transcendental. They are charged with a feeling that in the realms of psychology we are dealing with something ethereal, which is none the less substance if we might but capture it. They are his resolute attempts to find a clue to the invisible world. Were he living now, how much he would make of our discoveries in light and sound, of the correlation of forces! He strove by a kind of divination to put his hand upon the links of mind and matter, and reach the hiding-places of the soul. It galled him that anything should lie outside the domain of

human intelligence. His imperious intellect rebelled against the bounds that shut us in, and found passionate expression in works of which "Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "William Wilson" are the most perfect types. The tales in which lyrics are introduced are full of complex beauty, the choicest products of his genius. They are the offspring of yearnings that lifted him so far above himself as to make us forget his failings and think of him only as a creative artist, a man of noble gifts.

In these short, purely ideal efforts—finished as an artist finishes a portrait, or a poet his poem—Poe had no equal in recent times. That he lacked sustained power of invention is proved, not by his failure to complete an extended work, but by his under-estimation of its value. Such a man measures everything by his personal ability, and finds plausible grounds for the resulting standard. Hawthorne had the growing power and the staying power that gave us "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables." Poe and Hawthorne were the last of the romancers. Each was a master in his way, and that of Poe was the more obvious and material. He was expert in much that concerns the structure of works, and the modeling touches of the poet left beauty-marks upon his prose. Yet in spiritual meaning his tales were less poetic than those of Hawthorne. He relied upon his externals, making the utmost of their gorgeousness of color, their splendor and gloom of light and shade. Hawthorne found the secret meaning of common things, and knew how to capture, from the plainest aspects of life, an essence of evasive beauty which the senses of Poe often were unable to perceive. It was Hawthorne who heard the melodies too fine for mortal ear. Hawthorne was wholly masculine, with the great tenderness and gentleness which belong to virile souls. Poe had, with the delicacy, the sophistry and weakness of a nature more or less effeminate. He opposed to Hawthorne the fire, the richness, the instability, of the tropics, as against the abiding strength and passion of the North. His own conceptions astonished him, and he often presents himself "with hair on end, at his own wonders." Of these two artists and seers, the New Englander had the profounder insight; the Southerner's magic was that of the necromancer who resorts to spells and devices, and, when some apparition by chance responds to his incantations, is bewildered by the phantom himself has raised.

Poe failed to see that the Puritanism by which Hawthorne's strength was tempered was also the source from which it sprang; and in his general criticism did not pay full tribute to a genius he must have felt. In some of his sketches, such as "The Man of the Crowd," he used Hawthorne's method, and with inferior results. His reviews of other authors and his occasional literary notes have been so carefully preserved as to show his nature by a mental and moral photograph. His "Marginalia," scrappy and written for effect, are the notes of a thinking man of letters. The criticisms raised a hubbub in their day, and made Poe the bogy of his generation—the unruly censor whom weaklings not only had cause to fear, but often regarded with a sense of cruel injustice. I acknowledge their frequent dishonesty, vulgarity, prejudice, but do not, therefore, hold them to be worthless. Even a scourge, a pestilence, has its uses; before it the puny and frail go down, the fittest survive. And so it was in Poe's Malayan campaign. Better that a time of unproductiveness should follow such a thinning out than that false and feeble things should continue. I suspect that "The Literati" made room for a new movement, however long delayed, in American authorship. They are a prose Dunciad, waspish and unfair but full of cleverness, and not without touches of magnanimity. Poe had small respect for the feeling that it is well for a critic to discover beauties, since any one can point out faults. Yet when, as in the case of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Taylor and others, he pronounced favorably upon the talents of a claimant, and was uninfluenced by personal motives, his judgments not seldom have been justified by the after career. Besides, what a cartoon he drew of the writers of his time,—the corrective of Griswold's optimistic delineations! In the description of a man's personal appearance he had the art of placing the subject before us with a single touch. His tender mercies were cruel; he never forgot to prod the one sore spot of the author he most approved,—was especially intolerant of his own faults in others, and naturally detected these at once. When meting out punishment to a pretentious writer, he revelled in his task, and often made short work, as the pleasure was too great to be endurable. The keenness of his satire, just or unjust, is mitigated by its obvious ferocity: one instinctively takes part with the victim. Nothing in journalistic criticism, even a

that time, was more scathing and ludicrous than his conceit of a popular bookwright in the act of confabulation with the Universe. But he marred the work by coarseness, telling one man that he was by no means a fool, although he did write "De Vere," and heading a paper on the gentlest and most forbearing of poets—"Mr. —— and other Plagiarists." In short, he constantly dulled the edge and temper of his rapier, and resorted to the broad-axe, using the latter even in his deprecation of its use by Kit North. Perhaps it was needed in those salad days by offenders who could be put down in no other wise; but I hold it a sign of progress that criticism by force of arms would now be less effective.

VI.

Some analysis of Poe's general equipment will not be out of place. Only in the most perfect tales can his English style be called excellent, however significant his thought. His mannerisms—constant employment of the *dash* for suggestiveness, and a habit of italicizing to make a point or strengthen an illusion—are wearisome, and betray a lack of confidence in his skill to use plain methods. While asserting the power of words to convey absolutely any idea of the human mind, he relied on sound, quaintness, surprise, and other artificial aids. His prose is inferior to Hawthorne's; but sometimes he excels Hawthorne in qualities of form and proportion which are specially at the service of authors who are also poets. The abrupt beginnings of his stories often are artistic:

"We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak." ("Descent into the Maelstrom.")

"The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had born as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge." ("The Cask of Amontillado.")

His endings were equally good, when he had a clear knowledge of his own purpose, and some of his conceptions terminate at a dramatic crisis. The tone, also, of his masterpieces is well-sustained throughout. In "The Fall of the House of Usher," the approach to the fated spot, the air, the landscape, the tarn, the mansion itself, are a perfect study,—equal to the ride of Childe Roland;—and here Poe excels Browning: we not only come with him to the dark tower, but we enter and partake its mystery, and alone know the secret of its accursed fate. The poet's analytic faculty has been compared to that of Balzac, but a parallel goes no farther than the material side. In condensation he surpassed either Balzac or Hawthorne.

His imagination was not of the highest order, for he never dared to trust to it implicitly; certainly not in his poetry, since he could do nothing with a measure like blank verse, which is barren in the hands of a mere songster, but the glory of English metrical forms when employed by one commanding the strength of diction, the beauty and grandeur of thought, and all the resources of a strongly imaginative poet. Neither in verse nor in prose did he cut loose from his minor devices, and for results of sublimity and awe he always depends upon that which is grotesque or out of nature. Beauty of the fantastic or grotesque is not the highest beauty. Art, like nature, must be fantastic, not in her frequent but in her exceptional moods. The rarest ideal dwells in a realm beyond that which fascinates us by its strangeness or terror, and the votaries of the latter have masters above them as high as Raphael is above Doré.

In genuine humor Poe seemed utterly wanting. He also had little of the mother-wit that comes in flashes and at once; but his powers of irony and satire were so great as to make his frequent lapses into invective the more humiliating. The command of humor has distinguished men whose genius was both high and broad. If inessential to exalted poetic work, its absence is hurtful to the critical and polemic essay. Poe knew this as well as any one, but a measureless self-esteem would not acknowledge the flaw in his armor. Hence, efforts which involved the delusion that humor may come by works and not by inborn gift. Humor is congenital and rare, the fruit of natural mellowness, of sensitiveness to the light and humane phases of life. It is, moreover, set in action by an unselfish heart. Such is the mirth of Thackeray, of Cervantes and Molière, and of the one master of English song. Poe's consciousness of his defect, and his refusal to believe it incurable, are manifest in trashy sketches for which he had a market, and which are humorous only to one who sees the ludicrous side of their failure. He analyzed mirth as the product of incongruity, and went to work upon a theory to produce it. The result is seen not only in the extravaganzas to which I

refer,—and it is a pity that these should have been hunted up so laboriously,—but in the use of what he thought was humor to barb his criticisms, and as a contrast to the exciting passages of his analytic tales. One of his sketches, "The Duc de l'Omelette," after the lighter French manner, is full of grace and jaunty persiflage, but most of his whimsical "pot-boilers" are deplorably absurd. There is something akin to humor in the sub-handling of his favorite themes,—such as the awe and mystery of death, the terrors of pestilence, insanity, or remorse. The grotesque and nether side of these matters presents itself to him, and then his irony, with its repulsive fancies, is as near humor as he ever approaches. That is to say, it is grave-yard humor, the kind which sends a chill down our backs, and implies a contempt for our bodies and souls, for the perils, helplessness and meanness of the stricken human race.

Poe is sometimes called a man of extraordinary learning. Upon a first acquaintance, one might receive the impression that his scholarship was not only varied but thorough. A study of his works has satisfied me that he possessed literary resources and knew how to make the most of them. In this he resembled Bulwer, and, with far less abundant materials than the latter required, employed them as speciously. He easily threw a glamour of erudition about his work, by the use of phrases from old authors he had read, or among whose treatises he had foraged with special design. It was his knack to cull sentences which, taken by themselves, produce a weird or impressive effect, and to reframe them skillfully. This plan was clever, and resulted in something that could best be muttered "darkly, at dead of night"; but it partook of trickery, even in its art. He had little exact scholarship, nor needed it, dealing, as he did, not with the processes of learning, but with results that could subserve the play of his imagination. Shakspere's anachronisms and illusions were made as he required them, and with a fine disdain. Poe resorted to them of malice aforethought, and under pretence of correctness. Still, the work of a romancer and poet is not that of a bookworm. What he needs is a good reference-knowledge, and this Poe had. His irregular school-boy training was not likely to give him the scholastic habit, nor would his impatient manhood otherwise have confirmed it. I am sure that we may consider that portion of his youth to have been of most worth which was devoted, as in the case of many a born writer, to the unconscious education obtained from the reading, for the mere love of it, of *all* books to which he had access. This training served him well. It enabled him to give his romance an alchemic air, by citation from writers like Chapman, Thomas More, Bishop King, etc., and from Latin and French authors in profusion. His French tendencies were natural, and he learned enough of the language to read much of its current literature and get hold of modes unknown to many of his fellow-writers. I have said that his stock in trade was narrow, but for the adroit display of it examine any of his tales and sketches—for example, "Berenice," or "The Assignation."

In knowledge of what may be called the properties of his romance, he was more honestly grounded. He had the good fortune to utilize the Southern life and scenery which he knew in youth. It chanced, also, that during some years of his boyhood—that formative period whose impressions are indelible—he lived in a characteristic part of England. He had seen with his own eyes castles, abbeys, the hangings and tapestries and other by-gone trappings of ancient rooms, and remembered effects of decoration and color which always came to his aid. These he used as if he were born to them; never, certainly, with the surprise at their richness which vulgarizes Disraeli's "Lothair." In some way, known to genius, he also caught the romance of France, of Italy, of the Orient, and one tale or another is transfused with their atmosphere; while the central figure, however disguised, is always the image of the romancer himself. His equipment, on the whole, was not a pedant's, much less that of a searcher after truth; it was that of a poet and a literary workman. Yet he had the hunger which animates the imaginative student, and, had he been led to devote himself to science, would have contributed to the sum of knowledge. In writing "Eureka," he was unquestionably sincere, and forgot himself more nearly than in any other act of his professional life. But here his inexact learning betrayed him. What was begun in conviction—a swift generalization from scientific theories of the universe—grew to be so far beyond the data at his command, or so inconsistent with them, that he finally saw he had written little else than a prose poem, and desired that it should be so regarded. Of all sciences, astronomy appeals most to

the imagination. What is rational in "Eureka" mostly is a re-statement of accepted theories; otherwise the treatise is vague and nebulous, a light dimmed by its own vapor. The work is curiously saturated with our modern Pantheism; and although in many portions it shows the author's weariness, yet it was a notable production for a layman venturing within the precincts of the savant. The poetic instinct hits upon truths which the science of the future confirms; but as often, perhaps, it glorifies some error sprung from its too ardent generalization. Poe's inexactness was shown in frequent slips,—sometimes made unconsciously, sometimes in reliance upon the dullness of his rivals to save him from detection. He was on the alert for other people's errors; for his own facts, were he now alive, he could not call so lightly upon his imagination. Even our younger authors, here and abroad, now are so well equipped that their learning seems to handicap their winged steeds. Poe had, above all, the gift of poetic induction. He would have divined the nature of an unknown world from a specimen of its flora, a fragment of its art. He felt himself something more than a bookman. He was a creator of the beautiful, and hence the conscious struggle of his spirit for the sustenance it craved. Even when he was most in error, he labored as an artist, and it is idle criticism that judges him upon any other ground.

Accept him, then, whether as poet or romancer, as a pioneer of the art feeling in American literature. So far as he was devoted to art for art's sake, it was for her sake as the exponent of beauty. No man ever lived in whom the passion for loveliness so governed the emotions and convictions. His service of the beautiful was idolatry, and he would have kneeled with Heine at the feet of Our Lady of Milo, and believed that she yearned to help him. This consecration to absolute beauty made him abhor the mixture of sentimentalism, metaphysics, and morals, in its presentation. It was a foregone conclusion that neither Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, nor Hawthorne should wholly satisfy him. The question of "moral" tendency concerned him not in the least. He did not feel with Keats that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and that a divine perfection may be reached by either road. This deficiency narrowed his range both as a poet and as a critic. His sense of justice was a sense of the fitness of things, and—strange to say—when he put it aside he forgot that he was doing an unseemly thing. Otherwise, he represents, or was one of the first to lead, a rebellion against formalism, commonplace, the spirit of the bourgeois. In this movement Whitman is his countertype at the pole opposite from that of art; and hence they justly are picked out from the rest of us and associated in foreign minds. Taste was Poe's supreme faculty. Beauty, to him, was a definite and logical reality, and he would have scouted Véron's claim that it has no fixed objective laws, and exists only in the nature of the observer. Although the brakes of art were on his imagination, his taste was not wholly pure; he vacillated between the classic forms and those allied with color, splendor, Oriental decoration; between his love for the antique and his impressions of the mystical and grotesque. But he was almost without confraternity. An artist in an unartistic period, he had to grope his way, to contend with stupidity and coarseness. Again, his imagination, gloating upon the possibilities of taste, violated its simplicity. Poe longed for the lamp of Aladdin, for the riches of the Gnomes. Had unbounded wealth been his, he would have outvied Beckford, Landor, Dumas, in barbaric extravagance of architecture. His efforts to apply the laws of the beautiful to imaginary decoration, architecture, landscape, are very fascinating as seen in "The Philosophy of Furniture," "Landscape Gardening" and "Landor's Cottage." "The Domain of Arnheim" is a marvelous dream of an earthly paradise, and the close is a piece of word-painting as effective as the language contains. Regarding this sensitive artist, this original poet, it seems indeed a tragedy that a man so ideal in either realm, so unfit for contact with ugliness, dullness, brutality, should have come to eat husks with the swine, to be misused by their human counterparts, and to die the death of a drunkard, in the refuge which society offers to the most forlorn and hopeless of its castaways.

VII.

SEEKING our illustrations of the poetic life, we find no career of more touching and curious interest than that of Poe. It is said that disaster followed him even after death, in the vicious memoir which Griswold prefixed to his collected works; and doubtless the poet should have had for his

biographer a man of kind and healthy discernment, like Kennedy, his townsman and generous friend. Yet Poe showed tact in choosing Griswold, and builded better than he knew. He could select no more indefatigable bookwright to bring together his scattered writings, and he counted upon Death's paying all debts. In this Poe was mistaken. For once Griswold wrote as he thought and felt, and his memoir, however spiteful and unchivalrous, was more sincere than many of the sycophantic sketches in the bulky volumes of his "Poets and Poetry." Malice made him eloquent, and an off-hand obituary notice of the poet was the most nervous piece of work that ever came from his pen. It was heartless and, in some respects, inaccurate. It brought so much wrath upon him that he became vindictive, and followed it up with a memoir, which, as an exhibition of the ignoble nature of its author, scarcely has a parallel. Did this in the end affect Poe's fame injuriously? Far otherwise; it moved a host of writers, beginning with Willis and Graham, to recall his habit of life, and reveal the good side of it. Some have gone as far in eulogy as Griswold went toward the opposite extreme. It seemed a cruel irony of fate that Poe's own biographer should plant thorns upon his grave, but he also planted laurels. He paid an unstinted tribute to the poet's genius, and this was the only concession which Poe himself would care to demand. With sterner irony, Time brings in his revenges! In the present edition of the poet's works, for which Griswold laid the ground-work, the memoir by Ingram is devoted largely to correcting the errors of the Doctor's long-since excluded sketch, and to exposing every act of malice against Poe which Griswold committed, either before or after his foeman's death.

After years of censure and defense, and in the light of his own writings, the poet's character is not "beyond all conjecture." Here was a man of letters who fulfilled the traditions of a past century in this western world and modern time; one over-possessed and hampered by the very temperament that made him a poet—and this, too, when he thought himself deliberate and calculating. His head was superbly developed, his brain-power too great for its resources of supply and control. The testimony of some who knew his home-life is that he was tender and lovable. Graham and Willis aver that he was patient and regular in work, and scrupulous to return a just amount of labor for value received. But many who knew and befriended him have spoken, more in sorrow than in anger, of his treachery and thanklessness, of his injustice to himself and of the degrading excesses which plunged him into depths from which it grew more and more difficult to lift him.

Nevertheless, Poe was not a man of immoral habits. I assert that professional men and artists, in spite of a vulgar belief to the contrary, are purity itself compared with men engaged in business and idle men of the world. Study and a love of the ideal protect them against the sensuality by which too many dull the zest of their appetites. Poe was no exception to the rule. He was not a libertine. Woman was to him the impersonation of celestial beauty, her influence soothed and elevated him, and in her presence he was gentle, winning and subdued. There is not an unchaste suggestion in the whole course of his writings, —a remarkable fact, in view of his acquaintances with the various schools of French literature. His works are almost too spiritual. Not of the earth, earthy, their personages meet with the rapture and co-absorption of disembodied souls. His verse and prose express devotion to Beauty in her most ethereal guise, and he justly might cry out with Shelley:

> "I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
> To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?"

Nor was he undevotional. His sense of the sublime and mystical filled him with thoughts of other worlds and existences than ours; if there is pride, there is reverence, in his bold imaginings. He felt a spark of the divine fire within him, and the pride of his intellectual disdain was, like the Titan's, a not inglorious sin. Finally, Poe was not an habitual drunkard. He had woful fits of drunkenness, varying in frequency, and sometimes of degradation; for a single glass made him the easy prey of any coarse and pitiless hands into which he might fall. He was a man inebriate when sober, his brain surging with emotion, and a stimulant that only served to steady common men bewildered him. As with women, the least contamination was to him debasement. His mature years were a battle with inherited taint, and there were long periods in which he was the victor. This taint had been increased by drugging in infancy, and by the convivial usages of his guardian's household. Bearing in mind, also, the lack o

self-control inherent in Celtic and Southern natures, I think he made a plucky fight. The duty of self-support was not one to which he had been trained, and was more than he could bear. Imagine Shelley, who made his paper boats of bank-notes, Byron and Landor, who had their old estates, forced to write by the column for their weekly board. "Poverty has this disease: through want it teaches a man evil." More, it limits the range of his possibilities. Doudan has said, with truth and feeling, that he who is without security for the morrow can neither meditate upon nor accomplish a lasting work. The delicate fancies of certain writers are not always at quick command, and the public is loth to wait and pay for quality. Poe, more than once, fell into disgrace by not being able to meet his literary engagements on time. His most absurd and outrageous articles, such as the one put forth after his Boston lecture, were the bluster of a man who strove to hide a sense of humiliation and failure. Doubtless, he secretly invoked the gods in his own behalf. He knew, like Chénier going to his death, that it was a pity—he was worth saving. Generous efforts, in truth, were made to save him, by strong and tender friends, but these were quite in vain. He carried a death-warrant within him. Well might he feel that a spell was on him, and in one tale and another try to make the world—which he affected to despise—comprehend its fatality, and bespeak the sympathetic verdict of the future upon his defeat and doom.

It is just that well-balanced persons should rebuke the failings of genius. But let such an one imagine himself with a painfully sensitive organization,—"all touch, all eye, all ear"; with appetites almost resistless; with a frame in which health and success breed a dangerous rapture, disease and sorrow a fatal despair. Surmount all this with a powerful intelligence that does not so much rule the structure as it menaces it, and threatens to shake it asunder. Let him conceive himself as adrift, from the first, among adverse surroundings, now combating his environment, now struggling to adjust himself to it. He, too, might find his judgment a broken reed; his passions might get the upper hand, his perplexities bring him to shamelessness and ruin. It was thus the poet's curse came upon him, and the wings of his Psyche were sorrowfully trailed in the dust. I have said to friends, as they sneered at the ill-managed life of one whose special genius perhaps could not exist but in union with certain infirmities, that instead of recounting these, and deriding them, they should hedge him round with their protection. We can find more than one man of sense among a thousand, but how rarely a poet with such a gift! When he has gone his music will linger, and be precious to those who never have heard, like ourselves, the sweet bells jangled.

Making every allowance, Poe was terribly blamable. We all are misunderstood, and all condemned to toil. The sprites have their task-work, and cannot always be dancing in the moonlight. At times, we are told, they have to consort with what is ugly, and even take on its guise. Unhappily, Poe was the reverse of one who "fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks." He stood good fortune more poorly than bad; any emotion would upset him, and his worst falls were after successes, or with success just in sight. His devotion to beauty was eagerly selfish. He had a heart, and in youth was loyal to those he loved. In this respect he differed from the hero of "A Strange Story," born without affection or soul. But his dream was that of "The Palace of Art"—a lordly pleasure-house, where taste and love should have their fill, regardless of the outer world. It has been well said, that if not immoral, he was unmoral. With him an end justified the means, and he had no conception of the law and limitations of liberty, no practical sense of right or wrong. At the most, he ignored such matters as things irrelevant. Now it is not essential that one should have a creed; he may relegate theologies to the regions of the unknowable; but he must be just in order to fear not, and humane that he may be loved; he must be faithful to some moral standard of his own, otherwise his house, however beautiful and lordly, is founded in the sand.

The question always will recur, whether, if Poe had been able to govern his life aright, he would not also have been conventional and tame, and so much the less a poet. Were it not for his excesses and neurotic crises, should we have had the peculiar quality of his art and the works it has left us? I cannot here discuss the theory that his genius was a frenzy, and that poetry is the product of abnormal nerve-vibrations. The claim, after all, is a scientific statement of the belief that great wits are sure to madness near allied. An examination of it involves the whole ground of fate, free will and moral responsibility.

I think that Poe was bounden for his acts. He never failed to resent infringements upon his own manor; and, however poor his self-control, it was not often with him that the chord of self passed trembling out of sight. Possibly his most exquisite, as they were his most poetic, moments, were at those times when he seemed the wretchedest, and avowed himself oppressed by a sense of doom. He loved his share of pain, and was an instance of the fact that man is the one being that takes keen delight in the tragedy of its own existence, and for whom

"Joy is deepest when it springs from woe."

Wandering among the graves of those he had cherished, invoking the spectral midnight skies, believing himself the Orestes of his race—in all this he was fulfilling his nature, deriving the supremest sensations, feeding on the plants of night from which such as he obtain their sustenance or go famished. They who do not perceive this never will comprehend the mysteries of art and song, of the heart from whose recesses these must be evoked. They err who commiserate Poe for such experiences. My own pity for him is of another kind; it is that which we ever must feel for one in whom the rarest possibilities were blighted by an inherent *lack of will*. In his sensitiveness to impressions like the foregoing he had at once the mood and material for far greater results than he achieved. A violin cracks none the sooner for being played in a minor key. His instrument broke for want of a firm and even hand to use it—a virile, devoted master to prolong the strain.

Poe's demand for his present wish was always strong, yet it was the caprice of a child, and not the determination that stays and conquers. He was no more of an egoist than was Goethe; but self-absorption is the edged tool that maims a wavering hand. His will, in the primary sense, was weak from the beginning. It became more and more reduced by those habits which, of all the defences of a noble mind, attack this stronghold first. It was not able to preserve for him the sanity of true genius, and his product, therefore, was so much the less complete.

"O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long."

Poe suffered, in bitter truth, and the end came not through triumph, but in death. His fame is not what it might have been, we say, yet it is greater than he probably thought—dying with a sense of incompleteness—it would be, and more than he could have asked. In spite, then, of the most reckless career, the work a man really accomplishes—both for what it is in itself and for what it reveals of the author's gift—in the end will be valued exactly at its worth. Does the poet, the artist, demand some promise that it also may be made to tell during our working life, and even that life be lengthened till the world shall learn to honor it? Let him recall the grave, exalted words which Poe took at hazard for his "Ligeia," and stayed not to dwell upon their spiritual meaning: "Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will."

EXPOSTULATION.

TEARS in those eyes of blue!
Sparks of fiery dew,
Scornful lightnings that flash
Twixt dusky lash and lash!
Never from sorrow grew
That rain in my heaven of blue!

Full of disdain are you,—
Scorn for these fetters new;
Sweet, you were free too long!
Love is a master strong,
Hard are the words, but true,
None may his chain undo.

Nay! Let your heart shine through
And soften those eyes of blue!
Glide from your chilly height;
Banish your anger bright;
Fairest, be gentlest, too,
Fate is too mighty for you!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COOKERY.

THERE is an unexpected passage in a poem of—perhaps misguided—sentiment which instructs us that it is possible to get on in this world very well in the absence of music, science, art, *et cetera*, but that we must eat; and, the presumption is, eat well. Exclaims this veracious and vice-regal poet:

"We can live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

Whatever may be our opinion in respect to the truth of this theory, it is certain no better illustration of it can be had than camp-life in the sierra-haunted territories of the west.

Those old heroes who made a beginning of exploration in the Rocky Mountains, half a century and more ago, as trappers and hunters for the fur companies, would have thought themselves in paradise could they have seen our stores in '74 when we went searching for the now famous ruins of the towns of the Cliff-Dwellers, and found them; but the casual reader may not be moved by any such envious feeling. The trappers used to make their headquarters mainly at Fort Benton, at the head of navigation on the upper Missouri. Everything civilized had to be taken twenty-five hundred miles up the river from St. Louis in batteaux, and for the last five hundred miles these heavy boats had to be hauled mainly by men, who walked along the shore with ropes over their shoulders. The value of the cargoes by the time the three months' voyage was completed may be imagined. Flour was unheard of at Fort Benton, sugar was a wild extravagance, and tea and coffee were only fit for the nabobs who conducted the business of the post. The journey was too frightfully long, dangerous and difficult to admit of many articles of food being transported, for all available space in the overladen mackinaws needed to be reserved for the indispensable whisky. Going out into the wilderness for a tour of lonely trapping lasting four, five or six months, hundreds of miles beyond even this extreme outpost of civilization, these half-savages took nothing in the way of food except a little salt and pepper, and perhaps a trifle of tea, as an occasional indulgence. An iron skillet and a tin cup comprised their only furniture; if they needed anything more, they made it out of poplar bark or soap-stone. For many months together these men would live wholly on the flesh their guns brought them, varying this diet now and then with berries, sweet roots, or a pungent decoction of sage-leaves and the bark of the red willow, or other plants that would serve the purpose of tea. The red willow bark, mixed with killikinick, made very good smoking, too, after the trapper's tobacco was exhausted. It often happened in the northern mountains, where little alkali occurs, that a trapper would even have no salt for his meat; but in this he fared no worse than the Indians, who, indeed, have to acquire a taste for it. "White men big fools," they say; "want fresh meat, fresh meat, all time,—then put heap salt on it!"

The history of these trappers adds to the record of human endurance and abstinence, but we had no desire to imitate them, though in the earlier years of the Government expeditions the fare was primitive and scanty enough whenever game proved scarce. Latterly we lived better, and finally even attained to four-tined forks!

Dr. Hayden's survey was divided into several working divisions of five to seven persons, each of which had a cook, and spent the season in a field of work by itself. Whether or not one thinks these cooks had a hard time of it depends on one's point of view. It seems to me they had, because they had to rise at such an unearthly hour in the morning; but, on the other hand, they were not obliged to climb snowy and back-breaking peaks, nor to half freeze on their gale-swept summits in "taking observations," nor to chase a lot of frantic mules and horses that chose to be ugly about being caught up. However, upon having a fairly satisfactory cook depends a large portion of *your* good time.

The camp cook presents himself in various characters. There are not many colored men in the West in this capacity, and few Frenchmen; but many Americans have picked up the necessary knowledge by hard experience, not one of whom, perhaps, regards it as a "profession," or anything better than a make-shift. It is considered by the ordinary mountaineer as a rather inferior occupation, and, as a rule, it falls to the lot of inferior men, who have tried and failed in more

energetic, muscular and profitable pursuits. Of course there are exceptions, but, as a rule, they are men who are not even up to the level of picturesque interest, and are worthy of small regard from the observer, unless he is hungry. We are hungry, therefore we pursue the subject.

Roads being non-existent in the days whereof I am speaking,—to a great extent it is still so,—and it often being necessary to go boldly across the country without any regard for even Indian trails, the cuisine, like everything else, had to accommodate itself to the backs of the sturdy mules, on whose steady endurance depends nearly all hopes of success. The conditions to be met by kitchen and larder are, ability to be stowed together in packages of small size, convenient shape, and sufficient strength to withstand, without injury, the severest strain of the lash-ropes, and the forty or more accidents liable to happen in the course of a thousand miles of rough mountain travel. The only sort of package that will meet these requirements is the bag. When it is full it is of that elongated and rounded shape which will lie well in the burden. As fast as it is emptied space is utilized and the weight remains manageable. In bags, then, are packed all the raw material except the few condiments, in bottles and flasks, for which, with other fragile things, a pair of paniers is provided. Even the few articles of iron-ware permitted to the camp cook are tied up in a gunny-sack.

Concerning the preparation of breakfast, I must confess almost entire ignorance. My first intimation of the meal was usually a rough shake, with a loud "Breakfast is just ready, sir. Sorry, sir, but you must get up." Oh, those mornings! If Ben Franklin and all the rest who so fluently advise early rising could have spent a few nights under the frosty stars of the high Rockies, they would have modified their views as to the loveliness of dawn. (Sunset glories for me!) The snow, or the hoar-frost, is thick on the grass beside your couch, and possibly your clothes, carefully tucked under the flap of your canvas coverlid last night, have been elbowed outside and are covered with as much rime as the beard of St. Nicholas, while your boots are as stiff as iron, and twice as cold. Having groaned your way into them, you hobble to the neighboring stream, duck your head in icy water, and wipe your face on a frozen towel. Usually, you must next seize a rope that has been trailing all night through the frosty grass and painfully tie up your horse, which has just been brought in, so that by the time you *do* kick a boulder loose and lug it up to the table for your breakfast-chair, your teeth chatter until you can hardly take a voluntary bite, and your fingers are too numb to pass the bacon to the next invalid. This frigid condition of things was not invariable, but it was in this way that most of our breakfasts were eaten among the peaks. The matutinal meal over, we felt more limber. Overcoats were thrown aside, and every one hastened to roll up his bedding, strike the tents—if any had been erected—and help saddle and pack the mules. By the time this was accomplished the cook had washed his dishes, strapped up his "munitions of peace," and announced that he was ready for the kitchen mule, which was the last one to be packed. This completed, he mounted the bell-mare and started off, the train of pack animals filed along behind, and we began another morning's work before the day was well aired.

This is the little I can remember concerning breakfast. With the preparation of dinner, however, I am more familiar.

We always dined at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, with two exceptions, namely, when we dined later, and when we did not dine at all. Camp is chosen with an eye to three requisites—wood, water and grass; the first for ourselves, the third for the mules, the second for both. Frequently, however, one of the three, and occasionally all, "requisites" are absent, or nearly so. In the mountains, of course, there is never any lack of fire-wood, and nothing can be better than dead quaking-asp, which burns quick and hot, and leaves fine embers. Red cedar is good, too, and the aroma from a big heap of it ablaze recalls the Arabian Nights. But in the parks and plains trees are rarely accessible, and the next best thing is sage brush. Where it grows as high as your head and as thick as your leg, as around the salt lakes in southern Wyoming, there is no difficulty, and the scraggy limbs and roots are quickly boiling the pot—or, rather, the copper kettle; but where it is small and sparse, only ceaseless diligence and a recklessness of palms will keep the fire going. This ragged, prickly shrub is full of "grease," and makes an exceedingly hot fire, which snaps and sputters like hickory. We had a full illustration of its heating powers one

very warm evening over beyond Whisky Gap. The sage brush was dense and high where we camped, so that it was hard work to clear room enough for camp. Just as dinner was ready we noticed that the carelessly kept fire had strayed away from its trench, and in an instant the whole region was in a blaze, roaring as if an oil-vat had ignited, and crackling like a ship-load of parlor-matches! Wetting pieces of canvas we fought it until we were nearly dead with fatigue before the danger was over. Though we missed our longed-for meal, we came desperately near having our meat barbecued in the way that taught Lamb's Chinaman how to appreciate roast pig. More than one train has lost all its stores through the carelessness of a cook and the inflammability of the dry grass and bushes. Sage-brush and grease-wood failing (which is rare), the last resource is "buffalo-chips," the dried ordure of cattle, which makes a smouldering fire only better than none.

Water is even more essential, and the loveliest trout brooks await you everywhere among the hills; but now and then, in crossing the plains and wide valleys, particularly if the region tends toward bad lands, you must search long before you find it. In the south the Indians have worn well-marked, deeply-trodden trails across the country, which lead where water is usually to be found. The traveler, even though a topographer, departs from these trails with great peril, for he may die in the desert before he strikes a spring or rivulet. Sometimes, even in the north, you hunt all day to find water by which to rest at night, and make a dry camp after all, or only succeed in discovering a few warm and muddy pools, around which the men must stand vigorously on guard to keep away the feverish mules, lest in their rush they obliterate the whole fountain. We once dug a hole six feet deep as the only means of getting at water, and furnished it to the animals by the hatful. A night spent without water well deserves to be the hunter's abhorrence. When he is attempting to instruct his partners in theology, he simply calls the lower regions a "dry camp," and wastes no words over details of torment.

In the matter of grass, there is usually little trouble to find enough for one night's stoppage.

The place for the camp having been indicated, the riding animals are hastily unsaddled, and then every one turns to help unpack and place the cargo in orderly array. The very first mule unloaded is the staid veteran distinguished by the honor of bearing the *cuisine*. The shovel and axe having been released from their lashings, the cook seizes them, and hurriedly digs a trench, in which he starts his fire. While it is kindling, he and anybody else whose hands are free cut or pluck up fuel. We are so stiff sometimes from our eight or ten hours in the saddle that we can hardly move our legs; but it is no time to lie down. Hobbling round after wood and water limbers us up a little, and hastens the preparation of dinner,—that blessed goal of all our present hopes. If a stream that holds out any promise is near, the rod is brought into requisition at once; and, if all goes well, by the time the cook is ready for them, there are enough fish for the crowd.

Flies, as a general thing, are rather a delusion to the angler than a snare for the fish. The accepted bait is the grasshopper, except when there are great numbers of this insect, in which case the fish are all so well fed that they will not bite. The best fishing any party that I was with ever had was in Wyoming, along the head-waters of the Green river, and in eastern Idaho, on the tributaries of the Snake. That region, the entomologists say, is the nursery of all the 'hopper hordes which devastate the crops of Dakota, Colorado and Kansas, but when we were there it was so difficult to find bait that we used to keep our eyes open all day, and pounce upon every grasshopper we could find, saving them for the evening's fishing. The usual catch was salmon-trout—great two and three-pounders, gleaming, speckled, and inside golden pink,—that sunset color called "salmon." They were not gamy, though, and we were glad of it, since the object was not sport, but the despised "pot." It really was more exciting to capture the lively bait than it was to hook the trout. In the southern Rocky Mountains we got the true brook-trout, of smaller size, but of excellent flavor! The largest I ever saw came from the upper Rio Grande, where a charming little ranchwoman fried them for us,—in commemoration of which the cañon where they lurked was named "Irene." A rapid decapitation and splitting finished the dressing. The flesh was always hard and firm and white, as it ought to be in a fish born and bred in snow-water. If by chance any were left over, they made most toothsome sandwiches for the noon-day lunch, especially if (as was once our happy

lot) there was currant jelly to put between the bread and the backbone.

But all this happens while the cook gets his fire well a-going. That accomplished, and two square bars of three-quarters inch iron laid across the trench, affording a firm resting-place for the kettles, the stove is complete. He sets a pail of water on to heat, jams his bake-oven well into the coals on one side, buries the cover of it in the other side of the fire, and gets out his long knife. Going to the cargo, he takes a side of bacon out of its gunny-bag, and cuts as many slices as he needs, saving the rind to grease his oven. Then he is ready to make his bread.

Flour is more portable than pilot biscuit; therefore warm, light bread, freshly made morning and night, has gratefully succeeded hard-tack in all mining and mountain camps. Sometimes a large tin pan is carried, in which to mould the bread; but often a square half-yard of canvas kept for the purpose, and laid in a depression in the ground, forms a sufficiently good bowl, and takes up next to none of the precious room. When a bread-pan is taken it is lashed bottom up on top of the kitchen-mule's pack. If it breaks loose and slips down on his rump, or dangles against his hocks, there is likely to be some fun; and when a sudden squall sweeps down from the high mountains, and the hailstones beat a devil's tattoo on that hollow pan, the mule under it goes utterly crazy. The canvas bread-pan is therefore preferred. Sometimes even this is dispensed with, and the bread is mixed up with water right in the top of the flour-bag, and is moulded on the cover of a box or some other smooth surface. Baking-powder, not yeast, is used, of course. This species of leaven, of which there are many varieties, is put up in round tin boxes. You find these boxes scattered from end to end of the territories, and forming gleaming barricades around all the villages. The miners convert them to all sorts of utilities, from flying targets to safes for gold-dust; and one man in Colorado Springs collected enough of them, and of fruit-cans, to shingle and cover the sides of his house. There seems now to be found no region so wild, no dell so sequestered, that these glittering mementoes do not testify to a previous invasion; on the highest storm-splintered pinnacle of Mt. Lincoln, I discovered a baking-powder can tucked into a cranny as a receptacle for the autographs of adventurous visitors.

Sometimes the cook used the Dutch bake-oven which every one knows,—a shallow iron pot, with a close fitting iron cover upon which you can pile a great thickness of coals, or can build a miniature fire. Having greased the inside of the oven with a bacon-rind, bread bakes quickly and safely. A better article, however, results from another method. Mould your bread well, lay the round loaf in the skillet and hold it over the fire, turning the loaf occasionally, until it is somewhat stiff; then take it out, prop it upright before the coals with the help of a twig, and turn it frequently. It is soon done through and through, and on both sides alike. Sometimes we had biscuits made in the same way, but these were more troublesome, and the one great object in the preparation of dinner after a day's riding or climbing is speed; men must eat heartily in this oxygen-consuming west, and are eager to discharge that duty; we invariably found ourselves traveling in a particularly hungry latitude. Occasionally, also, there was a corn-dodger by way of variety, and a pound cake of maple sugar would be melted into syrup.

The table furniture, and a large portion of the small groceries, such as salt, pepper, mustard, etc., are carried in two red boxes, each two and a half feet long, one and a half feet broad, and a foot high. Each box is covered by a thin board, which sets in flush with the top of the box, and also by two others hinged together and to the edge of the box. Having got his bread a-baking, the cook sets the two boxes a little way apart, unfolds the double covers backward until they rest against each other, letting the ends be supported on a couple of stakes driven into the ground, and over the whole spreads an enameled cloth. He thus has a table two and a half feet high, one and a half feet wide and six feet long. Tin and iron ware chiefly constitute the table furniture, so that, as frequently happens, the mule may roll a hundred feet or so down the mountain and not break the dishes.

His table set, John returns to his fire, and very soon salutes our happy ears with his stentorian voice in lieu of gong:

"Grub P-i-i-i-le!"

Coffee is the main item on our bill of fare. It is water, and milk, and whisky, and medicine, combined. Ground and browned in camp, made in generous quantity over the open fire, settled by a dash of cold water and drunk without milk, it is a cup of condensed vigor, the true *elixir vitæ*, a perpetual source of comfort and strength.

Tea is pronounced "no good," and chocolate is only used to distinguish Sunday by. Oh, what a bitter trial it was, after one particularly hard day's work in Wyoming, and a stormy day at that, to have the steaming and fragrant coffee-pail kicked over by a clumsy foot! There was an irrepressible howl of execration, and one man's hand actually clutched his revolver.

But coffee, though the mainstay, is not all of our feast. For meat we have bacon and generally steaks or roasted ribs of elk, mule-deer, or mountain sheep, with fresh crisp bread, or sometimes wheaten flapjacks, made in the orthodox way and properly thrown into the air during the cooking. When, as occasionally happens, two parties meet, the rival cooks toss the flapjacks to each other, when they require turning, so that every cake begins at one fire and is finished at the other. In the mining camps (it is said) they toss them up the chimney and catch them right-side up outside the door! Butter there is none, nor milk, nor potatoes, nor vegetables, except rice and hominy; but there is plenty of fruit sauce—apricots, peaches, prunes, etc., which, being dried, are very portable, and, being Californian, are wonderfully good. For dessert we have nothing at all (and are content) save when, now and then, the cook makes a plum duff to put our digestions to the test.

But I had nearly forgotten the beans! A camp without beans would be a curiosity, though a doleful one. They are at once the vexation and the comfort of the cook. We once got down so low in our supplies that nothing remained but lump-sugar and beans, yet nobody complained much. Beans are a sort of cook's barometer. Everybody knows (though few remember) that the higher above the level of the sea you go the lower the temperature at which water will boil. When you get up to ten or eleven thousand feet the water is not fairly hot before it begins a lively ebullition. Sometimes travelers are at this height for weeks together, and it is hard enough to get any virtue out of their coffee, let alone out of such tough particles of nutriment as dry beans. The cook therefore keeps one pail for his beans, and cooks them for several consecutive days, packing them along meanwhile; at the end of a week, perhaps, if he is faithful, they are soft enough to serve as food. Even in the towns at the base of the mountains, a dish of pork and beans is the result of three days' steady preparation.

But the low boiling point and the occasional scarcity of wood and water are not the only troubles a mountain cook has to contend with. Sometimes the wind sweeps down and blows his fire nearly all away, or sends the ashes flying in such clouds as to half spoil his skill. I have seen viands that were hidden in a whirlwind of dust yet come out very palatable. Then sometimes everything is wet—the ground where you halt, the fuel you seek, the sky overhead. There is plenty of smoke, but little flame, and the coals are quenched by a steady rain. Still, if the cook is ingenious, and you are willing to help, you will manage to get a good meal. What matter if your bacon and coffee and apple-sauce are rained or snowed on? The water is clean and you are saved the trouble of drinking.

Under how many varying circumstances, then, this evening meal is eaten! Sometimes, when the camp is stationary for two or three days, in a pleasant bower; next, out on the dry plains, where an illimitable landscape of sere grass stretches away to where the delectable mountains lie on the snow-silvered rim of the world; again, it is in a hot valley of Arizona, and the scalding alkali dust blows in your face and filters through your food; or at high timber-line in Colorado, where sleet and snow contest the passage down your throat with rapidly cooling coffee and chilly bacon; or beside the Yellowstone in August, with its millions of ravenous flies and hordes of thirsty mosquitoes; or it is anywhere and everywhere, with the royal vigor of appetite that comes of this out-door life, and the marvelous grandeur of the Rocky Mountains as garniture for your dining-hall.

Dinner over (and much as our bodies ached with ten hours in the saddle, or a day's climb to make some topographical station, the brief rest and the help of the food has freshened us remarkably), the remaining hour or two of daylight is employed in odd jobs—exploring the neighborhood, to get an idea of next day's route or in search of the natural science of the locality; fishing, mending saddles or clothes (*hic opus, hic labor est!*), in making beds, writing letters, and, if it looks like rain, in putting up the little dog-tents, of which there is one for each two of us, except the cook, who has a tent to himself and his comestibles. This is the pleasant hour of camp-life, and you forget that a little while ago you were vow-

ing that if ever you got safely home you would never be caught out again on such an all-work, no-play expedition as *this*. Post-prandial reflections take on a rosier hue, and your pipe never tastes sweeter than now, as you idly creep about among the brookside willows till its smoke warms the wings of the birds seeking an early roost.

You come back to camp, just as the sudden darkness falls, to find all quiet and everybody lounging round the fire where the cook is preparing for the morning meal. This done, big logs are piled on (unless there are hostile Indians near, when the blaze is extinguished before dark), yarns are spun, and presently everybody goes to bed.

I have the presumption to assume that many of the readers of the foregoing paragraphs would enjoy somewhat similar experiences, could they understand how to do so. The trip is practicable, easy, and not very expensive, though one can enlarge upon this latter part to suit his purse. There are tales extant, all through the mountains, of foreigners who have camped all over the most remote ranges and parks, smoking *regalias* from morning till night, and opening champagne for the whole party every day. But this is not my idea of Rocky Mountain living, however desirable in the east. In Denver, for instance, the fitting out of excursions is coming to be an important and special feature of business. A party of persons arrives from the Eastern States, or from Europe, in July or August, bent upon a hunting and fishing trip among the mountains. They find ready for them a strong, handsome spring wagon, with a water-proof hood of canvas, easy seats, a provision-chest which unfolds into a table, a camp-stove, tents, and so on. It will accommodate six persons in great comfort, and can be rented for a week, or a number of weeks, at an average total cost of about five dollars a day, including a driver. The tourists can go where they please and do what they like. If they carry all the provisions and other things for an extended trip, as is the favorite method, a second, cheaper baggage-wagon will be required, but other plans are feasible. Going upon such an expedition with an idea of being boyish and absurd, and having just as foolish and funny a time as the changing mood, a naturalist's enthusiasm, or an artist's passion, directs, the mountain-bred and somewhat bored driver will no doubt be found a great damper upon your spirits by his sneers and grumblings. My earnest advice is to thrash him soundly at about the second camp, and then go on having a jolly time just as though nothing had happened; before applying this remedy, nevertheless, it would be well to be quite sure of your adversary, for these western men are like frogs, in that you can't always tell by the looks of them how far or how much they are able to "jump," in the miner's sense of the word.

The food and drink for such a party is a matter purely of taste and pocket. You may live on corn-bread, bacon and beans, or you may be served like *gourmets* every day. New York can show no better selected stocks of fancy groceries than Denver's merchants offer, and the consumption of them in the course of a year is astonishing. Except a few staples, the outfit is put up, hermetically sealed, in cans and bottles of portable shape, and costs little. Beer is in great demand, and the best of wines may be had. The merchants have printed a variety of catalogues and price-lists, from which you can choose your supplies for a given time, of a given character, and find them in good shape with very little trouble. A party of six can travel through the ranges and parks for three months, and live like nabobs, for about $600. Of course, if they care really to "rough it," they can go much cheaper, and perhaps in the end fare no worse in health and enjoyment.

Transportation, roof and kitchen being thus provided, there remains the outfit of clothes, bedding and provender. As for clothes, the oldest and strongest, with plenty of heavy under-flannel, are what is wanted. Buckskin, elaborately befringed, and affected by some new-comers, is a delusion.

Bedding is an important consideration. Its amount depends on where you are going and at what season. In the high mountains cold storms and freezing nights are liable to come any time, and would better be prepared for. Having secured a water-proof canvas to lay underneath and fold up over your couch, as a coverlid, the only thing needed besides is blankets, the number of which will depend on their quality. The best Californian blankets, thick as a board and soft and pliable as wool, can be bought for ten dollars a pair, and a poorer quality for less. Two pairs of the best sort are enough for almost all occasions. I have thus slept at timber-line, right between snow banks and on the

borders of an icy lake, with various other inclemencies in the neighborhood, night after night, with perfect comfort. To stitch your blankets into a bag increases their warmth, and when you get through you can sell them at a small discount, if you choose. All your bedding can be rolled into a compact bundle, and stowed away under a seat of the wagon.

The next question is the one of food supply. The last four or five years have made a great change in regard to this, as I have already hinted. The bacon-and-beans era has disappeared, except in the annals of the wandering "prospector," and you may take to camp with you now the luxuries of your home-table, seasoned with the delight of out-door cooking and the gusto of a hearty appetite. Still there are persons who, from motives of economy or notions of heroism, propose to live frugally, and trust to their guns and fishing tackle for a large part of their daily repasts. I have, therefore, thought it worth while, for the assistance of both these classes of campers, to give a notion of what constitutes a necessary, and what makes a princely commissary's outfit, with the approximate costs of each at Denver.

Let us suppose that a party of four young men propose to go into the mountains for one month. They may ride on horseback, in which case they will take three pack-mules at the railway terminus to carry tent, bedding and provisions; or they may go in a wagon, and act as their own driver and cook. They insist upon cheapness, true wild-wood life, and propose to trust to their rifles. In buying, therefore, they consider quality as well as quantity. Their purchases will cost as follows:

Flour (100 lbs.)	$ 5.00
Coffee, tea and sugar	4.40
Ham and bacon	14.00
Beans, rice, corn-meal	2.80
Syrup, lard and condiments	3.20
Crackers and baking-powder	3.20
Potatoes and dried fruit	1.20
Matches, candles, soap, etc.	1.00
	$34.80

These are jolly fellows, not afraid of weather, and taking occasional discomfort as part of the sport. Ten to one they will have more fun than the next four, who go in on a far more elaborate plan and will be hampered by forty things they don't want—among the rest bad digestion. Their provisions are in greater proportion *per capita*, and of a superior grade. The list is appended:

Flour (120 lbs.)	$ 7.20
Coffee, tea, chocolate, and sugar	9.80
Ham and bacon	16.00
Beans, rice, and oatmeal	4.40
Canned fruit and vegetables	24.00
Potted meat, soups, and jellies	18.40
Preserves, olives, pickles, sauce, fancy crackers, honey, cheese	22.80
Potatoes, onions, etc.	2.00
Yeast, candles, matches, etc.	5.00
	$109.60
Board of driver	30.00
Hire of cook, etc.	50.00
Purchases of fresh beef, butter, eggs, and milk	20.00
	$209.60

Between these two estimates there is a mean which each party may find for itself. It will be observed, also, that no account is here made of tobacco, wine, beer, or lemons. I was told that a Prince Somebody, —perhaps a relation of Mr. Harte's Cask-o'-whisky family,—who was supposed to be something unusual as a connoisseur of wines, praised very highly the stock to be obtained in Denver. The beer I know is good, for it is all brought from St. Louis and Milwaukee. Prices of both these drinkables rule about as in New York. There is no account, either, of possible railway fares and freight charges from Denver to the inland terminus where you begin your tramp, or of the cost of wagon or pack-mules, heretofore mentioned.

There is no better fun in the world than camping in the Rockies, and, if one cares to do so, he can live cheaper among the mountains than in the city, and can set himself a far better table in the wilderness than any French waiter will lay before him, for even Delmonico cannot supply elsewhere the eager zest with which he will eat.

THE LAST HOUR.

THE long day dies with sunset down the west;
Comes the young moon through violet fields of air;
A fragrance finer than the south winds bear
Breathes from the sea—the time is come for rest.
I wait. Birds nestward fly through deepening blue.
O heart! Take comfort, peace will find thee too.
For lo! between the lights, when shadows wane,
Heart calls to heart across the widening breach
Of bitter thought, chill touch, and jarring speech,
And Love cries out to take his own again.

Give me the kiss of peace.
Hold not your anger after the spent sun.
Lo! I have wrought with sorrow all the day,
With tear-wet cypress, and with bitter bay
Bound all my doors. No thread of song has run
Beside my thought to lighten it for me.
Rise up, and with forgiveness set me free.
For who may boast a gift of lengthened breath?
And, lest you watch to-morrow's sun arise
Across my face, new-touched with sudden death
And the mute pathos of unanswering eyes,
Turn not aside my hand outstretched, or smite
The yearning heart. Let Love's repentance found
Have Love's reward. All life is mixed with Fate.
And, O beloved! Death's angel will not wait
For summoned feet to haste on anxious round
With quick "Forgive, forgive, we pass to-night!"
All day Regret has walked and talked with me,
And, lest to-morrow it should go with thee,
Give me the kiss of peace.

CONGRESS AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IRVING humorously attributed his literary success in England to the fact that Englishmen were astonished to see an American with a quill in his hand, and not on his head. This was spoken in jest, but, unfortunately, there was some cause for the remark. Up to the year 1819, Congress had failed to pass a copyright law, and our publishers, being without protection or redress in law, declined to purchase American books when they had the pick of the world for nothing. Congress having failed to protect, and our publishers having declined to encourage, American literature, the natural talents and genius of our people remained latent and undeveloped. Hence, toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, a prejudice against American books arose, not only abroad but at home. One example will suffice. When "Marmion" took the world by storm, the manager of a Philadelphia theater employed Major Barker, a man of fine literary ability, to dramatize it. The manager feared to produce the play as the work of an American, and, having had it carefully packed up with the imitations of the English postmarks, it was brought out as an English production. It was a great success, until the secret leaked out, when the public immediately discovered that the play was devoid of all merit, and it had to be withdrawn.

The constitution expressly declares that "Congress shall have power to promote

the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for a limited time, to authors and inventors, exclusive right to their respective writings and inventions." The protection of authors from any infringement of their rights is clearly within the design of the constitution. Yet there was no American copyright law passed until February 15, 1819. By that act American authors and their assignees were protected in their rights. But that act and the nine subsequent acts had the fatal defect of refusing protection to foreign authors. Our young and struggling literature was thus placed in competition with the mature and splendid literature of Great Britain, and the United States became the "intellectual vassals" of a nation we had twice beaten in war. American publishers printed English books almost exclusively; American scholars studied English editions of the ancient classics; American schoolboys used English school-books; English thinkers guided American thought; our literary criticism was a weak dilution of English reviews. But, even in those dark hours of literary dependence, the light of our native genius occasionally burst forth, and some works were produced which the world will not willingly let die. These, however, were few and far between compared with the multitude of English books that were reprinted in this country. American publishers, not having to pay any copyright on these books, enjoyed the double advantage of publisher and author. They reaped where they had not sown. The Waverley novels and Byron's poems were rich mines to the early American publishers. So, also, were the novels of Bulwer, Disraeli, and other English writers. In fact, it was the regular practice of our publishers to issue cheap editions of all popular English works without paying one dollar to their authors, although thousands of copies were sold in this country. American authors were thus excluded from the American market, while English authors received no compensation for sales which yielded a handsome profit to the American publishers.

The first trace of a petition to Congress for the adoption of an international copyright law was on the 2d of February, 1837, when Henry Clay presented to the Senate an address of fifty-seven English authors, representing "the injury to their reputation and property to which they had been long exposed, from the want of a law to secure to them within the United States the exclusive right to their respective writings, and requesting a legislative remedy." Among the distinguished names affixed to this petition were those of Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Benjamin Disraeli, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Southey, Henry Hallam, Maria Edgeworth, and Mary Somerville. The address set forth that "American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to offer to American authors a fair remuneration for their labors." The address closed by citing an illustrious example of the injustice of a refusal of copyright: "While the works of Sir Walter Scott, dear alike to your country and to ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from American publishers for his labors; yet an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils."

Mr. Clay introduced the petition with an earnest speech, in which he said that honor, justice, right and morality demanded such a law. On his motion, the address was referred to a select committee of the Senate. Messrs. Clay, Webster, Preston, Buchanan, Ewing and Ruggles were appointed that committee. On the 16th of February Mr. Clay made a report, accompanied by a bill to amend the existing copyright law of the United States. The following extracts from the report are worthy of careful attention:

"It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws, they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here, and republished without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the law.

"The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just. Already the principle has been adopted in the patent laws of extending their benefits to foreign inventions. It is but carrying out the same principle to extend the benefit of our copyright law to foreign authors."

The bill reported by Mr. Clay provided that the copyright law of the United States,

passed February 3, 1831, should be so amended as to extend its benefits to the subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, or France, upon depositing a printed copy of the title of the book, or other work for which a copyright is desired, in the clerk's office of any district court in the United States, and complying with the other requirements of the law, *provided*, that the protection secured by the bill should not extend to those works published prior to its passage, and that an edition of the work for which protection was sought should be published in the United States simultaneously with its issue in the foreign country, or within one month after depositing the title, etc. This bill failed to receive the attention of the Senate, and Congress adjourned without action on the matter.

On the 24th of April, 1838, Edward Everett memorialized Congress for an amendment of the then existing copyright law, so as to extend its benefits to all authors, native and foreign, for works simultaneously printed and published in this country. At the same session, Mr. Clay presented the petition of Henry Ogden and others, of New York, for an international copyright law. A memorial from Philadelphia stated the following unanswerable argument in favor of the proposed international copyright law:

"The copyright law of the United States is an anomaly in civilized legislation. The effect of limiting the protection of copyright to citizens or residents is as impolitic as it is unjust. It was, no doubt, introduced from the kindest feelings toward our native authors, although it has been ruinous in the extreme to their interests. Under this clause, the publishers of the United States, with some few honorable exceptions, become but mere re-publishers of foreign books. Confidently relying on the justice of our appeal, we beg respectfully to solicit the extension of the advantages of copyright to all, native or foreign, resident or non-resident. This measure (virtually an international copyright law) is not only demanded by a just regard to the property of foreign writers, but it is imperatively required for the advancement of our own literature."

These various efforts to secure an international copyright law attracted general attention, and soon counter-petitions were pouring into Congress. Memorials against the law were presented from several Boston book-sellers; from the New York Typographical Society; from a number of publishers of Hartford and other cities. These different petitions, for and against an international copyright law, were referred to the Committee on Patents, as Mr. Clay's select committee on the subject had expired. On the 28th of June, 1838, the committee reported back Mr. Clay's original bill, with a recommendation that it do not pass. The report sets forth that "this government is under no obligations to extend to the subjects of any foreign power exclusive copyright privileges." It then gives the economical argument advanced in all the petitions against the law, stating that 200,000 persons and $40,000,000 of capital were interested in book-making in the United States, and asserting that "by the enactment of an international copyright law in favor of British authors, the profits of trade and manufacture, and all the benefits arising from encouragement to national industry, would be, for us, on the wrong side of the ledger." Without examining any of the proposed means of preventing this, the report continues: "It may be asked if we should not have an offset in similar advantages under the copyright law of Great Britain. The answer is found in the significant inquiry of the British reviewer—'Who reads an American book?'"

This argument was certainly not only very unpatriotic but also very unjust. The celebrated query of Sydney Smith—"Who reads an American book?"—was made in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1820, and even at that early day, American literature was not so barren as the "wittiest of divines" wished to insinuate. And by 1838, James Fenimore Cooper had written his best novels, Hawthorne, his "Twice Told Tales," William Gilmore Simms, his finest romances, John P. Kennedy, his "Swallow Barn," "Horse-Shoe Robinson" and "Rob of the Bowl"; Washington Irving, in addition to Knickerbocker's "History of New York" and the "Sketch-Book," published before 1820, had delighted the world with "Bracebridge Hall," first published by John Murray (who paid the author £1,000), the "Tales of a Traveler," (for which the same publisher paid him £1,500), and the "Life and Voyages of Columbus," also published in London, and which yielded 3,000 guineas. In 1838, Bryant and Longfellow had already begun those literary careers which have been so full of splendor; Richard Henry Dana, Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck had made their mark; Oliver Wendell Holmes was a rising young poet; John G. Whittier had written "Legends of New England"; N. P. Willis had published his "Scriptural Poems"; Bancroft, the first volume of his "History of the United States"; Prescott, his "Ferdinand and Isabella"; Sparks, his

most important historical and biographical works, and Emerson had attracted much attention by his novel transcendental views.

These are the leading American authors only, whose works were before the world in 1838, when the American Senate refused to pass a bill looking to an international copyright. The American Congress has never been favorable to American, or, in fact, any literature. It has always been inclined to look upon men of letters as drones in our busy hives.

The wealthy and influential opponents of international copyright having succeeded in defeating the bill, the matter rested for four years. In January, 1842, Mr. Clay again introduced his bill asking for copyright protection to foreign authors, under certain conditions. It was referred to that tomb of the Capulets, the Judiciary Committee.

On the 14th of March, 1842, a petition from Washington Irving and twenty-four other citizens, praying for the adoption of an International Copyright law, was presented in the House of Representatives, and referred to a select committee, including John P. Kennedy and Robert C. Winthrop. Owing to the unfavorable view of the matter by the Senate Committee, the House Committee made no report. We find, in the Senate report of May 11, that "Mr. Preston inquired of the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, what had become of the international copyright bill referred to that committee four months before." Mr. Berrien replied that "the committee had considered the subject, and were ready to report adversely two months ago, but the report was withheld solely at the instance of the Senator who introduced the bill." Whereupon, Mr. Buchanan and several senators expressed in an audible tone their satisfaction at hearing that the committee would report adversely to the passage of the bill.

About the time when Mr. Clay's bill had attracted general attention to the matter of international copyright, Washington Irving addressed the following letter to Lewis Gaylord Clarke, then and for many years afterward editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine":

"Sir:—Having seen it stated, more than once, in the public papers, that I declined subscribing my name to the petition presented to Congress during a former session, for an act of international copyright, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favor of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however, to members of Congress in support of the application.

"As no other petition has been presented to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, so far as my name may be thought of any value, I now enroll it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equity. I consider it due not only to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

"For myself, my literary career as an author is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and luster upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copyright law, I had recently an instance in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit, written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press *for which they had nothing to pay for copyright.*

"This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will to all who peruse these lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will briefly observe that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men, while I have noticed some that have been urged so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they were addressed.

"I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided, and be carried by an overwhelming if not unanimous vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just, and a generous nation.

"Your obedient servant,
"WASHINGTON IRVING."

On the 15th of December, 1843, Rufus Choate presented to the Senate a memorial from about one hundred American publishers and book-sellers, asking for the passage of an international copyright law. Among the signatures to this petition were the following: D. Appleton & Co., Crocker & Brewster, A. S. Barnes & Co., J. B. Lippincott & Co., Wm. D. Ticknor & Co., and John F. Trow. At the same time, John Quincy Adams presented a similar petition to the House, which was referred to a select committee. Nothing came of either of these petitions.

For three years the matter slept. On the

26th of January, 1846, the various memorials on the file of the Senate in relation to copyright were referred to a select committee, which failed to report. On the 22d of March, 1848, a petition was presented in the House from John Jay, William Cullen Bryant, and others, asking for the passage of an international copyright law. It was referred to a select committee of nine, consisting of Messrs. T. Butler King, George P. Marsh, C. J. Ingersoll, Horace Mann, Isaac E. Morse, Henry W. Hilliard, A. D. Sims, W. B. Preston, and Henry C. Murphy, the majority of whom were authors, and, of course, naturally interested in such a law. But no report was made, although the session was prolonged until the 14th of August.

On the 19th of July, 1852, Mr. Sumner presented a petition to the Senate signed by Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William H. Prescott, and others, asking for an international copyright law. It was referred to the joint committee on the Library of Congress, where it remained buried.

One of the last official acts of Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, was the opening of a negotiation with Mr. Crampton, the British minister, to protect the literary interests of the United States and Great Britain. Unfortunately, Mr. Webster died before the completion of his noble purpose, and the matter was allowed to drop. The subject slept the sleep of the unjust until 1858, when the Hon. E. Joy Morris, of Philadelphia, a member of the House, introduced a bill to provide for an international copyright law. It was referred to the Library Committee. No report being made, Mr. Morris renewed the introduction of the bill two years later, February 16, 1860, and it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The most exciting Presidential election ever known in this country supervened, followed by four years of civil war, and during that period no attention was paid to the subject.

In the winter of 1866, a determined effort was made to induce Congress to render the long delayed justice to native and foreign authors, by the passage of an international copyright bill. This was the most comprehensive bill upon the subject which had yet been brought before Congress. It contained four sections, the first of which amended the existing law by striking out all that restricts its benefits to residents of the United States. The second section was designed to protect the public, by requiring the foreign author to publish here at the same time that he did at home, or within a year after, depositing his title at once. The third section limited the protection of the law to books published after the act went into effect. The fourth section provided that no foreign author should be protected here, unless the nation or government of which said author was a citizen or subject should confer upon citizens of the United States the same or equal privileges.

The petitions accompanying the above bill set forth that "the true interests of American literature demand the adoption of an international copyright law by this government and Great Britain," and prayed for the "enactment of such measure or measures as will secure at the earliest possible day the consideration of such a law by the two governments." These petitions were signed by some of the most distinguished literary men of America, including Henry W. Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, James Russell Lowell, Parke Godwin, Jared Sparks, James Parton, Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, George S. Hillard, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edwin P. Whipple, and Edwin L. Godkin. Among the publishers who signed, were George P. Putnam, Hurd & Houghton, Charles Scribner & Co., Bunce & Huntington, and Leypoldt & Holt.

Mr. Sumner, in offering the petitions, said: "Some fourteen years ago, I had the honor of presenting a similar petition signed by Washington Irving, J. Fenimore Cooper and William H. Prescott. Those illustrious persons have passed away without seeing the prayer they addressed to Congress answered. I trust that some, at least, of these numerous petitioners may see *their* prayer answered before they, too, shall have passed away." As requested by Mr. Sumner, and as desired by the petitioners, the matter was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which he was the chairman.

Hon. John P. Baldwin, of Worcester, Mass., was the next champion of international copyright. He was permitted by the Joint Committee on the Library to report a bill, November 21st, 1868; but he himself states, in a private letter, that he hoped for little more than a public discussion of the subject. Even this was put out of the question by the long impeachment trial of President Johnson, which presently followed. Mr. Baldwin attributes the apathy of Congress chiefly to the opposition of "most of the great publishing houses," and to the fear of Republican leaders that the passage of

such a bill "would furnish occasion for the opposition party to make political capital."

In 1872–3, the International Copyright question was very generally discussed in Great Britain and the United States. A memorial of British authors on the subject was published, strongly urging a copyright convention between the two countries, for the protection of authors independent of publishers. The memorial clearly states the facts in the following paragraph:

"Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book-manufacturer to a monopoly of their book-market, they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing. Free competition with the British book-manufacturer would be fatal to the American book-manufacturer. It is clear, therefore, that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author."

Among the fifty names to this petition were those of Thomas Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, John Ruskin, Thomas Hughes, John Morley, William Black, Philip James Bailey, James Martineau, Charles Darwin, John Tyndall, Shirley Brooks, Blanchard Jerrold, George Augustus Sala, Edmund Yates, Harriet Martineau, Robert Buchanan and Justin McCarthy, all of whom had suffered more or less from the "appropriation" of their works by American publishers.

About the same time that this memorial of British authors was published, a committee of American authors and publishers was before the Senate committee on the library, and accepted the bill known as Mr. William H. Appleton's bill, which extended the privileges of copyright (including the rights over translation) to foreign authors, provided simply that the reprints or translations were manufactured in this country. This bill shared the fate of all the previous attempts in the same direction.

The fact is, the subject of international copyright has never yet been thoroughly and intelligently discussed in Congress. It seems impossible to convince that honorable body that American literature can be benefited by extending copyright protection to foreign authors. It is only necessary to refer to the adverse report of Mr. Morrill on international copyright, made to the United States Senate in 1873. The learned Senator, after stating that the Constitution gives to Congress the power of enacting copyright laws, "to promote the progress of science," solemnly asked, "How will an international copyright law promote the progress of science? If an author is already incited to mental labor by the laws of his own country, how will an international copyright operate as a further incitement?" The satisfaction of knowing that his work—upon which he has expended months, and perhaps years, of mental labor—will be published and paid for, might seem to operate as a further incitement. An international copyright, by inducing American publishers to buy more American books, instead of "appropriating" English books, will give an impetus to our literature such as it has never had before. And, by protecting the pecuniary interests of our authors abroad, it will "operate as a further incitement to mental labor." It is extraordinary that so clear a proposition should be misunderstood by men of average understanding.

Whatever may have been the case in the past, there is now every disposition on the part of American publishers, with very few exceptions, to do full justice to foreign authors. Not only as a simple piece of mercantile honesty, but, also, as a measure of mercantile policy, our respectable publishers are decidedly in favor of the international copyright. Their present system of paying for advance sheets of English books gives them no legal protection, but only two or three weeks' start over less scrupulous rivals, who, paying nothing to the English author, can afford to undersell honest publishers. Under an international copyright law, a payment no greater than what is now given for advanced sheets or royalty would afford American publishers a legal protection and enable them to get out better editions, and also to reprint English books of a higher class. Thus, foreign authors would be remunerated, American publishers would be legally protected in their legally purchased property, American authors would no longer have to contend against the unbought literature of Great Britain, and the odium of countenancing literary piracy would no longer blacken our national honor.

The writer has corresponded with some of our largest publishing houses upon this subject, and, so far as ascertained, the opinion is universally in favor of international copyright. Many of them have always favored such legislation without condition.

The position of others was set forth by Mr. W. H. Appleton, in 1871, in a letter to the "London Times":

"It is taken for granted all round in this discussion that the Americans are opposed to an international copyright law. On what evidence? That England has proffered it, and we have rejected it—perhaps over and over again. But this only proves that we object to certain forms of it. I deny that the Americans have ever rejected an author's international copyright law from you, or ever had a chance to. * * * * *

"Avowedly an author's copyright, it is really an author's and publisher's copyright that is demanded of us. You may not see the difference; Americans do. * * * * *

"I am of opinion that an international copyright law rigorously in the author's interest, requiring him to make contracts for American republication directly with American publishers, and taking effect only upon books entirely manufactured in the United States, would be acceptable to our people. * * * I advocate international copyright as a matter of principle and sound policy, and in my letter to Mr. Ennis, in 1853, I took the ground that I now take."

A more recent movement for international copyright is, perhaps, the most interesting of all, because most promising of practical results. Under date of November, 1878, Messrs. Harper & Bros. addressed to the Secretary of State a letter suggesting the appointment of an international commission, to consist of three authors, three publishers and three publicists from each of the two countries, which might arrange the terms of a treaty. This house was understood practically to oppose international copyright, as so far proposed in Congress, on the ground that, under "the courtesy of the trade," English authors were fairly remunerated, and that the proposed methods of international copyright would place our market under control of English publishers and prove disastrous to the interests of American readers. The growth, within two years, of the ten-cent novel reprints, issued by houses which not only paid no royalty to authors but freely availed themselves of the experience and outlay of American publishers who had paid royalty, has put a different face on the matter. The letter to Mr. Evarts was made public in a circular issued by Messrs. Harper in March, 1879, which contained also the draft of a treaty presented by Lord Clarendon, in 1870, with such modifications as, in the judgment of this house, were necessary to protect American interests. The treaty is intended to cover "publications of books, of dramatic works, of musical compositions, of drawing, of painting, of sculpture, of engraving, of lithography, and of other works whatsoever of literature and of the fine arts." Its essential article provides that

"the subjects or citizens of either of the two countries to whom the laws of their own country do now or may hereafter give, as authors or proprietors of works of literature or art, the right of copyright or property, shall be entitled to exercise that right in the territories of the other of such countries for the same term and to the same extent as the authors or proprietors of works of the same nature, if published in such other country, would therein be entitled to exercise such right; provided that the author of any work of literature manufactured and published in the one country shall not be entitled to copyright in the other country unless such work shall be also manufactured and published therein, by a subject or citizen thereof, within three months after its original publication in the country of the author or proprietor; but this proviso shall not apply to paintings, engravings, sculptures, or other works of art; and the word 'manufacture' shall not be held to prohibit printing in one country from stereotype plates prepared in the other and imported for this purpose."

It seems probable that the final solution of this question will be the negotiation of some such treaty as is here suggested. American publishers are now practically united in favor of the reform, and it is hoped our own government will now take the initiative in official action.

It should be mentioned, to the credit of several of our largest publishers, that they have practically anticipated an international copyright law, and given English authors the benefit of such a law, as though it really existed. Indeed, in some instances English authors have been paid more for their books than they would have received under copyright law. Still, the true interests of American and English literature demand the adoption of an international copyright law by the two Governments. The recent Royal Copyright Commission magnanimously commended in 1878 the offering of copyright on equal terms to foreign authors, without regard to the action of other countries. Shall the United States take up the gauntlet thus thrown down? For the protection of our sailors' rights, we engaged with England in a long and bloody war. Shall we not, for the protection of our authors' rights, engage with her in a friendly agreement for international copyright?

WALHALLA.

A FEW years ago a young English artist, named Reid, who was traveling through this country, stopped for a day or two at Louisville, having found an old friend there.

He urged this gentleman to go with him into the mountainous region of Tennessee and North Carolina.

"The foliage," he said, "will be worth study in September; and besides, I have an errand there for my brother. He is a house-decorator in London, and when he was in the Alps last summer, he was told that a wood-carver, whose work he saw in Berne, and fancied, had emigrated to America two or three years ago, turned farmer, and joined a small German colony in these mountains. I am to find this colony if I can, and if there is any workman of real skill in it, to offer him regular work and good wages in London. My brother is in immediate need of a panel-carver."

"He could have imported a dozen from Berne."

"Certainly," said Reid, with a shrug; "but Tom has his whims. He fancied that he detected a delicacy, a spirit in this man's work—an undiscovered Bewick, in fact. Where do you suppose the fellow is hidden, Pomeroy? Do you know of any such colony?"

"No, and I hardly can believe that there are any thrifty Germans among those impregnable mountains. Why, access to many of the counties is only to be had on mules, and at the risk of your neck. Your German must have a market for his work; he would find none there."

They were talking in the breakfast room of the hotel. A man at the same table looked up and nodded.

"Beg pardon, but couldn't help overhearing. Think the place you want is in South Carolina. Name of Walhalla. Village. Queer little corner. Oconee county."

"Oh, thanks!" said Reid, eyeing him speculatively, as probably a new specimen of the American. "Any Swiss there, do you know?"

"That I can't tell you, sir," said the stranger, expanding suddenly into the geniality of an old acquaintance. "They're Germans, I take it. Shut out of the world by the mountains as completely as if the place was a 'hall of the dead,' as they call it. There it is, with German houses and German customs, dropped down right into the midst of Carolina snuff-rubbers, and Georgian clay-eaters. I found the village five years ago, while I was buying up skins in the mountains. I'm a fur dealer. Cincinnati. One of my cards, gentlemen?" * * *

To Walhalla, therefore, Mr. Reid and his friend went. They tried to strike a bee-line to it, through a wilderness of mountain ranges, by trails known only to the trappers; taking them as their guides, and sleeping in their huts at night. After two weeks of climbing among the clouds, of solitary communion with Nature, of unmitigated dirt, fried pork, and fleas, they came in sight of Walhalla.

They had reached Macon county, North Carolina, where the Appalachian range, which stretches like a vast bulwark along the eastern coast of the continent, closes abruptly in walls of rock, jutting like mighty promontories into the plains of Georgia and South Carolina.

Reid and Pomeroy stopped one morning on one of these heights, to water their mules at a spring, from which two streams bubbled through the grass and separated, one to flow into the Atlantic, the other into the Gulf of Mexico, so narrow and steep was the ridge on which they stood. The wind blew thin and cold in their faces; the sun shone brightly about them; but below, great masses of cumulus clouds were driven, ebbing like waves, out toward the horizon. Far down in the valley a rain-storm was raging. It occupied but small space, and looked like a motionless cataract of gray fog, torn at times by yellow, jagged lightning.

Not far from the spring a brown mare was tethered, and near it a stout young man in blue homespun was lying, stretched lazily out on the dry, ash-colored moss, his chin in his palms, watching the storm in the valley. An empty sack had served as a saddle for the mare; slung about the man's waist was a whisky flask and a horn. He was evidently a farmer, who had come up into the mountains to salt his wild cattle.

Reid took note of the clean jacket, the steady blue eyes, the red rose in his cap.

"Swiss," he said to Pomeroy. "Where is Walhalla, my friend?"

The man touched his cap, and pointed to a wisp of smoke at the base of the mount-

ain. As they rode on, his dog snuffed curiously at their horses' heels, but Hans did not raise his head to look after them.

"That is the first man I have seen in America," said Reid, "who took time to look at the world he lived in."

When they were gone, Hans lay watching the cloud below soften from a metallic black mass into pearly haze; then it drifted up into films across the green hills. On the nearer plain below, he could now see the white-bolled cotton-fields, wet and shining after the shower; threads of mist full of rainbow lights traced out the water-courses; damp, earthy scents came up to the height from the soaked forests. After a long while he rose leisurely, his eyes filled with satisfaction, as one who has had a good visit in the home of a friend. He mounted the mare and rode down the trail; the sun shone ruddily on the peaks above him, but there was a damp, shivering twilight in the gorges. Both seemed holiday weather to the young fellow; his mare whinnied when he patted her neck; the dog ran, barking and jumping upon him; it was a conversation that had been going on for years among old friends.

Mr. Reid reached Walhalla just before sundown. As his mule went slowly down the wide street, he looked from side to side with pleased surprise.

"It is a street out of some German village," he said. "I have not seen such thrift or homely comfort in this country."

"It is only the sudden contrast to the grandeur and dirt behind us," said Pomeroy. "If you miss the repose and exaltation of the lofty heights which you talked of, you will find scrubbed floors and flea-less beds a solid consolation."

The sleepy hamlet consisted of but one broad street, lined by quaint wooden houses, their stoops covered with grape-vines or roses. Back of these houses stretched trim gardens, gay with dahlias and yellow wall-flowers; back of these, again, were the farms. Along the middle of the street, at intervals, were shaded wells, public scales, a platform for town meetings. The people were gathered about one of the wells, in their old German fashion, the men with their pipes, the women with their knitting.

Reid remained in Walhalla for two or three days. He found that there were several Swiss families and that many of the men had been wood-carvers at home. He hit upon a plan to accomplish his purpose. He gave a subject for a panel,—the Flight into Egypt,—and announced that any one who chose might undertake the work; that he would return in a month (he had found there was access to Columbia by railway through the valley), and would then buy the best panel offered at a fair price, and, if the skill shown in the work satisfied him, would send the carver to London free of expense, and insure him high and steady wages.

The day he left, all the village collected about the well to talk the matter over. Here was a strange gust from the outer world blowing into their dead calm! Most of them had forgotten that there was a world outside of Walhalla. They tilled their farms and bartered with the mountaineers. Twice a year Schopf went to Charlotte for goods to fill his drowsy shop. London? Riches? Fame? The blast of a strange trumpet, truly. The blood began to quicken. Such of them as had been wood-carvers felt their fingers itch for the knife.

"No doubt it is George Heller who will win it," everybody said. "That fellow has ambition to conquer the world. Did you see how he followed the Englishmen about? He could talk to them in their own fashion. George is no ordinary man!"

"If Hans had but his wit now!" said one, nodding as Hans on his mare came down the street. "Hans is a good fellow. But he will never make a stir in the world. Now, George's fingers used to be as nimble as his tongue."

Heller's tongue, meanwhile, was wagging nimbly enough at the other side of the well. He was a little, wiry, red-haired, spectacled fellow, with a perpetual movement and sparkle about him, as if his thoughts were flame.

"That's the right sort of talk. Fame—profit! Why should we always drag behind the world here at Walhalla? Plough and dig, plough and dig! The richest man in New York left Germany a butcher's son, with his wallet strapped on his back; and what is New York to London? Just give me a foothold in London and I'll show you what a baker's son can do, let Hans Becht laugh as he chooses!" For Hans, who had come down to the well, was listening with a quizzical twinkle in his eye. He filled his pipe, laughed, sat down and said nothing. Everybody knew Hans to be the most silent man in Walhalla.

The pretty girls gathered shyly closer to Heller; and the boys thrust their hands in their pockets and stared admiringly up at him. Hans was their especial friend, but what a stout, common-place creature he was beside this brilliant fellow!

"A man only needs a foothold in this world!" George said, adjusting his spectacles and looking nervously toward a bench where a young girl sat holding her baby brother. The child was a solid lump of flesh, but she looked down at him with the tenderest eyes in the world. The sight of her drove the blood through Heller's veins almost as hotly as the smell of a glass of liquor would do. "Oh, if I win, I'll take a wife from Walhalla!" he cried, laughing excitedly, looking at her and not caring that the whole village saw his look. "I'll come back for the girl I love!" He fancied that the shy eyes had caught the fire from his own and answered with a sudden flash.

Hans thought so, too; his pipe went out in his mouth. When she rose to go home, he took the heavy boy out of her arms, and walked beside her. Heller's shrill voice sounded behind them like a vehement fife.

"Success....money....money!"

Hans looked anxiously down into her face.

"They are good things," she said, "very good things."

Hans's tongue was tied as usual. He dropped Phil in the cradle in the kitchen, and then came out and led Christine down to the garden of his own house.

What was London—money, to *home?* Surely she must see that! He led her slowly past the well-built barn and piggeries, past the bee-hives hidden behind the cherry-trees, and seated her on the porch. He thought these things would speak for him. Hans clung as closely to his home as Phil yonder to his mother's breast. But Christine looked sullen.

Hans said nothing.

"A man should not be satisfied with a kitchen garden," she said sharply.

They sat on the porch steps. The night air was warm and pure, the moon hung low over the rice fields to the left, throwing fantastic shadows that chased each other like noiseless ghosts as the wind swayed the grain. To the right, beyond the valley, the mountains pierced the sky. They were all so friendly, but dumb—dumb as himself. If they could only speak and say of how little account money was, after all! It seemed to Hans as if they were always just going to speak!

But Christine did not look at sky, or mountains, or sleeping valley. She looked at the gravel at her feet, and gave it a little kick.

"No doubt George Heller will succeed. I hope he will, too!" she said vehemently. "If a man has the real stuff in him let him show it to the world! I'll go home now, Mr. Becht."

That evening Hans's violin was silent. He used to play until late in the night; but he was sharpening his long unused knives, with a pale face. He, too, was beginning a Flight into Egypt.

During the next two weeks a tremendous whittling went on in Walhalla. Some old fellows, who had never cut anything but paper-knives and match-boxes, were fired with the universal frenzy. Why should not Stein, the cobbler, or Fritz, the butcher, chip his way to wealth, fame, and London? There is not a butcher or cobbler of us all who does not secretly believe himself a genius equal to the best—barred down by circumstance. George Heller kept his work secret, but he was mightily stirred by it in soul and body. Twice, in a rage, he broke the panel into bits, and came out pale and covered with perspiration; he walked about muttering to himself like one in a dream; he went to Godfrey Stein's inn and drank wine and brandy, and then more brandy, and forgot to pay. Genius is apt to leave the lesser virtues in the lurch. He kicked the dogs out of the way, cursed the children, and was insolent to his old father who still fed and clothed him.

"He's no better than a wolf's whelp!" said Stein. "But he's got the true artist soul. He'll win!" Now if anybody knew the world, it was Godfrey Stein.

Nobody thought Hans Becht would win but his old mother. She was sure of it. She sat beside him with her knitting, talking all the time. Why did he not give himself more time? The rice-field must be flooded? Let the rice go this year. He spent three hours in the cotton this morning. And what with foddering the stock, and rubbing down even the pigs——. What were cotton and pigs to this chance? It would come but once a life-time.

Meanwhile, Hans, when free from pigs and rice and cotton, sat by the window and cut, cut, and whistled softly. The door of the kitchen stood open, and the chickens came picking their way on to the white floor. A swift stream of water ran through the millet field and across the garden, shining in the sun. The red rhododendrons nodded over it, and the rowan bushes, scarlet with berries. Beyond the millet field, there was a rampart of rolling hills, bronzed with the early frost; but here blazed

the crimson leaves of the shonieho, and there a cucumber tree thrust its open golden fruit, studded with scarlet seeds, through the dull back-ground. Beyond this rising ground were the peaks, indistinct as gray shadows, holding up the sky.

Sometimes Mother Becht caught Hans with his knife idle, looking at these far off heights, or at the minnows glancing through the brook near at hand. There was a great pleasure in his eyes.

"You are a fool to throw away your time," she cried. "Can you cut that red weed or the sky into your wood? You could not even paint them."

"God forbid that anybody should try!" thought Hans.

"Stick to your work! work counts. The things that count in the world are those which push you up among your neighbors."

Hans began to cut a tip to Joseph's nose.

"The things which count in the world ——" he queried to himself. He did his thinking very slowly. His blind father sat outside in the sun; he came in every hour or two to hear how the work was going on, and then went to Schopf's shop to report. His wife told him that there was no doubt that Hans would succeed.

"Joseph is good, and Mary is very fine," she said. "But the mule is incomparable. If you could only see the mule! When Hans goes to London, do you think he will take us at once, or send for us in the spring? I think it would be safer to cross the ocean in the spring. But it will not matter to cabin-passengers—no steerage for us, then, father! He will be taking three of us ——"

"Eh? How's that? Three?"

"Christine," she said, with a significant chuckle. "Oh, she'll be glad enough to take our Hans, then! She's had to work her fingers to the bone. She knows the weight of a full purse."

"Hans is welcome to bring her home whether he wins or not," said Father Becht. "He earns the loaf, and it's big enough for four. There's not a sweeter voice in Walhalla than Christy Vogel's."

"She's well enough," said Mrs. Becht, cautiously. "Vogel's tobacco brought half a cent in the pound more than ours, and it was Christine's raising and drying. Her beer's fair, too. I've tasted it." She went in and talked to Hans. "Only win, and Christine will marry you. She'll follow the full purse."

"She'll follow the man she loves, and that is not I," thought Hans, and he stopped whistling. His mother's voice sounded on, click-click.

"When we are rich—when we are in London—when we drive in a carriage ——"

"She, too?" he considered, looking out thoughtfully about him at the fat farm-lands, the pleasant house, the cheery fire, and then away to the scarlet rowan burning in the brown undergrowth, and the misty, heaven-reaching heights.

Even his mother counted these things as nothing beside fame, London, money. Was he then mad or a fool?

Nobody thought he would win. Yet, everybody stopped to look in the window, with "good-luck, Hans!"

"See what a favorite you are, my lad," said his mother. "There's not a man or a woman in Walhalla to whom you have not done a kindness. Do you think the Lord does not know you deserve success? If He does not give you the prize instead of that drunken Heller, there's no justice in heaven!"

At last the Englishman returned. The decision was to be made that night. Hans had finished his panel that very day. He did not know whether it was bad or good. He had cut away at it as faithfully as he had rubbed down his pigs. He wrapped it up that evening and went down to the inn, stopping at Vogel's on the way. The old people were at the well; Christine had cooked the supper, milked the cows, and now she was up in her chamber singing little Phil to sleep.

Her voice came down to Hans below full of passion and sadness.

"Who is it she loves in that way?" he wondered. He stood in the path of the little yard, listening. Heller, coming across the street eyed the square-jawed, heavy figure. What an awkward figure it was, to be sure. How the linen clothes bagged about it! He glanced down at his own natty little legs and shining boots, and tossed his head jerkily. He carried his panel wrapped in cloth, and came in, banging the gate after him.

"Is that you, Becht? Been whittling, too?" he said, with an insolent chuckle.

Hans looked at him steadfastly, not hearing a word that he said. Was it Heller she loved? If he were sure of it, he would not speak a word for himself. No matter what became of him, if she were content. He was hurt to the core.

Christine came down. She wore some stuff of pale blue, and had fastened a

bunch of wild roses in her bosom. She was so silent and cold with both the young men that one could hardly believe that it was the woman who had sung with such passionate longing over the child.

"Now you shall see my panel!" cried Heller, nervously adjusting his spectacles. He set it on the bench and dragged off the cloth.

"Ah-h!" cried Christine, clasping her hands; then she turned anxiously to Hans.

Hans was not ready with his words. His eyes filled with tears. He laid his hand on Heller's shoulder with hearty good-will. The work gave him keen pleasure. In the face of the mother bending over the child there was that inscrutable meaning which he found in the quiet valleys, the far heights. But Heller, oddly, did not seem to see it.

"Yes, very nice bits of chipping there!" pulling at his red moustache. "I shall ask fifty dollars for that."

Christine turned her searching eyes on him.

"Yes, fifty," he repeated, feeling that he had impressed her.

Hans, too, looked at him wondering. How could this paltry sot compel the secret into his work, which to him was but a holy dream? Christine was watching him anxiously.

"Is that your panel?" she said at last.

Hans nodded, hesitated a moment, and then broke the thin bit of wood in two and flung it into the road.

"It was nothing but a passably cut mule," he said.

Heller laughed loud.

"Well, time to be off. Wish me good luck, Christine!"

She smiled and walked with him to the gate. Hans followed, but she did not once look at Hans. As she opened the gate Heller laid his hand quickly on hers; a rose fell from her dress, he caught it and pressed it to his lips. His breath was rank with liquor. Hans thrust him back and strode between them.

"This must end. Christine, you must choose between this man and me."

"I can easily do that," she said, quickly.

Heller laughed. Hans gulped down a lump in his throat.

"Not to-night," he said.

By to-morrow, no doubt, Heller would be known as successful, the man whose purse would always be full. Christine must know precisely what she was choosing. It was like Hans to think of these things. If—in spite of it all—she came to him——

"There is another rose on your breast. Send it to-morrow to the man you love."

"I will." She did not look at him. She was as pale as himself. He went down the street, leaving her with Heller.

Two hours afterward he went to the inn where Reid was, and sat on a bench at the door. Half the village was inside waiting to hear the decision. His heart beat rebelliously against his breast. What if, after all, there had been great hidden merit in his panel? It was only natural that Christine should be won by clap-trap of success and money—she was only a woman. "But no," he answered himself, "what I am—I am. I want no varnish of praise or money."

Out came the crowd.

"I knew it!" "The most worthless lout in Walhalla!" "A drunkard for luck!" "He goes to London next week."

"Then he must come back for his wife," said Stein. "He told me to-night he was betrothed to Christy."

Hans stood up, and nodded good-night to them as he pushed through the crowd. He did not go home. A damp breeze blew up the valley. Down yonder were the far-reaching meadows, the lapping streams, the great friendly trees. He went to them as a child goes to its mother in trouble.

About six miles from Walhalla lies the trunk line of the Atlanta and Richmond railroad. At ten o'clock that evening, the moon being at the full, the engineer of the express train, going north, saw a man at a turn of the road signaling him vehemently to stop. Now, a way train in that leisurely region will pull up for any signal. But this engineer looked out in calm contempt.

"Reckon he don't know the express!" he said. A little child in the cars saw the man gesticulating wildly and laughed at him through the open window.

The man disappeared over the brow of the hill. The road made a long circuit around its base. When the engine came around this bend, the engineer, Hurst, saw on the track in front, a prison hand-car used to transport the convict laborers from one division to another. The convicts had been taken to the stockade for the night, and the driver of the car was inside of it, dead drunk.

Hurst had been twenty years in his business; he understood the condition of affairs at a glance. He knew it meant death to all those people in the crowded cars behind

him, to him first of all. He whistled down brakes, but he knew it was of no use. The brakes were of the old kind, and before the train could be slackened it would be upon the solid mass in front.

"We're done for, Zack," he said to the fireman. He did not think of jumping off his engine. It is noticeable how few common-place men try to shirk death when in the discharge of duty.

The brakes were of no use. The engine swept on, hissing, shrieking.

Suddenly Hurst saw that the car was backing!—creeping like a snail; but assuredly backing.

"Y-ha!" yelled Zack.

Hurst saw the man who had warned him standing on the platform of the car, working it. Now, it required at least four men to work that car.

In another minute the engine would be upon him.

"God! You'll be killed!" shouted Hurst. The terrible hardihood of the man stunned him into forgetting that anybody else was in danger. At that instant from the train came a frightful shriek—women's voices. The passengers for the first time saw their danger.

It was but a point of time, yet it seemed like an hour. The train did not abate its speed. The man, a short fellow of powerful build, threw the strength of a giant into his straining muscles, his white face with its distended eyes was close in front in the red glare of the engine.

Hurst shut his eyes. He muttered something about Joe,—Joe was his little boy.

The train jarred with a long scrunching rasp, and—stopped. They were saved.

"Great God!" prayed Hurst. "Tight squeak for your life, Zack," he said aloud, wetting his lips with his tongue.

The people poured out of the train. They went up to the car, some laughing, some swearing. But every man there felt as if Death had taken his soul into his hold for a moment, and then let it go.

Three stout men tried to move the car. They could not do it.

"Who is that fellow?"

"A workman on the road?"

"No," said Hurst.

"Where is he?" asked several.

For he had vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up.

"He was a youngish, light complexioned fellow," said Zack. "Most likely a Deutcher from Walhalla."

"Whoever he may be, he saved our lives," said a director of the road. "I never saw such desperate courage. I vote for a testimonial."

The American soul exults in testimonials, and the Southerner is free with his money. There happened, too, to be a delegation of New York merchants on board, who valued their lives at a pretty figure. More than all, there was a widow from California, the owner of millions and of the pretty boy who had looked out of the window. "He saved my baby," she said with a sob, as she took the paper.

The testimonial grew suddenly into a sum which made Hurst wink with amazement when he heard of it. "That fellow will be king in Walhalla," he said.

It was near morning when Hans came home. He went to his room, said his prayers, and slept heavily. The next morning the village was on fire with excitement. The inn was full of passengers from the train; the story was in everybody's mouth. The director of the road had driven over from the station. When Hans went down to the pasture that morning he saw a placard stating the facts and the sum subscribed, and requesting the claimant to present himself at the station that evening for identification by Hurst.

Hans went on to the pasture. When he came back and was at work in the garden, he could hear through the paling the people talking as they went by.

"He will be the richest man in Walhalla."

"The director says the company will give him a situation for life. So they ought!"

Nothing else was talked of. The contests of yesterday and all the Flights into Egypt were forgotten.

"Ah, how lucky that fellow is," he heard his mother say on the sidewalk. "And there's Heller! Some people are born to luck!" looking over the palings with bitter disappointment at Hans, digging potatoes.

But blind Father Becht listened in silence. He knew but one man in the world brave enough for such a deed. "I give that lad my blessing!" he said, striking his cane on the ground. He, too, turned toward Hans digging potatoes.

"Heller is packing to be off to London," somebody said. "They say Vogel's pretty daughter is to follow in the spring."

Hans stuck in his spade and went to his mother. "I am going to salt the cattle on the north mountain," he said.

"Very well. He does not care to know who this brave lad is," she said to his father. "He's a good boy, but dull—dull. They say there is a woman from California at the inn. She says she must see the man who saved her boy's life. She is rich and has her whims, no doubt."

Night came, but the man did not present himself. The next day the director, who was of a generous, impatient temper, offered a reward to anybody who could make him known. It was certain he had told nobody what he had done, or they would have come forward for the reward. The excitement grew with every hour. Hans returned late in the next day. He went to his spade and began to dig the rest of the potatoes. His mother followed.

"Well," she exclaimed, "he is not found! The story is gone by telegraph to all parts of the country. Here are fame and riches waiting for him. Some people certainly are born on lucky Sundays. There is Heller, the drunken beast, gone off to London. And you must dig potatoes! There's no justice in heaven!"

She clicked away, knitting as she went.

Now I may as well say here that although this happened years ago, the missing man is not yet found. He is the mystery and pride of all that region. The director put the money out at compound interest, but it is yet unclaimed.

Concerning Hans, however, who digs his potatoes in the same patch, we have something more to tell. When he had finished digging that morning he went into the house. The stout fellow had lost his ruddy color, as though he had lately gone through some heavy strain of body or soul. He sat on the kitchen steps and played a soft air on his violin. The earth he had been digging lay in moist, black heaps. He liked the smell of it. How like a whispering voice was the gurgle of the stream through the roots of the sumachs! Yonder was a Peruvian tree, raising its trunk and branches in blood-red leaves against the still air; far beyond were the solemn heights. He had just come from there. He knew how quiet it was yonder near the sky—how friendly. All these things came, as he played, into the music and spoke through it, and a great stillness shone in his eyes.

And at that moment—he never forgot it in all his life—a woman's hand brushed his cheek, and a red rose came before his eyes.

"You did not come for the rose, so I brought it to you," said Christine.

Later in the morning they went to the well together; all their neighbors were there, and it was soon known they were betrothed. Everybody took Hans by the hand. He had never guessed he had so many friends. "There is no better fellow in the world," they said to one another. "He deserves luck."

"That is why I was impatient with you," whispered Christine. "I could not bear to see that miserable Heller carry away all the praise and the money."

"These are not the things in the world that count," said Hans, quietly.

Presently an open carriage drove through the street.

"That is the lady who was in the train," the people whispered. "That is her boy. She says she will not go until she finds the man who saved them."

The lady, smiling, held her baby up that it might see the women. She was greatly amused and interested by the quaint German village. When the boy caught sight of Hans he laughed and held out his hands. The mother nodded kindly. "The brave man who saved us also wore a workman's dress, I am told," she said. "My boy saw him as he passed."

Hans took the child in his arms for a moment, and kissed him. When he gave him back to his mother his eyes were full of tears. Then the carriage drove on.

He stood at the door of the home that was so dear to him. Christine held his hand, the sun shone cheerfully about him.

"To think," said his mother, "that we are not to know who that brave fellow was."

His blind father took Hans's other hand softly in his.

"*God knows*," he said.

But no one heard him.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Pettiness in Art.

In an article published some months since in this department, entitled "Greatness in Art," we gave utterance to some thoughts which we would like to emphasize here. A man traveling in Europe discovers at once a different style of art from that produced here—a larger and more dignified style. The pictures which he sees there, in public galleries and in the multitudinous Catholic churches, are such as are never produced here. There is no outlet here for the largest thoughts and highest inspirations of the artist mind and hand. Men must paint for a market. If there are no public galleries to paint for, and no churches demand their work, then they must paint for the walls of the homes of the land. This necessarily restricts their paintings in the matter of dimensions; so everybody paints small pictures. A small picture is a restriction in the matter of subjects. A dignified historical picture must have large figures to be impressive: and however serious and ambitious a painter may be, he is loth to place a work that, by its nature, demands a large canvas and broad handling, on a small canvas that compels pettiness of detail and effects.

The barrel that an American artist may have in his brain cannot be sold to anybody. The largest thing that anybody buys is a gallon, and the really marketable things are quarts and pints. An artist may hold in his imagination a palace for kings and queens and the nobility of the earth, but he can only sell a play-house for children, and he is obliged to sell to get food and shelter for himself and his dependents. So American art is made up of the quarts and pints of the artistic capacity of its producers and the toy-houses which should be palaces and broad domains. The tendency of these facts is degrading and depressing to the last degree. They have already dwarfed American art and circumscribed its development. When it gets to this,—that every artist who undertakes a great thing is looked upon as a profligate or a fool, because there is no market for a great thing,—matters can hardly be worse. The necessarily constant consideration of marketableness in pictures is very degrading, and tends inevitably to unfit the artist for the best work. Crowded into the smallest spaces, cut off from all great ambitions, men cease to think largely, grow petty in their subjects, reach out into striking mannerisms for the sake of effects that cannot be produced in a natural way, and lavish on technique the power and pains that should go into great designs and a free and full individual expression.

The recent exhibition of water colors in this city showed how far into pettiness the artists in that line of work have gone. There was much that was bright and pretty and attractive, but how irredeemably petty it all was! It may be said that nothing can be expected of water colors beyond the representation of petty things, but we remember three large water-color exhibitions in London, all open at the same time, where there were pictures so large and important and fine, that thousands of dollars were demanded for them and commanded by them. The painters attempted and accomplished great things. They showed, at least, that the desire and the motive to do great things were not absolutely extinguished within them. There were up-reachings toward high ideals. Here, we seem to be on a dead level of conception and aim, and the man cleverest with his hand leads. The catalogue will rehearse the topics—too trivial to engage any poet's attention, too petty to inspire any man's respect. The worst of this is that this collection of pettinesses was sold almost to the last picture. We are glad to see the purses of the artists filled; but the success of this unprecedented sale must be to encourage them in a path of degeneration and demoralization.

It pays to be petty. It is a thousand pities that there is no outlet in America for the best and highest that her artists can do. Wandering through the beautiful miles of pictures in Rome, in Florence, in Munich, in Paris, in Versailles, in London,—gazing upon the walls of splendid churches scattered all over Europe,—we can see where the inspirations have come from that have made that art supreme. The market for great work was open, and the best and greatest that the best and greatest artist could do was sure of a place and a price. When America establishes galleries of pictures, and holds the funds to pay for all that is great and worthy, the great and worthy pictures will undoubtedly be painted. Meantime, the artists of the country must fight the influences which depress and demoralize them as best they can. They can do more and better than they are doing, we are sure. We sincerely hope that next year we shall have, in all our exhibitions, an advance in the subjects treated, so that pettiness in size of pictures may be somewhat atoned for by dignity and interest of topic and a larger and more natural style of treatment. The nation is not only becoming prosperous, but is constantly progressing in the knowledge of art, so that we believe all good artists will find it for their pecuniary advantage to go higher in their work,—higher in excellence and higher in price. If they cannot sell large pictures, they can surely sell those of graver import and more elaborate execution.

International Copyright.

There is something encouraging to the friends of international copyright in the present condition of things. It is humiliating, of course, to every author that his own rights have had very little consideration in the handling of this question. If he has asked for the protection of literary property for himself and his *confrères*, at home and abroad, he

has been opposed by the publishing and paper-making interests, and on their behalf he has uniformly been defeated. He has been obliged to wait for the adjustment of his own rights until these other interests should be ready; and they have never been ready. Our American publishers have cared nothing, as a rule, for the author, or for right. They have simply been looking after their own interests. American authorship has nothing to expect from the publishing interest for itself. The trouble is that American publishers dread international copyright for the sole reason that it is possible, under it, for English publishers to make and sell in this market their own editions of books that have hitherto been stolen. Could this apprehended difficulty be provided against, there would be no hinderance in getting an international copyright tomorrow. The American publisher wishes to make all the books, American and foreign, that are sold in this market, and the paper-maker desires to manufacture the paper for them.

Now, we would like to emphasize some facts connected with this matter, and to call attention to the natural results of this course of action on the part of American publishers. The rights of literary property have been steadily ignored throughout the whole of American history. The foreign author has had no rights here, and the American author's property has had little protection abroad. The publishers of each nation have had the privilege of stealing literary property from each other at will. Many men in America have been greatly enriched by availing themselves of the inventions and works of foreign authors, without making any returns. The business —even the main business—of some of our American publishers, has been a business of persistent and industrious theft. The author has had no chance by the side of the inventor of a machine. Tennyson, and Browning, and Swinburne, and Dickens, and Thackeray, have had no legal protection whatever. What "courtesies" have been rendered them we do not know and we do not care. It is enough that not one of these superb writers, who ministers, or has ministered, to the culture and the pleasure of the American people, had a right, under American law, to a penny of income from his productions, while the inventor of a rat-trap could have secured a patent on his contrivance, and controlled the sale and profits of it.

We assume and assert that there is such a thing as literary property. Our own copyright law recognizes it. An American author has a right to the literary work which he produces, and in America he is protected in it. The foreign author has the same right, which our Government refuses to protect. This kind of property is very jealously guarded in England, as in other European countries, and we know of no other property belonging to a foreigner, which can be landed on our shores that is not protected by our laws. We could not steal a knife, or a pail, or a piece of cloth, belonging to a foreigner, without being summoned before the courts and made to give an account of ourselves. And be it said, right here, that the publisher has nothing whatever to do with this matter. His interference is a gross impertinence, not to say a cruel wrong. Right is right; property is property; and nothing can be made in the long run by any set of men, in any community, by denying justice to a class. It is right that the literary man should be protected in his property everywhere, and the denial of this right is certain to work mischief, in the long run, to those who undertake to make money out of such denial.

We began by saying that there is something encouraging to the friends of international copyright in the present condition of things. What is that condition? Universal sickness in the book-publishing business in America, in consequence of the facility with which foreign works are stolen. The cheap "libraries," the cheap books now produced, are ruining the book trade. The country bookseller some years ago went out of his business, and surrendered what there was left of it to the periodical dealer, and now the book-publisher must die, or get rid of these cheap books, whose copyright has been stolen. This denial of the right of the foreign author in his book has worked all the mischief. Any cut-throat can become a publisher now, and, by stealing, reduce that business to a simple matter of job-printing. So this denial of an author's rights on the part of publishers is working out its own legitimate results, in the ruin of the publishing business. Not only is it doing this, but it is ruining American authorship at the same time, and by the same means. There is no American author who does not see his own literary revenues declining year by year, in consequence of the cheap books that are now turned out by these "cheap John" pirates.

All this is very encouraging, because this stealing must be stopped to keep the American publishing interest from drifting to absolute wreck. Under what regulations an international copyright shall be granted, we do not particularly care. We should like to see our publishers protected in the manufacture of books for the American market, but that is not the first question. The first question is one of right and justice to the authors of the world. Let that be settled on its own merits, and we will risk the rest. Nothing can be so ruinous as the present system; so let us be right, and trust to right for the results to all the interests involved. We rejoice that the time has come when an international copyright is as essential to the welfare of American publishers as of American authors—when it is absolutely essential to both. Let us have it at once, and let us have it fixed, first and foremost, on a basis of justice to authorship, wherever it may exist.

Common Sense and Rum.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR: Under the heading "Topics of the Time," you have introduced in the February number a tirade against the use of spirituous liquors, or those containing alcohol. Do you know that this evil use of alcohol is but the desire of men for the casting out

of evil by its use? Wines and spirits, etc., are simply *luxuries* for nerves, for mind and heart. In the case of the rich man, they relieve the *ennui* and burden of existence; of the poor man, the stupidity and deprivation of his condition. In the case of the man in bodily weakness or suffering, they give present ease, relief or strength, and good spirits. They are a quick, though brief, panacea for all the evils of our mortal lot.

They cannot be eradicated from our use; they have been used, and forever will be. The first producer of alcohol called it "*aqua vitæ*." You may call it poison; but men will have it till some other diviner ether shall be invented to take its place. Alcohol is in all substances, or nearly all, as if the Creator intended it. Let us consider that the only good we can do in relation to it, is this: to prevent, so far as we can, the improper use of it; to secure, so far as we can, the proper use of it. Men have tried its blessing and its curse, and they *will* have it. Very truly yours,

A Clergyman and a Constant Reader.

We presume the author of the above fancies that he has written an eminently sensible note. He proposes simply to take things as he finds them, and make the best of them. Rum is a luxury for nerves, for mind and heart; a quick, though brief, panacea for all the evils of our mortal lot. Men *will* have it, and all we can do is to secure, so far as we may, the proper use of it, and prevent, so far as we can, the improper use of it.

Very well, we take our correspondent on his own ground. Let us take things as we find them—as they always have been and are always likely to be. And how do we find them? Do we find—have we ever found, under any circumstances—that rum is a blessing to society? Has it ever been an ally of the religion and morality which our correspondent preaches? Have men using it ever made a "proper" use of it? Have they not persistently made a most improper use of it, destroying their property, their health, their morality, the peace and comfort of their families, their lives? Can our correspondent name any curse that compares in horrible efficiency of degrading and destructive power, with this curse of alcohol?

We weary with statistics. They have been given, over and over again, and the facts are so sickening and the figures are so astounding that we tire of reiterating them. But if we are to accept facts as they are, we have only to refer to our jurists to learn that the great fountain-head of crime is the rum-bottle; our statistics of pauperism will show us that drunkenness is the source of most of our poverty; and our political economists will prove to us that our national prosperities are poured down the throats of a guzzling, infatuated multitude, while most of our clergymen will testify that this "luxury for nerves" is debasing to morals and destructive of religion. In short, when we come to take facts as they are, we find that the human race have never made a "proper" use of alcoholic drinks, that they cannot be trusted with them, and that what our divine correspondent regards as a divine ether, only to be superseded by a diviner, is an infernal nuisance.

What does our clerical correspondent propose to do with this fact that mankind, when left perfectly free, have never made a "proper" use of alcoholic drinks, and cannot be trusted to do so? He knows that wherever there is an open rum-shop there is abuse. He knows that in whatever community this divine ether is for sale, there drunkards are made, and fortunes are squandered, and women and children are ruined. He knows that the use of this God-given alcohol is the cause of ten thousand times more pain and loss than pleasure and gain, and that if it could be shut off from the use of the world, the world would be incalculably the gainer. What does he propose to do with facts like these? For, after all, his practical proposition is the same as our own—to restrict the improper use of alcohol and promote its proper use. The fact is that it is a drug which has the power to unfit men for using it properly. It is not like bread or meat. It makes insane. It develops uncontrollable appetite. It is such a demoralizer that it destroys the power of safe and judicious handling. What shall be done with this fact, if we are to take facts as we find them?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints for the Yosemite Trip.

Last July I found myself in San Francisco, with my face toward Yosemite. I began reading guide-books and practical manuals. With free ranging ground in a good library, two days gave me a surfeit of this kind of mental pabulum. I expected to find on Yosemite something like Whymper's "Scramble among the Alps," but I did not. Still I pored over such books as I could find, taking copious notes, not one of which was found of the slightest service, and obtained from ticket agents and tourists much information which would have been valuable if any of it had been true. It would savor of the guide-books to give many details of our trips. But a few of the most striking features will, I think, bear notice.

In the Valley itself one gets no conception of its depth, nor of the height of the mountains that wall it in. Hence, a trip to Yosemite without an ascent of at least one of the neighboring peaks is a sad waste of time and effort. The easiest trip for one who is not strong is to Glacier Point, returning by the Nevada and Vernal Falls. This gives one a succession of fine views of the Valley and of the surrounding peaks, and carries one over a trail almost as wide and secure as a roadway. It gives an elevation of 3,200 feet, and one of the best examples

of a sheer descent to be found in the valley. Mirror Lake, Bridal Veil Fall, the base of El Capitan, Sentinel Rock, the Yosemite Falls—names familiar as household words to every owner of a stereoscopic collection—all these may be visited in short walks or drives, without fatigue. To the more ambitious there remain Eagle Peak, South Dome, and Cloud's Rest. These form a natural climax. If only one can be visited, by all means choose the last. The view repays one better than that from any other point. Eagle Peak, which is the highest of the Three Brothers—is not a difficult climb, and the way is rendered agreeable by the most delicious springs bubbling from the rock. The view from its summit is one of surpassing beauty, and gives, perhaps, the best idea of a magnificent vista of mountain-walled valley and of the encircling chain of the higher Sierras. The trip to Cloud's Rest is the most substantial achievement. The trail to this mountain is fourteen miles in length, and the miles are like those of New Jersey. The peak lies just back of South Dome, but an immense circuit is required to reach it. It is 6,150 feet above the Valley and 10,210 feet above the sea level. Thus it is almost as high above the Valley as Mt. Mitchell, or Mt. Washington, above the level of the sea. Other peaks in the Sierras surpass it greatly in elevation, but I doubt whether a spectacle so unique and impressive may be enjoyed from Shasta itself.

Perhaps the best way to give a clear idea of the expenses of a trip to Yosemite will be to add my itinerary and expense account from San Francisco:

July 10—Fare for round trip by Madera route—railroad and coach	$59.00
" —Sleeping-berth	1.50
July 11—Breakfast at Madera (*villainous*)	1.00
" —Dinner at Fresno Flats *do*	1.00
July 12—Supper, lodging and breakfast at "Clark's"	4.50
July 14—Trip to Glacier Point, Sentinel Dome, Nevada and Vernal Falls	3.25
July 15—Trip to Eagle Peak	2.00
" 16— " " Cloud's Rest	1.30
" 18— " " South Dome (beverages)	1.00
July 22—Board for ten days at $3 a day	30.00
" —Laundry, baths, sundries	5.00
" —Expenses on return trip	13.00
Total,	$123.00

For this amount any one who is economical may spend ten days in the Valley. Of my two companions one expended but $98, while the other did not get through for less than $200. His first day's trip, when he had hired a horse, paid his share of guide hire, and paid for tolls and refreshment, cost him $11.50; mine cost me $3.50; the other (who carried his lunch) spent just $1.25—the expense of two tolls!

An impression prevails at the East that a bearded ruffian, armed to the teeth, stands at the entrance of all the trails leading up to the peaks about Yosemite, and levies any tax on travelers that caprice may suggest. The truth is that the tolls are not high. The trails have been dug at much expense by the proprietors, who have leased the right from the State. These men are checked in any extortion by a guardian of the Valley. Tolls on trails range from fifty cents to one dollar, and one payment gives you the privilege of passing over a trail for the season. Board at the hotels is very reasonable, transient rates varying from $3.50 to $2.50 a day. Of the three hotels, the best one has the finest view of the Falls and consequently charges the highest price. But the table is excellent, and, considering the cost of freight on all supplies, the rates are singularly low. Prices for saddle-horses are high—$3.50 for a short trip, $5 for a long one. Guide hire is $5 a day. With a large party, of course, the cost of a guide is reduced to a small sum for each; unless one has made a very careful preparatory study of the Valley the guide is a necessary evil.

Practical hints for visitors to Yosemite may be summed up under the following heads:

1. Don't buy a round-trip ticket. If you start from San Francisco, as you probably will, enter the Valley by the Madera route and come out by the Big Oak Flat road. You thus see two groves of big trees, and at Milton you may diverge to the Calaveras grove, if your eye is not satiated with the vastness of the Sequoias. With a round-trip ticket you are foreclosed from any choice of return routes, as it is not transferable. If you visit the Valley on your way from the East, stop at Stockton, go by rail to Milton and thence by coach to the Valley, by the Big Oak Flat road, returning by the way of Madera. The rate by the former road is about one-third less than by the Madera route. The latter road was opened last year, and the bed has been graded so that in time a narrow-gauge railroad may be built to "Clark's." Another route—the Mariposa—which runs from Merced to "Clark's"—is used mainly now for the mail-stage, but probably will be used only a few years longer. Still another—the Coulterville—from Merced by way of Snelling's, Coulterville and Dudley's, enjoys much patronage.

2. Try to see the Valley in May or June. From all I could learn, the Falls are then much more majestic than later in the season—and the trails not so heated and dusty. Still, a considerable body of water comes over the Yosemite Fall as late as the first of August, and it is not usually until the first week of September that the waterfall element is entirely eliminated.

3. If your trip is made in May, wear heavy clothing; if later, wear summer clothes with heavy wraps. In summer the air in the Valley is like that of a New York September day, with just a touch of chill at morning and nightfall. The ticket agents advised me to wear a winter suit in midsummer. My sufferings have made me tender toward future victims of their inaccuracy.

4. Reduce your luggage to a satchel; otherwise, you may wait several days for a trunk that has got stranded along the road. The coach "boot" is limited in capacity, and the driver is prejudiced against Saratogas. Wear a duster of brown linen or alpaca, and a straw hat with a wide brim. Male tourists should take a change of light clothing, if possible, to put on after a day's trip. If you walk it is indispensable, as the dust

penetrates everything. The most serviceable suit is a gray tweed; it is proof against everything, and looks as presentable after a week of roughing as at the start. A gray woolen shirt is the best thing for climbing, and you need wear neither waistcoat nor coat. Stout English-soled shoes are, of course, the only thing for walking. With leather leggings the outfit for the tramp is complete. Cram your satchel with linen, for you will have to change every day. Don't forget, also, to take two or three dozen limes—the Mexican substitute for the lemon—which sell in San Francisco for a bit (one dime) a dozen. A few limes are better than a flask of whisky for tramping: they allay thirst, cost little and cause no headaches.

To those who contemplate a trip to the far West I would say: Come early and go back before the disagreeable weather sets in. Start in April, devote the remnant of the month and May to California, and return in early June. You will thus escape the alkali dust of the Plains on the overland trip, and the extreme heat of the Isthmus should you prefer a sea voyage. From July to November San Francisco and nearly all of California is an excellent place to keep away from. Dust and intense heat in the interior, dust and cold winds and heavy fogs on the coast, make it a most undesirable place of residence.

The reduction in fares to California by rail and steamer ought to swell the already large number of Eastern visitors who go to the Pacific coast every summer. The overland trip to San Francisco may now be made for $150. The fare is $100; sleeping-car ticket $25; board $25. This is a close estimate, but one may get through on it. By steamer the fare is $75 in the saloon, $85 in deck cabins. The latter are well worth the additional $10, if you have any regard for pure air. This includes all expenses except fees to the steward and waiter. There is not the slightest danger of fever on the Isthmus if one abstains from liquors and eats tropical fruits in moderation.

In San Francisco one may spend a fortnight very pleasantly. By hiring a room and boarding at French restaurants one may live for from $10 to $15 in comparative luxury, hampered by no restrictions of hotel or boarding-house. Aside from Yosemite, which perhaps repays one better for a visit than any other place in the country, there is a host of pleasant summer resorts in the State: the Geysers, Duncan's Mills, Lake Tahoe, Santa Monica, and Monterey,—a delightful old Spanish seaside town, which will have this summer several new hotels and bathing-pavilions. In fine, for $500 you may spend a month in a city and State which give as many novel sights as a foreign land; you may travel over the longest railroad in the world, or sail down the coast of California and take a jaunt through the strip of territory that is now vexing the souls of believers in the Monroe Doctrine. To one who has seen Europe there could be offered no more attractive scheme for spending a holiday season.

GEORGE H. FITCH.

Nerves in the Household.

THERE is hardly an American family in which some member is not a victim to some sort of nervous disease—neuralgia, hysteria, the extreme of epilepsy, or the mild form of constant "tire." Women, oftener young than old, are frequently mere bundles of nerves: thin and bloodless, living on morphine and valerian, known only in their homes or social lives by their sufferings, which are real enough to carry them to the edge of the grave, if too vague for any ordinary medicine to touch. An eminent physician has hit upon a system of treatment for this class of invalids, which is said to be successful. He removes them from home, changes the whole material and moral atmosphere about them, puts them to bed, and forbids them to move hand or foot. They are overfed five times a day. The lack of exercise is supplied by kneading the entire body, and by electricity. The patient goes to bed a skeleton and comes out, it is said, fat and rosy. The secret in this treatment is absolute rest, and the reduction of the patient to the condition of a mere animal.

If this principle be correct, there is no reason why every mother should not apply it in the treatment of her nervous patient (for she is sure to have one). Her husband is overworked in the office or shop; he grows thinner, more irritable; every month his appetite fails; he cannot sleep, complains of dull vacuity at the base of the brain, of a stricture like an iron band about his jaws. There is no time to lose. If possible lift the weight a little. Adopt a cheaper, simpler style of living, let the floors go uncarpeted, or take out the money in the savings-bank. There will come no rainier day than this. Give him a month's absolute holiday free from worry and work, feed him well, amuse him. Let this holiday be taken in the country, or somewhere on the water, out of sight or hearing of his daily work and cares. Nine chances out of ten he will come back a new man.

Or it is one of the boys who is pale, who has constant headaches, whose face jerks strangely in the spring, who has moody fancies, complains of injustice, has doubts of the Bible. It is the boy who is head of his class, too. The lad does not need moral discipline, or appeals to his feelings or his faith. Take him from school, and from home; turn him into a farm for a year. He will learn some things there as useful in his future life as Greek or geometry. Make him bathe regularly, eat heartily, drink milk and beef tea, sleep early at night and late in the morning. It is not the mind but the machine that needs repairing.

Or it is the mother's own arm or head that tortures her with neuralgia. At any cost give the suffering part heat and absolute rest; wrap it in cotton and flannels to exclude the air. Let the arm stop its working and the brain its thinking.

In short, the home treatment of all nervous disorders should be based on three words: change, warmth and rest.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs. (Concluding Part.)*

THE strong prejudice entertained by Madame de Rémusat against Napoleon and the Bonapartes, which was undoubtedly fostered by bad behavior on the part of the latter, but which seems to have sprung originally from the natural antagonism between persons of ancient lineage and comparatively upstart nobles, is shown in the last pages of these memoirs, as it was in the first. We find the chronicler of Napoleon's court biased in spite of herself toward the Beauharnais and against the Bonapartes. Speaking of the behavior of Queen Hortense when she had rejoined her mother, the Empress Josephine, at Mayence, and had escaped for a time from the gloomy and jealous neighborhood of King Louis, this steady apologist for the Beauharnais speaks only in mild disapproval of actions upon which the European gossip-mongers placed quite a different construction. Rémusat wrote to his wife from Mayence that the court there was monotonously regular. "There, as elsewhere and in all places, the Empress was gentle, quiet, idle and averse to take anything on herself, because, whether far or near, she dreaded the displeasure of her husband. Her daughter, who was delighted to escape from her wretched home, spent her time in diversions of a nature somewhat too childish for her rank and position." To this passage M. Paul de Rémusat has added a note of his own—one of the few occasions upon which he alludes to the late Emperor:

"It is evident that Queen Hortense and her court amused themselves like school-girls. This was a result of their intimacy while at Madame Campan's school. Napoleon III. seemed to have inherited his mother's tastes in this respect. Even when long past youth he liked children's games, blind-man's-buff and others. Only on these occasions did he clear his brow and seem happy, and even amiable, which was by no means the case in his intercourse with the world, social or political, for his manner was extremely cold."

M. Paul de Rémusat confesses in one place to the probability that his grandmother may have looked too favorably on Queen Hortense, but puts it down to reaction from the detestation of the character of Louis Bonaparte, her husband. He reprints the following letters of Napoleon to his step-daughter and sister-in-law, before and after the death of her son, that young Napoleon whose loss, terribly deplored by his mother, brought upon Josephine, and indeed upon all Europe, a thousand evils which perhaps might have been avoided had he lived. It will be remembered that the death of this boy led to the divorce and the complications with Austria which, added to the indignation excited in Europe by the interference of Napoleon with the most sacred laws of society, precipitated his own fall. Here is the foot-note:

"I add to these, in order better to depict the family life of the King and Queen of Holland, the following letter, written to the King by his brother, and dated Finckestein, April 4th, 1807, about a month before the child's death: 'Your quarrels with the Queen are becoming public property. Do show in your own home the paternal and effeminate character that you show in your government, and evince in matters of business the severity you display at home. You manage your young wife as you would a regiment. * * * You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you make her wretched. Let her dance as much as she likes; it is natural at her age. My wife is forty, but from the battle-field I write, telling her to go to balls. And you want a girl of twenty, who sees her life passing away, who retains all its illusions, to live like a nun, or like a nurse, always washing her baby! You interfere too much in your home, and not enough in your government. I would not tell you all this, only for the interest I bear you. Make the mother of your children happy; there is but one way—it is to show her great esteem and confidence. Unfortunately your wife is too good; were you married to a coquette, she would lead you by the nose. But your wife is proud, and she is shocked and grieved at the mere idea that you can think ill of her. You should have had a wife like some I know of in Paris. She would have played you tricks, and would have tied you to her apron-string. It is not my fault. I have often told your wife so.' In this sensible letter, full of the sagacity and vulgarity with which Napoleon looked at the ordinary events of life, the identity of his opinions with those of the author of these Memoirs as to the cause and character of the conjugal discord of which they are treating, is remarkable. King Louis is too stiff, too austere, too jealous. His wife has tastes natural to youth and to imagination. Her husband misjudges, humbles, depresses, and offends her. Then comes the death of the young Prince, and this affliction, equally felt by both parents, draws them together in a common sorrow, lasting only on the part of the Queen, and for a time her one only thought, and not hers only, but her mother's as well. In Napoleon's published letters, he appears to be grieved at first, but afterward weary of their continual sadness. There is a curious mixture of kindness and imperious egotism in his manner of comforting them, or of commanding them to be comforted. I have quoted some of these letters. Here is another, dated Friedland, June 16th, 1807: 'My daughter, I have received your letter dated from Orleans. I am grieved at your sorrow, but I should like you to be more courageous. To live is to suffer, and a brave man always struggles to be master of himself. I don't like to see you unjust toward little Napoleon Louis and toward all your friends. Your mother and I thought we were dearer to you than it seems we are. I won a great victory on the 14th of June. I am in good health, and send you my love.' It will be seen how greatly the Emperor and Josephine's lady-in-waiting differ in their estimate of Queen Hortense from the general opinion of her character, which yet does not appear to have been altogether unfounded. It is probable that both were swayed by their unfavor-

* Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat. 1802-1808. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by her grandson, Paul de Rémusat, Senator. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Part III. New York: Harper & Brothers and D. Appleton & Co.

able opinion of the Emperor's brothers. This was certainly deserved, especially by Louis, who had no redeeming quality to atone for his defects.—P. R."

Madame de Rémusat makes fresh mention of the Austrian ambassadors whose memoirs are making a stir nowadays only second to her own. According to her, he was handsome and fell into the toils of Napoleon's sister Caroline, Murat's wife, or, as she was then called, the Grand-Duchess of Berg:

"In the course of the summer Count Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, arrived in Paris. He occupied an important position in Europe, took part in events of the highest importance, and finally made an enormous fortune; but his abilities did not rise above the schemes of a second-rate policy. At the period of which I am speaking he was young, good-looking, and popular with women. A little later, he formed an attachment to Madame Murat, and he retained a feeling toward her which for a long time aided to keep her husband on the throne of Naples, and which, probably, is still of service to her in her retirement. * * *

"The Grand-Duchess of Berg applied herself to being extremely agreeable to us all at Fontainebleau. She could be very gay and pleasant when she was in the humor, and she could even assume an air of *bonhomie*. She lived in the château at her own expense, very luxuriously, and kept a sumptuous table. She always used gilt plate, in this outdoing the Emperor, whose silver-gilt services were used on state occasions only. She invited all the dwellers in the palace by turns, receiving them most graciously, even those whom she did not like, and appeared to be thinking of nothing but pleasure; but, nevertheless, she was not wasting her time. She frequently saw Count Metternich, the Austrian ambassador. He was young and handsome, and he appeared to admire the sister of the Emperor. From that time forth, whether from a spirit of coquetry, or from a far-sighted ambition which prompted such a measure of precaution, she began to accept the homage of the Minister with readiness. He was said to be held in high consideration and to have great influence at his Court, and he might be placed, by the course of events, in a position to serve her. Whether she had this idea beforehand or not, events justified it, and Metternich never failed her.

"In addition to this, she took the influence of M. de Talleyrand into consideration, and did her best to cultivate him while keeping up as secretly as possible her relations with Fouché, who visited her with extreme precaution, in consequence of the displeasure with which the Emperor regarded any intimacy of the kind. We observed her making up to M. de Talleyrand, in the drawing-room at Fontainebleau, talking to him, laughing at his *bon mots*, looking at him when he said anything remarkable, and even addressing such observations to him. M. de Talleyrand showed no reluctance, but met her advances, and then their interviews became more serious."

Between Beauharnais and Bonaparte there could be little question that a preference ought to have been given to the former; but we see Madame de Rémusat extending a certain amount of charity toward the peccadilloes not only of Queen Hortense, but of the nieces of Josephine. One of the most vivid scenes in the whole course of the memoirs, and one which sums up as well as any other the curious condition of affairs into which the Revolution had plunged France, is the bare-faced flirtation which occurred at a ball at Fontainebleau between the young princess Stephanie of Baden (the niece of Josephine) and Jerome Bonaparte, the legal husband of Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, and who had also been married to a stout German princess as a step to the Kingdom of Westphalia.

The memoirs go no farther than the outbreak of the revolution in Spain against the arrogant marshals of Napoleon. This is most unfortunate, for, notwithstanding a certain share of bias natural to a person who lived in the very winds of intrigue which blew at the court, Madame de Rémusat had more than a mere literary style and a knack at remembering anecdotes. She had a very remarkable mind for serious politics, and occasionally displays a breadth of thought and vigor of expression quite unexampled among woman writers. Her observations on the actual reasons for the instability of the great fortunes made by the generals and relatives of Napoleon show how clear were her reasoning powers. While Napoleon gave enormous revenues to his marshals, he gave them no sure method of collecting the income, and yet demanded that there should be a show kept up by each recipient of his bounty fully equal to the revenue as estimated on paper. Many ruined their fortunes by trying to obey his orders. Mme. de Rémusat says:

"Meanwhile the old nobility of France lived simply, collecting its ruins together, finding itself under no particular obligations, boasting of its poverty rather than complaining, but in reality recovering its estates by degrees and re-amassing those fortunes which at the present time (1819) it enjoys. The confiscations of the National Convention were not always a misfortune for the French nobility, especially in cases where the lands were not sold. Before the Revolution that class was heavily in debt, for extravagance was one of the luxuries of the *grands seigneurs*. The emigration and the laws of 1793, by depriving them of their estates, set them free from their creditors and from a certain portion of the charges that weighed upon great houses."

It is impossible here to even touch upon the points of interest brought out by Madame de Rémusat. Her memoirs will always form a most prolific source of suggestion to historians, and her letters, which her grandson proposes to edit soon, will have an interest scarcely inferior.

Gray's "Natural Science and Religion."*

THESE two lectures of Professor Gray are a valuable and welcome contribution to one of the most interesting departments of the literature of our day. They are a "sign of the times," coming in the form they do. Fifty years ago, what would have been thought of lectures on science, by a scientific man, to students of theology? The mere fact shows how

* Natural Science and Religion. Two lectures delivered to the Theological School of Yale College. By Asa Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

strong a hold upon modern thought modern science has taken; as well as how catholic an interest the church is taking in the mental movements of our time.

Perhaps no man better represents the best tendencies of both scientific naturalism and supernaturalism than Asa Gray. A savant of wide distinction, a master, indeed, in his department of botany, he is also a firm believer in religious truth, and a member of the Christian Church. These pages show him to be fearless and faithful in both departments of thought and investigation. His first lecture, on "Scientific Belief," points out with great clearness the changes in scientific belief which have come from the studies of the last fifty years. He shows the causes of these changes, and their nature in obliterating many old distinctions and making the whole universe one, not in the old sense of a united bundle of dissevered facts and disjointed truths, but in the larger sense of an organic unity, where part joins on to part and into part by a living affinity. He gives a remarkably clear hint of the essential oneness of the vegetable and animal creation, by brief and striking illustrations of the facts which show how they overlap each other and share each other's characteristics. There is no reserve here; no ignoring of facts to suit a theory; but an open and hospitable reception is given to all the truth which has been discovered; he evidently has no fear of it, but gives it the recognition of one who "rejoices in the truth." In doing so he is often very happy in his style, and gives us a picture when he might only have stated the statistics. Thus, on page 37, speaking of the nature and amount of the likeness between the existing flora and that of a preceding geological period, he states it thus:

"It is like visiting a country church-yard, where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,' and spelling out, one by one, from mossed and broken gravestones, the names of most of the living inhabitants of the parish—names differing, it may be, in orthography from those on the village signs; but as of the people, so of the trees,—it is beyond reasonable doubt that the later are descendants of the earlier."

The second lecture is on "The Relations of Scientific to Religious Belief," and in it he gives the reasons why one may, and why the true philosopher must, hold to the theistic view of the universe. Evidently a Darwinian in the strict sense, as holding to development by natural selection, but not in the loose and applied sense of materialistic agnosticism, he goes over the different objections which may be brought against theistic beliefs from the stand-point of the evolutionist, and tries to show, and we think with success, that they are futile. He declares (p. 63) that "faith in a just sense of the word assumes as prominent a place in science as religion, and is indispensable to both." And in speaking of the power of natural selection in determining results, he shows that circumstance, or the environment of an object, is not the cause of the tendency to variation (which is an implanted quality), but only one occasion of its exercise (p. 74). He does not think that at present natural selection can explain all developments, though he tends to acknowledge the universal sway of evolution when once the universe is started (p. 76). But he declares (p. 82) that if "shut up to nature for the evolution of the forms of living things, as theists we are not debarred from the supposition of supernatural origination, mediate or immediate." Religion he defines (p. 106) to "be based on the idea of a divine mind revealing himself to intelligent creatures for moral ends," and nothing in evolution can interfere with this, since Christianity is itself an historical religion which has advanced as an evolution in the history of men.

But we have here only space to indicate the nature of the contents of this valuable, honest and devout little book. Those who have been troubled with religious doubts occasioned by readings in science will do well to read it, and learn the calmness and the confidence which come from full knowledge and enlightened faith.

A Book about Corea.*

MR. ERNEST OPPERT has been most fortunate in the selection of a title* for his fascinating work on Corea. That kingdom has for many centuries been a forbidden land; and to this day it remains a veritable *terra incognita*, so far as the explorations of travelers and the descriptions of the geographers can make any country known to those who stay at home and travel only by flights of the imagination. No author of modern times has had such an opportunity as Mr. Oppert. His is the first connected and authentic account of the forbidden land. Before this, the world has only heard vague rumors of the riches and beauties of the sealed and isolated kingdom of Corea. At long intervals, embassies from that country to China have appeared in Pekin, and their meager and unwilling admissions have been almost the only foundation for the so-called histories of Corea which have been written. Occupying a bold promontory jutting down into the Yellow Sea, and defended at its upper extremity by a lofty mountain chain, the Corean kingdom has been able to defy the approach of foreign invaders and foreign traders, alike. It has been the policy of the ruling class to preserve a seclusion much more strict than that in which the empire of Japan was buried when the diplomacy and perseverance of the government of the United States pushed open its gates of bronze. Unlike Japan, Corea has the natural protection of reef-bound shores, an unknown coast-line, and rivers most difficult of navigation.

Here is a nation bound hand and foot under the subjection of a tyrannical and usurping autocracy. The traditional policy of non-intercourse is now maintained for sinister reasons. Trade and commerce with foreign nations would have the effect to weaken the hold which the central government has upon the simple people of Corea. The coast is guarded with the strictest jealousy, and the approach

*A Forbidden Land; Voyages to the Corea. By Ernest Oppert. With Charts and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. pp. 334.

of a strange sail creates a tumult throughout the length and breadth of the land. The foreign voyager is warned off the coast, and when, as in the case of the American schooner *General Sherman*, the vessel of a foreign country is cast away on this inhospitable strand, the crew are put to death and the ship is burned, in order that not a vestige of the despised and hated foreigner may exist on the land. France and the United States have made futile attempts to effect an entrance to Corea. The defeat of these attempts at invasion was due to the natural defenses of the country, rather than to the prowess of its inhabitants. But these failures have not only brought discredit on the Western powers, in the estimation of the Asiatics, but they have confirmed the Coreans in their opinion of their impregnability.

Mr. Oppert's mission was a peaceful and a commercial one, undertaken with the assistance of an influential trading firm in China. He made three voyages to Corea, almost without arms, and without any sounding of martial trumpets. If he had essayed three voyages to the moon and had successfully returned with information concerning lunar scenery, inhabitants, and material resources, his report would not be one whit more novel and entertaining than are his notes on Corea. He found a country in which there is absolutely no luxury, and in which gold is found everywhere, and copper, tin, lead, antimony, and other valuable metals abound. The climate is perfect, and the agricultural productions are of spontaneous growth,—the ginseng of the country, which is worth its weight in gold, being gathered without previous husbandry. The waters teem with fish, the forests and plains with game, and nature plenteously responds to the slightest touch of the husbandman. But the people may be said to live in a state of almost primitive simplicity. Their dwellings are rude huts, for the most part, only the houses of the high officials showing any evidence of architectural skill or taste. With gold and silver lying locked in the ground, guarded by royal edicts from the hand of the miner, the only currency of the country is a copper coin resembling the copper and bronze cash of China. Though the mulberry tree is indigenous to the soil, the culture of the silk-worm is an almost unknown industry. And while noble forests of rare woods are ignorantly wasted, or left to decay from natural causes, the natives have no commerce. Their simple wants are supplied by white fabrics of hemp and flax, from which their garments are made; and paper of extraordinary fineness and strength furnishes them with material for hats and umbrellas. Manufactures of plaited grass are common, and in the larger cities some little attention is paid to ornamental work in dress and equipage. Glass is unknown; the crockery and earthen-ware of the country are of the rudest description. In short, the Coreans seem to have found out how few and simple are the wants of man, and to have agreed that they will create no artificial necessities. The common people manifest a desire to meet strangers from beyond the sea, and Mr. Oppert was uniformly received and treated with affability, mingled with an almost affectionate curiosity. But the official policy of non-intercourse rose up against the daring invader at every step. Short excursions along the shores of the country, and patient questioning of the natives, furnished the basis of the conclusions which he brought away with him. He was purposely kept at a distance from the capital of the kingdom, and, wearied out at last by the baffling delays to which he was subjected, his third voyage convinced him that the country was impenetrable. He relinquished his cherished scheme of opening trade with the people, and so left Corea with its doors closed as immovably as ever to all advances from without.

Mr. Oppert's literary style is so very bad as to attract the attention from the matter of the author to his manner. But nothing can destroy the fascinating interest of a book which treats of an unknown kingdom, and this work, unique in its way, is as entertaining as a fairy tale.

Anderson's "Younger Edda."*

THE very heterogeneous collection of myths, didactic treatises, and prosodic rules, known as the Younger Edda, has, since the time of its discovery, constituted a sort of challenge to the ingenuity of the learned world. Enthusiasts of the last century, whose imagination was developed at the expense of their judgment, pronounced it a divine inspiration, and attributed it to the god Odin, the Erythraean sibyl, and a number of other equally distinguished personages. German scholars, on the other hand, who could not claim even a reflected glory from the remarkable discovery, expended much energy in efforts to prove that the book was not genuine, but a fabrication of idle monks who had beguiled their leisure by inventing wild tales of a pseudo-mythological character. Both these hypotheses modern scholarship has exploded. No individual human intellect has yet been found equal to inventing a consistent and organically coherent mythology. The long and venerable ancestry even of trifling nursery tales, many of which are but distorted myths, has, during the last decades, made scholars distrustful of individual invention, and inclined them to attribute all enigmatical phenomena of ancient literature to the poetic and imaginative activity of collective nations. Thus, until within the last year, the results of learned investigation have rather tended to increase the value and dignity of what Professor Anderson is fond of calling "the religion of our ancestors," and the Younger Edda, in spite of the obvious absence of design in its composition, has, in connection with the poetic or Saemundar Edda, been revered as the sacred book of an indigenous Gothic paganism. But now, all of a sudden, Professor Sophus Bugge, formerly an ardent believer in this theory, turns apostate, and expresses his belief that the whole

* The Younger Edda, also called Snorre's Edda, or the Prose Edda. An English Version of the Foreword, the Fooling of Gylfe, Brage's Talk, and the Important Passages in the Poetical Diction. By Rasmus B. Anderson, Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1880.

Norse mythology is directly derived from the Greek, and can henceforth, merely by the manner of its perversion of the Greek myths, be regarded as the exponent of the Gothic mind and genius. If this view should be sustained by future investigations, the Eddas will, of course, lose much of their value; but, as yet, the argument (as reported in the London "Athenæum") seems incomplete. That the Greek and the Norse mythologies have a common Aryan origin no one has disputed, and the parallelisms pointed out by Professor Bugge (if he has been accurately reported) might indicate merely a common descent from some extinct Asiatic mythology, and a later mutual approximation through the uninterrupted intercourse between Norway and the Mediterranean lands during the Viking period. The very curious distortion of Greek myths in the "Foreword" of the Younger Edda, and its absurd conglomerations of Biblical and pseudo-classical lore, might, at first sight, seem to argue in favor of Professor Bugge's hypothesis; but the "Foreword" is obviously only an accidental appendage to the Edda, written by some scribe or editor of the fourteenth century, and its chief interest is in illustrating the naïve cosmogony and the confused state of learning which then prevailed in the North.

The really valuable portions of the book are the Fooling of Gylfe and Brage's Talk, the former of which gives a complete outline of the religion of the Norsemen as expounded by the gods themselves to Gylfe, while the latter dwells on two of the most attractive myths, the Rape of Idun and the origin of poetry. Of the Scaldskaparmal, or *ars poetica*, Professor Anderson has selected those portions which are of general and mythological interest, and has omitted the elaborate enumeration and explanation of the poetic figures and paraphrases which were in vogue among the Norse scalds.

Professor Anderson has shown taste and skill, not only in his omissions of unessential and more difficult portions of the Edda, but also in his rendering of the often intricate and obscure phraseology. He never fails to find either the exact or the approximate equivalent for the Icelandic idiom or figure of speech. As a very trifling criticism, we suggest that the editor, in telling the story of Balder's death, forgets to state that Frigg had neglected to take the oath of the mistletoe, without which the death of the god is unintelligible. Whether the Icelandic *þ* in *pt* (as in the proper name Loptson) should not be rendered phonetically in English by *f*, we submit for the Professor's consideration.

Thomas Hughes's "Manliness of Christ."*

THE author of "Tom Brown's School-Days" has put forth, in "The Manliness of Christ," a manly and thoroughly wholesome book. It is addressed to boys and young men of England, but there are few better books to be given to the same class in America. Without any attempt at such narrative as gave fascination to "Tom Brown," it has to the full the same moral qualities which made the high value of that charming story—the simplicity and earnestness, the high ideal brought home to the common intelligence, the sympathetic understanding of the life of the young, the genuine Christianity. The treatment of Christ is that which in our best religious literature is fast replacing the barrenness of theological controversy. It is an interpretation of the Gospel narrative through the medium, not of any theological theory, but of moral sympathy with the central figure. Mr. Hughes's attitude toward Christ is reverent enough to satisfy the devoutly orthodox, and free enough to win the substantial accord of devout Liberals. He accepts the miracles, but treats them as incidental and secondary. He attempts no definition of Christ's relation with the Father, but treats it as the supreme instance of that true and perfect sonship into which all men are called to enter. Using Christ as the great example of the qualities he is enforcing, he fixes chief attention on those traits of character whose value and beauty are recognized by any ingenuous mind as soon as they are presented. For his collateral examples he draws on such materials as young hearts quickly respond to—such as the thrilling stories of Napier's "Peninsular War"; the loss of the *Birkenhead*, with the troops standing steadily in their ranks on deck as she sunk, leaving the boats to the women and children; and grand old John Brown meeting death with the courage of a martyr and the simplicity of a child. Mr. Hughes comes down, too, in very plain language, to the homely virtues, and talks in a strong and effective way against the extravagance and self-indulgence of boys, out of which grow the sins that ruin nations. The national feeling is strong in the book—a generous love for the ideal England—and it is tempered by a sobriety which verges sometimes on deep sadness before the materialism, the lust of vulgar conquest, the "Jingoism," which weigh down the nation to-day. That noble England which Mr. Hughes loves is part and parcel with the noble America which is fighting its own hard battle against corruption and greed. It is a good book to be in the hands of every young American.

Boyesen's "Gunnar." (A New Edition.)*

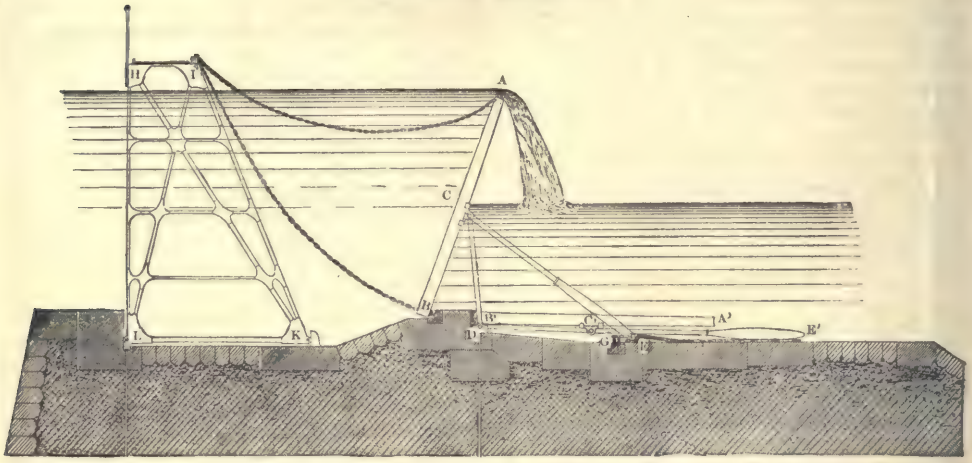
IT was this delightful little idyl of Norse life and scenery which six years ago introduced Mr. Boyesen to American readers. If the author's range has since become so wide that this volume does not represent his maturest habit of thought, it may none the less very properly stand for the poetic and romantic qualities which have kept his fiction noticeably free from the objectionable influences allied to the so-called realistic school. The freshness and simplicity of "Gunnar" will doubtless be found to stand the test of new acquaintance, and the severer test of old acquaintance renewed.

* The Manliness of Christ. By Thomas Hughes, Q. C., Author of Tom Brown's School-Days, Etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

* Gunnar: By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Western River Improvement.



CROSS-SECTION OF CHANOINE DAM, SHOWING THE WICKET IN BOTH POSITIONS.

In the early settlement of the Western States the rivers formed the only means of communication, and marked the lines along which commerce was carried on. With the introduction of railroads traffic was largely diverted from the streams, and water transport declined somewhat in favor. Now that the Western territory is filling up, and the internal traffic has increased greatly, transportation by water, by reason of its greater cheapness, is attracting the attention it deserves. The rivers of the West are the great natural highways, and there has sprung up a demand that they shall be improved to their utmost capacity, and that every stream be made navigable for steamboats throughout its available length. The success that has followed the works at the Southwest Pass has shown that even the capricious rivers of the West may be controlled, and has led to a general confidence in the ability of our engineers to improve all our streams, whatever their character and whatever the difficulties that beset their navigation. The work at Port Eads has been already described in this magazine, and it may now be in order briefly to examine the works proposed and in construction for improving the Ohio and other Western rivers.

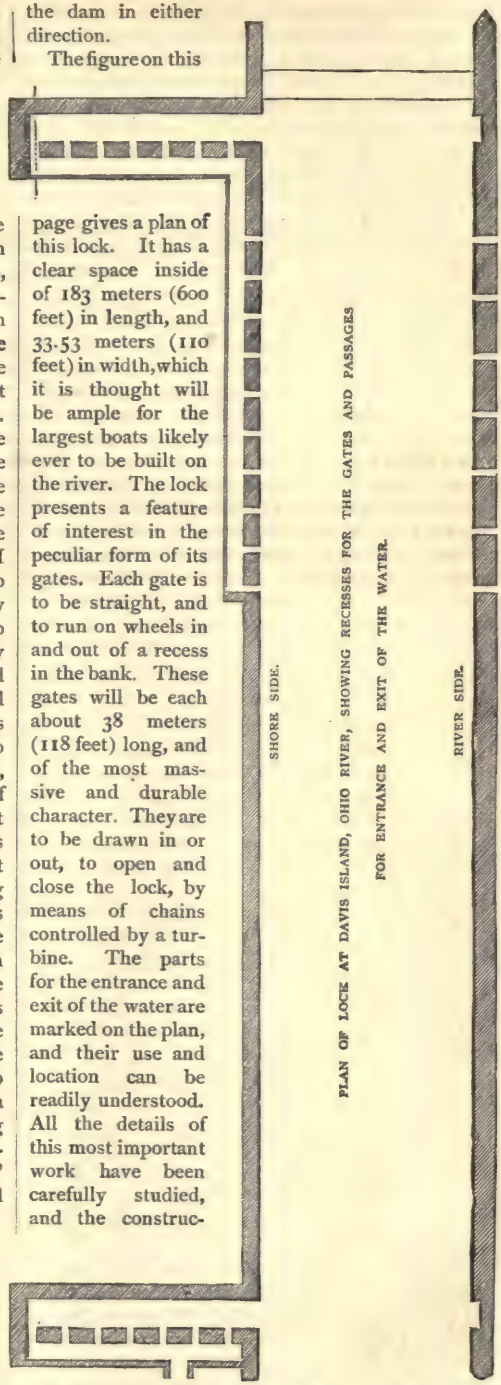
The bed of the upper Ohio consists essentially of a series of pools of irregular depth and size, and joined to each other by shoals and ripples. During the high-water season steamboats pass from pool to pool over the shoals without difficulty. At low-water vessels may navigate a pool for some distance and yet may not be able to pass the shoals to the next pool, and thus navigation is practically suspended, though whole fleets of boats may be at anchor in the pools. It is therefore proposed to erect dams and make a slack water navigation of the river, as has already been done in some of the smaller streams. Such a series of dams would be useless during high-water, and it is proposed to employ the Chanoine system of movable dams, already widely used in Europe. The first of these dams is now in process of erection at Davis Island, eight kilometers (almost five miles) below Pittsburgh. The work is commenced here, both to secure a long stretch of slack-water and to create a harbor at Pittsburgh that will be navigable at all stages of the water. The Ohio at Davis Island is 430 meters (1400 feet) wide, and in laying out the plan for the dam the river is divided into three parts, each 121.96 meters (400 feet) long, called, in succession from the left bank, the high weir, the low weir and the navigable pass. The remaining space is occupied by a lock for the passage of vessels when the dam is closed. The floor of the dam is placed on the river bottom, the weirs being of different levels, the low weir being below low-water, the middle weir being at low-water mark, and the navigable pass somewhat above low-water level. On the floor of these weirs are to be placed one hundred wickets or panels, any one or all of which may be used in checking the flow of the water as desired. The design of the Chanoine system is to provide a dam for making a slack-water during the low-water season, and at the same time to provide means of removing the dam during high-water, so that floating ice and vessels can pass over it without obstruction.

The above figure is a cross-section of the proposed dam, showing the base or sill of the dam, and one of the movable wickets in two positions. The foundation is of concrete, with a cut stone top that forms the floor of the pass or weir on which

the wickets rest when not in use. A B is the wicket, C D is the "horse," a heavy bar of iron journaled to the dam at D, and to the box C at the center of the wicket, and C E is the prop that supports the wicket against the pressure of the water. The prop C E is attached by a joint to the horse C D, and when the wicket is erect the foot of the prop rests against the step E, called the "hurter." When lying at rest, the wicket takes the position B′A′, the horse D′C′ and the prop C′E′. The water then flows over the dam freely, and, if sufficiently deep, steamboats and barges may pass over it without difficulty. In front of each wicket is an iron trestle H I K L, hinged or journaled at the base K L, so that it may be laid down at a right angle with the river on the bottom of the dam, so that when not in use it is no obstruction to navigation. During high water all parts of the dam rest on the bottom of the stream, out of sight. When the water falls and it is desired to use the dam, the trestles are raised, one at a time, and planks are laid on top to form a temporary bridge. From the trestle that supports the bridge extend the chains I B and I A, and to bring a wicket into position to form a part of the dam, the chain I B is hauled in by men standing on the bridge, till the end of the prop rests against the "hurter" at E. The wicket now rests at an angle of about 45° on the horse and prop, with the base of the wicket uppermost and just over the sill of the dam. The chain I A is then drawn in from the bridge, which tends to bring the wicket upright by turning it on a pivot, when the pressure of the water comes to the aid of the workmen and forces the base of the wicket against the sill, bringing it nearly upright, as shown in the drawing. As one wicket is raised at a time, no difficulty is encountered in overcoming the pressure of the water, and when all the wickets are erected they form the apron of the dam. There is a small space between each wicket through which some of the water escapes, in addition to the water that flows over the stop, but this wastage is comparatively small, and does not interfere with the practical working of the dam in making a navigable slack-water. When the river rises and the dam is no longer needed, it may be removed, one wicket at a time, beginning at the navigable pass. A tripping bar at G engages the foot of the prop, and by moving it the prop may be pushed out of the "hurter," when it slides down stream, letting the wicket fall into the second position shown in the figure.

It is estimated that when the work is completed the engineer in charge will have complete control of the river at all seasons. During floods the dam will rest on the bottom of the river, and the channel will be unobstructed. As the water falls the wickets will be raised, a few at a time, and, if the river continues falling, more and more will be raised until the entire stream is closed. Navigation will be continued through the navigable pass till the last few wickets are raised, and then the lock on the right bank will be used to enable steamboats to pass the dam in either direction.

The figure on this page gives a plan of this lock. It has a clear space inside of 183 meters (600 feet) in length, and 33·53 meters (110 feet) in width, which it is thought will be ample for the largest boats likely ever to be built on the river. The lock presents a feature of interest in the peculiar form of its gates. Each gate is to be straight, and to run on wheels in and out of a recess in the bank. These gates will be each about 38 meters (118 feet) long, and of the most massive and durable character. They are to be drawn in or out, to open and close the lock, by means of chains controlled by a turbine. The parts for the entrance and exit of the water are marked on the plan, and their use and location can be readily understood. All the details of this most important work have been carefully studied, and the construction, as far as finished, is marked by great solidity and strength.



PLAN OF LOCK AT DAVIS ISLAND, OHIO RIVER, SHOWING RECESSES FOR THE GATES AND PASSAGES FOR ENTRANCE AND EXIT OF THE WATER.

The dry season of last summer, that for many weeks put an effectual stop to navigation at Pitts-

burg, plainly showed the necessity of making the Ohio navigable at all seasons. During the low-water, though the deep pools were crowded with laden coal barges, no coal could leave the mines except by rail, and none of the roads were equal to the task; and in consequence the price of coal in the river ports below advanced rapidly, inflicting serious loss and inconvenience upon large manufacturing and commercial interests. Our Western rivers are the people's highways, free from toll and beyond the control of any board of directors chiefly studious of their own interests. Whether the Davis Island works are to be the first of a series of valuable improvements, or whether other methods of securing deep water will be tried, remains to be seen, but it is certain that this system, or something like it, must eventually be employed on those of our rivers that are not navigable at all stages of the water. While the Chanoine system is an established success in France, and will no doubt prove of great value at Pittsburg, it must be observed that a late invention of American origin seeks to obtain the same end by another form of movable dam. By this plan the wickets are hinged permanently at the bottom to the sill of the dam. To keep the wickets erect during low water, hollow boxes or cylinders are fastened to the top of the wickets, that by floating keep them up against the stream. They are also provided with automatic arrangements for raising and lowering the wickets by the changes in the level of the river. It is also designed that they shall be arranged to sink when drifting ice or vessels pass over them, and to return to an erect position as soon as the boat or ice has passed. So far this system is only in the experimental stage. It is viewed with favor by some engineers, and it is proposed to try it upon a large scale in the Ohio.

Upon the farther Western rivers the question of navigation is not so much one of deep water as of the permanence of the channel and the preservation of the river banks. The rivers flow through a soft alluvial soil that yields readily to the scouring action of the current, while the channel continually shifts, making bends at inconvenient places so that docks and landings are rendered useless, or making cut-offs that sweep away valuable farm or building property. Besides this troublesome shifting of the stream there is the resulting formation of shoals and bars, so that the obstructions to navigation continually move about, rendering the passage of boats dangerous and uncertain. To correct these defects various methods are now under experiment. These consist of willow mattresses laid along the banks or anchored in the stream, to create, by catching the floating sediment, permanent and indestructible banks that will resist the scouring action of the current. Besides these, there are dykes and artificial banks of all kinds, matting and stone work for preventing the wash of the waves and passing boats. This work, while it is much cheaper than the slack-water navigation, must eventually be carried out on a vast scale if all our rivers are to be utilized to their utmost. Our railroad system, while it is of immense extent, can never entirely supplant the great natural highways provided by our rivers, and any permanent and valuable improvements that may be made to render these more useful to all the people, at all times, must be regarded as judicious national investments.

New Warehouse Elevator.

In the ordinary platform elevator used in warehouses one or more men are required at the foot of the hoist-way to load the platform, and the same number at the top to unload it, or the men must travel up and down with the load and the empty platform. This involves a loss of time, as the men are idle during the passage of the load and in stopping and starting the elevator. To prevent this loss of time and labor, a new form of freight elevator, designed on the plan of the belts and buckets used in grain elevators, has been put into practical operation in this city. It consists essentially of an endless band formed of two flat chains joined by wooden slats, and mounted on two wheels controlled by a steam engine. The upper wheel supporting the belt is placed on a frame above the second floor or loft of the building, and the lower wheel is below the first, or street floor. On each side of the belt are hatchways, on the second floor of a sufficient size to admit a cotton bale, and on the lower floor are smaller hatchways. At intervals on the band are iron brackets supporting a platform. This platform is pivoted on the brackets at one side of its centre of gravity, so that when at rest it lays flat on the brackets, but will yield and tip over as the bracket passes over the upper wheel, or will tip up if the end strikes any obstruction in its passage. This gives practically a double band elevator with two series of platforms, one ascending in one hatchway while the other is descending in the other. On the second floor is a two cylinder engine of 16 horse-power that is connected directly, by means of iron gearing, with the band. It is also supplied with reversing gear, so that the elevator may be sent up or down as required in case only one hoistway is used. In raising freight, the engine is started and the platforms rise one after the other in one shaft, pass over the upper wheel and descend the other shaft, pass under the lower wheel and so on continuously, making about eight revolutions a minute. The freight, if in small packages, is placed by hand on the platforms, or, if in barrels or bales, may be rolled on the platforms and about as fast as a gang of truckmen can deliver the goods. On the edge of the floor above is a trip that engages the edge of each platform as it rises, but the brackets still moving up tip the platform and the load is gently rolled or thrown out on the floor. The platform, relieved of its load, drops back into place and moves on over the upper wheel. A second gang of truckmen is placed on the upper floor to remove the goods as fast as delivered, each truck being brought up to the hatch, and the package or barrel being loaded upon it with the least possible labor. In sending freight down,

the engine is reversed and the tripping device is removed, and the goods are placed or rolled upon the platforms as fast as they come over the upper wheel. On the lower floor, skids are placed on each side of the descending platforms and the barrels or bales are lifted off automatically, and rolled or placed upon a wagon or the floor, or, in the case of small parcels, the goods are taken off by hand. If required, both shafts may be used at once, goods descending in one while ascending in the other, by employing a second gang of men in loading and unloading the platforms. In practice it has been found, however, that one hoist-way is sufficient, as the elevator works quite as fast as any number of men can conveniently bring and take away the goods. This form of elevator effects a great saving of time and labor, and at a decided gain in speed and safety. The one examined has been in use for some months, and appears to be well designed and thoroughly constructed. It is adapted to all kinds of freight, and by making the band longer and with platforms of different sizes, and with more power, it might prove of value in raising coal, ores and minerals in mines and quarries.

Transposing Piano.

ATTEMPTS have been made at various times to construct a piano-forte that would enable the player to transpose the key of the music that might be played upon it. To raise or lower the key note of any piece of music without transposing the key in which it is written, or without reading it in one key and playing it in another, would be a great convenience, and it has been thought that this might be done by some mechanical means, but none of the experiments in this direction have proved permanently successful on a commercial scale. More recently a new piano having a transposing action has been made, and, from personal examination of the instrument, it would seem to accomplish all that could be desired in this direction in a satisfactory manner. It is an upright piano and externally does not differ from pianos of this class, except that the keyboard has a lateral movement to right or left of about one octave, the keys sliding in or out of the lamp-rests at either side of the desk. This lateral movement applies only to the keys and levers, all the other parts of the action remaining fixed, and in the usual position in such pianos. When in its normal position, the keys are arranged as in any piano based on a C scale, and a pointer or indicator on the casing above the keyboard points to the note A of the middle octave. The piano may now be used as any other, and all the keys are in their true relation. Suppose it is now desired to play a piece of music written in the key of C one half-tone lower. A handle at the side of the piano is drawn out, which disconnects the keys and levers from the rest of the action. Under the desk is a small crank and, on turning it a short distance, the entire keyboard is moved to the left one half-tone. This movement is accompanied by a slight sound that indicates that the movement was one half-tone. The handle at the side is pushed in and the piano is ready for use. The music written and played in C is now heard in B, every note having been lowered half a tone. Music played in any other key is heard in the next key below throughout, F being in E, A in A flat, and so on. Suppose the piece written in C is desired to be heard in E, or four half-tones above the normal key of C. The handle is drawn and the crank is turned once to bring the action to C, and four times to raise it to E, all the keys moving that distance to the right. The handle is pushed in again and the piano is ready for use, the indicator pointing to the note C sharp. The music written and played in C is now heard in E. In like manner all other keys are raised four half-tones, G to B and so on, and in whatever key the music is played, it is heard in a key four half-tones above. The transposing action appears to be simple and not likely to get out of order, and accomplishes its work with precision. The only defect lies in the fact that the indicator does not show in what key the music is given. If it were placed over the note C, when the keyboard is in the normal position, it would show the key in which the sounds are heard. As it stands, the changes of the key must be followed by counting the sounds made by the crank in moving the action, or by mentally estimating the changes from the indicator. The indicator should show the key note automatically. This is a defect easily remedied, and the instrument may be recommended to vocal teachers, singers, organists and others as a useful and valuable improvement in piano-fortes.

Centrifugal Milk Tester.

AN apparatus designed to take the place of the lactometer in testing milk has been brought out, and deserves attention from its convenience, simplicity and cheapness. A wheel of any convenient size is mounted upright and connected with some device for giving it a high speed by hand-power. On this wheel is secured two or more radial bars, and on these, at opposite sides of the wheel near the edge, are fastened small test tubes, closed at one end, or small glass vials with the corked ends toward the rim of the wheel. These may be fastened to the wheel by spring clamps, or by wires, or in any other convenient manner. The milk to be tested is poured into two of these vials placed on opposite sides of the wheel, and the wheel is then turned at a high speed for about two minutes. On stopping the wheel and taking the vials off, the milk will be found separated into its constituent parts—water, butter, casein, etc. Pure and normal milk will separate into its various constituents in a certain fixed proportion, and will give a scale or standard for comparing other milk tested in the same manner. If adulterated with water, the milk, when thus divided, will show the exact proportion of water added by comparison with the normal standard. It will be observed that the apparatus is equally useful in testing oils, honey, lard and other liquids liable to adulteration.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Another Hanging Committee Outrage.

Great Artist.—"Why, you see, sir, the fact is I understand the Hanging Committee have at last accepted one of my pictures, and being something of an astronomer as well as an artist, I do not despair of discovering where they have hung it."

Law at Our Boarding-House.

As fresh as a pink, on the other side
  Of the boarding-house table she sits, and sips
Her tea; while I envy the china cup
  That kisses her rosy lips.

She's a school-girl still in her teens; her hair
  She wears in a plait: we are *vis-à-vis;*
And I am a briefless barrister,—
  Yet she sometimes smiles at me.

My law professor would scowl, no doubt,
  Could he know what havoc those eyes have wrought
With the doctrines of law he first instilled,—
  What lessons those lips have taught.

"Attachment can never come before
  A declaration," he used to say;
But this little girl at our boarding-house
  Doesn't put the thing that way.

"The Clerk will issue a rule to plead,—
  And pleadings always with rules must chime;"
No need for "a rule to plead" with her,—
  And her rule-days are—all the time!

That old law maxim, the text-books teach,
  And the judges regard: "*Qui facit per Alium, facit per se,*" is held
  In ineffable scorn by her.

In her person exist together at once
  Defendant and judge and jury and clerk;
So that one would imagine to win a cause
  In this court were an uphill work.

Yet whenever I sit at the table there,
  I fancy a table where only two
Are company—till I say to myself:
  "Though you lose the case, why sue!

"E'en though she demur at first,—who knows?—
  For the rest of your joint lives made one life,
You may learn together the lesson taught
  In respect to Husband and Wife."

Still I dally in doubt; though in other things
  I flatter myself I am resolute:—
For a bankrupt heart will be the result
  If I'm taxed with costs in this suit.

A. C. GORDON.

An Unpublished Letter from John Adams.

QUINCY, November 22, 1814.

DEAR SIR: Had I known where to direct my aim, I should have shot at you long ago; but, hit or miss, I will now hazard a random.

But, to quit this rude figure, for which nothing but my connections with sportsmen, or perhaps the military fashions of the times, could apologize, let me return to simple style, and tell you plainly that I have nothing to write but what you already know, except as hereafter excepted.

As to public affairs, I could write you nothing, unless I should transcribe the descriptions of Chaos from Ovid and Milton; but these you already have by heart.

If you think it worth while to give me any hints of the politicks of New York, and dare to do it, I will thank you.

Be pleased to present my best respects to your mother and love to your *sisters*. Tell them I love them all, unsight unseen, not only as your relations, but for their kindness to my tender, my delicate, my lovely C——.

Tell C—— that I advise her, that I beseech her, and, if that is not enough, I enjoin it upon her, by the authority of a grandfather, not to forget her French, but especially to keep a journal.

This advice I shall not cease to repeat to all my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of which third generation I have a pleasant prospect of a plentiful crop. N. B.—Conceal this from C——; she will be shocked.

Whatever parts of this letter you may think jocular, I pray you to consider every expression of kindness, to you, to C——, to your mother and sisters, as the sober and sincere sentiments of

Your affectionate friend, JOHN ADAMS.

N. B.—Tell C—— S—— is very good. She takes my letters to copy with a placid countenance,—no frowns, no knitting of the eyebrows, but very amiable.

———, Esquire.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. JUNE, 1880. NO. 2.

SPRING HEREABOUTS.

SPRING LAMB.

NO DOUBT, if some wandering philosopher could record his observations, it would be found that the aspects of the spring in the neighborhood of our large cities differ as widely as the cities themselves. Not that the doings of Nature are very different; "those blind motions of the spring that show the year has turned" are much the same in their manifestation all along the line on which Boston and New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Cleveland are sown; and anemones and wood-violets, marsh marigolds and maple blossoms have neither prejudices nor partialities, but come at about the same time to all who live on the track along which empire has chosen its westward way. But man has modified the landscape at large, though he cannot affect the details, and his needs, his tastes, his temperament

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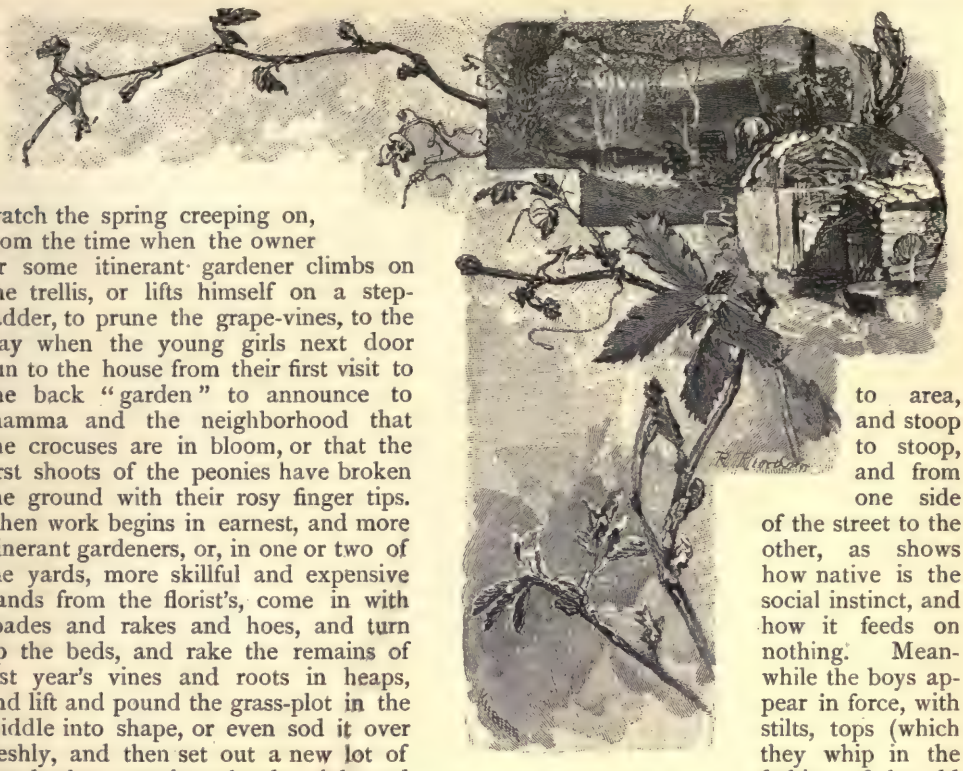
even, give a local coloring to the look of things about his dwelling-places. The wild-flowers come in their seasons, the sap stirs and the blossoms start at their due time, but there are signs about our cities that show, even more plainly than these, that the spring has arrived.

What characterizes the coming of spring about New York is the odd way in which the city and the country dove-tail into each other at this time. I am comparing it now in my memory with the spring about Boston and Philadelphia, and not with the cities of the West, about which I know next to nothing. In Boston and Philadelphia you have the city and you have the country, but they are separate; a sharp line divides the suburb from the town. The suburbs of Boston and Philadelphia are famous for their beauty; the suburbs of New York, even to the eye of the most partial New Yorker, are tame and, in some places, even ugly, and almost everywhere the opportunities they afford for rural beauty have been neglected; but the truth is they are not looked upon as suburbs,—they are only the ravelings out of a city whose web is loosely woven, and which has only been a city for a comparatively short time. Fifty years ago New York was an overgrown village, and her citizens had the domestic and mental habits of villagers; the real country came up to their doors, and their city life, such as it was, ran out into the fields. But, fifty years ago, the cities of Boston and Philadelphia stood fast where they do now. Hardly a block of New York remains as it was when this writer was a boy, and had relatives and friends living about the Battery and Bowling-green, and when he gathered dandelions in the rocky fields about Eighth street; but Boston proper is the same now that it was then; the same names are on the door-plates of Beacon, and Mt. Vernon and Chestnut streets, and one has to ride as far now as he had to ride fifty years ago to get to anything like the real country. For all I can see, Brookline is what it always was,—a lovely rural suburb, with a finished air, as if it were all owned by the first families, who mean to keep it looking just so trim and tamely picturesque to the end of time. No doubt, the Boston people think Brookline is country, and it is a pretty imitation; but just so they think their streets are dirty, though to a New Yorker they look like extensions merely of their cosy drawing-rooms; and of late years they have been so irritated by New York's claim to pre-eminence in everything that they have been trying to get themselves into a state of mind about the smells on the Back Bay land, though, to a New Yorker, the Back Bay is violets and heliotropes to the streets of his city when the wind blows from Hunter's Point.

Of course, spring comes to Boston as to us, but it comes in a neat, orderly way, confining itself to the markets, the florists' shops and the almanac, giving a tardy fillip to the trees on the common, and adding now a deeper violet to the cold noses of the hardy girls who would scorn, as much as a Viking, to stop indoors for the worst weather that ever blew.

In New York, however, the spring comes in informally, like other things, and we may even think 'tis born here, and that the country-side gets it at second-hand. Of late, we are getting confused about the time of its arrival, in consequence of the invasion of untimely cucumbers and strawberries from the South, although things had been growing into a bad way before, with canned vegetables and Boston lettuce that kept up a make-believe spring all winter long. To hear strawberries hawked about the streets in March, two or three months before they are due, is to rob us of all real interest in spring growths, and make us weary of them in advance. But, after all, these things do not affect the veritable spring, whose comings and goings are not dependent on such accidents. You cannot bring the spring by setting your table with peas and strawberries and lettuce out of time, any more than you can make New York Paris by putting all the women in Worth costumes and Virot bonnets, or make a New York clerk an English swell by merely dislocating his shoulders, sticking out his elbows, and dressing him like a groom. Spring is in the heart of things and in the constitution of man, and it doesn't really come till the heavens and the earth are of one mind that they are ready for it. Then it comes in reality, and we all know it, and canned vegetables and southern strawberries are recognized for the shams they are.

Though, with land reckoned at so much a square inch, New York has lost the pristine glory of her "back-yards," yet, in old quarters of the city, the back-yards (the one luxury in which the richest man in new New York hardly dares indulge himself) are still the first camping places of the spring on her arrival in this quarter. Looking out of my window upon the open square of yards, only broken in one place by an invading "flat," I



BUDDING OF OAK AND VINE.

watch the spring creeping on, from the time when the owner or some itinerant gardener climbs on the trellis, or lifts himself on a step-ladder, to prune the grape-vines, to the day when the young girls next door run to the house from their first visit to the back "garden" to announce to mamma and the neighborhood that the crocuses are in bloom, or that the first shoots of the peonies have broken the ground with their rosy finger tips. Then work begins in earnest, and more itinerant gardeners, or, in one or two of the yards, more skillful and expensive hands from the florist's, come in with spades and rakes and hoes, and turn up the beds, and rake the remains of last year's vines and roots in heaps, and lift and pound the grass-plot in the middle into shape, or even sod it over freshly, and then set out a new lot of rose-bushes, geraniums, border-pinks and heliotropes, with tuberoses and lily bulbs to give the garden-plot fresh incidents as the weeks roll on. Meanwhile, in the streets, the signs of spring,—worth all the cries of fictitious imported strawberries, and all the wilted southern vegetables, stifled into ripeness in the holds of ships between here and Charleston,—are the cart-loads of sods, with a twig of pussy-cat willow stuck in them as if to prove, by a sort of collateral evidence, that they were really brought from the country and were not manufactured by steam in some city factory; the blowsy German women bawling from door to door their flowering plants in pots, which they carry in big baskets on their heads; or the ash-barrels on the front sidewalks (for New York has no alley-ways), stuffed with the trimmings of vines, and the tangle of garden-sweepings and cuttings of last year's growth from shrubs and trees, in addition to their usual contents.

The sidewalks, too, have their new life, and swarm with children, especially in the older quarters, who make the stoops and flagging their play-ground all the out-of-school hours, and set up such a round of visiting on the part of the little girls, from area to area, and stoop to stoop, and from one side of the street to the other, as shows how native is the social instinct, and how it feeds on nothing. Meanwhile the boys appear in force, with stilts, tops (which they whip in the fashion of the old Webster's Spelling-Book), and in some few places with kites, though of late years the all-pervading telegraph-wires have seriously interfered with that pretty sport. And yesterday, on the sidewalk in crowded Sixth avenue, I saw a little child of six or seven standing, all unconscious of the passers-by, nursing on her shoulder a black kitten, and singing softly to herself some baby song with neither words nor air. And on the smooth asphalt of the Park a Marimon of a sparrow, neat and trim as her French rival, was dancing a shadow-dance all to herself, the *motif*, so to speak, being a refractory straw which she kept on picking up and dropping, and which, as her husband in the tree a few yards off sang the *finale* of his accompanying twitter song, she flew successfully off with, and wove into her new nest. It was only a night or two before that I had seen Dinorah dance her shadow-dance upon the stage, and it seemed natural now to believe that the first suggestion came from seeing some such bird-play as this.

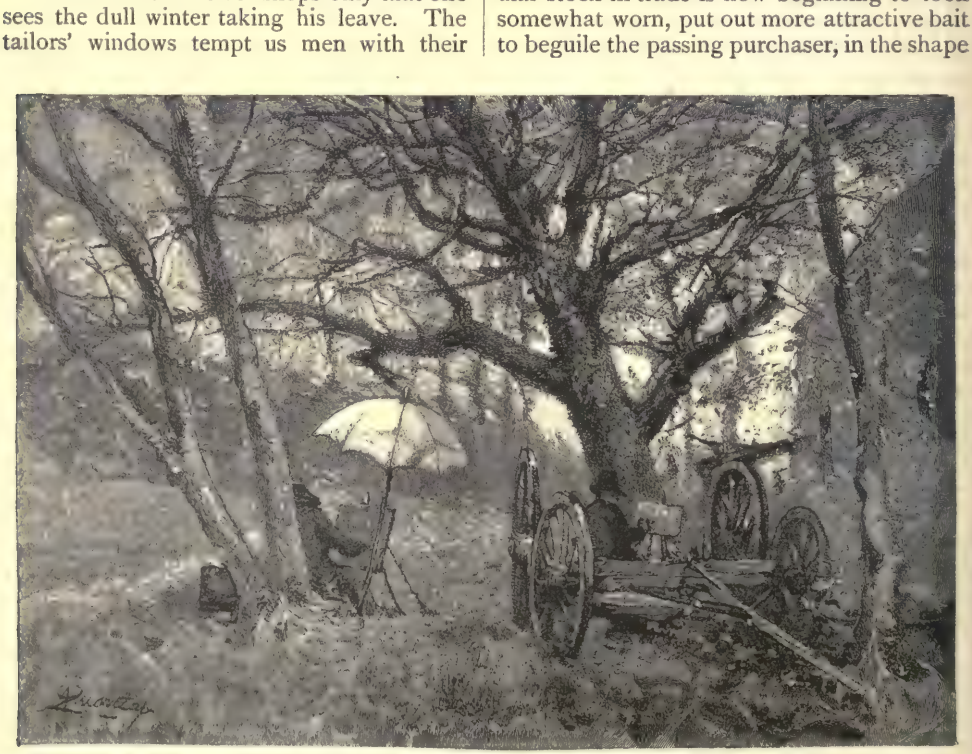
The shop windows are other indexes to the change that is taking place. Those of the florists, who had been getting on rather

slowly for a few weeks with roses and violets and occasional lilies-of-the-valley, with a few white hyacinths (these first hyacinths, however, with their loose clusters and slender bells, having a charm that is somehow wanting to the more perfect, later bloom), now become sweetly gay with tulips, narcissuses, crocuses, daffodils, and hyacinths in glasses, while the trays of cut roses lying in fragrant heaps have a more natural out-of-door air (though likewise raised under glass, they require less care) than the superb Jacqueminots, Maréchal Niels, and Gloire de Dijons that preceded them and keep alongside them far into the summer.

The street flower-stands, too,—sadly botanical and scientific late into the winter, with ferns and alder berries, and berries of the bittersweet; then, about holiday time, ecclesiastically somber with evergreens and holly, then scientific again with more ferns and mosses,—at last become human and sociable, with jacks-in-the-pulpit, club-mosses just arrested in the act of taking their little hats off to the spring, meek bouquets of marsh marigolds, and bunches of twigs of pussy-cat willows or maple buds, plaintive reminders to the "cit" of country boyhood pleasures.

It is not in the flower-shops only that one sees the dull winter taking his leave. The tailors' windows tempt us men with their lighter cloths, and even the shoe-shops hide their heavy-soled shoes and put their best foot foremost, clothed in the dapper gaiter or the low-cut shoe that speaks of sunny days and dry pavements. The trunk shops, too, seem to take a vigorous start in the spring, and bring out upon the sidewalks a great array of trunks and bags and boxes, of all shapes and sizes; some large enough to hold the clothes of an entire family, though doubtless intended to transport only a portion of the dresses of some newly made bride or woman of fashion; others reasonably capacious, but made so shallow in form as to suggest to the passer-by, who perhaps has already a journey in his mind, the suitableness of just such a traveling companion for his state-room, in case he should decide, in this fine spring weather, to go over the ocean and see for himself how England looks in May. For one of the effects of spring is to make us all restless, and Nature, with her mounting sap, and pushing grass and pairing birds, is not to have a monopoly of motion; man, also, will repair and build, and make love, and migrate, as well as the bird.

The carpet shops, conscious that their regular stock in trade is now beginning to look somewhat worn, put out more attractive bait to beguile the passing purchaser, in the shape



A SPRING STUDIO: PAINTING AN OLD MILL IN THE SUBURBS.

ON THE HARLEM.

of rolls of cool-looking matting, in fresh tints and varied patterns, for decorative art has invaded even stand-still China, and where there used to be only two kinds of matting,—the red-and-white check and the plain straw,—there are now a dozen. But I may remark in a parenthesis that, let decorative art do what it can, it will never invent any pattern prettier, or that will wear better, than the red-and-white check. It holds its own, century after century, by as inalienable a title as bread and butter, roast beef, sunshine and potatoes.

There are shops to which spring brings only the sad conviction that their occupation is gone for as long as spring and summer last; and some shops, that have an elastic trade adapted to all the year, have to put half their stock on the retired list until cool weather comes again. Just as the animals themselves are making up their minds to leave winter quarters, the furriers begin to roll up their skins and pack them away for the season; the plumbers, to whom the universal thaw no longer promises bursting pipes and leaking leaders, retire to their back offices to devise new complications and more intricate traps for another season, while the so-called furnishing shops feed the quickened imagination of housekeepers with mops and pails and scrubbing brushes, cheerful emblems of spring cleaning, and remand to the cellars their coal-scuttles and fire-irons, while a background of refrigerators, ice-pitchers and lemon-squeezers carries the mind gaily forward to the sweltering heats of summer. About this time, too, expect, as the almanacs say, to see steamer-chairs, with the initials or the full names of their owners painted on them, standing outside these shops, provokingly suggestive either of ocean voyage or yacht cruising. But as the busy man cannot hope to enjoy either of these pleasures, he mentally resolves that the first sunny holiday he can find he will sail down to Staten Island, and through the pretty Kills, to catch sight of spring as she comes rippling up our beautiful Bay,—touching the marsh grasses with young green light, throwing a misty veil of leaf-tips and swelling buds over the trees, and sending her sea-gulls as couriers to announce her coming, careering in their beautiful flight about our boat,—sea-gulls, the last of April's scurrying snow-flakes, flying first blossoms of the May, scud of the breakers, borne inland by the salt south-wind.

The carpenters and masons, who have been dormant all winter, now appear, with the first audacious fly, and, like the woodpecker, make their presence known by an energetic tapping and hammering. Look-

ing out of the window to see on which of these old-neighbor houses they have alighted, we find it is our next door, who is taking advantage of these first unseasonably warm days to enlarge his back balcony into a room; but so fickle is our April weather that hardly have the workmen got rid of the old piazza (for with such a high-sounding name do we dignify our narrow balconies, for the most part never used), and so deprived the house of the protection it afforded, than a rude snow-storm sends them back to their shop, and hides their new lumber for twenty-four hours under a white blanket. It is odd to see how citizens seem to dislike a tree. The pretty apricot that, every spring for the five years we have known her, has covered herself with a light veil of pink blossoms, and in the cool morning just touched the city air with a whispered breath of almond scent—the pretty tree is gone, cut off ten feet from the ground, a mangled stump. The light brush of its branches lies in a heap, the infant buds are nipped in their swelling, and, if we could see her, the ousted Hamadryad is sitting forlorn by her dismantled home. Etiquette forbids that we should ask the reason for this bit of destructiveness, but we cannot help being sorry for an act that seems to have had no reason in it.

But, if our next-door apricot is gone, the opposite-house baby has re-appeared, and we are sure, for a time at least, of something always prettier than any apricot tree could be. The baby was born in the early winter, but immediately went into retirement. Its first appearance at the window in its nurse's arms, very pink and very much swathed in flannel, was hailed as an auspicious sign on our first taking possession of winter quarters, but, as has been said, it disappeared from the view of the back-window world, and was naturally forgotten. Now, however, it has appeared again, with the tulips and jonquils, and the old artist Time has added so many touches to his first sketch,—working over the red ground in which he always lays in his heads, and subtly managing his carnations, with gold lights in the tendrils of the hair, and blue eyes dashed in with a full, wet brush, a mouth like a bud, and—can it be?—why does the nurse leave the window, and come back with the mother, all nods and wreathed smiles? Why this fumbling in the baby's mouth? Is it a tooth? Yes, it would seem the first pretty millet seed has sprouted, the first pearl has been strung on the rosy thread. Old painter Time is finishing his picture, and has put in the first of his high lights. Nature, good foster-mother, is providing playthings for her child, for while the new baby was crooning at the window, the black cat brought out her two kittens into the yard below, and gave them their first taste of the open air and a sight of the fences they are one day to climb. Pretty, soft black accents in the Munich-gray of the picture!

By the stir on the roof of another opposite neighbor's "extension," and by the monotonous cooing of the pigeons that live there in cotes nailed against the wall, it may be guessed that babies and kittens are not the only young things whose growth and nurture the year is to tend. The older pigeons will soon be training their pigeonettes in flying up and down or across the open court, and it will not be many weeks or days

WATCHING THE GOATS.

DRIVING IN THE FLOCK.

before we shall hear the pattering of the red feet and the cooing of the iris-breasted visitors on our tinned roof, with the quick whir of frightened wings as we step to the window to watch their restless play. How dull, after all, would the square shut in by the houses be—sunny and bright as it is—without these various movements of animate life!

Once, when we could not go to the country ourselves, a bit of April was brought to us by a kind-hearted maiden,—a basket of marsh-marigolds—greenish-yellow blossom-flowers just now leaves, and leaves that are all but flowers. She brought them—this girl, like one of Botticelli's Graces floating out of his Allegory of Spring—in a pretty basket of her own contriving, a softly-woven hat of straw, the edges drawn together at two sides with a knot of ribbon, and the flowers nestled closely together in the open ends. They looked out with their homely, friendly faces, recalling many an early April stroll in Westchester woods, where these firstlings of the year greeted us, thickly clustered along the banks of the creeping streams.

But the lover of spring will not be content with her city smiles. He will follow her to the rocky suburbs if, as is sadly likely, he cannot woo her in the real country. However, here again New York has an advantage over some other cities, in the curiously untamed wildness of her outlying regions. Even on the island itself, on its northernmost extension, the woods and rocks are still as they were in the days of Peter Stuyvesant, though, now that the elevated railroads have reached to the borders of the wildwood, it cannot be long before it will disappear, or be so broken up as to be no longer a strolling place for people tired, for a time, of city sights and sounds. The Harlem river is the resort of innumerable boating gentry, but its shores are so steep on the one side and so marshy on the other as to give no opportunity to the walker, and the railroad that now skirts its northern shore and follows its windings has made such enjoyment as we once had in it no longer possible. But boat-hiring is made so easy that the river may be enjoyed this way with more pleasure, perhaps, than if we were only to walk along its banks. In a boat we are double owners of the stream,—we not only survey it from side to side, we command its inaccessible places; and now in the spring we see the water weeds brightening with answering green, as the marsh grass quickens along the edge and the arrowheads sharpen their serried tips in the sun, while the minnows flash in gathering and dispersing ranks, moving with a swift unanimity, as if an electric flash gave the silent signal, while at every fresh boat-length the plash of the vigilant frog is heard. We must linger long after the world is still, however, before we hear that sound which is one of the few in nature that mark an era in the progress of the year—the sound of the "peeper," as clear and distinctly recognizable as the cry of the first locust or the chirp of the first cricket—one of those sweet surprises, like the first sight we get of the new moon, the first dandelion in the meadow, or, more delightful still, in the city grass-plots,—sights and sounds

> "That always find us young,
> And always keep us so."

Of these firstlings, however, the sight of the dandelion is cheerful, and so is the peeper's cry, albeit its monotone may, to

PICKING DANDELIONS.

some ears, be melancholy or plaintive; but the cry of the cicada and the cricket (which, of course, are not "cries" at all) are necessarily melancholy, because they belong to the fading year; they are cadences in the song of Nature as she sits at the rushing loom of Time. But the peeper's note is the tinkling bell that rings the curtain up and ushers in the play-time of the pleasant world.

I remember to have once brought home from a Westchester-county brook a formless mass of jelly, through which were distributed at intervals dark points like seeds. Bringing it home, I put it into a glass vessel filled with water, and set it in the window, watching it day by day. Each of these little points was an egg of the common frog, and after the first day or so it was seen that every egg was surrounded by a small globe or bubble of air. Day by day, as they increased in size, the bubbles grew with their growth, and at length, from simple dark points, the eggs assumed an elongated form, like small melon seeds. But what made them magically interesting to watch was the curious phenomenon by which, every now and then,—and though I watched them long and often I could never ascertain any settled periodicity in the matter,—an electric thrill seemed to dart through the inert, gelatinous mass, and all the separate eggs, each in its transparent bubble, would wriggle simultaneously—just one short, sharp wriggle—and then all would remain quiet, till Nature had generated enough electricity for another shock. This continued until the eggs had developed the beginnings of a tail, and the

A SPRING MORNING AT MME. JUMEL'S IN THE OLD TIME.

air bubbles had increased so that they nearly touched one another; when, having no aquarium in which to keep my brood, I carried them back and slipped them into their native brook again. Are the planets such eggs in a vast, cosmical, nebulous mass, each with its own bubble of atmosphere, and does an electric flash run through our inert mass with the spring, and thrill us all into new life after winter's stagnation? Something thrills us, and the simultaneousness of it is past all scientific explanation. The very roots in the cellar feel the impulse; the potato strains its eyes so, to get a sight of what's going on, that they project from its head like the eyes of snails; the onion says to itself: "I'd be a hyacinth, if I could, but as I can't, I'll start off like one. Would that a bulb by any other name would smell as sweet." The beets and carrots try to follow suit, but they are a clumsier breed, and the only change that comes over them when the spring is making other things burst into bud and leaf, is that they become pith and cork, and end by wilting away.

The Park is the place where most New Yorkers first see the spring in its full beauty, and perhaps the only place where we see it at all beyond the city bounds. Here are broad swards of grass, ampler and greener than the country can show, and sown with dandelions so thickly as literally to make the green one yellow. And sheep and lambs really enjoying life, and ducks and geese and swans on the ponds and streams, leading their young broods out to see the glad new world into which they have been so lucky as to be born. 'Tis all very pretty, and we must enjoy the lush exuberance of the leafage, and the flower-garlanded trellises and rocky walls, hid out of sight with the purple wistaria and the scented honeysuckle; but whoever has courage to push beyond these formal walls into the rude, unkempt, but very much alive unbuilt-up world outside will find a more satisfying experience—unless, indeed, he be a foreordained "cit," and must go only where he can keep his boots clean.

The roads that lead by the now tottering palings of old New York houses like that of Madame Jumel's; the bits of pasture still uninvaded by city improvements, where children watch the goats or pick the dandelion leaves that make a dish of bitter "greens" to season the spare home meal, or keep the clamorous geese in sight, as they nip the springing grass or wrestle with their yellow beaks in the plashy rivulets that drain the rocky lots,—in all these straying-places about the city we may find happy substitutes, if we will, for a more ambitious country side, and bring back to the work-a-day world and the round of daily toil some gleam of real sunshine, the remembrance of some pretty glimpse of Nature, or, if nothing more cheerful, the conviction that, if not for him then somewhere for others, spring is bathing the earth in sunshine and making all things new.

SUCCESS.

WHO wins the race? The boy who strives
For victory solely, and derives
No pleasure from the racer's art,
Nor keen delight to play his part,
But, struggling for his flag or button,
Must bolt his triumph like a glutton?

Who wins the race? The maid who craves
That all her friends should be her slaves?
A warm look here, cold shoulder there,
Now wafting bliss and now despair!
Amid the herd her charms have smitten
Gives one a finger, ten the mitten!

Who wins the race? The man who pours
His every nerve where he adores,
Outstrips his foes at any rate
And gets the maid by efforts great,

So set on owning that he's blind
To hot or cold, to wet or wind?

The race—who wins it? It is he
Who loses, gains the loftier fee!
O boy, love racing, not the prize;
Love love, sweet girl, not lover's cries;
And, man, far sooner bear a hurt
Than stoop to wrangle for a flirt!

SUN-SPOTS AND FINANCIAL PANICS.

I RECEIVE so many letters relating to the imagined troubles which the movements of the planets are to occasion during the next few years (chiefly through the intervention of the solar spots), that I think many may find interest in the most recent development of the sun-spot mania,—Professor Stanley Jevons's theory that there is a close and intimate connection between commercial crises and spots upon the sun. My object is not, I need hardly say, to advocate Professor Jevons's theory. Nor do I propose merely to show how slight is the evidence on which his theory is based, and that, in some respects, it is even opposed to those views in whose support it was adduced. I write more with the view of discouraging that flow of unscientific speculation with regard to sun-spots which has recently set in.

About the year 1862, Professor Jevons prepared two statistical diagrams relating to monetary matters, the price of corn, etc. The study of these satisfied him that the commercial troubles of 1815, 1825, 1836–39, 1847, and 1857, exhibited a true but mysterious periodicity. There was no appearance of like periodicity, indeed, during the first fifteen years of the present century, when "statistical numbers were thrown into confusion by the great wars, the suspension of specie payments, and the frequently extremely high prices of corn." He admits, moreover, that the statistical diagram, so far as the eighteenth century is concerned, presents no appreciable trace of periodicity.

In 1875, attracted by questions raised respecting solar influences, Professor Jevons discussed the data in Professor Thorold Rogers's "Agriculture and Prices in England since 1259." He then believed, he tells us somewhat naïvely, that "he had discovered the solar period" in the prices of corn and various agricultural commodities, and he accordingly read a paper to that effect at the British Association at Bristol. Subsequent inquiry, however, *seemed to show that periods of three, five, seven, nine, or even thirteen years, would agree with Professor Rogers's data just as well as a period of eleven years;* in disgust at which result, Professor Jevons withdrew the paper from further publication. He still looks back, however, with some affection on this paper, and quotes with complacency this passage:

"Before concluding I will throw out a surmise, which, though it is a mere surmise, seems worth making. It is now pretty generally allowed that the fluctuations of the money market, though often apparently due to exceptional and accidental events, such as wars, panics, and so forth, yet do exhibit a remarkable tendency to recur at intervals approximating to ten or eleven years. Thus, the principal commercial crises have happened in the years 1825, 1836–39, 1847, 1857, 1866, and I was almost adding 1879, so convinced do I feel that there will, within the next few years, be another great crisis. Now, if there should be, in or about the year 1879, a great collapse comparable with those of the years mentioned, there will have been five such occurrences in fifty-four years, giving almost exactly eleven years (10.8) as the average interval, which sufficiently approximates to 11.1 years, the supposed exact length of the sun-spot period, to warrant speculations as to their possible connection."

However, Professor Jevons, though he had done his best to follow the course laid down for such researches "by those who are determined, above all things, that some terrestrial cycles shall be made to synchronize with the sun-spot cycle,* had been thus

* "The thing to hunt down," says one of these, "is a cycle, and if that is not to be found in the tem-

far disappointed. "I was embarrassed," he says, "by the fact that the commercial fluctuations could with difficulty be reconciled with a period of 11.1 years. If, indeed, we start from 1825 and add 11.1 years' time after time, we get 1836.1, 1847.2, 1858.3, 1869.4, 1880.5, which shows a gradually increasing discrepancy from 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866, and now 1878, the true dates of the crises." The true cycle-hunter, however, is seldom without an explanation of such discrepancies. "I went so far," he says, and again his *naïveté* is charming, "as to form the rather fanciful hypothesis that the commercial world might be a body so mentally constituted, as Mr. John Mill must hold, as to be capable of vibrating in a period of ten years, so that it would every now and then be thrown into oscillation by physical causes having a period of eleven years." Unfortunately for the scientific world, which could not have failed to profit greatly from the elucidation of so ingenious a theory, even though it had subsequently been found well to withdraw it, Professor Jevons became acquainted about this time with some inquiries by Mr. J. A. Broun, tending to show that the solar period is 10.45 years, not 11.1. This placed the matter in a very different light, and removed all difficulties. "Thus, if we take Mr. John Mill's 'Synopsis of Commercial Panics in the Present Century,' and rejecting 1866, as an instance of a premature panic" (this is very ingenious), "count from 1815 to 1857, we find that four credit cycles occupy forty-two years, giving an average duration of 10.5 years, which is a remarkably close approximation to Mr. Broun's solar period."

Encouraged by the pleasing aspect which the matter had now assumed, Professor Jevons determined to go further afield for evidence. "It occurred to me at last," he says, "to look back into the previous century, where facts of a strongly confirmatory character at once presented themselves. Not only was there a great panic in 1793, as Dr. Hyde Clarke remarked, but there were very distinct events of a similar nature in the years 1783, 1772–3, and 1763. About these dates there can be no question, for they may all be found clearly stated on pp. 627, 628 of the first volume of Mr. Macleod's unfinished 'Dictionary of Political Economy.' Mr. Macleod gives a concise, but I believe correct, account of these events, and as he seems to entertain no theory of periodicity, his evidence is perfectly unbiased." It is true that neither Wolff's nor Broun's period can be strictly reconciled with the occurrence of four commercial crises, at intervals of exactly ten years; for three times 11.1 are 33.3, and three times 10.45 are 31.35, whereas the interval from 1763 to 1793 amounts only to 30. However we only have to regard the crisis of 1793 as a "premature panic" to remove this difficulty. Indeed, with premature panics and delayed panics, overhasty sun-spot crises and unduly retarded ones, we can get over even more serious difficulties.

This "beautiful coincidence," as Professor Jevons called it, led him to look still farther backward, "and to form the apparently wild notion that the great crisis, generally known as that of the South Sea Bubble, might not be an isolated and casual event, but only an early and remarkable manifestation of the commercial cycle." The South Sea Bubble is usually assigned to the year 1720, and, as that would be 43 years before 1763, we should have 10¾ years, instead of 10½ years, for the average interval, if three commercial crises occurred between 1720 and 1763. But this difficulty is merely superficial. "It is perfectly well known to the historians of commerce," says Professor Jevons, "that the general collapse of trade, which profoundly affected all the more advanced European nations, especially the Dutch, French, and English, occurred in 1721. Now, if we assume that there have been, since 1721, up to 1857, thirteen commercial cycles, the average interval comes out 10.46 years. Or if we consider that we are in this very month (November, 1878) passing through a normal crisis, then the interval of 157 years, from 1721 to 1878, gives an average cycle of 10.466 years."

Before this could be accepted, however, three commercial panics had to be found to fill in the space between 1721 and 1763. Professor Jevons felt this keenly. He spent much time and labor, during the summer of 1878, "in a most tedious and discouraging search among the pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers of the period, with a view to discover other decennial crises." He seems to have done everything he could think of, short of advertising—"Wanted, three crises, fitted to fill a crisisless gap in last century's commercial history"—

perate zones, then go to the frigid zones or to the torrid zone to look for it; and if found, then above all things and in whatever manner (!) lay hold of, study, and read it, and see what it means,"—or make a meaning for it, if it has none, he should have added.

but the results were not very satisfactory. "I am free to confess," he says, "that in this search, I have been thoroughly biased in favor of a theory, and that the evidence which I have so far found would have no weight if standing by itself. It is impossible in this place, to state properly the facts which I possess; I can only briefly mention what I hope to establish by future more thorough inquiry." Even this—which has yet to be established—amounts to very little; but that is the fault of the facts, not of Professor Jevons.

In the first place, it is remarkable, he thinks, that the South Sea Company, which failed in 1720–21, was founded in 1711, just ten years before, "and that on the very page (312) of Mr. Fox Broun's 'Romance of Trade,' which mentions this fact, the year 1701 also occurs in connection with speculation and *stock-jobbing*, as the promotion of companies was then called. The occurrence of a crisis in the years 1710–11, 12 is, indeed, almost established by the list of bubble insurance companies formed in those years, as collected by Mr. Cornelius Walford."

If the probability that a commercial crisis occurred in 1710–12 (though the history of trade perversely omits to mention such a crisis) is not considered sufficient, in company, even, with the mention of 1701 as a year of stock-jobbing, to prove beyond all possibility of question that commercial crises occurred in 1731, 1742, and 1752, let the hesitating student observe, that quite obviously "about ten years after stock-jobbing had been crushed by the crisis of 1721, it reared its head again." It is remarked in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1732, that "stock-jobbing is grown almost epidemical. Fraud, corruption and iniquity in great companies as much require speedy and effectual remedies now as in 1720. The scarcity of money and stagnation of trade in all the distant parts of England, is a proof that too much of our current coin is got into the hands of a few persons." Before 1734 matters had become still worse, for Mr. Walford says that "gambling in stocks and funds had broken out with considerable fervor again during the few years preceding 1734. It was the first symptom of recovery from the events of 1720." In 1734, accordingly, we find that an act was passed to check stock-jobbing.

It might still seem, however, to some of those doubting spirits whom no arguments can satisfy, that the occurrence, in 1734, of "the first symptoms of recovery from the events of 1720" is not in itself proof positive of the occurrence of a commercial crisis in 1732. They might, in their perversity, argue that the next commercial crisis after that of 1720–21 would presumably have followed the recovery, in 1734, from the effects of the South Sea collapse. To satisfy these unbelievers, Professor Jevons points out that in 1732 a society called the "Charitable Corporation for Relief of the Industrious Poor" became bankrupt. Many people were ruined by the unexpected deficit thus discovered, and Parliament and the public were asked to assist the sufferers.

The failure of a charitable corporation in 1732 is not perhaps in itself demonstrative of the occurrence of a commercial crisis in 1732, but when considered in connection with the founding of the South Sea Company in 1711, the occurrence of stock-jobbing in 1701, the revival in 1734 from the events of 1720–21, and especially with the circumstance that Professor Jevons's theory absolutely requires a crisis in 1732, it must in charity be accepted. It would indeed be exceedingly unkind to reject the evidence thus offered for a commercial panic in 1732, because none can be found to show that between 1732 and 1763, "anything approaching to a mania or crisis," took place. "My learned and obliging correspondents at Amsterdam and Leyden," says Professor Jevons, "disclaim any knowledge of such events in the trade of Holland at that time, and my own diagram, showing the monthly bankruptcies throughout the interval, displays a flatness of a thoroughly discouraging character."

This would dishearten perhaps any one but a believer in sun-spot influences. But the rule laid down by the high-priest of their order, to hold on resolutely to any cycle found or imagined, "above all things *and in whatever manner*, to lay hold of" such a cycle, despite all difficulties and every discouragement, is one which they follow with a zeal worthy of a more scientific and logical system of procedure. Though Professor Jevons would find no evidence whatever of a crisis between the well-imagined one in 1732 and the real crisis in 1763, inquiry leads him to believe, he says, "that yet there were remarkable variations in the activity of trade and the prices of some staple commodities, such as wool and tin, sufficient to connect the earlier with the later periods." The evidence is not complete, and as it does not quite agree with the sun-spot theory, it is "probably misleading." Any one "who

can point out to Professor Jevons a series of prices of metals, or other commodities not merely agricultural, before 1782, will, he announces, confer a very great obligation upon him by doing so.

However, though the theory absolutely requires a crisis in 1742 and another in 1752, or thereabouts, let us defer for the present any minuter inquiry on this point. "I permit myself to assume," says Professor Jevons, "that there were, about the years 1742 and 1752, fluctuations of trade which connect the undoubted decennial series of 1711, 1721, and 1732 with that commencing again in the most unquestionable manner in 1763." There is something very pleasing in this. We permit ourselves to assume that the strongest possible evidence of steady commercial relations between 1732 and 1763 may be set on one side. We make a series of undoubted crises out of three dates: of these the first (1711), marking the time when one of the greatest commercial swindles of the last two centuries was started, indicates a season of undue confidence, instead of undue depression; the second (1721) is not the true date of the event with which it is connected; and the third (1732) was not marked by any commercial event in the remotest degree resembling a general panic or crisis. Having achieved this noteworthy deed of derring-do—running atilt against, and for the time being overthrowing, all the rules of logic (as if, in a tourney, a knight should overthrow the marshals, instead of his armed opponents)—Professor Jevons is able triumphantly to declare that the whole series of decennial crises may be stated as follows: (1701 ?), 1711, 1721, 1731–32, (1742 ? 1752 ?), 1763, 1772–3, 1783, 1793, (1804–5), 1815, 1825, 1836–39, (1837, in the United States), 1847, 1857, 1866, 1878. A series of this sort, we are told, is not, like a chain, as weak as its weakest part; on the contrary, the strong parts add strength to the weak parts. In spite, therefore, of the doubtful existence of some of the crises, as marked in the list, "*I can entertain no doubt whatever*" (the italics are most emphatically mine),—"I can entertain no doubt whatever that the principal commercial crises do fall into a series having the average period of about 10.466 years. Moreover, the almost perfect coincidence of this period with Broun's estimate of the sun-spot period (10.45) is by itself strong evidence that the phenomena are causally connected." There is evidence of splendid courage in these statements; it is in this way that, according to the Scotch proverb, one either makes a spoon or mars a horn.

Before proceeding to consider the evidence by which the series of commercial crises is to be connected, or otherwise, with the series of sun-spot changes, let it be permitted to us to separate the actually recorded crises from those which Professor Jevons has either invented (as 1701, 1711, and 1732) or assumed (as 1742, 1752, and 1804–5). We have left the dates 1721, 1763, 1772–3, 1783, 1793, 1815, 1825, 1836–39, 1847, 1857, 1866 and 1878. The corresponding intervals (taking, when an interval instead of a date is given, the date midway between the two named) are as follows: 42 years, 9½ years, 10½ years, 10 years, 22 years, 10 years, 12½ years, 9½ years, 10 years, 9 years, and 12 years. The evidence for the decennial period is not demonstrative, and the logical condition of the mind which, in presence of this evidence, "can entertain no doubt whatever" that the true average period is 10.466 years—which, be it noted, is a period given to the thousandth part of a year, or about 8¾ *hours*—must be enviable to those who possess a much smaller capacity for conviction—that is, a much greater capacity for doubt.

But it may happen, perchance, that the irregularity of the recurrence of crises affords evidence in favor of a connection between commercial panics and the sun-spot period. It is well known that the epochs when the sun is most spotted do not occur at regular intervals, either of 11.1 years, 10.45 years, or any other period. If the irregularities of the sun-spot period should be reflected, so to speak, in the irregularities of the panic period, the evidence would be even more satisfactory than if both periods were quite regular and they synchronized together. For in the latter case there would be only one coincidence,—a coincidence which, though striking, might yet be due to chance; in the other there would be many coincidences, the co-existence of which could not reasonably be regarded as merely fortuitous.

Only, at the outset, it may be as well to determine beforehand what our conclusions ought to be, if no such resemblance should be recognized between the irregularities of the two periods. We must not, perhaps, expect too close a resemblance. We may very well believe that while the normal relationship between two connected sets of phenomena might result either in absolutely simultaneous oscillations, or, at least, in

oscillations of perfectly equal period (so that whatever discrepancy might exist between the epochs of the respective maxima or minima should be constantly preserved), yet that a multitude of more or less extraneous disturbing influences might prevent either form of synchronism from being actually observed. For instance, if we supposed that the absence of sun-spots is the cause of commercial depression, we might imagine that at the time of fewest sun-spots a commercial crisis would occur, unless extraneous causes delayed it; or we might imagine that, as a regular rule, the crisis would follow the time of fewest sun-spots by a given interval, as a year, or two years; yet we might very well understand that occasionally a crisis might be hastened by a few months, or even a year, or might be in equal degree delayed. Still, there are limits to the amount of disturbance which we could thus account for without being forced to abandon altogether the theory that sun-spots influence trade,—despite the antecedent probability (which some consider so great) of a relationship of this kind. For instance, if we found commercial crises occurring in a year of maximum disturbance at one time, while at another they occurred at years of minimum disturbance, at another, midway between a maximum and the next following minimum, and, at yet another, midway between a minimum and the next following maximum, we should not feel absolutely forced to accept the theory that sun-spots somehow govern trade relations. Nay, I think a logically-minded person would feel that in the presence of such discrepancies nothing could establish the theory—otherwise so extremely probable—of the influence of sun-spots on trade.

Professor Jevons has not definitely indicated his own opinions on this point. Perhaps if he had, we should have found that he would allow wider latitude to the discrepancies which may exist than one less attached to the sun-spot theory of trade would consider permissible. We have seen how readily he has been satisfied respecting crises which had to be either invented or assumed.* Perhaps a little further evidence on this point may be useful, as showing the extent to which that bias in favor of his theory, which he has so frankly admitted, seems really to have influenced him. We have seen that if crises fail to occur when his theory requires them, he readily constructs or assumes crises to fit into the vacant places. He is equally ready to deal with what others would regard as the equally fatal difficulty, that crises take place when, according to the decennial theory (a wider theory than the solar one, be it noticed), they should not have occurred. "There is nothing in this theory," he says, "inconsistent with the fact that crises and panics arise from other than meteorological causes. There was a great political crisis in 1798, a great commercial collapse in 1810–11, (which will not fall into the decennial series); there was a stock exchange panic in 1859; and the great American collapse of 1873–75. There have also been several minor disturbances in the money market, such as those of February, 1861, May and September, 1864, August, 1870, November, 1873; but they are probably due to exceptional and disconnected reasons. Moreover, they have seldom, if ever, the intensity, profundity and wide extension of the true decennial crises." In other words, if recognizable crises fail to occur when the decennial period requires them, yet we may assume that, at the proper time, some trade disturbances have taken place, only on so small a scale as to escape notice; but if trade disturbances occur which even attract notice, at times not reconcilable with the decennial theory, then we may overlook them, because a true decennial crisis is intense, profound, and widely extended. It is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" with the supporters of the decennial theory. Though even with this free-and-easy method of reasoning, the American crisis in 1873–75 might seem rather awkward to deal with. Americans,

* Professor Roscoe, in a lecture on "Sun-spots and Commercial Crises" (delivered, strangely enough, as one of a series of science lectures for the people), has raised Professor Jevons's assumed crisis a grade higher in the scale of probability. The dates, 1742, 1752, and 1804–5, when a crisis ought to have occurred, but did not, were given by Professor Roscoe as dates of doubtful crises, by which his audience understood that crises but of comparatively small extent occurred at those dates. Certainly the audience did not understand that, after long and careful search for the crises which theoretically should then have taken place, Professor Jevons had failed to find any trace whatever of their occurrence. By the way, the audience at Manchester would not seem to have been very profoundly impressed by a conviction of the antecedent probability of the theory advocated by the lecturer. At first, Professor Roscoe's statement of the theory was received as a joke. "Laughter," "laughter," and "renewed laughter," followed the enunciation of the theory. Only when the evidence, carefully freed from whatever might suggest doubt or difficulty, was brought forward, did the audience gradually become convinced that the lecturer was in earnest.

at any rate, are not very likely to accept the doctrine that that crisis was not intense, profound, and widely extended.

I may remark in passing that, in jestingly advancing the theory which Professor Jevons has since adopted, I dealt—also jestingly—with this very difficulty in a way which seems to be at least as satisfactory as Professor Jevons's method of treating it. "The last great monetary panic," I wrote in 1877, "occurred in 1866, at a time of minimum solar maculation. Have we here a decisive proof that the sun rules the money market, the bank rate of discount rising to a maximum as the sun-spots sink to a minimum, and *vice versâ?* The idea is strengthened," I pointed out, "by the fact that the American panic in 1873 occurred when spots were very numerous, and its effects have steadily subsided as the spots have diminished in number; for this shows that the sun rules the money-market in America on a principle diametrically opposite to that on which he (manifestly) rules the money-market in England; precisely as the spots cause drought in Calcutta and plenteous rain-fall at Madras, wet southwesters and dry southeasters at Oxford, and wet southeasters and dry southwesters at St. Petersburg. Surely it would be unreasonable to refuse to recognize the weight of evidence which thus tells on both sides at once." This is nonsense, and was meant to be taken as nonsense; but it strikingly resembles some arguments which have been urged, within the last hundred years, too, respecting solar influences.

Let us turn, however, to the actual records of sun-spots, and compare them with Professor Jevons's list of commercial crises.

We have no better collection of evidence respecting sun-spots than that formed by Professor Wolff. Broun and Lamont have called in question some of Wolff's conclusions, as will presently be more particularly noticed. But, in the main, Wolff's evidence remains unshaken. Very few astronomers—I may even say not one astronomer of repute—have adopted the adverse views which have been thus expressed, and certainly none, even among those who have admitted the possible validity of such views on points of detail, entertain the least doubt respecting the general validity of the conclusions arrived at by Wolff.

After carefully examining all the evidence afforded by observatory records, the notebooks of private astronomers, and so forth, Wolff has deduced the following series of dates for the maxima and minima of solar disturbances since the year 1700:

Intervals in years.	Dates of Maxima.	Possible error in years.	Intervals in years.	Dates of Minima.	Possible error in years.
	1705.0	2.0		1712.0	1.0
12.5	1717.5	1.0	11.0	1723.0	1.0
10.0	1727.5	1.0	10.0	1733.0	1.5
11.0	1738.5	1.5	12.0	1745.0	1.0
11.5	1750.0	1.0	10.7	1755.7	0.5
11.5	1761.5	0.5	10.8	1766.5	0.5
8.5	1770.0	0.5	9.3	1775.8	0.5
9.5	1779.5	0.5	9.0	1784.8	0.5
9.0	1788.5	0.5	13.7	1798.5	0.5
15.5	1804.0	0.1	12.0	1810.5	0.5
12.8	1816.8	0.5	12.7	1823.2	0.2
12.7	1829.5	0.5	10.6	1833.8	0.2
7.7	1837.2	0.5	10.2	1844.0	0.2
11.4	1848.6	0.5	12.2	1856.2	0.2
11.6	1860.2	0.2	10.9	1867.1	0.1
10.6			11.4		
	1870.8			1878.5	

The dates below the line are not in Wolff's list.

It would be difficult, I conceive, for the most enthusiastic believer in sun-spot influences to recognize any connection between the crises and the curve of solar maculation, whether Professor Jevons's list or the natural crises be considered. To quote from an article in the London "Times," which has been attributed to myself (correctly):

"Taking 5¼ years as the average interval between the maximum and minimum sun-spot frequency, we should like to find 'every crisis occurring within a year or so on either side of the minimum; though we should prefer, perhaps, to find the crisis always following the time of fewest sun-spots, as this would more directly show the depressing effect of a spotless sun. No crisis ought to occur within a year or so of maximum solar disturbance; for that, it should seem, would be fatal to the suggested theory. Taking the commercial crises in order, and comparing them with the (approximately) known epochs of maximum and minimum spot frequency, we obtain the following results (we italicize numbers or results unfavorable to the theory): The doubtful [I ought to have written assumed] crisis of 1701 followed a spot minimum by *three* years; the crisis '(imagined)' of 1711 preceded a minimum by one year; that of 1721 preceded a minimum by *two* years; 1731–32 '(imagined crisis)' preceded a minimum by one year; 1742 '(no crisis known)' preceded a minimum by *three* years; 1752 (no crisis) followed a maximum by *two* years; 1763 followed a maximum by a *year and a half;* 1772–73 came *midway* between a maximum and a minimum; 1783 preceded a minimum by *nearly two* years; 1793 came *nearly midway* between a maximum and a minimum; 1804–05 '(no known crisis)' '*coincided* with a maximum; 1815 preceded a maximum by *two years;* 1825 followed a minimum by *two years;* 1836–39 *included* the year 1837, of maximum solar activity (that being the year, also, when a commercial panic occurred in the United States);' [1857 preceded a minimum by one year. This case was, by some inadvertence of mine, omitted from the 'Times' article]; 1866 preceded a minimum by a year; and 1878 follows a minimum

by a year. Four favorable cases [it should have been five] out of seventeen [it should have been eighteen] can hardly be considered convincing. If we include cases lying within two years of a minimum, the favorable cases mount up to seven (eight), leaving ten unfavorable cases."

I might have added, at this point, that if a number of dates were scattered absolutely at random over the interval 1701–1880, we should expect to find some such proportion between dates falling within two years on either side of a minimum and those not so falling.

It must be remembered, I added in the "Times" article, that a single decidedly unfavorable case, as 1815 and 1837, "does more to disprove such a theory than twenty favorable cases would do toward establishing it."

To the "Times" article Professor Jevons replied in a letter, which scarcely seemed to require an answer. At any rate, it left entirely undefended the weakest part of his theory. The agreement between the average period for commercial crises and Mr. Broun's estimate of the average sun-spot period was insisted upon afresh; but the circumstance that crises have occurred at every phase of the sun-spot wave—at the maximum, at the minimum, soon after either of these phases, soon before either, and midway between maximum and minimum, both when spots are increasing and when they are diminishing in number—was in no way accounted for. General doubts were thrown, indeed, on Wolff's accuracy; but no special error was indicated in his interpretation of the evidence he had collected, and still less was any definite objection taken to Wolff's spot curve, regarded as a whole.

Soon after, however, in the "Athenæum," Professor Jevons advanced a more definite defence of his theory. He first argued in favor of Broun's average period of 10.45 years, and then commented unfavorably on some definite dates in Wolff's series.

By the elaborate comparison of magnetic, auroral, and sun-spot data, he said, "Mr. Broun appears to show conclusively that the solar period is not 11.1 years, but about 10.45, this last estimate confirming the earlier determination of Dr. Lamont." It should be mentioned here that the magnetic and auroral data cannot be regarded as of themselves proving anything respecting the sun-spot period; they are as invalid in this respect as some of the evidence which Hansteen and others have derived from terrestrial relations respecting the solar rotation. The real fact is, that, having shown clearly enough that the average magnetic and auroral period has (at any rate, during the last century) been 10.45 years, Broun has endeavored to invalidate the evidence obtained by Wolff for a sun-spot period of 11.1 years, simply because, if such a period is admitted, the theory of synchronism between magnetic and solar disturbances must of necessity be rejected. For this purpose, Broun has endeavored to show that Wolff has overlooked a small maximum of sun-spots in 1797. The table given above shows very clearly that, if an extra maximum is to be thrown in anywhere, it must be between the maxima of 1788.5 and 1804.0, the interval between which is 15½ years. Mr. Broun has certainly not succeeded in demonstrating that 1797 was a year of many spots, nor could a small maximum then occurring be regarded as affecting the sun-spot curve more than the two small maxima which can be recognized in Wolff's picture of the sun-spot curve at about the years 1793 and 1795. Professor Jevons, however, complacently adopts, as proved, what Mr. Broun has surmised with very little probability. "The fact is," he says, "that Dr. Wolff overlooked a small maximum in 1797, and was thus led to introduce into his curve an interval of seventeen years" (15½ only), "an interval quite unexampled in any other part of the known solar history." This, again, is incorrect: there was precisely such an interval between the maxima of 1639.5 and 1655.0 as between those of 1788.5 and 1804.0; while the maximum of 1655.0 was followed by an interval of *twenty* years before another maximum occurred. We have on this point the definite information of Cassini, who, writing in 1671, when spots were beginning to reappear, said: "It is now nearly twenty years since astronomers have seen any considerable spots on the sun." "Mr. Broun shows, moreover," proceeds Professor Jevons, "that the 11.1 period fails to agree with all the earlier portions of Dr. Wolff's own data, which yield a period varying between 10.21 and 10.75 at the utmost. This must relate to the earlier portion of what Wolff calls the modern series, viz., from 1750 onward. It would be just as much or as little to the purpose to reply that the six intervals from the first maximum of the present century, 1804.0, to the last, which cannot be set earlier than 1870.6, have an average length of exactly 11.1 years. It is admitted that five or six periods do not afford sufficient evidence to determine the average, and, for my

own part, I may as well admit that I doubt the stability of the sun-spot period altogether, believing that in one century it may amount to fifteen or twenty years, and in another to seven or eight. But, at least, the observations of the present century and the mean period of 11.1 years resulting from them are open to no sort of question, whereas the very arguments on which Professor Jevons and Mr. Broun insist in opposing Wolff's conclusions would (if admitted) shake all faith in the evidence he adduces from Wolff's earlier dates of maxima and minima.

The next point insisted on by Professor Jevons seems still less to the purpose, except as bearing on Wolff's general accuracy. "Almost more serious," he says, "as regards the credibility of Dr. Wolff's results, is the fact that Mr. Broun gives good reasons for believing that the year 1776 was a year of maximum sun-spots, whereas Dr. Wolff sets that very year down as one of minimum sun-spots." The following are Mr. Broun's own words: "There are no means of testing the earlier epochs of Dr. Wolff; but no long period given by him will be satisfied by them. If I have already shown good grounds for substituting a maximum in 1776 for Dr. Wolff's minimum, a similar change in some of the epochs of the preceding century and a half may be quite possible." "Now, a highly scientific writer in the 'Times,'" proceeds Professor Jevons, "has condemned the theory of decennial crises, because the dates assigned will not agree with those of maximum and minimum sun-spots, taken, no doubt, according to Dr. Wolff's estimates, and an eminent French statist has rejected the theory on the same ground. I think I am entitled, therefore, to poin to the doubts which Mr. Broun's careful inquiries throw upon the accuracy of Dr. Wolff's relative numbers."

Now, a study of the curve of sun-spots will show how little Dr. Wolff's accuracy is, in reality, impugned by Mr. Broun's attack. We recognize in the curve, which, be it remembered, is Wolff's, a double minimum in the space between the year-ordinates for 1771 and 1781. One corresponds to the year 1773, the other to the last quarter of the year 1775. As the latter appeared, from the evidence examined by Wolff, to be a more marked minimum, the former he regards as the true minimum for that particular wave of spots. But no one who knows anything about the varying aspects of the sun's disc during the two or three years which include the minimum, will wonder if the study of records, necessarily incomplete (for until Schwabe's time no one thought of keeping the sun constantly under survey), should have left the time of the actual minimum rather doubtful in one or two cases. The wonder is that Wolff should have found sufficient evidence to determine the true minimum in so many cases. This, of itself, would suffice to show how laborious must have been his researches. In the particular case about which Mr. Broun raises his question, it can be seen from Wolff's curve of spots that after an apparent minimum in 1773, spots began to appear, then grow fewer in number, till they reached a lower minimum in 1775, neither of these minima, however, being such as to correspond to an absolute spotlessness (which is represented by the level of the lowest minima in Wolff's curve). Then they increased rapidly in number, being greater in number in 1777 than they had been at any of the three preceding maxima. That in 1776, when the spots had already become very numerous, there should be records from which Mr. Broun could infer the existence of an actual maximum, is not at all surprising, though no astronomer accepts the inference; nor, if any did, would the inference at all carry with it the weight which Mr. Broun and Professor Jevons seem to recognize in it. Again, it is absolutely certain that there was a maximum in 1779; so that the supposed maximum of 1776 would involve one more wave, which, with the new wave introduced between 1790 and 1800, would give seventeen complete waves between the maxima of 1705 and 1870, an interval of less than one hundred and sixty-five years. This would make the average length of the sun-spot period 9.7 years, which would not at all suit the views of Mr. Broun and M. Lamont.

In passing, I may remark that in the article in the "Times" (I am obliged to identify myself with Professor Jevons's "highly scientific writer," simply because I wrote the article in question) I did not condemn the theory of commercial crises; I expressed no opinion on that theory. What I indicated was simply that no possible connection can exist between that theory and the theory of sun-spots. As a matter of fact, I do not believe in the decennial theory of crises, though I perceive that in quite a number of cases commerce has oscillated through depression, revival and excitement to the next depression in about that time. Nor, again, do I believe in the sun-spot theory,

though I perceive that during the last century or two the average sun-spot period has been about what Dr. Wolff indicates. But I have not attacked, and certainly I have not condemned, either of these theories. What I do insist upon very strongly, however, is, that the oscillations of commercial credit and the variations of the sun's condition as to maculation have, since the beginning of the last century, shown no manner of agreement.

"I will even go a step further," adds Professor Jevons, "and assert that, in a scientific point of view, it is a questionable proceeding to dress up a long series of relative numbers purporting to express the number of sun-spots occurring during the last century, with the precision of one place of decimals. As Mr. Broun has pointed out, there were no regular series of observations then, and results deduced from the occasional observations of different astronomers cannot be reduced into one consecutive series without a large exercise of discretion. As Mr. Broun has pointed out, Dr. Lamont has criticised some of the epochs which Dr. Wolff considers certain (*sicher*), and has shown that they depend on few observations. He remarks that old observers directed their attention chiefly to large sun-spots, so that Flangergues (one of the principal observers during the period in question) saw the sun frequently without spots, when many were seen by other observers. The true scientific procedure would have been that which Professor Loomis has pursued in regard to auroras, namely, to place in a table all the reasonable observations, carefully distinguishing those by different observers, so that there should be the least possible admixture of Dr. Wolff's own personal equations." I have quoted this passage in full—first, because it presents the opinions of those adverse to Dr. Wolff in this matter; secondly, because the remarks about the difficulties of the subject (difficulties, that is, with which Dr. Wolff has had to contend, and with which he has contended energetically and skillfully) are in the main just; but thirdly, and chiefly, because it affords sound criterions by which to test Professor Jevons's method of procedure. If we should eschew one place of decimals in dealing with the results of observations counted by hundreds, what are we to think of three places of decimals deduced from a few dozen records of commercial matters? If a sun-spot period based on maxima and minima, every one of which is based on real observation, is untrustworthy, what opinion are we to form of a trade period based on crises of which five, or nearly a third of the whole number, are either imagined or assumed? If, in fine, Dr. Wolff's method is unscientific, what name shall we find for that by which, having derived a decennial period from admittedly unsatisfactory evidence, and having rejected the sun-spot period accepted by astronomers for one carefully concocted to fit another theory, Professor Jevons insists on the agreement of this fictitious crisis period and this incorrect sun-spot period, without attempting to show that the admitted variations of one agree with the admitted variations of the other?

For, after all, the strongest evidence against the theory that commercial crises depend on the sun-spots, is given by those crises and sun-spot waves about which there is no sort of doubt or question—the crises on the one hand, and the maxima and minima of sun-spots on the other, recorded during the present century. The study of the second half of the table given above will satisfy any unprejudiced person that this is the case; from the crises of 1804–5 (which never took place, but must be assumed to have taken place to make up the series for the decennial theory of crises) to the crises of 1866 and 1878, we have crises occurring in every part of a sun-spot wave, on the crest, on the valley, on the ascending slope, and on the descending slope. No theory of association can hold out against such obvious evidence of the absolute independence of the two orders of events.*

* The matter has been well summed up by a correspondent of the "Athenæum." "Professor Jevons," he says, "seems to attach great weight to the length of the average sun-spot period; but if the average length of the period between commercial crises during a couple of centuries were shown to be identical with, or to differ but slightly from, the average period of sun-spots, this would be but a small step toward proving association between the two phenomena. The separate periods of minima must be shown to correspond with speculative crises, and the curve also must be proved to be of the same character. Professor Jevons does not appear to be aware that Dr. Wolff has, in the forty-third volume of the 'Memoirs of the Astronomical Society,' given a list of the manuscripts and printed authorities from which he derives his data. Similar but fuller information is supplied by Dr. Wolff in the pages of his 'Astronomische Mittheilungen.' Dr. Wolff does not pretend to equal accuracy for all the periods, but there can be little doubt with regard to the sun-spot periods which have occurred during this century, and, according to Professor Jevons, there seem to be serious discrepancies between these and the periods of commercial depression."

PETER THE GREAT. V.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

XV.

PETER'S MARRIAGE. HIS RETURN TO HIS BOATS.

On account of another festival, the name's-day feast of the Tsaritsa Natalia was postponed for a day. After a religious service in the cathedral, the nobility and the delegates of the regiments of Streltsi and soldiers were admitted to the palace to express their good wishes, and were entertained at dinner, before which they each received a glass of *vodka* from the hand of the Tsaritsa. This shows that, however heated might be the feelings of the respective parties surrounding Sophia and her brother, at all events, the formal respect due to the widow of the Tsar Alexis was preserved.

There was no use of Peter's returning to his boats now that winter was so near, even had his mother and his friends been willing to allow him to go. He therefore again turned his attention to his soldiers, who had so long been out of his mind, and from the demands which he made upon General Gordon and others for drummers, fifers, and drilled recruits,—demands which were with difficulty granted, both by Gordon and Galítsyn,—he was evidently preparing maneuvers of considerable importance. Just at that time a second campaign was decreed against the Turks and Tartars, and the Streltsi and regular soldiers were all ordered to the front, in order to reach winter-quarters near the frontier, and maneuvers on any large scale at Preobrazhénsky were therefore given up. The previous campaign of Galítsyn against the Tartars had turned out so badly that there was discontent at the declaration of a new one. There was dissatisfaction in Moscow with the rule of Sophia and Galítsyn, and Peter's partisans were evidently of opinion that it was time for him to take upon himself the burdens of the government, and that they were strong enough to assist him. That there was high feeling between the parties at court is shown by many little entries in Gordon's diary, though, usually, he was most careful not to mention anything which might in any way compromise himself. But he says, for instance, that he dined with General Tabort, where he met Prince Basil Galítsyn and many of *that party;* and a fortnight later he tells us that he rode back from Ismaílovo with Leontius Neplúief, with whom he talked at length about the *secret plots and plans.* Peter himself added a little to the flame of party feeling by unthinkingly getting into conversation with an army scribe, who happened to be drunk, and asking him many details about the pay and condition of the troops. This act was viewed with displeasure by the Government.

Besides the preparations for the campaign, Galítsyn and Sophia were much troubled by the position of affairs abroad. There was fear lest France, by attacking Austria, might compel the Emperor to make a separate peace with the Turks, and the question came up, what it was necessary to do in such a conjuncture. It was thought that the recent capture of Belgrade by the Austrians might induce them more readily to compromise with the Sultan, and messengers were therefore sent both to Vienna and Warsaw to stir up the Emperor, and, in any case, to obtain for Russia as good terms as possible. A great deal of interest, too, was taken at this time in the affairs of England, for William of Orange had just landed at Torbay, and James II. had fled. But a short time before this last piece of news, which took two months in coming, and was communicated in official despatches to the Dutch Minister and in private letters to General Gordon, the latter had had a conversation with Prince Basil Galítsyn at dinner, in which Galítsyn had said: "With the father and brother of your King we could get along very well, but with the present King it is perfectly impossible to come to an understanding; he is so immeasurably proud." Gordon pretended to understand this as complaining that no envoy was sent to Russia, and answered: "The King, as I believe, on account of the troubles in his own States, has not leisure enough to think of things that are so far off." But Galítsyn said, further: "The English cannot do without Russian products, such as hides, hemp, potash, tallow, and timber for masts;" upon which Gordon gave, as he says, an answer

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of a double sense, implying that he agreed with the Prince. Gordon, who was a zealous Catholic, lost no opportunity of defending King James, and for his steadfast adherence to the Stuart cause gained encomiums even from the Dutch Minister, at a dinner given by him on King William's birthday.

To add to the troubles of the Government, and the prevailing discontent, Moscow was plagued with fires. As in most Russian towns of the present day, the houses at Moscow were built of logs, the interstices being stuffed with tow, the roofs, too, being generally of wood. The day following the name's-day of the Tsaritsa Natalia a fire broke out in the house set apart for the entertainment of foreign embassadors, just outside the Krémlin, which spread to the north-east with great rapidity, overleaped the walls of the Kitaigorod and the White Town, crossed the river Yaúza into the quarter of the Streltsi, and the suburb called the Ragoshkaya, and destroyed over 10,000 houses. Besides several smaller and almost daily fires, there was one on the 16th of September, in the Krémlin, which had burnt down all the priest-houses of the cathedrals and the roofs of the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Department of Kazan. On the night of the 20th, the stables of the Patriarch and the palace of the Tsars narrowly escaped destruction. On the 27th, there was a fire at Preobrazhénsky, in the neighborhood of the palace, which consumed the house of Prince Boris Galítsyn. On the 11th October a fire broke out near the Ilínsky Gate, which extended as far as the Ustrétinka, far beyond the White Wall, and burnt a whole quarter of the town, including many public buildings. This last fire created such embarrassment for the Government, that when, four days afterward, Gordon went to town to ask for a hundred rubles of his pay for that year, he was told that he could not receive it, because the treasury was exhausted, so much money having been advanced to all sorts of people who had suffered by the great fire, in order to enable them to rebuild their houses.

Peter had grown so tall and strong that there had long been a feeling among his party that it was time for him to marry. To this not even Sophia offered any opposition—above all things the succession to the throne must be secured. The marriage of Iván, which she had brought about, had produced daughters only. One of these, indeed, subsequently ascended the Russian throne as the Empress Anne, but at that time, in spite of the fact that the Regent was a woman, and even that her name was inserted in public acts as Autocrat, it was still thought desirable to have male heirs. Even as long ago as the end of 1685, when Prince Archil Georgia came to Moscow, and was received with great pomp, there were rumors that Peter would soon marry his beautiful daughter. In December, 1687, Prince Basil Galítsyn spent a few days with Peter in the country, which was thought to be a very good omen, and again there was talk of Peter's marrying—this time a relative or friend of Galítsyn. A month later, there was more talk of this marriage project, but the lady was not named.

Now the plan was a more serious one. The usual preparations were made for collecting at Court young girls of noble family, and out of these there was chosen Eudoxia Lopúkhin, the daughter of the Okólnitchy Hílary Abrámovitch Lopúkhin, who, on the marriage, according to custom, changed his name and received that of Theodore. The Lopúkhins were a very good old Russian family, descended from the Princes of Tmútarakán, and several of them had risen to the dignity of boyár. In this generation they were likewise connected with the Romodanófsky, the Galítsyn, Troekúrof and Kurákin families, and thus with the prominent members of the aristocratic party. The bride is said to have been young and pretty, quiet and modest, brought up in the old Russian way. We do not know whether she was selected by Peter himself for her good looks, or whether his choice was directed by his mother and his family. It was probably thought that a good, quiet, stay-at-home wife would be likely to keep him at home, would put a stop to those long excursions for military maneuvers and for boat-building, and, above all, would bring to an end some little heart affairs in the German quarter.

In this his family were partly mistaken. The marriage was celebrated on the 6th of February, 1689, and two months were scarcely over before Peter, seeing the approach of spring, could no longer resist his inclinations, and started off again for his boat-builders on Lake Plestchéief.

He arrived at Pereyaslávl on the 13th of April, and found two boats nearly finished, and, as if to welcome him, the ice broke up, affording soon the opportunity of sailing on the lake. He immediately set to work with his carpenters to complete the boats,

and on the very day of his arrival wrote to his mother:

"To my most beloved, and, while bodily life endures, my dearest little mother, Lady Tsaritsa and Grand-Duchess Natalia Kiríllovna. Thy little son, now here at work, Petrúshka, I ask thy blessing and desire to hear about thy health, and we, through thy prayers, are all well, and the lake is all got clear from the ice to-day, and all the boats, except the big ship, are finished, only we are waiting for ropes, and therefore I beg your kindness that these ropes, seven hundred fathoms long, be sent from the Artillery Department without delaying, for the work is waiting for them, and our sojourn here is being prolonged. For this I ask your blessing. From Pereyaslávl, April 20th (O. S.), 1689."

Instead of sending the cables, his mother wrote to him to come back at once, as on the 7th of May there would be the funeral mass in commemoration of his brother, the Tsar Theodore, and it would be impolitic, as well as indecent, for him not to be present. Heart-broken at the thought of leaving his boats when they were so nearly ready, he was at first inclined to refuse, and wrote:

"To my most beloved and dearest mother, Lady Tsaritsa Natalia Kiríllovna, thy unworthy son, Petrúshka, I desire greatly to know about thy health; and as to what thou hast done in ordering me to go to Moscow. I am ready, only, hey! hey! there is work here, and the man you sent has seen it himself, and will explain more clearly; and we, through thy prayers, are in perfect health. About my coming I have written more extendedly to Leo Kiríllovitch, and he will report to thee, oh, lady. Therefore, I must humbly surrender myself to your will. Amen."

The Tsaritsa insisted, as did also his newly-married wife, who writes:

"Joy to my lord, the Tsar Peter Alexéivitch. Mayest thou be well, my light, for many years. We beg thy mercy. Come to us, oh! lord, without delay, and I, through the kindness of thy mother, am alive. Thy little wife, Dúnka, petitions this."

There was no resisting longer: he had to go. His mother and his wife kept him a whole month at Moscow, but again he got away, and went back to Pereyaslávl, where he found that the ship-builder, Kort, had died the day before. He set to work himself, and at last the boats were finished, and he wrote to his mother:

"To my dearest mother, I, the unworthy Petrúshka, asking thy blessing, petition. For thy message by the Doctor and Gabriel, I rejoice, just as Noah did once over the olive-branch. Through thy prayers we are all in good health, and the boats have succeeded all mighty well. For this may the Lord grant thee health, both in soul and body, just as I wish."

Some time after, Peter's mother sent the boyár Tíkhon Stréshnef to see how he was getting on. Peter sent back by him a few words to his mother, written, like all the preceding, on a scrap of dirty paper, with a trembling hand, evidently still tired with the saw and hatchet:

"Hey! I wish to hear about thy health, and beg thy blessing. We are all well; and about the boats, I say again that they are mighty good, and Tíkhon Nikítitch will tell you about all this himself. Thy unworthy *Petrus*."

The Latin signature, although the rest is in Russian, shows strongly Peter's inclination to things foreign. In his stay at the lake and his daily intercourse with the carpenters, he had also made great progress in learning Dutch.

Another death-mass was to be said at Moscow. Etiquette required Peter's presence, and political affairs were taking such a turn that the Tsaritsa insisted on his coming back. Again he abandoned his boats, and went hastily to Moscow, though not so quickly but that he was four days too late for the death-mass. The members of the aristocratic party now made such strong representations that he was persuaded to remain in Moscow, at first for a short time and then longer, until the situation of affairs had become such that an open rupture between the aristocratic party and Sophia was unavoidable. Before describing the manner in which this was brought about, it is necessary to say something about the condition of public affairs in the Empire.

XVI.

THE INTERNAL ADMINISTRATION OF SOPHIA. ARRANGEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH SWEDEN.

THE administration of internal affairs in Russia by Sophia's Government need not long detain us. The reforms projected by Theodore were all abandoned, and the deputies from the provinces, called to Moscow by him, were immediately sent home. There was so much to do in order to remove the traces of the riots and disturbances of 1682 that there was no time left for reform. The most important laws on the statute book are those relating to the return to their masters of runaway peasants, to the dispute connected with the boundaries of estates, and to the punishment of robbery and maraud-

ing. Besides this, the Dissenters were everywhere relentlessly persecuted and suppressed. There is a sad old Russian proverb that "when wolves fight, sheep lose their wool." So, while the nobles and grandees were quarreling with each other —all of them too strong to be put down by the central Government—the peasantry and poor wretches who had no strong protection were suffering. They perhaps might have complained to Moscow; but there is another proverb that "in Moscow business is not done for nothing"; and people sometimes suffered for their complaints. The Government did what it could, and some malefactors were punished. But a special decree had to be issued that a man could be punished if he sent his children or his serfs to commit a murder. Later on, as order began to be restored, punishments were somewhat mitigated, and some care began to be taken of the suffering common people. Wives were no longer to be buried alive for the murder of their husbands, but merely to have their heads cut off. The punishment of death was, in certain cases, commuted to imprisonment for life, with hard labor, after severe whipping with the knout. While peasants who had run away and joined the Streltsi regiments were to be sent back, serf-women who had married soldiers were allowed to remain free, but were to be heavily fined. Persons who had been temporarily enslaved for debt were to be no longer left entirely at the mercy of their creditors, but were to work out the debt at the rate of five rubles a year for a man, and two and a half for a woman, and the creditors were no longer allowed to kill or maim them. It was also forbidden to exact debts from the wives and children of debtors who had died leaving no property.

Many edicts were issued with regard to the convenience of the inhabitants of Moscow itself, in respect to Sunday trading, to indiscriminate peddling and hawking in the streets, to putting up booths in unauthorized places, for the better prevention of fires, and the like. People were forbidden to stop and talk in the middle of the roadway, and were ordered to keep to the right side. It was forbidden to drive at full speed through the streets in a manner which is still frequently seen both in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and is always adopted by the heads of the police department,—that is, with a trotting horse drawing the vehicle and a galloping horse harnessed loosely at the side. It was forbidden to beat the crowd right and left to make one's passage through it. It was forbidden to fire guns or pistols in the houses or out of the windows. It was forbidden to throw filth and manure into the streets. An edict beginning like the following might seem strange, were it not that the strictest regulations had to be made to keep order within the palace itself:

"Chamberlains, lords in waiting, and nobles of Moscow, and gentlemen of the guard! At present your servants station themselves in the Krémlin with their horses in places not allowed, without any order, cry out, make noise and confusion, and come to fisticuffs, and do not allow passers-by to go on their road, but crowd against them, knock them down, trample them under foot and whistle over them; and as soon as the captains of the watch and the Streltsi try to send them away from the places where they have no right, and prevent them from crying out and from ill-doing, these servants of yours swear at and abuse the captains and Streltsi, and threaten to beat them."

The foreign relations of Russia at this period demand a little longer explanation.

In the early times, the dominion of Russia extended to the Gulf of Finland, and the greater part of the territory now included in the province of St. Petersburg was Russian. Extending along the shore of the Gulf, from the mouth of the river Naróva on the southern to that of the Séstra on the northern side, it included most of the territory watered by the Vuóksa, the Néva, the Izhóre, the Tósna, and the Lugá, and formed one of the old Fifths of Great Nóvgorod, under the name of the Vódska Fifth of the land of Izhóre. In this district were some of the very earliest Russian settlements, such as Korélia, Ládoga, and the fortress of Ivángorod, constructed opposite Nárva, at the mouth of the Naróva, by Iván III. In early times there were many contests with the Swedes, and one of the most famous victories in early Russian history is that gained, in 1242, by the Grand-Duke Alexánder Yaroslávitch against the Swedes on the banks of the Néva, which gave him the surname of *Nefsky*, and which led to his being made a saint in the Russian calendar. By the treaty of Oriékhovo, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the boundaries between Russian and Swedish Finland were the rivers Séstra and Vuóksa. In spite of subsequent wars with Sweden, this boundary remained unchanged until the Troublous Times, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when, in order to secure his predominance over his rivals, the Tsar Basil Shúïsky called the Swedes to his assistance, and, as a recompense for a corps of five

thousand men, ceded the town and territory of Korélia, or Kéxholm, on the western shore of Lake Ládoga. The Swedish troops at first rendered considerable assistance to the Russians against the pretender; but when the Russians had been defeated in a decisive battle with the Poles at Klúshino, they abandoned their allies, went over to the enemy, and seized the town of Nóvgorod. They easily took possession of the Vódska Fifth, and all the efforts of the newly elected Tsar, Michael Románof, to drive them out were futile. Peace was finally brought about, at Stólbovo, in 1617, through the mediation of Dutch and English embassadors, one of whom was Sir John Merrick. England and Holland were desirous of retaining Northern Russia for their trade, and were unwilling to see it pass into Swedish hands. British interests were at stake here. Michael had to yield to circumstances. He received back Nóvgorod, Ládoga, and other districts; but was obliged to give up to the Swedes the fortresses of Ivángorod and Oréshek—now Schlüsselburg—and the whole course of the Néva, and pay, in addition, 20,000 rubles, or what would be at the present time about £40,000 ($200,000). What was perhaps still harder, the Tsar had to give up one of his titles, and allow the Swedish king to style himself ruler of the land of Izhóre.

In the reign of Alexis, efforts were made to gain access to the Baltic, from which the Russians had been cut off, by taking the town of Riga, which belonged to the Swedes. Embarrassed, however, by a war with Poland, Alexis was unable properly to support this war. His troops were unsuccessful, and he was compelled, by the treaty of Kárdis, to reaffirm all the conditions of the hated treaty of Stólbovo. It was the custom at that time for the monarch, on ascending the throne, to confirm all the treaties executed by his predecessors. Theodore refused to confirm the treaty of Kárdis, without some concessions. He had his grievance against the Swedes—that they had in official documents refused to speak of the Tsar as Tsar, but had called him simply Grand Duke of Muscovy, and the subject of title was one about which all the Russian rulers were very sensitive. Besides that, the orthodox church had been subjected to persecution in the lands under Turkish rule. The embassadors of Theodore therefore demanded that, as a recompense for these insults, the land of Izhóre, which had been unjustly seized by the Swedes during the reign of his grandfather, should be returned to Russia. To such a proposition King Charles XI. refused to listen. Negotiations continued at intervals, and Theodore died without the treaty of Kardis being reaffirmed.

The policy of Sophia was in direct opposition to that of the two previous reigns, and was a far more healthy one. Both Alexis and Theodore had revolted at the idea of acquiescing in the permanent alienation of any portion of Russian territory. Their patriotism and their love of national honor made them feel that every effort should be used to recover to Russia those provinces which had been torn from it. They, therefore, were unwilling either to make treaties recognizing the Swedish claims or to keep them when they were made. It is not to be supposed that Sophia or her counselors were less patriotic than their predecessors, but they felt the necessity of reorganizing the Empire, improving its internal condition, and of establishing good government on a firm basis, before attempting to recover the lost provinces. In fact, Sophia acted much as the French Government has acted since the war of 1870. She desired to devote herself to internal administration, and the formation of an army, before engaging in a struggle with her neighbors. As soon, therefore, as Iván had been proclaimed Tsar, the Government hastened to put an end to any designs of its neighbors, who had already got wind of the rioting of the Streltsi, and the troubles consequent on the death of Theodore. Couriers were sent to Stockholm, Warsaw, Vienna, and even to Copenhagen, the Hague, London, and Constantinople, to announce the death of Theodore, and the accession of the new sovereigns Iván and Peter, and the speedy arrival of plenipotentiaries for the purpose of affirming existing treaties. Immediately afterward, in October, 1683, an embassy was sent to Stockholm, consisting of the Okólnitchy and Lord-Lieutenant of Tcheboksáry, Iván Prontchístchef, the Chamberlain and Lord-Lieutenant of Borófsk, Peter Prontchístchef, and the Secretary Basil Bobínin, with a letter from the Tsars completely affirming the Treaty of Kárdis, and practically giving up all claims to the ancient possessions of Russia on the Gulf of Finland. Charles XI., as may easily be believed, received this embassy with great pleasure, and with all due ceremony he took the oath of the Holy Gospel to fulfill the treaty exactly and honorably. He dismissed the embassadors with the usual presents, and intrusted to them an

autograph letter to the Tsars, stating that he would not delay sending his plenipotentaries to Moscow to renew the peace in the usual form by the oath of their Tsarish Majesties. The Russian embassadors returned to Moscow, in January, 1684, and three months later the Swedish embassadors arrived,—the President of the Royal Council, Conrad Gildenstjern, the Councilor of the Royal Chancery, Jonas Klingstedt, and the Libonian nobleman, Otto Stackelberg. The nobles living on their country estates for 150 miles about Moscow were ordered to meet the embassy, and the Regent appointed a commission to discuss matters, under the presidency of Prince Basil Galítsyn, including among others the Okólnitchy Buturlín, and the Privy-Councilor Ukraíntsef. Apparently as a matter of form, the commission thought it necessary to make certain representations to the Swedes which were entirely unexpected by them. These consisted chiefly in complaints about matters of etiquette, in which it was said that the Swedish Government had not acted properly; that they had purposely refused to the Tsars the title of Tsarish Majesty, and had spoken of them, in the Treaty of Westphalia, simply as Grand Dukes of Muscovy, and that they had permitted the publication of various libels and pasquils, as well as false reports about occurrences in the Russian Empire, especially with regard to the rebellion of Sténka Rázin. The Swedes answered these complaints with very little trouble, expressed their perfect willingness to call the Tsars by any name they pleased; and at a second conference, a week later, managed to raise on their side some points of disagreement, such as that the name of the King of Sweden had been written "Carlus," and not "Carolus," expressing, at the same time, a desire that the Russians should enter into an alliance with Poland and the German Empire against the Turks; that the boundaries between Sweden and Russia should be exactly defined, and that, in future, resident ministers should be kept at the Swedish court, to avoid disputes. At this meeting the Russians said nothing more about their former complaints; agreed to the Swedish demands, with the exception of that concerning the treaty of alliance with Poland, and finally expressed the readiness of the Tsars to take the customary oath in confirmation of the Treaty of Kárdis.

After the protocol had been duly signed, the embassadors were invited to the Palace to be witnesses of the solemn confirmation of the treaty by the oaths of the two Tsars. They were driven in the Imperial carriages to the embassadorial office, where, in the Chamber of Responses, they were received by Prince Galítsyn. Afterward they were conducted by Privy-Councilor Ukraíntsef, between lines of Streltsi, up the Red Staircase, and then, passing through files of guards armed with partisans and halberds, were introduced into the banqueting hall, where the boy Tsars, clad in all the paraphernalia of royalty, sat on their double throne, supported on either side by *rhinds* or guards-of-honor, handsome and stately youths of noble blood, clad in white satin and cloth-of-silver, and carrying halberds. The boyárs and state officials sat on benches along the wall. The Tsars, through Prince Galítsyn, asked the usual questions about the healths of the embassadors, for which they returned thanks, and then sat down on a bench placed opposite the throne. Some moments after, the Tsars personally asked about the King's health, and, on a sign from Prince Galítsyn, read a speech, in which they declared their unchangeable intention of carrying out all the articles of the treaty. After the speech they ordered the embassadors to come near to them, and the priests to bring the Gospels, while Prince Galítsyn placed on the desk under the Gospels the protocols confirming the treaty. The Tsars then rose from their places, took off their crowns, which they gave to great nobles to hold, advanced to the desk and said that, before the Holy Gospel, they promised sacredly to keep to the conditions of the treaty according to the protocols. In conclusion they kissed the Gospels, and Prince Galítsyn handed the paper to the embassadors and allowed them to depart.

The same day the embassadors had a farewell audience of the Princess Sophia, who received them in the Golden Hall. On coming out of the banqueting hall, they advanced down the private staircase to the Palace Square, then through lines of the Stremenoy regiment, armed with gilded pikes, passed the guards carrying halberds, to the Golden Entrance, where the suite stopped, while the embassadors advanced. At the door they were met by two chamberlains, who announced to them that the great lady, the noble Tsarévna, the Grand Duchess Sophia Alexéievna, Imperial Highness of all Great and Little and White Russia, was in readiness to meet them. The embassadors bowed, and entered the room. The Princess Regent sat on a throne orna-

mented with diamonds—a present from the Shah of Persia to her father, Alexis. She wore a crown of pearls, and a robe of silver cloth embroidered with gold, edged and

MAHOMET IV., SULTAN OF TURKEY. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

lined with sables, and covered with folds of fine lace. On each side of her, at a little distance, stood two widows of boyárs, and further off two female dwarfs. Around the room stood chamberlains and a few boyárs. Prince Basil Galítsyn and Iván Miloslávsky stood near the Princess Regent. The embassadors were announced by Ukraíntsef, and gave the salutation from the King and Queen, and the Queen Dowager. The Princess, rising, asked about their health in these words: "The most powerful the Lord Carolus, King of Sweden, and her Royal Highness, his mother, the Lady Hedwig Elenora, and his consort, the Lady Ulrica Elenora, are they well?" After listening to the usual reply, she beckoned the embassadors to approach her, and after they had kissed her hand she asked about their health. The embassadors thanked her, and sat down on a bench. Then the gentlemen of the embassadorial suite were called up and admitted to hand-kissing. Finally, the Princess requested the embassadors to congratulate the King and Queen, and dismissed them, sending them subsequently a dinner from her own table.

XVII.

ETERNAL PEACE WITH POLAND. THE METROPOLIS OF KIEF.

MUCH more important to settle than the dispute with Sweden was the dispute with Poland, and complicated with this was the question of Little Russia, which brought, in its turn, the question of war with the Turks. The Tsar Alexis, as we remember, in accepting the suzerainty over Little Russia, broke with the Poles; and his first successes made him desirous of restoring to his empire all those parts of Russia which entered into the principality of Lithuania. He conquered them rapidly, one after another, declared their union with Russia, and took the title of Grand Duke of White Russia, of Lithuania, and of Podolia and Volynia. The obstinate struggles between the Poles and Russia lasted twelve years, and, in spite of the domestic difficulties of both nations, would probably have lasted longer, had not the Ottoman Porte interfered, in the hope of gaining possession of Little Russia. Both countries were threatened by this attempt of the Sultan, whose might then terrified all Europe, and they hastened to make peace. But as it was impossible to agree on all points, they made, at Andrússova, in 1667, a truce for twelve years, on conditions that at stated intervals envoys should be sent to the frontier to endeavor to negotiate a permanent and substantial peace; and that if these overtures failed, recourse should be had to the mediation of the Christian powers. By this truce the Russian Tsar gave up his claim to Lithuania, White Russia, Volynia, and Podolia, and all the territory on the western side of the Dniéper, with the exception of the ancient town of Kiéf, which

EUDOXIA LOPUKHIN, FIRST WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

he was allowed to retain for two years, in order to save its sacred shine from Mussulman profanation, binding himself, at the end of that period, to return it to Poland. In return for this concession the rights of the Tsar were made good to Smolénsk and its surrounding district, the region of Séversk, and the Ukraine east of the Dnieper. The Cossack country of Zaporóghi, or "beyond the cataracts" (of the Dnieper), which served as a mutual barrier against the Turks and Tartars, was declared common property. Besides this, Alexis promised to send an army of 25,000 men for the defense of Poland against the Turks, promised to attempt the subjugation of the Crimea, and paid about 200,000 rubles to indemnify the Polish nobility for their property in the district ceded to Russia. It was also agreed that neither side should make a separate peace with the Turkish Sultan, or with the Crimean Khan. The first commission which met in consequence of this treaty, in 1669, was unable to effect a peace, and could only agree in confirming in every point and particular the Truce of Andrússova. But the Russians found it difficult to decide to give up Kiéf, as they were obliged to do at this time, and brought various complaints against Poland, for which they wished satisfaction and indemnity. Rather, however, than engage in a new war, both sides agreed simply to put off all the questions until the meeting of the next commission, in 1674. The meeting of 1674 was fruitless, as was also that of the final commission which sat in Moscow in 1678, in the reign of the Tsar Theodore. The plenipotentiaries could once more agree only to leave matters *in statu quo* until the end of the latest term fixed by the Truce of Andrússova, June, 1693, that is, for fifteen years longer. Nevertheless, the Tsar, alarmed by the threat of the Polish embassadors, and fearing to break off all relations, returned to the King the districts of Nevl, Sebézh, and Velízh, which had been granted to Russia by the Treaty of Andrússova, and paid the indemnity of 200,000 rubles, as agreed upon. All other questions were postponed until a new commission had been appointed, to meet in two years from that time with mediators. This commission never met. Matters got more complicated, partly because, in spite of the treaties, first Poland, and then Russia, concluded a separate peace with the Turks.

As soon as Iván and Peter were crowned, their Government sent to Warsaw an embassy to confirm the treaty of Andrússova and receive the usual oath for its fulfillment. As soon as King Jan Sobiésky heard of this embassy, he sent to Warsaw to ask if the embassadors had full power to treat on the points in dispute, which had been left by the Commission of 1678, especially with regard to the surrender of Kiéf and the sending of a corps of twenty-five thousand men for use against the Turks. The embassadors had come without full powers to

JAN SOBIESKY, KING OF POLAND. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

this effect, and the King in consequence refused to take the oath to the treaty, and sent a special messenger to Moscow to insist upon some arrangement being made. Meanwhile Sobiésky persuaded the Polish Diet to agree to the conclusion of a treaty of alliance with the German Empire; for the rebellion of Emmeric Tekeli had caused an invasion of the Turks, and the overthrow of Austria would be, in Sobiésky's opinion, of the utmost danger to Poland. The treaty of alliance was concluded in May, 1683, both sovereigns agreeing to the use of their influence to induce other Christian princes to join the alliance, and especially the Tsars of Muscovy. For this purpose Sobiésky proposed to Russia to send new plenipotentiaries to the old meeting place of Andrússova, in order to conclude a lasting alliance. The Russians consented to the commission, and negotiations began in January, 1684, at Andrússova. The Commissioners—thirty-nine in number—met, but could not decide anything. The Poles refused to give up their claim to Kiéf, and the Russians could not give their consent to assist them against the Turks. Even the victory of Sobiésky

over the Turks, before Vienna, in September, 1683, could not persuade the Government of Sophia that war was better than peace, although it made it waver. The importance of this victory, and of the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks, was not underestimated at Moscow, where it was celebrated by Te Deums in the churches and the ringing of bells. Prince Galítsyn had asked the opinion of General Gordon, who had seen twenty years' service in Russia, most of it against the Poles and the Tartars. Gordon, in a carefully-written paper, considered the advantages and disadvantages, both of peace and war, and finally concluded in favor of war, and of an alliance with Poland. Galítsyn, however, was too undecided, or had too little confidence in the good intention of Poland and Austria for him to resolve on an alliance, and the Commission of Andrússova, as has been already said, had no result.

bring their influence to bear on Russia to join them. Although this new crusade against the Turks was the great object of the foreign policy of Innocent XI., and is regarded as one of the great glories of his pontificate, yet this was not the first time that Rome had used all its influence at Moscow for the furtherance of this object. The predecessors of Innocent, Clement IX. and Clement X., had this matter warmly at heart, and did their best to excite the Russians to join their neighbors against Turkey. The despatches to the Vatican of the nuncios at Warsaw and Vienna are full of information as to the negotiations. In 1668, Clement XI. even began a correspondence—which was kept up for years—with the Shah of Persia, in which he was warmly and affectionately urged to join the Christian league against Constantinople. Meanwhile, France and Sweden were intriguing at Constantinople against Austria and the Emperor, and

POPE INNOCENT XI. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

In the spring of 1684 the Republic of Venice entered, with Austria and Poland, into a Holy Alliance against the Turks, of which Pope Innocent XI. was formally proclaimed the patron. All parties agreed to

stirring up rebellion in Hungary. The dry texts of despatches and documents are, in this case, wonderfully instructive, for they prove that the first wars of Russia against Turkey were caused, not by Muscovite

KAMENETZ, IN PODOLIA. (DRAWN BY R. RIORDAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ambition, but by the constant urging of the Pope and the Catholic powers.

In pursuance of the agreement with Poland and Venice, in the spring of 1684, the Imperial Embassadors, Baron Blumberg and Baron Sherofsky, had brought, besides their formal letters, a personal one from the Emperor to Galítsyn; requesting him to use his influence for the alliance. Galítsyn thanked the Emperor for his great condescension and kindness, and promised to use all his powers for the benefit of Christianity; but, at the same time, declared to the embassadors that Russia would enter into no engagement of the kind desired until permanent peace had been concluded with Poland.*

Meanwhile, although Austria and Venice were successful in their efforts against Turkey, good fortune seemed to abandon Sobiésky. In the summer of 1684, he was engaged in an unsuccessful siege of Kamenétz, in Podolia, and afterward, in 1685, not being himself able to accompany the army, on account of illness, he sent the Hetman Yablonófsky into Moldavia, hoping, by occupying that province, to cut Podolia off from Turkey and force Kamenétz to surrender. Yablonófsky crossed the Dniester and advanced into Moldavia, but was signally defeated by the Turks, and obliged to retreat with great loss. These failures caused the Polish king to renew the negotiations for an alliance with Russia, and in January, 1686, there arrived in Moscow from Poland the most splendid embassy which that city had ever witnessed. There were four embassadors, at the head of which were the Voeivode Grimultófsky and Prince Ogínsky, the Chancellor of Lithuania, with

* A curious and very rare pamphlet, printed in 1684, entitled "*Beschreibung des Schau-und lesswürdigen Moscowitischen Einzugs und Tractements, etc.*," gives an account of the Embassy of Baron Blumberg, and, in addition, a copy of the speech which he made to the Tsars on his final audience, in which he describes Turkey as the "sick man"—a term supposed to have been invented by the Russian diplomacy of a quarter of a century ago. "Now," he says, "is the most suitable time for obtaining the desired end. Sweden is in a condition of perfect peace; Poland, in consequence of the truce which has been concluded, is quiet and without danger to you; the diseased and dying Ottoman Empire and its complete powerlessness—for it is only a body condemned to death, which must very speedily turn to a corpse—are the auguries for a complete solution of the question," etc., etc.

a suite of about a thousand men and fifteen hundred horses. The embassadors were splendidly received. They were met everywhere by the Russian nobility and their retainers. They were escorted into Moscow and through the crowded streets by the Streltsi, and by the famous "winged guard," or *Zhiltsi;* they were feasted and entertained. But the Russian negotiators, under the guidance of Prince Galítsyn, disputed for seven

SOBIESKY CONSENTING TO THE CESSION OF KIEF. (DRAWN BY P L. SZYNDLER.)

long weeks over the conditions of the peace. The Poles agreed to give up Kiéf, but would not consent to the surrender of the adjoining territory, demanded too great a sum as indemnity, and were unable to come to an understanding with regard to the promise of military assistance to be furnished by Russia to Poland. The embassadors finally declared the negotiations broken off, and took their formal leave of the Tsars and Sophia. They, however, did not depart, but requested a renewal of negotiations. By this time, the interchange of views was carried on entirely by writing, and finally an arrangement was arrived at by which Poland ceded forever Kiéf to Russia, and the Tsar, agreeing to declare war against the Sultan of Turkey and the Khan of the Crimea, promised immediately to send troops to protect the Polish possessions from Tartar invasion, and in the next year to send an expedition against the Crimea itself. Both powers agreed not to conclude a separate peace with the Sultan. Besides this, it was arranged that Russia, as an indemnity for Kiéf, would pay Poland 146,000 rubles. A considerable amount of territory was given up on the western bank of the Dnieper, together with Kiéf; and Tchigírin and the other ruined towns on the lower course of the Dnieper were not to be rebuilt. Persons of the Orthodox faith in the Polish dominions were to be subjected to no kind of persecution on the part of the Catholics and Uniates, and were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion; while in Russia Catholics were to be allowed to hold divine service in their houses, although they could build no churches; the Boyár Boris Sheremétief, and the Okólnitchy Tchaadáef were sent to Lemberg to obtain the oath and the signature of King Jan Sobiésky to the treaty. They were obliged to wait two months for him, for that year he had himself headed an invasion of Moldavia, and had occupied Yassy. But, being surrounded by hosts of Tartars, and

OLD RUSSIAN SPORTS. TSAR HUNTING WITH FALCON. (FROM A PLACQUE BY A. EGOROFF.)

his troops being stricken with disease and almost famished, he was obliged to retreat. Saddened by his military disasters, the king was still more grieved over the cession of Kiéf; and although he received the embassadors with due honors, and gave his solemn oath to the treaty, yet tears ran from his eyes as he pronounced it. He could not even conceal his vexation in a letter which he wrote to the Tsars of Russia, complaining of their inaction.

Sophia and her government considered this peace to be the greatest act of her regency. In the proclamation announcing it to the people, she said that Russia had never concluded such an advantageous and splendid peace. In one sense this was true. The acknowledgment by Poland of the right of Russia to Kiéf was very satisfactory to the pride of Russia, and fraught with great advantage. It was an advantage, too, to be on terms of solid amity with such an uneasy neighbor as Poland. The disadvantages caused by the ensuing declaration of war against Turkey were not mentioned in the proclamation; and, although they were great, they were, in point of fact, outweighed by the advantages of the treaty.

At the same time that the political union of Kiéf to Russia was thus assured, a religious union of the inhabitants of the western provinces and of the Ukraine to the provincial throne of Moscow was also provided for. Originally Kiéf had been subjected to the metropolis of Moscow, but, in the fifteenth century, in order more completely to separate the inhabitants of these provinces from their co-religionists in Russia, the Prince of Lithuania succeeded in establishing at Kiéf an independent Metropolitan, consecrated by the Patriarch of Constantinople. When the Cossacks of Bogdán Khmelnítzky accepted the Russian suzerainty, it was stated in the treaty that the Metropolitan of Kiéf should be under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Moscow; but neither the Metropolitan of Kiéf at that time nor his successor were willing to accept the diplomas from the Tsars without the permission of the Patriarch of Constantinople, lest they should bring upon themselves the curse of the Eastern church, and continued to style themselves Exarchs of the Patriarch of Constantinople. Owing to these difficulties, since 1676 there had been no Metropolitan, and the spiritual affairs of the country were under the supervision of Lazarus Baránovitch, the aged Archbishop of

Tchernígof, who admitted the supremacy of the Patriarch of Moscow. Negotiations for the election of a new Metropolitan, and his subjection to the Patriarch of Moscow, began in 1683 with Samoílovitch, the Hetman of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, who entered warmly into the project and succeeded in bringing affairs to a conclusion. Much as he opposed the treaty of alliance with Poland, he was strongly in favor of the union with Moscow of the Metropolis of Kiéf, for he felt that this union would bind the inhabitants of Little Russia still more closely to Great Russia, sever their connection with Poland, and, at the same time, would give the Russian Government, through the Metropolitan, a certain amount of influence over all the Orthodox Christians residing in the Polish dominions. He made, however, several reservations and conditions, the chief of which were: that all the ancient rights and liberties of the provinces should remain untouched; that the Metropolitan of Kiéf should occupy the first rank among the other Metropolitans of Russia; that he should still have the title of Exarch of Constantinople; that the Patriarch of Constantinople should properly cede the province to the Patriarch of Moscow, that there might be no schism or confusion in the minds of the Little Russians; that the Patriarch should not interfere or meddle in the affairs of the province; that the printing of books should be allowed at the Lavra of Kiéf; and that a school for free sciences in the Latin and Greek languages should be allowed in the Brátsky Monastery, as before. These demands were all allowed, with the exception of that asking for the Metropolitan the title of Exarch of the Patriarch of Constantinople, as this was thought to be contradictory and useless. Orders for the election of a Metropolitan of Kiéf were then issued, and although at first there was some difficulty in persuading the clergy that they could safely venture on the election without running the risk of the curse of the Patriarch of Constantinople, as his permission had not yet been obtained,—and, indeed, had not even been asked,—yet, under the skillful guidance of Lazarus Baránovitch, the assemblage elected as Metropolitan Prince Gideon Sviátopolk Tchetvertínsky, the Archbishop of Lutzk, who had been obliged to leave Poland on account of the oppression which he suffered at the hands of the Catholics and Uniates, and had taken refuge in the Monastery of Baturín, the capital of Little Russia and the residence of the Hetman. Prince Gideon—for the title of prince, in conformity to the Polish custom, had been left to him—went to Moscow, and was duly consecrated, on the 8th of November, 1585, by Joachim, the Patriarch of Moscow, although no answer had yet been received from Constantinople. The Archbishop of Tchernígof and the Archimandrite of the Lavra of Kiéf, Yasínsky, refused to acknowledge Gideon as their superior, as they had for many years been subject only to the supremacy of the Patriarch of Moscow. A compromise was made, and their claims, to be independent of the new Metropolitan, were allowed during the lives of the actual incumbents.

At the end of 1684, a Greek, Zachariah Sophia, had been sent to the Patriarch Jacob, of Constantinople, to obtain his consent to a change in the supremacy of the Metropolis, but the Patriarch had replied that the times were so troublous with the Church in Turkey that it was impossible to do anything. The Grand Vizier was on the point of death, and no one knew who would take his place. After the consecration of Gideon, a Government secretary, Nikíta Alexéief, was sent to Adrianople, where the Sultan was then living, partly to complain to the Sultan about his calling the people from the eastern bank of the Dnieper to the western, and partly to arrange with the Patriarch about the Metropolis of Kiéf. Alexéief, and Lisítsa, who was sent by the Hetman, received information from the Patriarch that it was impossible for him to do anything until he had the consent of the Grand Vizier, as it would be necessary to call together the Metropolitans, some of whom disliked him, and would be sure to report to the Grand Vizier that he was in treaty with the Muscovites, and he would then be at once executed. Alexéief then tried to get an interview with Dositheus, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was at that time in Adrianople, making collections of money. He refused to see Alexéief until he had had an interview with the Grand Vizier. Alexéief, after seeing the Grand Vizier, was permitted to see the Patriarch of Jerusalem, but could not succeed in making him agree to the Russian proposals. He at first positively refused, basing his objections partly on rules of church discipline and partly on the want of respect that had been manifested by the election and consecration of the Metropolitan without the consent of the Eastern Church; and said that it was a division of the Church; that he would never consent to

it, and would oppose it by every means in his power. Alexéief tried to explain that the distance of Little Russia from Constantinople made the relations with that Patriarch a matter of difficulty, and that, as Little Russia was now united with Great Russia, the good of all the Christians there demanded religious union. He was, however, able to effect nothing with Dositheus, who said it was impossible to do anything without the arrival, and order him to comply with the wishes of the Tsars. Alexéief then returned to Dositheus, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and found a total change in his sentiments. Dositheus said he had succeeded in finding a rule—which, it appeared, had escaped his memory—by which an archbishop could always pass over a portion of his eparchy to another archbishop, and promised to advise the Patriarch Dionysius to comply with the

OLD RUSSIAN SPORTS. BEAR DANCING BEFORE THE TSAR. (FROM A PLACQUE BY A. EGOROFF.)

Grand Vizier. Alexéief was not inclined to have the Mussulmans mixed up in the matter. Having learned that the Patriarch of Constantinople had been overthrown by an intrigue, and that Dionysius, the previous Patriarch, had again ascended the throne, and was about going to the Porte to receive his berat, he went to the Grand Vizier, and explained to him the desire of the Tsars with regard to the Metropolis of Kiéf. The Turks, who were threatened by war on three sides and wished to keep the peace with Moscow, were willing not only to satisfy the Russian complaints with regard to the emigration of the people from the eastern to the western banks of the Dnieper, but to free the Russian prisoners; and the Grand Vizier promised to send for the Patriarch on his Russian requests. Furthermore, he himself wrote to the Tsars, and he gave the Patriarch of Moscow his blessing, not together with the Patriarch of Constantinople, but alone. Dionysius, the new Patriarch of Constantinople, made not the slightest objection, and promised that as soon as he returned to Constantinople and had assembled his Metropolitans, he would give all the necessary documents. The Grand Vizier told Alexéief that he had heard of the efforts of the Poles to induce Russia to enter into an alliance with them, begged him to express to the Tsars the hope and wish of the Sultan that this would not be done, and that they would always remain, as before, in the increased love and friendship of the Sultan; and, furthermore, allowed Alexéief to rebuild

in Constantinople the church of St. John the Baptist, which had recently been burnt down. This Alexéief had asked as an act of kindness to the Patriarch of Constantinople, for, according to Turkish law, while service could be freely carried on in the existing Christian churches, no new ones were allowed to be built, nor were old ones accidentally destroyed or ruined allowed to be rebuilt; mosques were erected in their place. On arriving at Constantinople, Alexéief received all the necessary documents from the Patriarch, presented the Patriarch of Constantinople with 200 ducats and three "forties" of sables, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem with 200 ducats, and was requested by them to ask the Tsars for presents for all the archbishops who had signed the document, as similar presents had been given when the Metropolitan of Moscow took the title of Patriarch.*

* This history of the re-union of Kiéf reminds one strongly of the recent history of the formation of an independent Bulgarian Church.

LAMENTATION.

GONE is the snow, and the cold ground is warming;
Red is the maple and green is the willow;
Blackbirds are chattering free;
Earth, air, and water, with new life are swarming;
Summer-tide surges in, billow on billow;
What is it bringing to me?

Life of my life, in the cold ground they laid her:
Black were the lilies and brown were the beeches,
Twittered the lone chickadee;
There, many a weary day, Winter has staid her;
Summer, sweet Summer, my sorrow beseeches,
Bring back my daughter to me!

Nay, mock me not with your buds and your greenery!
Spread me no flowering carpet to walk upon!
Make me no music, I pray.
Desolate heart maketh desolate scenery;
Only one theme deigneth sorrow to talk upon;
Take all your pleasance away!

Green is the grass on the grave where she lieth;
Sweet with the wind the birds' carol accordeth,
Strong are the pulses of spring;
Yet to my pleading no kind voice replieth,
None in these blithe tribes my sorrow regardeth,
From my heart plucketh the sting.

"*Will* not be comforted"? Nay, Master, hear me!
Mothers in Bethlehem wept by the manger,
Whence, in the night, Thou hadst fled!
Come back to me, I pray; stay ever near me!
Lest to my heavy heart hope be a stranger;
Faith find her grave with my dead.

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HONORÉ MAKES SOME CONFESSIONS.

"*Comment çà va, Raoul?*" said Honoré Grandissime; he had come to the shop according to the proposal contained in his note. "Where-h is Mr. Frhowenfeld?"

He found the apothecary in the rear room, dressed, but just rising from the bed at sound of his voice. He closed the door after him; they shook hands and took chairs.

"You have fevah," said the merchant. "I have been trhoubled that way myself, some, lately." He rubbed his face all over, hard, with one hand, and looked at the ceiling. "Loss of sleep, I suppose, in both of us; in yo' case volunta'y—in pu'suit of study, most likely; in my case—effect of anxiety." He smiled a moment and then suddenly sobered as he said:

"But I heah you are-h in trhouble; may I ask——"

Frowenfeld had interrupted him with almost the same words:

"May I venture to ask, Mr. Grandissime, what——"

And both were silent for a moment.

"Oh," said Honoré, with a gesture. "My trhouble—I did not mean to mention it; 'tis an old matteh—in paht. You know, Mr. Frhowenfeld, there-h is a kind of trhee not drheamed of in botany, that lets fall its frhuit everhy day in the yeah—you know? We call it—with rheverhence—'ow dead fathe's mistakes.' I have had to eat much of that frhuit; a man who has to do that mus' expect to have now and then a little fevah."

"I have heard," replied Frowenfeld, "that some of the titles under which your relatives hold their lands are found to be of the kind which the States' authorities are pronouncing worthless. I hope this is not the case."

"I wish they had nevva been put into my custody," said M. Grandissime.

Some new thought moved him to draw his chair closer.

"Mr. Frhowenfeld, those two ladies whom you went to see the other-h evening——"

His listener started a little:

"Yes?"

"Did they evva tell you their historhy?"

"No, sir; but I have heard it."

"An' you think they have been deeply wrhonged, eh? Come, Mr. Frhowenfeld, take rhight hold of the acacia-bush."

M. Grandissime did not smile.

Frowenfeld winced.

"I think they have."

"And you think rhestitution should be made them, no doubt, eh?"

"I do."

"At any cost?"

The questioner showed a faint, unpleasant smile, that stirred something like opposition in the breast of the apothecary.

"Yes," he answered.

The next question had a tincture even of fierceness:

"You think it rhight to sink fifty or-h a hundrhed people into povetty to lift one o' two out?"

"Mr. Grandissime," said Frowenfeld, slowly, "you bade me study this community."

"I adv—yes; what is it you find?"

"I find—it may be the same with other communities, I suppose it is, more or less—that just upon the culmination of the moral issue it turns and asks the question which is behind it, instead of the question which is before it."

"And what is the question befo' me?"

"I know it only in the abstract."

"Well?"

The apothecary looked distressed.

"You should not make me say it," he objected.

"Nevvatheless," said the Creole, "I take that libbetty."

"Well, then," said Frowenfeld, "the question behind is Expediency and the question in front, Divine Justice. You are asking yourself——"

He checked himself.

"Which I ought to rhegahd," said M. Grandissime, quickly. "Expediency, of co'se, and be like the rhest of mankind." He put on a look of bitter humor. "It is all easy enough fo' you, Mr. Frhowenfeld,

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my-de'seh; you have the easy paht—the theorhizing."

He saw the ungenerousness of his speech as soon as it was uttered, yet he did not modify it.

"True, Mr. Grandissime," said Frowenfeld; and after a pause—"but you have the noble part—the doing."

"Ah, my-de'-seh!" exclaimed Honoré; "the noble paht! There-h is the bitterness of the drhaught! The oppo'tunity to act is pushed upon me, but the oppo'tunity to act nobly has passed by."

He again drew his chair closer, glanced behind him and spoke low:

"Because fo' yeahs I have had a kind of custody of all my kinsmen's prhopetty interhests, Agrhicola's among them, it is supposed that he has always kept the plantation of Aurore Nancanou (or rather-h of Clotilde—who, you know, by ow laws is the rheal heir). That is a mistake. Explain it as you please, call it rhemoss, prhide, love—what you like—while I was in France and he was managing my motheh's business, unknown to me he gave me that plantation. When I succeeded him I found it and all its rhevenues kept distinct—as was but prhoper—frhom all other-h accounts, and belonging to me. 'Twas a fine, extensive place, had a good ove-seer-h on it and—I kept it. Why? Because I was a cowa'd. I did not want it or-h its rhevenues; but, like my fatheh, I would not offend my people. Peace first and justice afte'wa'ds—that was the prhinciple on which I quietly made myself the trhustee of a plantation and income which you would have given back to their-h ownehs, eh?"

Frowenfeld was silent.

"My-de'-seh, rhecollect that to us the Grhandissime name is a trheasu'e. And what has prheserved it so long? Cherhishing the unity of ow family; that has done it; that is how my fatheh did it. Just or-h unjust, good o' bad, needful o' not, done elsewhere-h o' not, I do not say; but it is a Crheole trhait. See, even now" (the speaker smiled on one side of his mouth) "in a cettain section of the terrhitorhy cettain men, Crheoles" (he whispered, gravely), "*some Grandissimes among them*, evading the United States rhevenue laws and even beating and killing some of the officials: well! Do the people at lahge rhepudiate those men? My-de'-seh, in no wise, seh! No; if they were *Amérhicains*—but a Louisianian—is a Louisianian; touch him not; when you touch him you touch all Louisiana! So with us Grhandissimes; we ah legion, but we ah one. Now, my-de'-seh, the thing you ask me to do is to cast ovaboa'd that old trhaditional prhinciple which is the secrhet of ow existence."

"*I* ask you?"

"Ah, bah! you know you expect it. Ah! but you do not know the upro' such an action would make. And no 'noble paht' in it, my-de'-seh, eitheh. A few months ago—when we met by those grhaves—if I had acted then, my action would have been one of pure-h—even violent—*self*-sacrifice. Do you rhemembeh—on the levee, by the Place d'Armes—me asking you to send Agrhicola to me? I trhied then to speak of it. He would not let me. Then, my people felt safe in their land-titles and public offices; this rhestitution would have hurt nothing but prhide. Now, titles in doubt, gove'ment appointments uncettain, no rheady capital in rheach for-h any purpose except that which would have to be handed oveh with the plantation (fo' to tell you the fact, my-de'-seh, no other-h account on my books has prhospe'd), with mattehs changed in this way, I become the destrhoyer-h of my own flesh and blood! Yes, seh! and lest I might still find some rhoom to boast, anothe-h change moves me into a position where-h it suits me, my-de'-seh, to make the rhestitution so fatal to those of my name. When you and I fust met, those ladies were-h as much strhangehs to me as to you—as far-h as I *knew*. Then, if I had done this thing——but now—now, my-de'-seh, I find myself in love with one of them!"

M. Grandissime looked his friend straight in the eye with the frowning energy of one who asserts an ugly fact.

Frowenfeld, regarding the speaker with a gaze of respectful attention, did not falter; but his fevered blood, with an impulse that started him half from his seat, surged up into his head and face; and then—

M. Grandissime blushed.

In the few silent seconds that followed, the glances of the two friends continued to pass into each other's eyes, while about Honoré's mouth hovered the smile of one who candidly surrenders his innermost secret, and the lips of the apothecary set themselves together as though he were whispering to himself behind them, "Steady."

"Mr. Frhowenfeld," said the Creole, taking a sudden breath and waving a hand, "I came to ask about *yo'* trhouble; but if you think you have any rheason to withold yo' confidence——"

"No, sir; no! But can I be no help to you in this matter?"

The Creole leaned back smilingly in his chair and knit his fingers.

"No, I did not intend to say all this; I came to offeh my help to you; but my mind is full—what do you expect? My-de'-seh, the foam must come fust out of the bottle. You see"—he leaned forward again, laid two fingers in his palm and deepened his tone—"I will tell you: this trhee—'ow dead fathe's mistakes'—is about to drhop another-h rhotten apple. I spoke just now of the upro' this rhestitution would make; why, my-de'-seh, just the mention of the lady's name at my house, when we lately held the *fête de grandpère*, has given rhise to a qua'll which is likely to end in a duel."

"Raoul was telling me," said the apothecary.

M. Grandissime made an affirmative gesture.

"Mr. Frhowenfeld, if you—if any one—could teach my people—I mean my family—the value of peace (I do not say the duty, my-de'-seh, a mehchant talks of values); if you could teach them the value of peace, I would give you, if that was yo' phrice"—he ran the edge of his left hand knife-wise around the wrist of his right—"that. And if you would teach it to the whole community—well—I think I would not give my head; maybe you would." He laughed.

"There is a peace which is bad," said the contemplative apothecary.

"Yes," said the Creole, promptly, "the verhy kind that I have been keeping all this time—and my fatheh befo' me!"

He spoke with much warmth.

"Yes," he said again, after a pause which was not a rest, "I often see that we Grhandissimes are-h a good example of the Crheoles at lahge; we have one element that makes fo' peace; that—pahdon the self-consciousness—is myself; and another-h element that makes fo' strhife—led by my uncle Agrhicola; but, my-de'-seh, the peace element is that which ought to make the strhife, and the strhife element is that which ought to be made to keep the peace! Mr. Frhowenfeld, I prhopose to become the strhife-makeh; how, then, can I be a peace-makeh at the same time? There-h is my diffycultie."

"Mr. Grandissime," exclaimed Frowenfeld, "if you have any design in view founded on the high principles which I know to be the foundations of all your feelings, and can make use of the aid of a disgraced man, use me."

"You ah verhy generhous," said the Creole, and both were silent. Honoré dropped his eyes from Frowenfeld's to the floor, rubbed his knee with his palm, and suddenly looked up.

"You are-h innocent of wrhong?"

"Before God."

"I feel sure-h of it. Tell me in a few words all about it. I ought to be able to extrhicate you. Let me hear-h it."

Frowenfeld again told as much as he thought he could, consistently with his pledges to Palmyre, touching with extreme lightness upon the part taken by Clotilde.

"Tunn arhound," said M. Grandissime at the close; "Let me see the back of yo' head. And it is that that is giving you this fevah, eh?"

"Partly," replied Frowenfeld; "but how shall I vindicate my innocence? I think I ought to go back openly to this woman's house and get my hat. I was about to do that when I got your note; yet it seems a feeble—even if possible—expedient."

"My frhiend," said Honoré, "leave it to me. I see yo' whole case, both what you tell and what you conceal. I guess it with ease. Knowing Palmyre so well, and knowing (what you do not) that all the voudous in town think you a sorcerer, I know just what she would drhop down and beg you faw—a *ouangan*, ha, ha! You see? Leave it all to me—and yo' hat with Palmyre, take a febrhifuge and a nap, and await word frhom me."

"And may I offer you no help in your difficulty?" asked the apothecary, as the two rose and grasped hands.

"Oh!" said the Creole, with a little shrug, "you may do anything you can—which will be nothing."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

FROWENFELD turned away from the closing door, caught his head between his hands and tried to comprehend the new wildness of the tumult within. Honoré Grandissime avowedly in love with one of them—*which one?* Doctor Keene visibly in love with one of them—*which one?* And he! What meant this bounding joy that, like one gorgeous moth among innumerable bats, flashed to and fro among the wild distresses and dis-

mays swarming in and out of his distempered imagination? He did not answer the question; he only knew the confusion in his brain was dreadful. Both hands could not hold back the throbbing of his temples; the table did not steady the trembling of his hands; his thoughts went hither and thither, heedless of his call. Sit down as he might, rise up, pace the room, stand, lean his forehead against the wall—nothing could quiet the fearful disorder, until at length he recalled Honoré's neglected advice and resolutely lay down and sought sleep; and, long before he had hoped to secure it, it came.

In the distant Grandissime mansion, Agricola Fusilier was casting about for ways and means to rid himself of the heaviest heart that ever had throbbed in his bosom. He had risen at sunrise from slumber worse than sleeplessness, in which his dreams had anticipated the duel of to-morrow with Sylvestre. He was trying to get the unwonted quaking out of his hands and the memory of the night's heart-dissolving phantasms from before his inner vision. He had resort to a very familiar, we may say time-honored, prescription—rum. He did not use it after the voudou fashion; the voudous pour it on the ground—Agricola was an anti-voudou. It finally had its effect. By eleven o'clock he seemed, outwardly at least, to be at peace with everything in Louisiana that he considered Louisianian, properly so-called; as to all else he was ready for war, as in peace one should be. While in this mood, and performing at a side-board the solemn rite of *las ouze*, news incidentally reached him, by the mouth of his busy second, Hippolyte, of Frowenfeld's trouble, and despite 'Polyte's protestations against the principal in a pending "affair" appearing on the street, he ordered the carriage and hurried to the apothecary's.

When Frowenfeld awoke, the fingers of his clock were passing the meridian. His fever was gone, his brain was calm, his strength in good measure had returned. There had been dreams in his sleep, too: he had seen Clotilde standing at the foot of his bed. He lay now, for a moment, lost in retrospection.

"There can be no doubt about it," said he, as he rose up, looking back mentally at something in the past.

The sound of carriage-wheels attracted his attention by ceasing before his street door. A moment later the voice of Agricola was heard in the shop greeting Raoul. As the old man lifted the head of his staff to tap on the inner door, Frowenfeld opened it.

"Fusilier to the rescue!" said the great Louisianian, with a grasp of the apothecary's hand and a gaze of brooding admiration.

Joseph gave him a chair, but with magnificent humility he insisted on not taking it until "Professor Frowenfeld" had himself sat down.

The apothecary was very solemn. It seemed to him as if in this little back room his dead good name was lying in state, and these visitors were coming in to take their last look. From time to time he longed for more light, wondering why the gravity of his misadventure should seem so great.

"H-m-h-y dear Professor!" began the old man. Pages of print could not comprise all the meanings of his smile and accent; benevolence, affection, assumed knowledge of the facts, disdain of results, remembrance of his own youth, charity for pranks, patronage—these were but a few. He spoke very slowly and deeply and with this smile of a hundred meanings. "Why did you not send for me, Joseph? Sir, whenever you have occasion to make a list of the friends who will stand by you, *right or wrong*—h-write the name of Citizen Agricola Fusilier at the top! Write it large and repeat it at the bottom! You understand me, Joseph?—and, mark me,—right or wrong!"

"Not wrong," said Frowenfeld, "at least not in defense of wrong; I could not do that; but, I assure you, in this matter I have done——"

"No worse than any one else would have done under the circumstances, my dear boy! —Nay, nay, do not interrupt me; I understand you, I understand you. H-do you imagine there is anything strange to me in this—at my age?"

"But I am——"

"——all right, sir! that is *what* you are. And you are under the wing of Agricola Fusilier, the old eagle; that is *where* you are. And you are one of my brood; that is *who* you are. Professor, listen to your old father. *The—man—makes—the—crime!* The wisdom of mankind never brought forth a maxim of more gigantic beauty. If the different grades of race and society did not have corresponding moral and civil liberties, varying in degree as they vary—h-why! *this* community, at least, would go to pieces! See here! Professor Frowen-

feld is charged with misdemeanor. Very well, who is he? Foreigner or native? Foreigner by sentiment and intention, or only by accident of birth? Of our mental fibre—our aspirations—our delights—our indignations? I answer for you, Joseph, yes!—yes! What then? H-why then the decision! Reached how? By apologetic reasonings? By instinct, sir! h-h-that guide of the nobly proud! And what is the decision? Not guilty. Professor Frowenfeld, *absolvo te!*"

It was in vain that the apothecary repeatedly tried to interrupt this speech. "Citizen Fusilier, do you know me no better?"—"Citizen Fusilier, if you will but listen!"—such were the fragments of his efforts to explain. The old man was not so confident as he pretended to be that Frowenfeld was that complete proselyte which alone satisfies a Creole; but he saw him in a predicament and cast to him this life-buoy, which if a man should refuse, he would deserve to drown.

Frowenfeld tried again to begin.

"Mr. Fusilier——"

"*Cit*izen Fusilier!"

"Citizen, candor demands that I undeceive——"

"Candor demands—h-my dear Professor, let me tell you exactly what she demands. She demands that in here—within this apartment—we understand each other. That demand is met."

"But——" Frowenfeld frowned impatiently.

"That demand, Joseph, is fully met! I understand the whole matter like an eye-witness! Now there is another demand to be met, the demand of friendship! In here, candor; outside, friendship; in here, one of our brethren has been adventurous and unfortunate; outside"—the old man smiled a smile of benevolent mendacity—"outside, nothing has happened."

Frowenfeld insisted savagely on speaking; but Agricola raised his voice, and gray hairs prevailed.

"At least, what *has* happened? The most ordinary thing in the world; Professor Frowenfeld lost his footing on a slippery gunwale, fell, cut his head upon a protruding spike, and went into the house of Palmyre to bathe his wound; but finding it worse than he had at first supposed it, immediately hurried out again and came to his store. He left his hat where it had fallen, too muddy to be worth recovery. Hippolyte Brahmin-Mandarin and others, passing at the time, thought he had met with violence in the house of the hair-dresser, and drew some natural inferences, but have since been better informed; and the public will please understand that Professor Frowenfeld is a white man, a gentleman and a Louisianian, ready to vindicate his honor, and that Citizen Agricola Fusilier is his friend!"

The old man looked around with the air of a bull on a hill-top.

Frowenfeld, vexed beyond degree, restrained himself only for the sake of an object in view, and contented himself with repeating for the fourth or fifth time,—

"I cannot accept any such deliverance."

"Professor Frowenfeld, friendship—society—demands it; our circle must be protected in all its members. You have nothing to do with it. You will leave it with me, Joseph."

"No, no," said Frowenfeld. "I thank you, but——"

"Ah! my dear boy, thank me not; I cannot help these impulses; I belong to a warm-hearted race. But"—he drew back in his chair sidewise and made great pretense of frowning—"you decline the offices of that precious possession, a Creole friend?"

"I only decline to be shielded by a fiction."

"Ah-h!" said Agricola, further nettling his victim by a gaze of stagy admiration. "'*Sans peur et sans reproche*'—and yet you disappoint me. Is it for naught, that I have sallied forth from home, drawing the curtains of my carriage to shield me from the gazing crowd? It was to rescue my friend—my vicar—my coadjutor—my son, from the laughs and finger-points of the vulgar mass. H-I might as well have staid at home—or better, for my peculiar position to-day rather requires me to keep in——"

"No, Citizen," said Frowenfeld, laying his hand upon Agricola's arm, "I trust it is not in vain that you have come out. There *is* a man in trouble whom only you can deliver."

The old man began to swell with complacency.

"H-why, really——"

"*He*, Citizen, is truly of your kind——"

"He must be delivered, Professor Frowenfeld——"

"He is a native Louisianian, not only by accident of birth but by sentiment and intention," said Frowenfeld.

The old man smiled a benign delight,

but the apothecary now had the upper hand, and would not hear him speak.

"His aspirations," continued the speaker, "his indignations—mount with his people's. His pulse beats with yours, sir. He is a part of your circle. He is one of your caste."

Agricola could not be silent.

"Ha-a-a-ah! Joseph, h-h-you make my blood tingle! Speak to the point; who ——"

"I believe him, moreover, Citizen Fusilier, innocent of the charge laid——"

"H-innocent? H-of course he is innocent, sir! We will *make* him inno——"

"Ah! Citizen, he is already under sentence of death!"

"*What?* A Creole under sentence!" Agricola swore a heathen oath, set his knees apart and grasped his staff by the middle. "Sir, we will liberate him if we have to overturn the government!"

Frowenfeld shook his head.

"You have got to overturn something stronger than government."

"And pray what ——"

"A conventionality," said Frowenfeld, holding the old man's eye.

"Ha, ha! my b-hoy, h-you are right. But we will overturn—eh?"

"I say I fear your engagements will prevent. I hear you take part to-morrow morning in ——"

Agricola suddenly stiffened.

"Professor Frowenfeld, it strikes me, sir, you are taking something of a liberty."

"For which I ask pardon," exclaimed Frowenfeld. "Then I may not expect ——"

The old man melted again.

"But who is this person in mortal peril?"

Frowenfeld hesitated.

"Citizen Fusilier," he said, looking first down at the floor and then up into the inquirer's face, "on my assurance that he is not only a native Creole, but a Grandissime ——"

"It is not possible!" exclaimed Agricola.

"——a Grandissime of the purest blood, will you pledge me your aid to liberate him from his danger, 'right or wrong'?"

"*Will* I? H-why, certainly! Who is he?"

"Citizen——it is Sylves ——"

Agricola sprang up with a thundering oath.

The apothecary put out a pacifying hand, but it was spurned.

"Let me go! How dare you? How dare you, sir?" bellowed Agricola.

He started toward the door, cursing furiously and keeping his eye fixed on Frowenfeld with a look of rage not unmixed with terror.

"Citizen Fusilier," said the apothecary, following him with one palm uplifted, as if that would ward off his abuse, "don't go! I adjure you, don't go! Remember your pledge, Citizen Fusilier!"

Agricola did not pause a moment; but when he had swung the door violently open the way was still obstructed. The painter of "Louisiana refusing to enter the Union" stood before him, his head elevated loftily, one foot set forward and his arm extended like a tragedian's.

"Stan' bag-sah!"

"Let me pass! Let me pass, or I will kill you!"

Mr. Innerarity smote his bosom and tossed his hand aloft.

"Kill me-firse an' pass aftah!"

"Citizen Fusilier," said Frowenfeld, "I beg you to hear me."

"Go away! Go away!"

The old man drew back from the door and stood in the corner against the bookshelves as if all the horrors of the last night's dreams had taken bodily shape in the person of the apothecary. He trembled and stammered:

"Ke—keep off! Keep off! My God! Raoul, he has insulted me!" He made a miserable show of drawing a weapon. "No man may insult me and live! If you are a man, Professor Frowenfeld, you will defend yourself!"

Frowenfeld lost his temper, but his hasty reply was drowned by Raoul's vehement speech.

"'Tis not de trute!" cried Raoul. "He try to save you from hell-'n'-damnation w'en 'e h-ought to give you a good cuss'n!"—and in the ecstasy of his anger burst into tears.

Frowenfeld, in an agony of annoyance, waved him away and he disappeared, shutting the door.

Agricola, moved far more from within than from without, had sunk into a chair under the shelves. His head was bowed, a heavy grizzled lock fell down upon his dark, frowning brow, one hand clenched the top of his staff, the other his knee, and both trembled violently. As Frowenfeld, with every demonstration of beseeching kindness began to speak, he lifted his eyes and said, piteously:

"Stop! Stop!"

"Citizen Fusilier, it is you who must stop. Stop before God Almighty stops you, I beg

you. I do not presume to rebuke you. I *know* you want a clear record. I know it better to-day than I ever did before. Citizen Fusilier, I honor your intentions ——"

Agricola roused a little and looked up with a miserable attempt at his habitual patronizing smile.

"H-my dear boy, I overlook"—but he met in Frowenfeld's eyes a spirit so superior to his dissimulation that the smile quite broke down and gave way to another of deprecatory and apologetic distress. He reached up an arm.

"I could easily convince you, Professor, of your error"—his eyes quailed and dropped to the floor—"but I—your arm, my dear Joseph; age is creeping upon me." He rose to his feet. "I am feeling really indisposed to-day—not at all bright; my solicitude for you, my dear b——"

He took two or three steps forward, tottered, clung to the apothecary, moved another step or two, and grasping the edge of the table stumbled into a chair which Frowenfeld thrust under him. He folded his arms on the edge of the board and rested his forehead on them, while Frowenfeld sat down quickly on the opposite side, drew paper and pen across the table and wrote.

"Are you writing something, Professor?" asked the old man, without stirring. His staff tumbled to the floor. The apothecary's answer was a low, preoccupied one. He wrote and rejected what he had written two or three times.

Presently he pushed back his chair, came around the table, laid the writing he had made before the bowed head, sat down again and waited.

After a long time the old man looked up, trying in vain to conceal his anguish under a smile.

"I have a sad headache."

He cast his eyes over the table and took mechanically the pen which Frowenfeld extended toward him.

"What can I do for you, Professor? Sign something? There is nothing I would not do for Professor Frowenfeld. What have you written, eh?"

He felt helplessly for his spectacles.

Frowenfeld read:

"*Mr. Sylvestre Grandissime: I spoke in haste.*"

He felt himself tremble as he read. Agricola fumbled with the pen, lifted his eyes with one more effort at the old look, said:

"My dear boy, I do this purely to please you," and to Frowenfeld's delight and astonishment wrote:

"*Your affectionate uncle, Agricola Fusilier.*"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOUISIANA STATES HER WANTS.

"'SIEUR FROWENFEL'," said Raoul as that person turned in the front door of the shop after watching Agricola's carriage roll away—he had intended to unburden his mind to the apothecary with all his natural impetuosity; but Frowenfeld's gravity as he turned, with the paper in his hand, induced a different manner. Raoul had learned, despite all the impulses of his nature, to look upon Frowenfeld with a sort of enthusiastic awe. He dropped his voice and said—asking like a child a question he was perfectly able to answer—

"What de matta wid Agricole?"

Frowenfeld, for the moment well-nigh oblivious of his own trouble, turned upon his assistant a look in which elation was oddly blended with solemnity, and replied as he walked by:

"Rush of truth to the heart."

Raoul followed a step.

"'Sieur Frowenfel'——"

The apothecary turned once more. Raoul's face bore an expression of earnest practicability that invited confidence.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', Agricola writ'n' to Sylvestre to stop dat dool?"

"Yes."

"You goin' take dat lett' to Sylvestre?"

"Yes."

"'Sieur Frowenfel', dat de wrong g-way. You got to take it to 'Polyte Brahmin-Mandarin, an' 'e got to take it to Valentine Grandissime, an' 'e got to take it to Sylvestre. You see, you got to know de manner to make. Once 'pon a time I had a diffycultie wid——"

"I see," said Frowenfeld; "where may I find Hippolyte Brahmin-Mandarin at this time of day?"

Raoul shrugged.

"If the pre-parish-ions are not complitted, you will not fine 'im; but if they har complitted—you know 'im?"

"By sight."

"Well, you may fine him at Maspero's, or helse in de front of de Veau-qui-tête, or helse at the Café Louis Quatorze—mos' likely in front of de Veau-qui-tête. You know, dat diffycultie I had, dat arise itseff

from de discush'n of one of de mil-littery mov'ments of ca-valry; you know, I——"

"Yes," said the apothecary; "here, Raoul, is some money; please go and buy me a good, plain hat."

"All right." Raoul darted behind the counter and got his hat out of a drawer. "W'ere at you buy your hats?"

"Anywhere."

"I will go at *my* hatter."

As the apothecary moved about his shop awaiting Raoul's return, his own disaster became once more the subject of his anxiety. He noticed that almost every person who passed looked in. "This is the place," —"That is the man,"—how plainly the glances of passers sometimes speak! The people seemed, moreover, a little nervous. Could even so little a city be stirred about such a petty, private trouble as this of his? No; the city was having tribulations of its own.

New Orleans was in that state of suppressed excitement which, in later days, a frequent need of reassuring the outer world has caused to be described by the phrase "never more peaceable." Raoul perceived it before he had left the shop twenty paces behind. By the time he reached the first corner he was in the swirl of the popular current. He enjoyed it like a strong swimmer. He even drank of it. It was better than wine and music mingled.

"Twelve weeks next Thursday, and no sign of re-cession!" said one of two rapid walkers just in front of him. Their talk was in the French of the province.

"Oh, re-cession!" exclaimed the other angrily. "The cession is a reality. That, at least, we have got to swallow. Incredulity is dead."

The first speaker's feelings could find expression only in profanity.

"The cession—we wash our hands of it!" He turned partly around upon his companion, as they hurried along, and gave his hands a vehement dry washing. "If Incredulity is dead, Non-participation reigns in its stead, and Discontent is prime minister!" He brandished his fist as they turned a corner.

"If we must change, let us be subjects of the First Consul!" said one of another pair whom Raoul met on a crossing.

There was a gathering of boys and vagabonds at the door of a gun-shop. A man inside was buying a gun. That was all.

A group came out of a "coffee-house." The leader turned about upon the rest:

"*Ah, bah! cette* Amayrican libetty!"

"See! see! it is this way!" said another of the number, taking two others by their elbows, to secure an audience, "we shall do nothing ourselves; we are just watching that vile Congress. It is going to tear the country all to bits!"

"Ah, my friend, you haven't got the *inside* news," said still another—Raoul lingered to hear him—"Louisiana is going to state her wants! We have the liberty of free speech and are going to use it!"

His information was correct; Louisiana, no longer incredulous of her Americanization, had laid hold of her new liberties and was beginning to run with them, like a boy dragging his kite over the clods. She was about to state her wants, he said.

"And her don't-wants," volunteered one whose hand Raoul shook heartily. "We warn the world. If Congress doesn't take heed, we will not be responsible for the consequences!"

Raoul's hatter was full of the subject. As Mr. Innerarity entered, he was saying good-day to a customer in his native tongue, English, and so continued:

"Yes, under Spain we had a solid, quiet government— Ah! Mr. Innerarity, overjoyed to see you! We were speaking of these political troubles. I wish we might see the last of them. It's a terrible bad mess; corruption to-day—I tell you what—it will be disruption to-morrow. Well, it is no work of ours; we shall merely stand off and see it."

"Mi-frien'," said Raoul, with mingled pity and superiority, "you haven't got doze *inside* nooz; Louisiana is goin' to state w'at she want."

On his way back toward the shop Mr. Innerarity easily learned Louisiana's wants and don't-wants by heart. She wanted a Creole governor; she did not want Casa Calvo invited to leave the country; she wanted the provisions of the Treaty of Cession hurried up; "as soon as possible," that instrument said; she had waited long enough; she did not want "dad trile biju'y"—execrable trash! she wanted an *unwatched import trade!* she did not want a single additional Américain appointed to office; she wanted the slave trade.

Just in sight of the bare-headed and anxious Frowenfeld, Raoul let himself be stopped by a friend.

The remark was exchanged that the times were exciting.

"And yet," said the friend, "the city was

never more peaceable. It is exasperating to see that coward governor looking so diligently after his police and hurrying on the organization of the Américain volunteer militia!" He pointed savagely here and there. "M. Innerarity, I am lost in admiration at the all but craven patience with which our people endure their wrongs! Do my pistols show *too* much through my coat? Well, good-day; I must go home and clean my gun; my dear friend, one don't know how soon he may have to encounter the Recorder and Register of Land-titles."

Raoul finished his errand.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', excuse me—I take dat lett' to 'Polyte for you if you want." There are times when mere shop-keeping—any peaceful routine—is torture.

But the apothecary felt so himself; he declined his assistant's offer and went out toward the Veau-qui-tête.

CHAPTER XL.

FROWENFELD FINDS SYLVESTRE.

THE Veau-qui-tête restaurant occupied the whole ground floor of a small, low, two-story, tile-roofed, brick-and-stucco building which still stands on the corner of Chartres and St. Peter streets, in company with the well-preserved old Cabildo and the young Cathedral, reminding one of the shabby and swarthy Creoles whom we sometimes see helping better-kept kinsmen to murder time on the banquettes of the old French Quarter. It was a favorite rendezvous of the higher classes, convenient to the court-rooms and municipal bureaus. There you found the choicest legal and political gossips, with the best the market afforded of meat and drink.

Frowenfeld found a considerable number of persons there. He had to move about among them to some extent, to make sure he was not overlooking the object of his search.

As he entered the door, a man sitting near it stopped talking, gazed rudely as he passed, and then leaned across the table and smiled and murmured to his companion. The subject of his jest felt their four eyes on his back.

There was a loud buzz of conversation throughout the room, but wherever he went a wake of momentary silence followed him, and once or twice he saw elbows nudged. He perceived that there was something in the state of mind of these good citizens that made the present sight of him particularly discordant.

Four men, leaning or standing at a small bar, were talking excitedly in the Creole patois. They made frequent anxious, yet amusedly defiant, mention of a certain *Pointe Canadienne*. It was a portion of the Mississippi River "coast," not far above New Orleans, where the merchants of the city met the smugglers who came up from the Gulf by way of Barrataria bay and the bayou. These four men did not call it by the proper title just given; there were commercial gentlemen in the Creole city, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Yankees, as well as French and Spanish Creoles, who in public indignantly denied, and in private tittered over, their complicity with the pirates of Grande Isle, and who knew their trading rendezvous by the sly nickname of "Little Manchac." As Frowenfeld passed these four men they, too, ceased speaking and looked after him, three with offensive smiles and one with a stare of contempt.

Farther on, some Creoles were talking rapidly to an Américain, in English.

"And why?" one was demanding; "because money is scarce. Under other governments we had any quantity!"

"Yes," said the venturesome Américain in retort, "such as it was; *assignats*, *liberanzas*, *bons*—Claiborne will give us better money than that when he starts his bank."

"Hah! his bank, yes! John Law once had a bank, too; ask my old father. What do we want with a bank? Down with banks!" The speaker ceased; he had not finished, but he saw the apothecary. Frowenfeld heard a muttered curse, an inarticulate murmur, and then a loud burst of laughter.

A tall, slender young Creole whom he knew, and who had always been greatly pleased to exchange salutations, brushed against him without turning his eyes.

"You know," he was saying to a companion, "everybody in Louisiana is to be a citizen, except the negroes and mules; that is the kind of liberty they give us—all eat out of one trough."

"What we want," said a dark, ill-looking, but finely-dressed man, setting his claret down, "and what we have got to have, is"—he was speaking in French, but gave the want in English—"Representesh'n wizout Taxa——" There his eye fell upon Frowenfeld and followed him with a scowl.

"Mah frang," he said to his table companion, "wass you sink of a mane w'at

hask-a one nee-grow to 'ave-a on shair wiz 'im, eh?—in ze sem room?"

The apothecary found that his fame was far wider and more general than he had supposed. He turned to go out, bowing, as he did so, to an Américain merchant with whom he had some acquaintance.

"Sir?" asked the merchant, with severe politeness, "wish to see me? I thought you—— As I was saying, gentlemen, what, after all, does it sum up?"

A Creole interrupted him with an answer: "Leetegash'n, Spoleeash'n, Pahtitsh'n, Disintegrhash'n!"

The voice was like Honoré's. Frowenfeld looked; it was Agamemnon Grandissime.

"I must go to Maspero's," thought the apothecary, and he started up the rue Chartres. As he turned into the rue St. Louis, he suddenly found himself one of a crowd standing before a newly-posted placard, and at a glance saw it to be one of the inflammatory publications which were a feature of the times, appearing both daily and nightly on walls and fences.

"One Amerry-can pull' it down, an' Camille Brahmin 'e pas'e it back," said a boy at Frowenfeld's side.

Exchange Alley was once *Passage de la Bourse*, and led down (as it now does to the State House—late St. Louis Hotel) to an establishment which seems to have served for a long term of years as a sort of merchants' and auctioneers' coffee-house, with a minimum of china and a maximum of glass: Maspero's—certainly Maspero's as far back as 1810, and, we believe, Maspero's the day the apothecary entered it, March 9th, 1804. It was a livelier spot than the Veau-qui-tête; it was to that what commerce is to litigation, what standing and quaffing is to sitting and sipping. Whenever the public mind approached that sad state of public sentiment in which sanctity signs politicians' memorials and chivalry breaks into the gun-shops, a good place to feel the thump of the machinery was in Maspero's.

The first man Frowenfeld saw as he entered was M. Valentine Grandissime. There was a double semi-circle of gazers and listeners in front of him; he was talking, with much show of unconcern, in Creole French.

"Policy? I care little about policy." He waved his hand. "I know my rights—and Louisiana's. We have a right to our opinions. We have"—with a quiet smile and an upward turn of his extended palm—"a right to protect them from the attack of interlopers, even if we have to use gunpowder. I do not propose to abridge the liberties of even this army of fortune-hunters. *Let* them think." He half laughed. "Who cares whether they share our opinions or not? Let them have their own. I had rather they would. But let them hold their tongues. Let them remember they are Yankees. Let them remember they are unbidden guests." All this without the least warmth.

But the answer came, aglow with passion, from one of the semi-circle whom two or three seemed disposed to hold in check. It also was in French, but the apothecary was astonished to hear his own name uttered.

"But this fellow Frowenfeld"—the speaker did not see Joseph—"has never held his tongue. He has given us good reason half a dozen times, with his too free speech and his high moral whine, to hang him with the lamp-post rope! And now, when we have borne and borne and borne and borne with him, and he shows up, all at once, in all his rottenness, you say let him alone! One would think you were defending Honoré Grandissime!" The back of one of the speaker's hands fluttered in the palm of the other.

Valentine smiled.

"Honoré Grandissime? Boy, you do not know what you are talking about. Not Honoré—ha, ha! A man who, upon his own avowal, is guilty of affiliating with the Yankees. A man whom we have good reason to suspect of meditating his family's dishonor and embarrassment!" Somebody saw the apothecary and laid a cautionary touch on Valentine's arm, but he brushed it off. "As for Professor Frowenfeld, he must defend himself."

"Ha–a–a–ah!"—a general cry of derision from the listeners.

"Defend himself?" exclaimed their spokesman; "shall I tell you again what he is?" In his vehemence, the speaker wagged his chin and held his clenched fists stiffly toward the floor. "He is—he is—he is——"

He paused, breathing like a fighting dog. Frowenfeld, large, white, and immovable, stood close before him.

"Dey 'ad no bizniz led 'im come oud today," said a bystander, edging toward a pillar.

The Creole, a small young man not unknown to us, glared upon the apothecary; but Frowenfeld was far above his blushing mood, and was not disconcerted. This

exasperated the Creole beyond bound; he made a sudden, angry change of attitude, and demanded:

"Do you interrup' two gen'lemen in dey conve'sition, you Yankee clown? Do you igno' dad you 'ave insult me, off-scow'ing?"

Frowenfeld's first response was a stern gaze. When he spoke, he said:

"Sir, I am not aware that I have ever offered you the slightest injury or affront; if you wish to finish your conversation with this gentleman, I will wait till you are through."

The Creole bowed, as a knight who takes up the gage. He turned to Valentine.

"Valentine, I was sayin' to you dad diz pusson is a cowa'd and a sneak; I repead thad! I repead id! I spurn you! Go f'om yeh!"

The apothecary stood like a white cliff.

It was too much for Creole forbearance. His adversary, with a long snarl of oaths, sprang forward and with a great sweep of his arm slapped the apothecary on the cheek. And then—

What a silence!

Frowenfeld had advanced one step; his opponent stood half turned away, but with his face toward the face he had just struck and his eyes glaring up into the eyes of the apothecary. The semi-circle was dissolved, and each man stood in neutral isolation, motionless and silent. For one instant objects lost all natural proportion, and to the expectant on-lookers the largest thing in the room was the big, upraised, white fist of Frowenfeld. But in the next—how was this? Could it be that that fist had not descended?

The imperturbable Valentine, with one preventing arm laid across the breast of the expected victim and an open hand held restrainingly up for truce, stood between the two men and said:

"Professor Frowenfeld—one moment—"

Frowenfeld's face was ashen.

"Don't speak, sir!" he exclaimed. "If I attempt to parley I shall break every bone in his body. Don't speak! I can guess your explanation—he is drunk. But take him away."

Valentine, as sensible as cool, assisted by the kinsman who had laid a hand on his arm, shuffled his enraged companion out. Frowenfeld's still swelling anger was so near getting the better of him that he unconsciously followed a quick step or two; but as Valentine looked back and waved him to stop, he again stood still.

"*Proffesseur*—you know,—" said a stranger, "daz Sylvestre Grandissime."

Frowenfeld rather spoke to himself than answered:

"If I had not known that, I should have ——" He checked himself and left the place.

While the apothecary was gathering these experiences, the free spirit of Raoul Innerarity was chafing in the shop like an eagle in a hen-coop. One moment after another brought him straggling evidences, now of one sort, now of another, of the "never more peaceable" state of affairs without. If only some pretext could be conjured up, plausible or flimsy, no matter; if only some man would pass with a gun on his shoulder, were it only a blow-gun; or if his employer were any one but his beloved Frowenfeld, he would clap up the shutters as quickly as he had already done once to-day, and be off to the wars. He was just trying to hear imaginary pistol-shots down toward the Place d'Armes, when the apothecary returned.

"D' you fin' him?"

"I found Sylvestre."

"'E took de lett'?"

"I did not offer it." Frowenfeld, in a few compact sentences, told his adventure.

Raoul was ablaze with indignation.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', gimmy dat lett'!" He extended his pretty hand.

Frowenfeld pondered.

"Gimmy 'er!" persisted the artist; "befo' I lose de sight from dat lett' she goin' to be hanswer by Sylvestre Grandissime, an' 'e goin' to wrat you one appo-logie! Oh! I goin' mek 'im crah fo' shem!"

"If I could know you would do only as I ——"

"I do it!" cried Raoul, and sprang for his hat; and in the end Frowenfeld let him have his way.

"I had intended seeing him ——" the apothecary said.

"Nevvamine to see; I goin' tell him!" cried Raoul, as he crowded his hat fiercely down over his curls and plunged out.

(To be continued.)

THE CYPRIOTE INSCRIPTIONS.

EARLY in 1874, before the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City was fairly open to visitors, the writer went thither, in company with one of the prominent Shemitic scholars of the city, to decipher the Phœnician inscriptions of the Cesnola collection. While thus engaged, some small sculptured stones were shown us, inscribed with strange characters, and bearing the label "Cypriote inscriptions. Nobody can read them yet." At the other's suggestion, the writer took upon himself the task of investigating these strange characters, and deciphering them if possible. A few of the characters bore strong resemblance to certain letters of the Phœnician alphabet, some to the Lycian characters; but most of them presented a complete puzzle.

On hunting over the libraries, it appeared that this corner of archæological research had not been quite overlooked. The sharp eyes of the great Hebrew lexicographer Gesenius had found in the writing of Von Hammer a pseudo-Phœnician inscription from Cyprus, which he thought not really Phœnician, but in characters like those occurring on the coins of Pamphylia. This inscription, by the way, the writer has since had the satisfaction of studying on the spot. It is over the entrance to an artificial, circular-domed grotto, cut in the solid rock, amidst a nest of tombs at Alonia tou Episcopou, near New Paphos. The inscription is in Cypriote characters, and shows that the grotto was a shrine to Apollo Hylates.

At that stage of the work, however, the decipherer naturally looked to the Phœnician, which was not so well known as now, even four years ago, and to the almost unknown Lycian and Pamphylian; and the task seemed hopeless. But a further search showed that that ever-to-be-honored investigator, the Duc de Luynes, as long ago as 1850, had obtained a bronze tablet that was found near Dali (ancient Idalium), in Cyprus, covered with Cypriote characters, which moved him to collect and publish all the inscriptions of the sort then known, including coins and other small objects. His work appeared in 1852, a beautiful quarto, entitled "Numismatique et Inscriptions Cypriotes," which is not yet entirely superseded by later publications. Naturally, it contains a few plates and descriptions which do not belong to the subject; notably one object from the so-called *Tabula Isiaca* in the museum at Turin, whose history has been traced for upward of four hundred years, but which is now generally, with probable justice, considered the fabrication of some Italian silversmith. The Duc de Luynes attempted further to classify an alphabet and begin the deciphering; but without success. One character he wrongly took to be a mark of punctuation; and, of all his conjectures about the alphabet, only one has proved accidentally to be correct, viz., that a character he took to be S, actually has that consonant power. But his labor shows acumen; he proved, even then, that the writing, whatever it might be, read from right to left.

Professor E. M. Röth, of Heidelberg, made the next attempt, and published a beautifully printed quarto in 1855, at the expense of the Duc de Luynes. According to his conjectures (for they were nothing else), he concluded the writing on the bronze tablet to be a proclamation of Amasis, the Egyptian conqueror of Cyprus, to his Cypriote subjects. His attempt at translation may be called ingenious, but nothing more.

Adolph Helfferich, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, next tried his hand at the tablet, in 1869. He made it out to be a psalm of praise of a Phœnician colony in Cyprus, in which the fruits of Bacchus and Ceres have a share in the colonists' laudation. But this was another conjectural flight.

Meanwhile, several new discoveries had been made of Cypriote inscriptions, one of which, had it been correctly published, would have helped on the decipherment. This was a bilingual (or digraphic, as both inscriptions are in the same language), published by De Vogué, and now in Paris. It occurs on a mortuary monument, just beneath the sculptured figures of two lions seated back to back, closely resembling a stone figured in one of the cuts in Cesnola's "Cyprus." It is here shown as Figure 1.

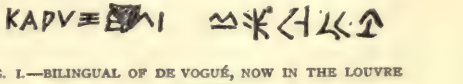


FIG. 1.—BILINGUAL OF DE VOGUÉ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE AT PARIS.

The Greek scholar will see that the left hand portion is in Greek uncials, and answers to the English "Karyx am I"; the word *Karyx* being also the Greek common noun for *a*

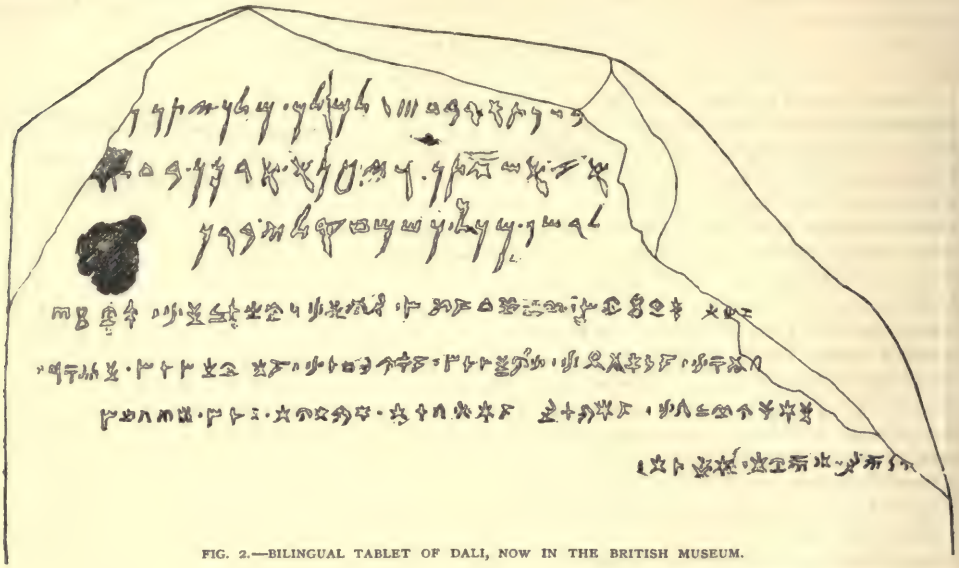


FIG. 2.—BILINGUAL TABLET OF DALI, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

herald. The Cypriote portion on the right contains the syllables *ka, ru, xe, e, mi,* which is precisely the same as the Greek portion, only it reads from right to left in the inscription. But De Vogué, not knowing more than the rest of the learned world, mistook a scratch on the stone for a stroke of the first character, so that when his copy came to be examined in the light of later years, this character seemed to read *ti.*, and misled us all, retarding the work of decipherment in no small degree. It fell to the lot of the writer to rectify this mistake, which he discovered in a moment on seeing the stone in the Louvre, in Paris. Since then, three French savants have confirmed the correction.

A new impulse was now given by the discoveries of General di Cesnola. Among the numerous inscriptions found by him are two *quasi* bilinguals; but even to this day they have not helped at all, while others of his inscriptions have afforded wonderful aid. But at the same time that he was exploring Cyprus, a bilingual inscription was found by Mr. R. H. Lang, subsequently British consul to Cyprus, which really furnished the key. This inscription, now in the British Museum, is on a block of marble that probably was once the pedestal of a statue of Apollo Amyclæan, the Phœnician Resheph Mical, at Dali. It is here represented as Fig. 2. The upper part is in the Phœnician character and language, the lower in Cypriote. The Phœnician could be immediately translated. It reads as follows, being somewhat broken:

"[On the ——day of the month ——], in the year four (IIII) of the reign of Melekiathon [king of Citium and Idalium, a statue] this; which our Lord Baal Ra [m, son of Abdamelek], gave and dedicated to Resheph Michal; when he heard his voice, he blessed."

This king Melekiathon, or Milkiathon, lived about 370 B. C. Some of his Phœnician inscriptions, with others of his son Pumiathon, are in the Cesnola collection in New York.

This inscription, with the Cesnola inscriptions,—which were then in London on exhibition, before their purchase by the Metropolitan Museum,—together with the work of De Luynes, furnished abundant material for the British scholars to work upon, before the Americans had a chance.

It fell to a most deserving man, no other than the brilliant Assyrian scholar, the late lamented George Smith, to light upon the key. A hint at his process will not be amiss here. After many false starts, in the vain attempt to pick out the Cypriote groups of characters that represent proper names, he observed that the first word (legible to him) and the last word of the first line were evidently the same, though having different endings. He therefore equated them with the Phœnician word *melek* (king), as that word appeared to him to occur twice in the Phœnician portion.

He was not entirely right here, but near enough for his purpose. Next, he equated the longest Cypriote group with the Phœnician name Melekiathon, and so on with the other proper names, though the order of words is different in the two portions of the inscription, causing many difficulties. We cannot here follow the interesting detail, but he soon found that probably the characters represented syllables, that the Cypriote nouns were inflected by case, and that the word for king was the Greek word *basileus*. Unable to proceed farther with the stone tablet, he tried the coins, and read several proper names. He finished his work with a list of fifty-four characters, of which nearly thirty have proved to be approximately correct, though far from absolutely so. The work of Smith, however, is by far the most brilliant that has been accomplished in the deciphering of Cypriote.

The work was next taken up by Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum. In ingenuity and scholarly ability his work deserves the highest praise. It is almost certain that, had he not been misled by the mistake already noticed in the publication of De Vogué, he would have carried the work almost to its present point. His results were full of brilliancy, though rather negative than positive, consisting more in showing what could not be true than in that which was true. Yet he determined several new characters, showed that the language was substantially Greek, and fixed the approximate date of the bronze tablet of De Luynes. Thenceforward the supposition that the language was Shemitic might be dropped. It had misled all his predecessors. A hint of his prepared the way for Johannes Brandis, who next made a positive advance in the decipherment, but death cut him short. His work appeared as a posthumous one, edited by Ernst Curtius. His alphabet may be seen in Cesnola's "Cyprus," but, though the best then made, it is far from perfect. With all its help not a single Cypriote inscription could yet be read, except the legend on a coin or two, consisting of a proper name and the word for king.

Such was the state of the investigation at the time the Cesnola collection arrived in America, when the writer felt called to the work. The farthest advance appeared in Brandis, and nearly half of that was erroneous. He had not yet discovered what George Smith had believed—that the alphabet was a true syllabary throughout. The Cesnola inscriptions were known through Europe only by imperfect paper squeezes and plaster casts; but the writer had the advantage of the originals, and was able at once to detect Brandis's confusion of two characters, and thus discover another. Very soon the Cypriote portion of the British Museum bilingual yielded to a patient attack, and was translated nearly as perfectly as ever since, except a word and some characters not occurring in George Smith's copy, but read later by the writer when he saw the stone in London. For the benefit of those who may wish to follow it more closely, as well as to give, at the same time, a specimen of the deciphered writing, the Cypriote portion is here appended; first in Roman syllables, and then in Greek letters. The numbers denote the lines on the stone. In Roman, or Italics:

(1.) * * * *we. te. i.* | *pa. si. le. wo. se.* | *mi. li. ki. ia. to. no. se.* | *ke. ti. o. ne.* | *ka. te. ta. li. o. ne.* | *pa. si. le. u.* |
(2.) * * * *ko. me. na. ne.* | *to. pe. pa. me. ro. ne.* | *ne. wo. so. ta. ta. se.* | *to. na. ti. ri. ia. ta. ne.* | *to. te. ka. te. sa. ta. se.* | *o. wa. na. xe.* |
(3.) *o. a. pi. ti. mi. li. ko. ne.* | *to. a. po. lo. ni. to. a. mu. ko. lo. i.* | *a. po. i. wo. i.* | *ta. se.* | *e. u. ko. la. se.* |
(4.) *e. pe. tu. ke.* | *i. tu. ka. i.* | *a. ke. ta. i.* |

Lines (1) and (2) are defective at the beginning. Lines (3) and (4) are intact. In Greek letters, according to the best transliteration:

(1.) * * * νέτει βασιλένος Μιλχιάθωνος Κητιῶν κά τ' Ἠδαλιῶν βασιλεύ
(2.) [οντος] * * * [ἐπα]γόμεναν τω(ν) πε(μ)παμέρων νενόστατας τὸν ἀ(ν)δριά(ν)ταν τό(υ)δε χατέσταστε ὁ νάναξ
(3.) ὁ Ἀβδιμιλκῶν τῶ Ἀπόλ(λ)ωνι τω Ἀμυκλῶι ἀφ' ὧι θοι τᾶς εὐχωλᾶς
(4.) ἐπέτυχε ἰ(ν) τύχᾶι ἀγεθᾶι.

This is a sort of Greeek not readily read by the tyro. The English of it is this:

"In the year ——— King Milkiathon, being king over the Citians and the Idalians, ——— the latest of the five intercalary days, the prince ——— (son) of Abdimilcon, set up this statue to Apollo Amyclæan, for the (reason) that he met for him his prayers in happy fortune."

The first of the Cesnola inscriptions to yield was the one inscribed on a pedestal of soft stone, between the two feet of a broken-off statuette. The stone is that of Golgoi, but it was found in the ruins of the temple of Aphrodite, at Old Paphos. It is here given

as Fig. 3. The following is the reading then made; but there is some doubt as to the article and adjective in the second line, which is not yet solved. If the statuette was really dedicated to Apollo at Golgoi, this reading is probably correct. If to Aphrodite at Paphos, then another reading must be substituted, which need not trouble us here:

(1.) "Egotos set (this) up to the (2.) god, the auspicious (3.) in happy fortune."

During the spring and summer of 1874, the writer was at work at the Cesnola inscriptions, together with those of De Luynes, and succeeded in making considerable progress. While preparing an article for the October meeting of the American Oriental Society in New York, there arrived from Europe an autograph-lithograph publication on the subject, by Professor Moriz Schmidt, of Jena. This was an able and learned treatise, showing knowledge of all the sources of information on the subject, and, in the main, arriving at the same conclusions as the writer. As to the differences: in some of them one decipherer has been sustained; in some the other; in some neither. Schmidt had remarkable fitness for the work by training, having already edited the ancient lexicon of Hesychius, which contains many peculiarities of the ancient Greek of Cyprus not always credited hitherto by scholars, but now confirmed in many particulars by the inscriptions. Schmidt has secured, as he deserved, the priority of publication.

There were, however, other independent workers. Drs. Wilhelm Deecke and Justus Siegismund, of Strasburg, the latter of whom met his death in a tomb at Amathus, in Cyprus, had also prepared a work, which appeared in print in Europe about the time

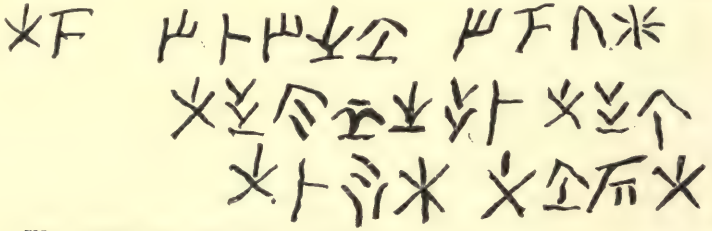


FIG. 3.—DEDICATORY INSCRIPTION OF STATUETTE, FOUND AT PAPHOS. NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

that the writer's article was read before the Oriental Society, and which arrived in America a short time later. They, too, had arrived at mainly the same results; but had made some discoveries peculiarly their own. In some instances they coincided with the writer as against Schmidt; and in one case, where Schmidt had made no attempt, they and the writer had reached the same probable conclusion by different lines of argument, which has since been shown to be *wrong* by Dr. Ahrens, of Hanover.

Since the work above related, there has been little progress in deciphering unknown characters, though many inscriptions have been read. Very soon thereafter, Dr. Ahrens issued a treatise, such as could be written only by a life-long student and able master of Greek dialects; but in several matters he was mistaken as to the reading of the inscriptions. In this last respect it has been the writer's fortune to push the matter to the farthest limits yet reached; but the end is not reached yet. Difficulties are mingled with encouragement. The Cesnola Cypriote inscriptions of the first collection were published in fac-simile by the writer, in Volume ten of the "Journal of the American Oriental Society," and a short treatise on the whole subject was presented by him to the New York State University Convocation at Albany in 1875, when first appeared in English a translation of the bronze tablet above referred to as figured in the work of De Luynes. Sundry English attempts at various inscriptions, published independently a little later, are by no means as completely done as those that appeared in America.

The language of the inscriptions, as has been already said, is Greek, but it has a number of remarkable dialectic peculiarities interesting only to the Greek scholar. It is by no means easy to read, nor can a fresh hand who knows Greek well read it readily with the help of a syllabary. In dialect it is nearest to the Doric and Arcadian, but its strongest peculiarities are its own. Each character is an open syllable, either a vowel or a consonant followed by a vowel; and the characters have their own laws of combination into words. There is no difference between the different classes of mutes of the

same vocal organ; the same character stands for *pa*, *ba* or *pha*. With this exception, together with the fact that there is no distinction between long and short vowels, the theoretical Greek syllabary is tolerably complete. Very striking, as well as refreshing to the digger-out of Greek roots, is the fact that the *digamma* here finds its resurrection. It is actually in use in the Cypriote writing, as well as the use of *i* (German *j* or English *y*) as a consonant. The Cypriote writing also adds to the general testimony of transliterations of Greek words into Oriental languages, that the ancient pronunciation of the Greek letter *eta* was our long English e, as in modern Greek.

The variant characters present much difficulty. There is quite a difference between the older writing, commonest in the west end of the island, and the later. Often, also, the older writing reads from left to right. The imperfect copies published in France and Germany have also produced needless difficulties. The writer was able to read immediately from the stone one of the Cesnola inscriptions which, through imperfect copies, had baffled all the Europeans, and which still baffles some Germans who either do not know or cannot trust a better copy. On arriving in London in the autumn of 1875, the writer read immediately an inscription that had baffled him and others in Schmidt's imperfect copy. Just here it should be mentioned that, while at the time discussing with the late George Smith the British Museum inscription known as the "Naked Archer," Mr. Smith remarked several things about that inscription and those of the Cesnola collection which had quite escaped the notice of the Germans, and showed that in a keen, strict following up of matters of epigraphy he was a finished master. He seemed to see the truth, even under a false copy. That "Naked Archer" inscription, by the way, though yet undeciphered, has not been without its use. By its help the writer was enabled to read a difficult variant on the gold armlets of King Ethevander, discovered by Cesnola at Curium, the inscription on which the writer first saw in London. The words "king" and "Paphos" could be easily read; but one character made the rest a puzzle, which the "Archer" characters solved. The same lesson taught the writer to read the inscriptions on a couple of statuettes which he subsequently saw in General Di Cesnola's magazine in Cyprus, and thus ascertain that they had been dedicated to Apollo Hylates. On communicating this conclusion to General Di Cesnola, he said at once: "I am sure of it, for I found them in the temple of Apollo Hylates at Curium,

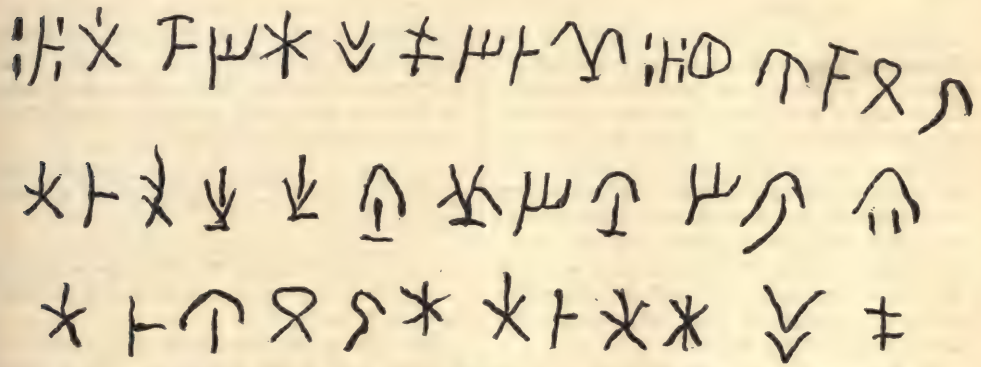


FIG. 4.—INSCRIPTION ON BOX OF STONE, VOTIVE OFFERING TO PAPHIAN APHRODITE, FOUND AT KYTHREA. NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

as is shown by a Greek inscription on a terra-cotta vase." The statuettes and the pieces of the vase are now in New York.

The number of Cypriote inscriptions now gathered into the museums of Europe and America is not far from two hundred. Of these, by far the largest number are in the Cesnola collection. The others are in London, Paris, Cyprus, Constantinople, except that the coins and gems are scattered over England, France and Germany. One of the most important bilinguals is in Cyprus.

The writing and language appear to have been a solemn hieratic or magisterial writing that existed parallel with the more common Greek and Phœnician. The so-called Hissarlik inscriptions have nothing in common with the Cypriote, if, indeed, they are writing at all. Of the Cypriote inscriptions, the most common are dedicatory and votive, if we except the mortuary ones now beyond

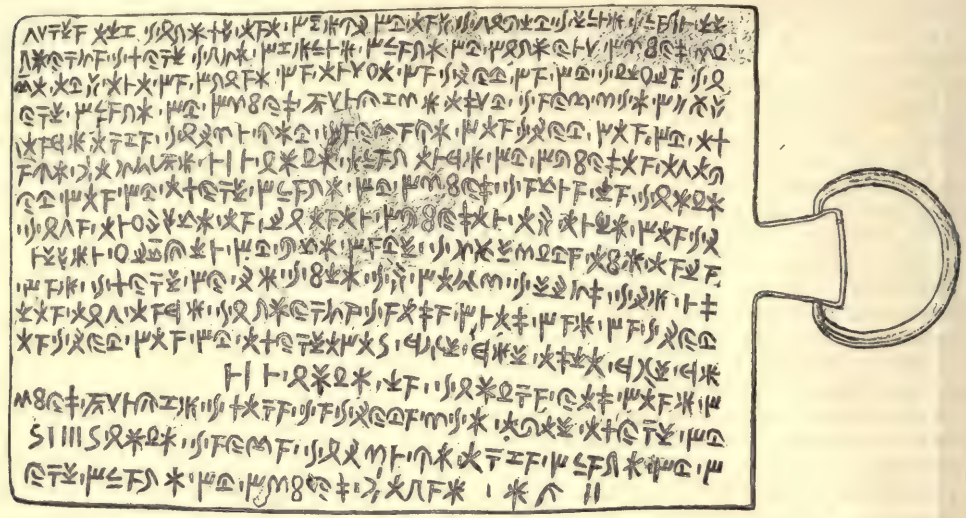


FIG. 5.—BRONZE TABLET OF DALI,—I., OBVERSE. NOW IN THE CABINET DES MEDAILLES, ETC., BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

recovery. Of these last, hundreds, if not thousands, once existed on the tombs of the vast city of the dead near New Paphos. Their traces are there, but their legibility has gone forever. But those that are left are of the greatest value to the Greek scholar and the philologist. To him they bring many things from the dead to life, and raise one portion of his studies out of the realm of conjecture into that of science. To the archæologist and historian their importance is great, but their full value in that direction is not yet revealed.

In Fig. 4 is shown a specimen of a votive inscription found on a small box of stone, whose use is not well known. It was found by Cesnola shortly before leaving Cyprus for the last time, and is now in New York. Its translation is as follows:

"Of Prototimos, priest of the Paphian am I; and he laid me up as an offering to the Paphian Aphrodite."

This is a beautiful specimen for a beginner to work upon; it presents few puzzles and much instruction.

But the most important and extensive document is the bronze tablet. The inscrip-

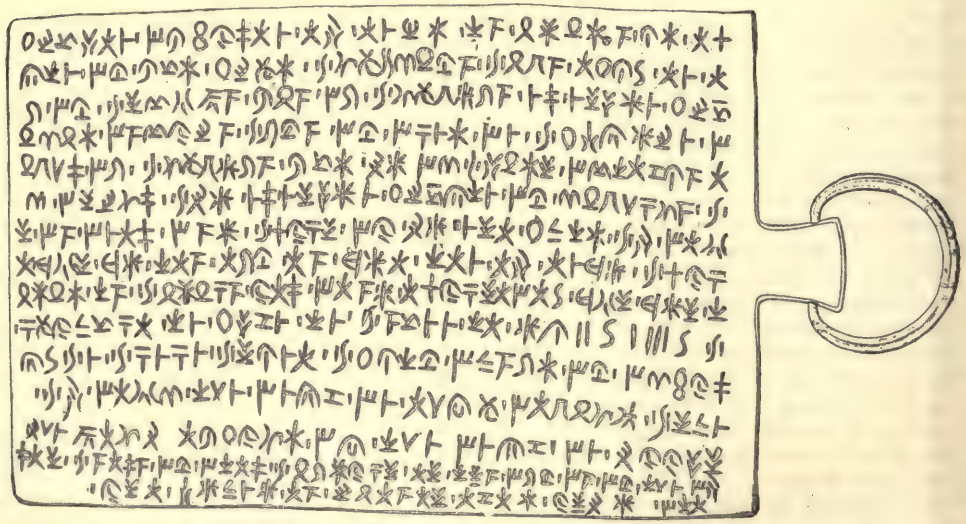


FIG. 6. BRONZE TABLET OF DALI,—II., REVERSE. NOW IN THE CABINET DES MEDAILLES, ETC., BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

tion is engraved on both sides of the tablet, which is heavy, and much thicker in the middle than at the edges. It has a ring at one end, by which it was hung up in the temple of Athene. Figs. 5 and 6 show the two sides of the tablet. It is now in the National Library at Paris, where it was deposited by De Luynes. Its purport will best appear by the following translation:

"When the Medes and inhabitants of Citium attacked the city of Idalium, in the year of Philocyprus that is of Onasagoras, King Stasicyprus and the city the Idalians, commanded Onasilus the son of Onasicyprus, the physician, and his brothers, to heal the men that were wounded in the battle, without compensation; and whereas the king and the city agreed with Onasilus and his brothers, instead of compensation and instead of fee, to give from the king's house and from the city a talent of silver; or that instead of this talent of silver, the king and the city would give to Onasilus and to his brothers from the land of the king that is in the Alampriation district, the tract in the meadow land that borders on the vineyard of Okas, and to have all the revenues that come thereon, with all the sale thereof, for life, without tax. If any one shall eject Onasilus or his brothers, or the sons of the sons of Onasicyrus from the tract, on any pretense whatever, he that ejects shall pay to Onasilus and to his brothers, or to the sons, this silver [to wit], a talent of silver. And to Onasilus alone, apart from the others, his brothers, the king and the city bound themselves to give, instead of the reward, forty minæ, two drachmæ and a half of silver; or that the king and the city would give to Onasilus instead of the said silver, from the land of the king that is the Malanian plain, the tract that borders Ameinias' vineyard, and all the revenues coming thereon, which lies next to Thorus the son of Thumias (?) and to the priestess of Athene, and to the inclosure which is in the arable land of Simmis, the vineyard which Dithemis, the son of Aramneus possessed, which borders on Passagoras the son of Onasagoras; and to have the revenues coming thereon, with all the sale thereof for life, without tax. If any one shall eject Onasilus or the sons of Onasilus, from the said land in the said enclosure, for whatever cause, whoever ejects shall pay to Onasilus or to his sons this silver, forty minæ, two drachmæ and a half of silver. Wherefore the words of this tablet, and the things thereon written, the king and the city have laid up with the goddess Athene who is about Idalium, with oaths not to break these declarations for life. Whenever any one shall break these declarations, may it become unholiness to him. These lands and these enclosures aforesaid the son of Onasicyprus and the sons of his sons shall possess forever, who may be in the district of Idalium."

A word or two more must end this brief account. The date of the earliest inscriptions we have no means of knowing. Only a few can be fixed within narrow limits. We have already seen the date of the bilingual of Milkiathon. The gold armlets of Curium date from the time of Manasseh, king of Judah, an age before the Babylonish captivity, and are therefore older than any Greek letters we know or can trace. The bronze tablets date not far from one of the times of Persian rule. But some of the inscriptions must be much older. When St. Paul landed at New Paphos, most of the inscriptions in the vast necropolis near it must have been still legible, though to us they must have spoken of high antiquity.

A YEAR OF THE EXODUS IN KANSAS.

One morning in April, 1879, a Missouri River steamboat arrived at Wyandotte, Kansas, and discharged a load of colored men, women and children, with divers barrels, boxes and bundles of household effects. It was a novel, picturesque, pathetic sight. They were of all ages and sizes, and every modulation of duskiness, these new comers; their garments were incredibly patched and tattered, stretched and uncertain; their "plunder," as they called it, resembled the litter of a neglected back-yard; and there was not probably a dollar in money in the pockets of the entire party. The wind was eager, and they stood upon the wharf shivering; and when the boat backed away, a sort of dumb awe seemed to settle upon and possess them. They looked like persons coming out of a dream. And, indeed, such they were, in more than casual fancy; for this was the advance-guard of the Exodus.

Soon other and similar parties came by the same route, and still others, until, within a fortnight, a thousand or more of them were gathered there at the gateway of Kansas—all poor, some sick, and none with a plan of future action beyond the abstract, indefinite purpose somehow to find new homes. There was an element of wonder in the matter, which the hungry and undecided creatures themselves could not explain; they appeared to be as much surprised at being there as others were at seeing them there. They had not quitted the South because they wished to do so, they were mainly prompt to say; when questioned for the specific causes of their com-

ing, they were evasive and reticent. But they were not going back. That much they declared with one voice, and a resolute and convincing emphasis; and as for what lay ahead of them, well, "de good Lord" could be trusted.

The case was one to appeal with force to popular sympathy, even in its surface aspect alone; and when there was added the reflection that these patient and simple people, steeped in poverty, had left the clime of their nativity and choice, to search, however blindly, for a chance to better their condition, the heart of the observer had to own a special pity for the poor wanderers. And pity in the West is practical. So temporary shelter was speedily provided for them; food and the facilities for cooking it were furnished them in ample measure; and local philanthropists hastened to devise measures that should secure them homes and employment. Then came more of them. The tide swelled daily. Protests began to go up from the border towns, and that aroused public feeling throughout all Kansas, and brought meetings and speeches, committees and contributions. The sentimental view of the question quickly took precedence, as it could hardly fail to do under the circumstances. In a certain, effective sense, the very raggedness and misery of the immigration was accepted as its best excuse for being. The peculiar history of Kansas—a history crowded with opportune and feverish memories—was invoked, like a piece of holy writ, to vindicate and exalt the movement; there were not wanting, as there are never wanting at such times, those who saw in it the hand of Providence; and the Governor himself, speaking from the capital, welcomed the thickening freedmen, in impulsive and glittering rhetoric, to "the State made immortal by Old John Brown."

And still they came, hundreds upon hundreds of them, and reports announced thousands more on the way or about to start. So fast did they arrive, and so needy were they all, that some organized and systematic mode of dealing with them became a necessity. To such end there was incorporated, early in May, a State Freedman's Relief Association, composed of the State officers and a few other leading citizens, and having its headquarters at Topeka. It was not the design of this organization to invite or promote further immigration; the object was only the humanitarian one of ministering to the necessities of several thousands of poor people, thrown suddenly upon the charity of the State. At first it was thought that Kansas benevolence alone would be equal to the task; but a few weeks' trial served to refute this idea, and appeals for assistance were accordingly made to the country at large.* During the ensuing summer, about $22,000 in money was sent in to the Association, and this was used in buying food and clothing and in securing homes and work for the freedmen. Barracks were constructed for them; farming utensils and lumber were supplied them to some extent, and the experiment of starting a colony, on land purchased by the association, was begun with hopeful indications.

All through the summer months they continued to come, not from any one State or section in particular, but from nearly all parts of the South. Perhaps the welcome and assistance extended to such as had already reached Kansas operated to hurry others northward, and to take them to that friendly locality. Certain it is that designing agents of transportation lines, anxious only to secure passenger traffic and pausing at no deception, used this feature of the case to stimulate a general colored hegira to what was thus made to seem a new Canaan. All the Missouri River boats left St. Louis packed with them. Every train brought squads, companies, battalions of them. Not a few came through on foot, all the way from Alabama. The barracks were over-run, the resources of the Relief Association taxed to the utmost. Public sentiment grew critical and apprehensive; the emotional view of the matter gave way to considerations involving serious fears and perplexities. Six months had sufficed to stamp the movement—the problem, as it was now seen to be—with national importance. The Exodus was no longer a mere random interlude; it had become a profound and baffling study.

The closing autumn found at least 15,000 of these colored immigrants in Kansas. Such of them as had arrived early in the spring had been enabled to do something toward getting a start, and the thriftier and more capable ones had made homestead-entries and contrived, with timely aid, to build cabins; in some cases, small crops of corn and garden vegetables were raised. They had settled, as a rule, mainly in the vicinity of five or six

* The fact is worth recording here that not a dollar of public funds has ever been expended in any way for the colored immigrants in Kansas; even the sick and infirm have been taken care of without municipal or county help.

different points in the State, where others of their race, who had gone out years before, were established; and it is not too much to say that, with the slender appliances at their command, they had so far done as well as could have been expected. But they were yet pitifully poor, and winter was close upon them—their first winter in a climate of ice and snow and piercing winds. Their outlook was one to test sorely the fortitude and self-reliance, the fertility and endurance of any people. It was likewise an outlook that came home, with the significance of a menace, to the whole State. They could not be permitted to starve and freeze, but how were they to be fed, clothed and housed? To accept them as so many paupers and make them a public charge was impracticable, not to say impossible; to prolong the existing relief system, with its quasi-official character, and thus indirectly pledge the State to the oversight and maintenance not only of these, but of all who might choose to come, was neither right nor politic; to set them afloat all over Kansas and adjoining States, soliciting alms on their own account, was no less dangerous than inhuman and ridiculous. There seemed to be but one way out of the dilemma. The State officers withdrew from the Relief Association, and confided its work to representatives of the various churches, with immediate executive control in the hands of the Society of Friends; and the task was undertaken of carrying the burden as an organized and distinct Christian charity, having no political taint or affiliation, and relying solely upon the generosity of religious people everywhere. How this task was performed, and how the freedmen came through their first winter in Kansas, it is the chief object of this paper to relate.

The weather was on the side of the newcomers to begin with; such an open, friendly winter was never known in Kansas before. "God seed dat de darkeys had thin clothes," was the remark of one of their preachers, "an' He done kep' de cole off." Most of the time an overcoat could be dispensed with, and the general want of underwear was not so cruelly felt as had been feared; the fuel necessity, always an uppermost one in a prairie country, was reduced to a miminum; the almost utter absence of snow, so often a balk and terror to the border settler, made out-door work easy, and labor was in more than usual demand. Even plowing was possible a fair portion of the winter, and a good deal of it was done, though the scarcity of teams and plows stood constantly in the way: in one instance, in Graham county, a man "broke" five acres of raw prairie with a common spade. The business of house-building had little to interrupt it, and in this respect much was accomplished. Numerous cabins of stone and sod were constructed while the cold season lasted; that is to say, the walls were laid up, with ordinary black mud for mortar, and then they had to wait for roofs and floors, doors and windows, until money could be earned to buy lumber; in many cases, the women went to the towns and took in washing, or worked as house-servants to meet this exigency, while the men were doing the building. Those who could find employment on the farms about their "claims," worked willingly and for small wages, and in this way many supported their families, and procured now and then a calf, a pig, or a little poultry; others obtained places on the railroads, in the coal-mines, and on the public works at Topeka. Such as got work at any price, did not ask assistance; those who were compelled to apply for aid did it slowly, as a rule, and rarely came a second time. Not a single colored tramp was seen in Kansas all winter; and only one colored person was convicted of any crime.

It is impossible accurately to measure the succor afforded the freedmen during this period by the Relief Association, such a large share of it was in the way not so much of out-and-out gifts as of that better form of charity which helps people to help themselves. A prominent, if not the leading, feature of this relief work has been to procure homes and employment for all who could not begin farming. A kind of intelligence bureau was early organized, and applications for labor of all kinds were invited; and as fast as such applications were received (they came plentifully and from all quarters) selections were made of suitable parties to fill the places, and they were sent on, usually at the expense of the Association, to the persons desiring them, sometimes as many as two hundred in a day. In this way, it is estimated, quite 10,000 of them were provided for, at least for a time, 4,000 of the number going to other States, chiefly to Iowa and Nebraska. The number entirely supported by the Association has at no one time exceeded 500, and this included a daily coming and going average of 300 in the general rendezvous at Topeka. A considerable sum has been expended in lumber, farming implements, and horses and cattle; some purchases have been made of tracts

of railroad land, at low figures, and this has been set apart to families, in forty-acre lots, to be paid for from their crops; and quite a number of individual settlers have been supplied with funds to make the necessary payment on lands "taken up" under the homestead and pre-emption laws. The work of the Association has been done conscientiously, there can be no doubt, and, in the main, practically and with beneficent and justifying results; the mistakes and short-comings, if any, have been on the side of a possibly too considerate and sympathetic course of action.

This Relief Association received during the winter, in round numbers, $25,000 in money, and 300,000 pounds of merchandise, roughly valued at $100.000. It is a noteworthy fact that much of the money came in small sums, and was forwarded by the Christian women of America, through their mite-societies and sewing-circles; and it is also noticeable, as well as characteristic, that fully one-third of the entire amount was furnished by the Society of Friends. Ohio gave more than any other single State; New York and Pennsylvania next; then Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa, in the order named; and the other States in proportion, nearly every one sending something. Nor will it do to omit that several thousand dollars came from England. Another point; the inference is self-suggesting—indeed, the records avouch it as a fact—that the bulk of the personal contributions is to be credited to the industrial and laboring classes, and people in moderate circumstances. The largest individual gift was $1,000 from John Hall, a Quaker, of Westchester, Pennsylvania; the only known contribution by any man engaged in politics was $100 sent by Vice-President Wheeler.

The supplies received were principally made up of clothing, bedding and general household goods. One-fourth or more of the entire quantity came from England, and was forwarded, freight-free, from Liverpool to Topeka—conspicuous among the larger shipments being several crates of crockery from the Staffordshire potteries, one of the most thoughtful and serviceable of all the donations. These supplies were distributed with care and economy, and upon personal acquaintance with each case. It was difficult, however, to go amiss. Few of the immigrants had furniture, bedding, stoves or dishes, and their wearing apparel was, as has been hinted, scant and threadbare; scores of the men were without coats or a change of shirts; most of the women had but one frock each and no wraps or stockings; half the children were barefooted. and clad only in single cotton garments. Much sickness resulted, of course, chiefly pneumonia and kindred affections; and there are plenty of graves to specify and consecrate that first winter of the Exodus in Kansas. But there was little grumbling, and less lamenting, and no talk at all of returning to the South. They ate their humble fare with thanksgiving and praise, and put away their dead with prayers. In truth, their devout manner of measuring privation and sorrow, and their unwavering faith in a direct over-ruling Providence, was a specially arresting and significant feature of the situation; they leaned on God as if He had been manifested to them in the flesh. Perhaps it was all a trick of mimicry, caught from association with the whites; none the less it was admirable and impressive, and who shall say it did not hush many a fear, save many a heartbreak?

There are, at this writing (April 1, 1880), from 15,000 to 20,000 colored people in Kansas who have settled there during the last twelve months—30 per cent. of them from Mississippi, 20 per cent. from Texas, 15 per cent. from Tennessee, 10 per cent. from Louisiana, 5 per cent. each from Alabama and Georgia, and the remainder from the other Southern States. Of this number, about one-third are supplied with teams and farming tools, and may be expected to become self-sustaining in another year; one-third are in the towns, employed as house-servants and day-laborers, and can take care of themselves so long as the market for their labor is not over-crowded; the other one-third are at work in a desultory fashion for white farmers and herders, and doing the best they can, but powerless to "get ahead" and achieve homes and an assured support without considerable assistance. The poverty of these people cannot be too strongly dwelt upon; for that has been their stumbling-block from the start, and is to-day the one paramount consideration of the Exodus. Neither must it be forgotten that, as a class, those who have so far gone to Kansas are ordinary plantation hands, unfamiliar with Northern agriculture and modes of life. The men cannot at once capably take hold of any but the rudest forms of work, however willing they may be; not one out of a hundred of the women can go into a Northern kitchen and, without teaching or oversight,

cook a common breakfast. This is no reproach to them, especially as they are anxious to learn, and do learn rapidly; but it is a drawback, and a peril. The mere fact that they have to begin their new and empty-handed life by dismissing all their old habits and traditions, and learning, for the first time, as it were, the simple art of making a living by their own labor, is one of deepest import. Poverty alone is enough to grapple with, particularly in a new country; add insufficiency to poverty, weakness to necessity, and the balancing of chances becomes more than doubly grave and difficult.

The area of land bought and entered by the freedmen during their first year in Kansas is about 20,000 acres, of which they have plowed and fitted for grain-growing 3,000 acres. They have built some 300 cabins and dug-outs, counting those which yet lack roofs and floors; and in the way of personal property, their accumulations, outside of what has been given to them, will aggregate perhaps $30,000. It is within bounds to say that their total gains for the year, the surplus proceeds of their own efforts, amount to $40,000, or about $2.25 per capita. This calculation includes those in the towns, and all those at work for daily and monthly wages, as well as those who are settled on the public lands and trying to make farms. But it does not take into account the exceptional cases—one in twenty, at a guess—where families that started with next to nothing now own little homesteads and are really prosperous. It should also be remembered that they have had to live all this time, and that the proverb of "a poor man for children" obtains among them to a distressing degree—not to mention their numerous aged and infirm dependents; eight families, living in a single tenement-house only a stone's throw from where these lines were written, have forty-two children, the eldest not yet in its fifteenth year. Fortunately, they long ago learned to be content with a very meager diet, and seem able to make a feast on what would haunt white persons with visions of starvation. "Gimme a sack o' meal an' a side o' meat," said one of them, "an' my folks kin git along han'some," and many of them did get along throughout the winter with little more than corn-bread and bacon —and there were chickens nightly roosting in the neighborhood, too. All things considered, they have given convincing evidence of their disposition to work, and to be honest, and sober, and frugal. Their savings are not remarkable, to be sure, but they are creditable, and not to be lightly passed over. The wonder is that they have anything whatever to show for their initiatory twelve months of hand-to-mouth hardship and embarrassment.

This does not solve the problem, however. They have yet to master the forces that dispute with them for the control of their fortunes. The ability and opportunity barely to escape actual suffering will not bring them independence; a gain of $2.25 a head per annum will not rapidly purchase horses and plows, and build houses and fences, and plant orchards, and put money in the bank for rainy days and seasons of ill-luck. At the lowest estimate, it requires $400, or its equivalent, to "take up," improve, and make remunerative a farm in Kansas. If each colored family had that much, the prediction might reasonably be made that a large majority of them would ultimately succeed, and vindicate the Exodus as a wise, prudent and practical movement. But so long as they lack the advantage of means sufficient to go upon a homestead and develop and manage it without help, their immigration to Kansas or any other frontier State must remain hedged about with obvious and forbidding hindrances. A scheme is on foot among a number of wealthy and benevolent Eastern men to purchase large tracts of unimproved lands and sell them to the freedmen in small lots, on long credit, at the same time providing them with teams and implements to prosecute their farming. With proper supervision such a scheme could hardly fail to operate favorably, as limited trial in Kansas, by the Relief Association, has already shown. In the hands of sympathizing and liberal men, it might even be made profitable as a speculation; but unless chances of this or of similar character shall be opened to them, it is not easy to see how the most of these people are ever to get a secure foothold as tillers of the soil on the naked western prairies. White men, intelligent and experienced, could scarcely be expected to conquer such heavy odds; how much less can we look to see it done by these unknowing and new-fashioned pioneers. Grant that they have passed their first year safely and with credit; they had the friendly and untiring services of the Relief Association, and benefactions reaching nearly $150,000 to help them along, and they found a ready demand for their labor.

Take away the props and incentives of charity, and the future becomes almost as dark and precarious as ever to fully two-thirds or more of them. Increase their number by new accessions until the labor market is glutted and public kindness overtasked, and the inevitable result can but too certainly be foreseen.

And they are still coming. The influx continued, more or less, through all the winter months, mainly from Texas. Probably three or four thousand arrived between November and March; and since the first of March, an average of three hundred per week have reached Topeka. The flight increases instead of diminishing. Those in the best position to judge, say that it is not unlikely that as many as fifty thousand may come during the approaching summer. A year's experience has demonstrated that there is method, agreement, determination, in the movement. It is now an open secret that the question of a general removal to the North has been thought and talked of for several years by the freedmen in all the old slave-holding States. The first year's outcome has encouraged them, so reports allege; the infection is stronger and more pervasive than it was twelve months ago; and the shrewdest observer dare not venture to name the possible limit of the strange, risk-beset and problematic undertaking.

It is not within the writer's purpose to attempt an analysis of the causes of the Exodus—least of all, to touch its political bearings or suggestions. Any survey of the subject would be incomplete, however, which omitted to set forth, candidly and inquiringly, the statements most commonly made by the freedmen in Kansas regarding their abandonment of the South. They assert that there is no security for their lives and property in their old homes; that the laws and courts are studiedly inimical to them and their interests; that their exercise of the electoral franchise is obstructed and made a personal danger; that no facilities are afforded or permitted them for educating their children; that their family rights and honor are scoffed at and outraged, as in slave days; and finally,—and this is the most frequent complaint,—that they are so unjustly and unfairly dealt with by white land-owners, employers and traders, that it is impossible to make a living. The facts they offer in support of these statements are not conclusive, to be sure, since they relate chiefly to special instances, and we cannot know how far such instances reflect the general sentiment in a given county or State. Isolated and individual acts of fraud and outrage are not alone sufficient, of course, to condemn a whole community, particularly without opportunity for explanation and defense; but truth requires the admission that these charges are too numerous, and the worst of them too well substantiated, to be disposed of as mere accidental grievances; they raise a valid presumption, to say the least, that there must be something radically wrong in the society where such things are permitted.

For instance, it is claimed, upon what seems to be good authority, that in the State of Mississippi, not a single white man has been convicted and punished for an offense against a colored man, or made to pay a debt due to a colored man, in the last five years. They tell of laws in Texas, Alabama and Georgia under which colored men are arrested for debt, and their labor (which is themselves, practically) sold at auction—the standard bid being twenty-five cents per diem, with Sundays and rainy days deducted and board exacted for them. Contracts between white planters and colored renters are exhibited, in which the rates fixed for the use of land for one season run from $5 to $10 per acre—more than its assessed valuation, and more than it would bring at public sale. Scores of landlords' and shopkeepers' bills have been carried to Kansas, in which the prices charged for articles of daily use are shamefully exorbitant; from one of these bills, a fair sample of them all, the following entries are copied: Hire of mule to cultivate crop, $30 (the mule was sold at the end of the season for $25); mess pork, $35 per barrel; spring-wheat flour, $17 per barrel; corn meal, $9 per barrel; bacon sides and shoulders, 20 cents per pound; Rio coffee, 25 cents per pound; brown sugar, 12½ cents per pound; rice, 12½ cents per pound; molasses (common "black-strap"), $1.25 per gallon; tobacco (ordinary "dog-leg"), $1.50 per pound; cotton drilling, 40 cents per yard; domestic prints, 15 and 16 cents per yard.* And behind such things lay multiplied recitals of personal cruelty and corruption—well-attested stories of men beaten and murdered,

* By a singular coincidence, the man who sold these particular goods was one of a delegation of planters who came up to Kansas last summer to persuade the freedmen to return to the South, and being confronted with this bill, he admitted its genuineness, and said it was in his own handwriting.

and women degraded and despoiled—which it is hard to believe, and yet impossible to put aside as wholly fictitious.

On the other hand, it is proper to say, there are intelligent and worthy ones among the freedmen who insist that they were themselves well treated in the South, and left there only because times were dull, and they hoped to do better; and that much of the misfortune of others is due to their own folly, impudence and cowardice. Some allowance must also be made for exaggeration, and for stories told at second-hand, and from hearsay. It should be kept in mind, too, that farming by colored men in the Southern States since the war has been done almost entirely on credit—the landlord furnishing or becoming responsible for all that the renter needed to eat and wear while raising his crop—and some share of their adversity is justly referable, no doubt, to that vicious system of doing business. But, after all has been said that can be, in explication and extenuation, there still remains a vivid sense of some rooted and potent defect in the general condition and tendency of affairs. Else why, to take the simplest view, are these people leaving there by thousands, and refusing to go back? They are not of an immigrating or venturesome nature; they prefer the South to the North, they will tell you; land is as plentiful and as cheap in Texas and other Southern States as it is in Kansas; in the nature of things, they should find better chances for homes and an easier way to make a living in the region they are quitting than in the one they are going to. It is idle to contend that a whole race, practically, would desert the country of their birth, preference and peculiar adaptation, with apparently no thought so strong as that of merely getting away, unless some vital and compelling cause bore them forward. They believe, at least, that it is best, if not imperative, for them to leave the South, at all hazards as to consequences; so much is self-evident. And they can be kept there, or induced to return there, only as they shall be convinced that their reasons of complaint and apprehension—sound and sufficient in their eyes, however others of us may regard them—have been thoroughly corrected and removed.

Assuming, then, that the Exodus is to continue (and such is clearly the fact), prompt efforts should be directed to so informing and shaping it that the immigrants may soonest acquire a start and become self-sustaining. Their right to go where they please and do what they will, as free men and citizens, is not to be questioned, of course; but there are some sections of the country to which they should not flock, some experiments that they should not trifle with, if they would keep the possibilities of success on their side, and avoid frittering away their strength and courage to no purpose. For one thing, and principally, they ought to keep away from Kansas. As many of them are there now as can hope to win homes and support in that State, unless they have money at the outset. The idea that the colored man—or the white man, either, for that matter—can go upon the public lands with a special dispensation of Providence in his favor, and make for himself a farm, without a team and tools and funds enough to provide for his family until at least one crop can be raised, is a specious and insnaring fiction, and cannot be too soon exploded. For abject poverty, like that which prevails among these drifting freedmen, there is no more unpromising refuge than the Western frontier. The progress accomplished by many of them in the last year only goes to show what they can and will do, with means sufficient to make a beginning; for so much they have all had given to them who are likely to succeed as homesteaders. But those who go there this year cannot expect to find such good fortune waiting for them; they cannot even expect to get work, at any price, as the first ones did; since the demand for labor in Kansas is limited, and the supply already quite equal to it. The ability of the State to turn to account and furnish chances for the twenty thousand now within her borders is far from certain; she surely has no room for more. And what is true of Kansas is relatively true of all the new and sparsely settled region west of the Missouri, where land is so cheap and so inviting. To send more of these indigent and inexperienced people in that direction, with only their empty hands to rely upon, is to make of the Exodus a mockery and a calamity.

The project of colonization in some allotted and remote quarter of the public domain has been suggested. It may be doubted if the freedmen would consent to that expedient; but it can hardly be doubted that, if tried, it would end in failure. The same causes that conspire to render personal settlement hazardous would not be lessened, but rather augmented, by huddling them together in crowds. Their poverty would still be present, their oppor-

tunities narrowed and removed; they would gain little by experience, for they could teach one another nothing; and their slow ambition would miss that much-needed spur which comes of independent contact with the world. Any colony would be foredoomed which did not supply every man with a separate home and means for farming; and such an equipment would much better be furnished them as individuals than as colonists.

The true and only practical solution of the matter lies, not in keeping the freedmen together, but in judiciously scattering them; not in trying to set them up as farmers where they must have $400 apiece to start with, but in finding occupation for them where they can at once, and without help, earn their daily bread. They have no time to waste on experiments. What they need is an immediate assurance of enough to eat and wear—not as a bounty, or even a loan, but as wages for the work of their own hands. The great, prosperous, agricultural States east of the Mississippi, in which productive land is largely rented, and in which farm-hands are never too numerous, could absorb them by thousands and make them a benefit: Indiana alone might readily utilize twice as many as there are in Kansas. They should be met, say at Cairo, and piloted from there to certain central points in different Northern States, and thence distributed among the farmers and others desiring to employ them; and they would require little further attention. As has been herein stated, 10,000 were sent out from Topeka in this way during the last eight or nine months, 4,000 of the number on solicitations from other States—which goes to show that there are openings for them and a disposition to give them a chance, if only they will seek, or can be sent to, the proper localities. Charity will find its best occasion, prudence its foremost duty, in the use of all proper means to divert the freedmen from any one nook or corner of the country, and to disperse them generally over all sections where unskilled and cheap labor is desired, and where the laborer can at once get the upper hand of his poverty, and, as the philosopher says, "harmonize himself with his environment." With that much compassed, there need be no concern about the rest: the riddle of the Exodus will unravel itself.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NIGHTS.

Any one who is of the opinion that it is not hard work to ride on mule-back in the Rocky Mountains an average of twenty miles a day for three months, is respectfully referred to practical experience for an answer. It is noteworthy, though, that the wisest entertain widely different views on the point of hardship at six A. M. and six P. M. At sunrise breakfast is over, the mules and everybody else have been good-natured, and you feel the glory of mere existence as you vault into your saddle and break into a gallop. Not that this or that particular day is so different from other pleasant mornings, but all that we call *the weather* is constituted in the most perfect proportions. The air is "nimble and sweet," and you ride gayly through sunny woods of pine and aspen, and across meadows, between granite knolls that are piled up in the most noble and romantic proportions. But later, you toil up a mountain thousands of feet high, tramp your weary way through the snow and loose rocks heaped upon its summit, "observe," and get laboriously down again; or search through forty ledges and swing a ceaseless hammer in collecting fossils; or march all day under a blazing sun, or in the teeth of a dusty gale, munching only a sandwich as you plod along,—till gradually your "glory of existence" oozes away, while the most dismal reflections arise to keep company with your strained muscles. How welcome after that is the evening bivouac, when there is rest for the aching limbs, and no longer need to tighten the belt! The busy hour between the end of the march and sitting down to dinner quickly passes, and the meal is not hurried; after that, leisure and the solid comfort of camping.

It is astonishing how greatly recuperated one feels after half an hour's rest and his dinner, following the most tremendous exer-

tions all day. It seems sometimes, when camp is reached, that one has hardly strength to make another move; but after dinner one finds himself able and willing to do a great deal. This is the hour for exploring the neighborhood, preparatory to next day's work; for investigating the natural history of the locality, or putting up the specimens accumulated during the day; for mending harness and arms and clothes, and writing memoranda, or perchance letters, against a possible opportunity to send them out to the civilized world by some Indian or friendly trapper. But the most important work is the making of your bed. It is the one thing in this wandering life that you cannot afford to neglect.

Unless the camp is to be fixed in that spot for several days, it is not usual to put up the tents, except when it is stormy. These tents are of the army pattern known as "dog-tents,"—just large enough for two persons to stretch themselves out in, side by side, but not more than three feet high, even under the ridge. The canvas is of good quality, however, and will stand a severe rain-fall without wetting through, so long as the inside of the cloth is not touched; if the precaution is taken to dig a ditch around the tent, so that the water will run away and not spread underneath the edges to make pools on the floor, you will find yourself secure from all storms. But, as a rule, one doesn't bother to put up a tent.

No matter how firmly resolved you may be upon roughing it, you soon find that it pays to keep your bed dry and warm, and to spend all needed time in making it up. There is hardship enough inevitable; needless exposure is foolish. The proper supplies in the way of bedding consist of the following articles: a piece of moderately heavy canvas-ducking, water-proofed, fourteen feet long by four feet wide; a buffalo-robe trimmed into a rectangular piece, sufficient to lie at full length upon; two pairs of thick Californian blankets, and a small pillow. This appears to be the list settled upon by the best experience. They are light and warm, and can be rolled up inside the canvas and strapped into a cylindrical bundle, so compact as easily to be carried in one hand, and so tight that it may be rained upon all day and not be wetted through. The Californian blankets are expensive, but it is better economy to buy them. A pillow is a great comfort; lacking it, one finds a fair substitute in his boots, saddle, war-bag, or even in a piece of wood. A thick night-cap is more convenient than your broad-brimmed hat to sleep in; and nothing warms chilled feet so much in bed as dry woolen socks, which may be kicked off later in the night.

At every opportunity air the bedding thoroughly in the sunshine. Then, before the evening dew comes, stretch out your long piece of canvas, lay the buffalo-robe smoothly on the upper end, double your blankets and place them one over the other upon the robe. After smoothing every wrinkle out, the two blankets together are evenly folded once over lengthwise, the remainder of the canvas (seven feet) is drawn up over the foot so that the toes cannot push through, and the bed is made. You have a canvas, buffalo-robe, and four thicknesses of blanket under you, and (except the robe) the same over you, the blankets passing full thickness behind your back, which you will learn to place to windward. Then you fully undress, put your rifle, revolver, and clothes under the flap of the canvas cover to keep the frost off, slide gently into your rough, clinging blankets, pull the edges together in front, jerk the canvas over your ears, and—pleasant dreams to you!

Such is scientific bed-making, but there are niceties. It is important, for example, that the surface you lie on shall be—not soft, that is little matter—but level; neither sloping toward one side nor from head to foot. Unless you are sure about this, you will slide out of bed in some part. Then, also, common-sense will tell you to clear all stones and nodules away (though sometimes this is impossible); but only experience, or a wise friend, will inform the camper that his rest will be ten-fold better if he digs a depression underneath his bed where his hips come. The reason why persons become so stiff who pass an accidental night on the floor, or on a railway bench, is mainly because they have had no support for the spine, such as the yielding bed affords. All night long many muscles have had to keep on duty, bearing up the less prominent parts of the body. The spring of a mattress cannot be found in the ground, but it can be imitated by sinking the hips until the small of the back also rests upon the earth. Always dig a hole under your bed. If you fear the cold (frequently an altitude is attained for which the bedding sufficient below is an inadequate protection, particularly if a heavy wind is blowing or the snow is flying), a good plan is to fold your blankets, turn up the bottom

as usual, and then stitch the whole together into a bag. Another way is not to erect your tent, which is little or no protection against cold, but to spread it over you and peg it down, or pile enough rocks around the edges to keep it from blowing away. The former plan I tried in 1877, with great success, but it was the hardest work in the world to get into my bag, which was just large enough and no larger. I had to insinuate my body as gently as a surgeon probes a wound, in order to keep the blankets from drawing out of shape before I was inside. When once I had wriggled down in, how snug it was! I could not turn over without rolling the larger part of my bedding with me. Yet those very same nights, away up on the bald brow of a lonesome peak, when every man piled on as many extra canvas *mantas* and buffalo robes as he could find, the mosquitoes were so thick that we had to build miniature tents of netting over our half-frozen heads to get any sleep at all. It was the most startling conjunction of winter and summer, zero and insects, that I ever heard of!

But at such altitudes one must expect to find it often very cold at night, even in midsummer. Often, down in the San Juan country near the head-waters of the Rio Grande, we woke up to find the canvas over us frozen as stiff as sheet-iron. When one rises under those forbidding circumstances, he gets into his frosty trowsers with considerable celerity.

I think the very coldest night I ever had in the mountains was on the occasion of a little adventure in Mosquito Pass, long before Leadville, to which that pass has since been made a highway, was ever dreamed of. It was then a very high, rough passage over the Range,—merely a place where it was possible to get up and down, and used mainly with donkeys,—but I had to go across that way, and started. It was a long, unfamiliar road, I was alone, a storm came up, and I got widely astray from the dim trail, and had a variety of minor adventures, which I have chronicled elsewhere. The result was that when I got over the gale-swept crest and down to timber-line on the right side, it was dark, and after threshing through half a mile of wet thickets and dense woods, my horse and I at last came to an utter standstill in front of where a tornado had piled fallen timber across the already half-obliterated trail. It was useless to go further, so I unsaddled at a little open spot among some spruces. Securing my exhausted horse by his long lariat, I dragged the heavy ranger saddle to an evergreen, and dived into the pouches after matches, for if you are warm being hungry does not greatly matter. Alas, there were none! For the first and—*cela va sans dire*—for the *last* time in the West, I had not a lucifer! Then I took an inventory of my goods, which were not designed for such an evil fate as this. First, there was my saddle and saddle-bags, which contained only a stupid flask empty of everything save odor, a tantalizing pipe which could not be lit, and a pair of woolen socks which I pulled on as an attempt at a night-dress. This saddle was my pillow, and a thin, worn-out saddle-blanket, with my rubber poncho, constituted my bedding,—rather scanty for 11,000 feet or so above the sea! I spread my poncho under the drooping branches of the spruce, just where partridges love to hide, gathered the ragged blanket about my legs, belted my army overcoat tight about me, and lay down. I was very weary, my nag's steady crunching was the only disturbing sound, and I soon fell asleep. My nap was not a long one, however, on account of the cold, but, re-arranging my coverings, I again slept an hour or so. This time I awoke thoroughly chilled, yet I dozed a little more, until I shook in every member, and had just sense enough left me to raise myself up and move about. My poor horse was standing head down, the picture of lonesome misery. With a low neigh as I approached, he came to meet me, and followed me with his nose at my shoulder as I walked back and forth. What a night it was! All around the glade stood a wall of black forest, except where, on one side, a group of burned trunks held aloft their white, skeleton arms. The grass was white and crisp with frost, which crackled under my feet as I walked. Overhead, the stars seemed fairly to project from their jetty background, like glittering spear-points aimed at my cantonment. I noted the slow wheeling of that platoon of nebulæ, the Milky Way. I studied the constellations, but got little comfort. Corona only suggested that

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

and the Pleiades seemed to beg me to sympathize with their lost sister. At one side a bit of the creek valley was visible, over which faintly gleamed the whitish snow-crest of some mountain. It was profoundly still. Icy water gurgled softly under the elders; tall, muffled trees swayed gently; an occa-

sional ringing snap of frost was heard, like fairies clinking glasses; but these sounds were so consonant with the whole scene that they did not break the stillness. There was nothing particular to be afraid of, my walking warmed me, and, giving myself up to imaginative thought, I came readily to enjoy the novelty of the experience, and the calm delight which the sweet influences of the night ever exert. Thus quieting myself, drowsiness weighted my eyelids, till, scarcely feeling what I did, I again laid my head on my saddle, and did not awake until the blue ridges were sharply and grandly outlined against a glowing background of auroral light.

But to recur to the camp.

Dinner over, odd jobs finished, the last glance at the mules given, and the short twilight rapidly falling under the assault of the legions of darkness, we don our overcoats and gather for our nightly chat before going to bed.

Much of the pleasure of this hour, as of every other, depends on our surroundings. Persons who call a trip with a government survey all a pleasure excursion, would better think twice. A thousand and one small vexations attend all the time. As a picnic, the expedition would be a lamentable failure. There is the fatigue at night, the frost in the morning, and the gale or the scorching sun at noonday; your peeled nose and scaling ears and smarting neck testify to the power of the last. The often-encountered alkali dust not only hurts your eyes and parches your lips till they crack open, but seems to decompose your skin, rendering it so tender that the least rough touch produces a painful wound, and your hands, which it is almost impossible to keep clean, become sore and unsightly. Then, half the time, your feet are wet, and get cold in the stirrups, or the blankets become damp and disturb your rest, or—but there are plenty of other inconveniences. Sometimes the camp has to be placed where there is not a single pleasant feature near or remote,—in the midst of a tract of sun-baked mud and glaring white rocks, for instance,—where the only vegetation is prickly grease-wood, like so many Canada thistles, and where the principal denizens are jack-rabbits, rattlesnakes and lizards. But this is not a chapter of complaints, and I hasten to dismiss the wrong side of the texture.

Of all the lovely camping places in my recollection, I think one over in Western Wyoming, among the nameless heights between the Green and the Snake rivers, bears the palm. A ravine diverged from the valley we had been traveling through, one side of which was a high, grassy bank, and the other was wooded; but in the woods opened a little glade, down which came an icy rill, tumbling and foaming between banks of moss solid to the water's edge. All about were gigantic, yellow-barked spruces, among which this little level spot had remained clear, just capacious enough for our tents. It was a place for perfect repose. The eye, weary with incessant far-seeing, rested content on the verdant slope that cut off the rest of the world. As, after the turmoil and noise of the city, the business man pulls the blinds close together and drops the curtain, shutting out the turbulent scenes of his daily struggle, and shutting in the peace and love of his home, so we were thankful that we could not see even the loftiest summits, and gladly gathered round our cosy hearthstones, where the spruce boughs crackled like salt, and coils of black smoke writhed up from the resinous logs.

The night "effect," as painters phrase it, of such a bivouac as this, is weirdly curious. One need not be afraid to walk away from it into the gloom: the Prince of Darkness is said to be a gentleman. And, in fact, it is not dark out there in the open air; for under the lamps of the constellations, and in that strange light from the north, even midnight in the high mountains is only gray. But beneath the star-proof trees there is the blackness of plagued Egypt—a darkness which may be felt in thrusts from a thousand needle-pointed leaves and rough cones, if one pushes too heedlessly into the recesses of the woods. The blaze is orange-colored, the smoke heavy and black, illumined redly underneath. The pillars of the smooth fir trunks within reach of the fire-light stand like a stockade about the camp, but the shifting light penetrates between them and summons from the darkness new boles, that step out and retreat again as the capricious flame is wafted by the wind toward or away from that side.

While the centers of the great, gummy logs are eaten by the blaze, and while we sit on their ends and smoke our pipes, what soul-inspiring talk is heard! The stories flow as naturally as the sparks explore the dark arch overhead, but it is no more possible to communicate the point and living fun of these narratives, told with the Western freedom of language and usually apropos of some previous tale, than it is to tickle your senses

with the sizzle and delectable flavor of the deer's juicy ribs roasting in those ashes. Shut in by the shadowy forest, we seem to inhabit a little world all by ourselves, with sky, sun, moon and stars of our own; and we converse of you in New York as Proctor does of the inhabitants of other planets, and speculate upon the movements of armies along the Danube as the Greeks discussed the life of souls across the Styx. The affairs of the outside world have lost interest for us, since we are no longer spurred by the heel of the morning newspaper. In simplifying our life to a primitive measure we have ceased to trouble ourselves about problems of politics or social economy, and are beginning to discover that the universe is less complex than we had made it. Thus we conduct a sort of mental exploration parallel with the geodetic survey.

Sometimes signs of previous occupancy added to the attractions of a camp, when it was made near some trail, and we speculated on the kind of man who had been there before us. How long before? What was his object? And whither was he bound? In a region so wild and utterly untenanted as this, anything pertaining to humanity is invested with extraordinary interest. From these foundation-sticks we could tell the size and kind of tent he had; from the tracks could decide that his one animal was a horse, not a mule (which makes a smaller, narrower track), and knew that at this stake he picketed him at night, and by that path led him to the water; from this stump we guessed the sharpness of his axe; that wadding told the size of his rifle; here was his fire; there, where the grass is trampled, he piled his night's wood. Where this hunter or beaver-trapper has camped and left his history on a few chips, there remains a civilized aspect which nature must work long to efface.

Similarly, if we remained long, our own halting-ground became dirty and bedraggled, so that we were glad to change often. Yet a strange familiarity attaches even to a bit of brook and mountain side, and knowing there is no better representation of *home* within many hundred miles, you easily give it that name. "Let us wander where we will, the universe is built round about us, and we are central still." Nowhere did this homelike feeling attach itself more (and with less good reason) than to one July camp high up on Wind River Peak, at the very sources of the great Sweetwater. Perhaps because we invaded angry solitudes, and boldly held our own, in spite of every effort on the part of the well-roused spirits of the place. The trees there were all pines and stood thickly, but were not of great size, though straight and tall. Many lay at full length upon the ground, for they had shallow root-hold among the boulders, and the very first night the forest treated us to an exhibition of its power to injure, as a hint, perhaps, that we would better not violate its sacred shades with our presence, and consume its royal timber in our paltry camp-fire. "When I want fire," the forest seemed to say, "I rub my limbs together and the flames sweep for miles through my oily cones and dry tops, that love the blaze." The trunks began to fall all around us—dozens at a time, while the air was full of tremendous concussions, and the screams of rending fibers. But none of these mighty bolts harmed us, beyond the crushing of a single tent, and when the hurricane was over we found our firewood close at hand ready cut, and so profited by the anger of the resentful gods.

There was some of the hardest work done in the history of the survey from the headquarters of this camp, but one night, when the snow drifted steadily down on our beds as we lay in quiet, I was not so tired but that I lay awake for hours, stowing away in the coffers of my memory the fast crowding impressions; and perhaps it was those hours of reflection that fixed all the details of the wild, timber-line camp so firmly in my mind.

What a somber world that of the pine woods is! None of the cheerfulness of the ash and maple groves,—the alternation of sunlight and changing shadow, the rustling leaves and fragrant shrubbery underneath, the variety of foliage and bark to rest the eye and excite curiosity and delight. Only the straight, upright trunks, the colorless, dusty ground, the dense masses of dead green, each mass just like another, the scraggy skeletons of dead trees, all their bare limbs drooping in lamentation. The sound of the wind in the pines is equally grewsome. If the breeze be light you hear a low, melancholy monody; if stronger, a hushed sort of sighing. When the hurricane lays his hand upon them, the groaning trees wail out in awful agony, and, racked beyond endurance, cast themselves headlong to the stony ground. At such times every particular fiber of the pine's body seems resonant with pain, and the straining branches literally shriek. This is not mere fancy, but something quite different from anything to be observed in hard-wood for-

ests. There the tempest roars; here it howls. I do not think the idea of the Banshee spirits could have arisen elsewhere than among the pines; nor that any mythology growing up among people inhabiting these forests could have omitted such supernatural beings from its theogony.

But do not conclude that the gloom of the pine-woods clouded our spirits. So many trees had fallen where our tents were pitched that the sun got down there, and at night the moon looked in upon us, rising weird through a vista of dead and lonely tree-tops. Then, too, the brook was always singing in our ears—absolutely singing! The incessant tumble of the water and boiling of the eddies makes a heavy undertone like the surf, but the breaking of the current over the higher rocks and leaping of the foam down the cataracts, produce a distinctly musical sound,—a mystical ringing of sweet-toned bells. There is no mistaking this metallic melody, this clashing of tiny cymbals, and it must be this miniature blithe harmony which fine ears have heard on the beach in summer, where the surf broke gently.

But these are drowsy fancies, and one night of such sleepless dreaming is about all a healthy man can afford out of a whole trip; and if he is not a healthy man he had better not go into the Wind River Mountains at all.

Sometimes one is kept awake by worse disturbances than reveries, though not often. With complete composure, you sleep through a steady rain falling on the piece of canvas laid over your face, or in momentary expectation of being surprised by Indians. I have heard of a few camps in the old days having been run over by a stampede of buffaloes now and then, but this, fortunately, was rare. Now, few worse interruptions of this sort occur to rest than the tramping among the sleepers of mules, in their attempt to make some felonious attack upon the edible portion of the cargo, and this only occurs where pasturage is scant; once, camping near a Mexican pack-train of donkeys, we were thus greatly annoyed by those little brutes.

Now and then, on the plains, coyotes venture close to camp, and, if they are very hungry, even come to the fireside in search of meat, and perhaps attempt to gnaw the straps off the saddle or boots your weary head reclines upon. Foiled in this, they adjourn to a respectful distance and set up prolonged and lugubrious howls, which either keep you awake altogether or attune your dreams to some horrible theme. Perhaps I ought not to use the plural, since one coyote's voice is capable of noise enough to simulate a whole pack. No doubt it often happens that when a score seem howling in shrill concert, there is really but a single wolf raining his quick-repeated and varied cries upon our unwilling ears. These small wolves are justly despised by all Western men; but the big gray wolves are a different matter. However, I never saw them but once.

While cougars and wolves and coyotes, and even Mexican *burros*, are rare infringers on the sacred privacy of your sleep, numerous "small deer" come to investigate the curious stranger who has stretched himself out in their domain. Rattlesnakes are extremely numerous over many parts of the West, and we used to fear that, with their love of warmth, they would seek the shelter of our bedding to escape the chill of the night; but I do not know of any such an unpleasant bed-fellow having been found by any of the survey people. I myself came pretty near to it, however, over on Cochetopa creek, in Colorado, one night, when I unwittingly spread my blankets over a small hole in the ground. I snoozed on, unmindful of danger, but when I moved my bed in the morning, out from the hole crawled a huge rattler, whose doorway I had stopped up all night! He would better have stayed in, for big John of Oregon caught him by the tail and broke his stupid neck, before he had time to throw himself into a coil of vantage for the strike.

If you camp in the woods you are certain of late visitors in the shape of mice and the ubiquitous and squeaky ground-squirrels, whose nocturnal rambles lead them all over your bed-covers; often, indeed, their rapid, sharp-toed little feet scud across your cheek, and their furry tails trail athwart the bridge of your nose and brush the dew from your sealed eyelids. To the thousand insects rustling in the grass we never gave attention; and not even the most home-bred tenderfoot ever *thought* of cotton in his ears! How thus could he hear all the pleasant, faint voices speaking through the night so close about him? Thoreau, writing from his camp on a sloping bank of the Merrimac, has well described the sounds of the night:

"With our heads so low in the grass, we heard the river whirling and sucking, and lapsing downward, kissing the shore as it went, sometimes rippling louder than usual, and again its mighty current making only a slight, limpid, trickling

sound, as if our water-pail had sprung a leak, and the water were flowing into the grass by our side. The wind, rustling the oaks and hazels, impressed us like a wakeful and inconsiderate person up at midnight, moving about, and putting things to rights, occasionally stirring up whole drawers full of leaves at a puff. There seemed to be a great haste and preparation throughout Nature, as for a distinguished visitor; all her aisles had to be swept in the night, by a thousand hand-maidens, and a thousand pots to be boiled for the next day's feasting;—such a whispering bustle, as if ten thousand fairies made their fingers fly, silently sewing at the new carpet with which the earth was to be clothed, and the new drapery which was to adorn the trees. And the wind would lull and die away, and we, like it, fell asleep again."

But I am dwelling too long upon this rare wakefulness in camp, rather than the ordinary and business-like repose of the night. One's sleep in the crisp air, after the fatigues of the hard day, is sound and serene. But the morning! Ah, that is the time that tries men's souls! In *this* land one would find it very unpleasantly cold to be with her when

——"jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top."

You awake at daylight a little chilly, readjust your blankets, and want to go to sleep. The sun may pour forth from the "golden window of the East" and flood the world with limpid light; the stars may pale and the jet of the midnight sky be diluted to that deep and perfect morning blue into which you gaze to unmeasured depths; the air may become a pervading champagne, dry and delicate, every draught of which tingles the lungs and spurs the blood along the veins with joyous speed; the landscape may woo the eyes with airy undulations of prairie or snow-pointed pinnacles lifted sharply against the azure,—yet sleep chains you. That very quality of the atmosphere which contributes to all this beauty and makes it so delicious to be awake makes it equally blessed to slumber. Lying there in the utterly open air, breathing the pure elixir of the untainted mountains, you come to think even the confinement of a flapping-tent oppressive, and the ventilation of a sheltering spruce-bough bad.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF KEATS.

(ON COMING INTO POSSESSION OF HIS COPY OF "GUZMAN D' ALFARACHE.")

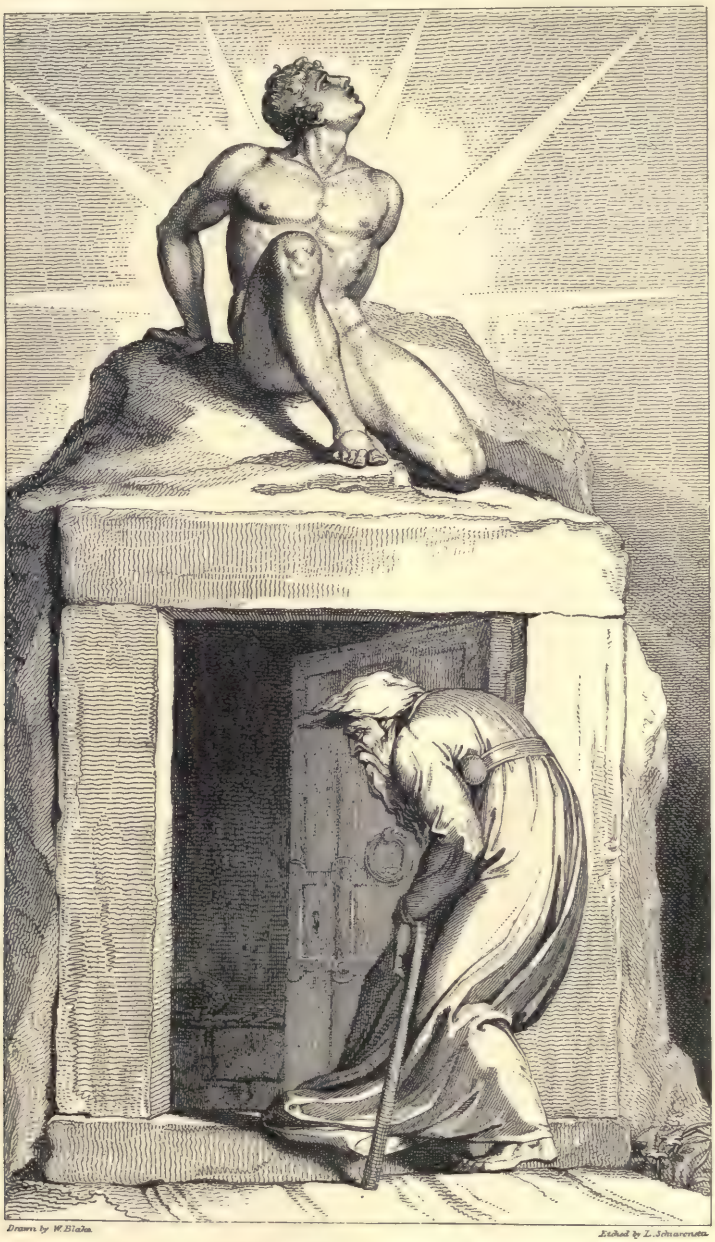
GREAT Father mine, deceased ere I was born,
And in a classic land renowned of old;
Thy life was happy, but thy death forlorn,
Buried in violets and Roman mould.

Thou hast the laurel, Master of my soul!
Thy name, thou said'st, was writ in water—No;
For while clouds float on high, and billows roll,
That name shall worshiped be. Will mine be so?

I kiss thy words, as I would kiss thy face,
And put thy book most reverently away:
Beside thy peers thou hast an honored place,
Amid our kingliest, Byron, Wordsworth, Gray.

If tears will fill mine eyes, am I to blame?
"O smile among the shades, for this is fame!"

WILLIAM BLAKE, PAINTER AND POET.



"DEATH'S DOOR." (FROM BLAIR'S "GRAVE." ACKERMAN, LONDON, 1813.)

THE exhibition in Boston of a number of William Blake's pictures, brought together from various quarters, gives opportunity for a more complete view of his singular power than has been possible before on this side of the Atlantic. Ever since the publication of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," in 1863,* there

* A new edition of this book, with a number of hitherto uncollected letters of Blake, is to be published during the present year.

has been an intelligent curiosity respecting him as a painter, stimulated by the glimpses of concealed beauty which the photo-lithographs in that book grudgingly permitted, and not wholly discouraged by the so-called fac-simile reproductions which have been published at different times. Blake's fame as a painter has rested mainly, however, upon the enthusiastic testimony of a few capable witnesses; his reputation as a designer has had a durable foundation in the copies of the "Book of Job," which have found their way to America; his place as a poet has been more clearly defined by the attention which has been given to his lyrics, and the obscurity in which his visionary books have been suffered to lie. It is not impossible, now, with the added evidence of this interesting collection, to form a fairly clear conception of the limitations of Blake's genius, and to note some of the directions which it takes; of its scope and power no one will wish to pronounce confidently until he has seen all of his work, for genius has a way of surprising the unwary, and new examples of power give new and unexpected pleasure.

The circumstances of Blake's life may quickly be recited. He was born in London November 28, 1757, and he died in London August 12, 1827. Excepting four years spent at Felpham by the sea, in Sussex, the seventy years of his life were passed in London. He married Catherine Boucher in his twenty-fifth year, and left her a childless widow. He was a poor man, as the world counts poverty, and at no time during his life did his profuse work bring him more than the plainest living. When ten years old, his artistic tendencies were so strongly intimated, that his father, a modest hosier, did not hesitate to send him to a drawing-school, and afterward to apprentice him to an engraver. He worked from the designs of others until ten years before his death, when he engraved thirty-seven plates for Flaxman's "Hesiod," and he used his graver to the last upon his own inventions. Before he had gained his freedom he had begun original work, and during the twenty years of his maturity, that is, from his thirtieth to his fiftieth year, he was engrossed with the execution of composite works in text, line and color, of which the authorship, design, and mechanical process of reproduction were his own. Even in his early engraving he imported conceptions of his own, so that we may set aside his artisanship as an engraver, reckoning it of little value in any estimate of his distinctive work, and consider him as an artist armed with a technical knowledge of engraving, and an experimental knowledge of certain mechanical processes, which he used mainly for fixing and multiplying his own designs.

Of the amount of work done by him it is not easy to make an exact statement. In Gilchrist's "Life," there are annotated lists of Blake's paintings, drawings, and engravings, confessedly imperfect, in which between eight and nine hundred subjects are noted as having been treated by him, some in color, some in black and white, and some with his graver; but, besides these, we must reckon the very important amount of work bestowed on the prophetic books, and a list of more than two hundred engravings from the designs of other artists. Enough can be gathered from this to show that Blake was an industrious man, and, what is more to the purpose, to indicate how very imperfect is the material now from which we may estimate his genius. The author and editors of Gilchrist's "Life" used every effort to get sight of his work, yet they are obliged to confess to not having seen, among other things, a hundred and fourteen designs to Gray's Poems, owned by the Duke of Hamilton, and "reported to be among the very finest works executed by Blake."

The published designs of Blake, those, that is, that take their place in the ordinary method of book-illustration, afford a fairly good introduction to a study of his more unusual work. He worked at a time when there were ambitious enterprises by publishers, who were fired with zeal, perhaps, by witnessing the expansive undertaking of Alderman Boydell in his truly British monument to Shakspere's genius. Blake was rather an impracticable man with the publishers, and they found it less easy to make a card of him than of the more pliant and graceful Stothard, yet they followed the advice of Fuseli and others and went to Blake for illustrations, which it was promised by Blake's admirers would sell their books. In one instance only was there anything like substantial success, and this was reached by passing Blake's work through the translating power of another engraver. Blair's Grave, with designs by Blake, engraved by Schiavonetti, must have been very thoroughly published, from the great number of copies which have presented themselves in all quarters since Blake's name has come forward. In America, some bookseller's enterprise found a fresh field, and in many families the book

has for years been a well-known show-book. There are few, open to any influence of art, who do not at once confess the attractiveness of these engravings. The style of execution by Schiavonetti is favorable to their popularity: bold, strong, free from quiddling lines, they hold with a firm grasp the conceptions of the artist. The topics treated also are elemental; they are typical passages in human life and death, and require no subtle interpretation. Then the statuesque beauty of design appeals clearly to the eye, the classic forms are presented in a tender warmth, and palpitate with a human sympathy. One does not need to be a student of Blake, or indeed to know anything of his place in art, to be at once impressed and moved by these inventions.

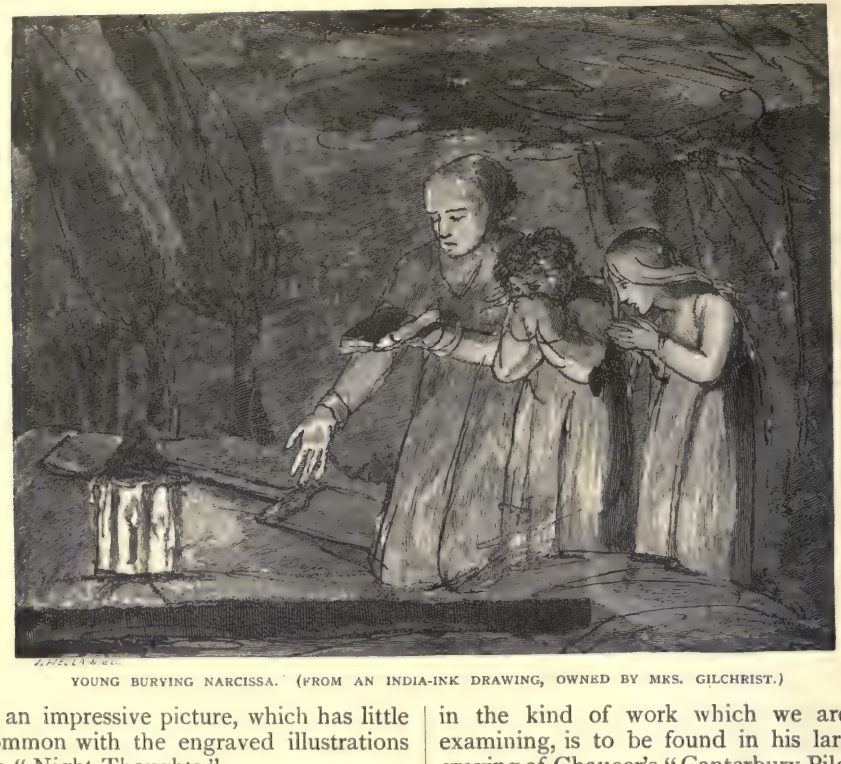
But a familiarity with the artist's mind and mode enables one to penetrate a little further, and to discover, through the mask of Schiavonetti, characteristic features of Blake. The visionary eye, that far-seeing, vivid, and wide-open orb which looks at one from so many of Blake's figures, and most significantly from Blake's own face in both the portraits of him, is here; and here, too, that poetic sense of youth's slender uprightness, and of age's patriarchal hoar wisdom, which again and again stand as ever renewed types in his treatment of human life. The exaggerations of his figure-drawing have doubtless been toned down by the engraver, but in one instance Blake himself may have been to blame, since it is hard to believe that an engraver of Schiavonetti's skill would have chosen deliberately the feebler and less grammatical form; the title-page of Blair's "Grave" shows an angel with a trump blowing a tremendous blast in the ear of a skeleton; the dead bones are half raised to hear the alarm, but the skeleton rests on the forearm in an entirely impossible manner; the descending angel is hung, unaccountably, in the air—reverse the page and one sees a standing figure; but Blake had elsewhere, in his own engravings of his designs illustrative of Young's "Night Thoughts," given the same conception, only there the descending figure really rushes down with impetuous speed, and the startled skeleton raises itself with a weird and quite possible movement.

The illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts" preceded the work on the "Grave," and were engraved by Blake himself. The result is by no means so satisfactory, partly through Blake's deficiencies as an engraver at this time, partly through what we may call

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BLAKE. ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM PORTRAIT ON IVORY BY JOHN LINNELL, FROM GILCHRIST'S "LIFE." (BY PERMISSION OF MACMILLAN AND CO.)

miscalculation of effect. It is not impossible that were the page of Young reduced in size we should not be so disturbed by the inadequacy of the engraved lines; great figures in little more than outline stretch in wide reach over the large page, and wherever there is a defect in drawing or feeling, it is exaggerated by the rather empty style of engraving. Still, there are some passages of great sweetness and majesty, and very often singularly unique adaptations of the design to the thought. One thing, especially, should be noticed,—the persistence with which Blake treated his work in a decorative as separate from a pictorial spirit, aiming to make the page a composition in which the stubborn square of printer's type should compose with his engraved lines; great fertility of resource is shown in this. How perfectly he understood and displayed this spirit of decorative design will appear when we come to speak of other more characteristic work. A completely illustrated edition of the "Night Thoughts" was projected, but only four parts were ever published; these appeared in a luxuriousness of paper and print. In the list of Blake's works, among the undated ones, is a subject which is shown in the Boston collection, and named conjecturally, after the list, "Young burying Narcissa," illustrative of the lines,

> "With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
> * * * * * * and muffled deep
> In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh."



YOUNG BURYING NARCISSA. (FROM AN INDIA-INK DRAWING, OWNED BY MRS. GILCHRIST.)

It is an impressive picture, which has little in common with the engraved illustrations to the "Night Thoughts."

An episode in Blake's life brought him for four years into close connection with the commonplace Hayley, a decorous court poet and Cowper's biographer. For him, Blake made and engraved designs, including one which appears in the Boston collection, a broadsheet, "Little Tom the Sailor." Hayley wrote a humdrum ballad with charitable intent, and Blake furnished two designs to stand at the head and foot of the sheet. He calls the process by which he executed these, "wood-cutting on pewter," and the inferiority of the material is evident in the prints. But these are nevertheless admirable illustrations of vigorous wood-engraving, and give a sense of Blake's fine judgment as an artist in his handling of material. The beauty of the lower design, where the mother turns from her cottage, lingers long in one's mind.

Another excellent illustration of Blake's faculty as an engraver is seen in his very early print, "Joseph of Arimathea on the Rocks of Albion," professedly a copy from Michael Angelo, done in Blake's seventeenth year, and already exhibiting, especially in its treatment of light on the water, his mystic sense of supernal beauty. The most interesting example, however, of his power in the kind of work which we are now examining, is to be found in his large engraving of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims." A comparison of the work with Stothard's rival picture at once discloses the superior technical skill and grace of the successful artist, but a comparison of Blake's work with Chaucer's establishes a greater agreement of truth between poet and painter. The harshness of Blake's work is apparent; so, too, is its quaint mannerism, but a nearer view shows a vigor of treatment, a broad generalization of group and landscape, and an attention to historically conceived details, which bring Blake's work very distinctly into range as a presentation of Chaucer's images, and out of the place which Stothard's picture occupies, of a temporary and local translation of Chaucer's story. Not that we do not here have Chaucer Blaked off upon us, but Blake's conception of the subject was from an angle coincident with Chaucer's, and the acutest reader of Chaucer will be the most ready to acknowledge Blake as a showman. When Blake exhibited with other pictures the fresco from which this engraving was taken, he published a descriptive catalogue, well worth reading for its shrewd analysis of the characters in Chaucer's "Pilgrims," so different from the smooth, conventional interpretation which Stothard, in common

with other contemporaries, gave. Says Blake:

"The characters of Chaucer's 'Pilgrims' are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence. Accident ever varies. Substance can never suffer change, or decay. Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his 'Canterbury Tales,' some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves forever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the planets, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men. The painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties; the horses he has also varied to accord to their riders; the costume is correct according to authentic monuments."

He then proceeds with a running commentary upon the separate characters, answering to what he has undertaken to say with lines in his engravings. Something of the same vagary will be discovered in both, but both justify Lamb's opinion of the catalogue, that it was "the finest criticism of Chaucer's poem he had ever read."

The "Canterbury Pilgrims" was published by Blake in a rivalry with Stothard's print, and at this distance of time the commercial aspects of the competition have a humorous touch. Blake's indebtedness to the ordinary publishing facilities was not great, as we have seen; his own willfulness, his intractable talents, and, above all, his individual message of art and religion, isolated him from the common channels of communication with the public. So much the more did he place reliance upon his own methods. Any one can buy now, in various editions, Blake's "Poetical Sketches" and his "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." These are included in Gilchrist's "Life," and they have been separately printed under the editorship of Mr. W. M. Rossetti and of Mr. R. H. Shepherd. They have passed into the common stock of literature, and some of the poems have long had a life in anthologies. The "Poetical Sketches" was published in the ordinary manner in 1783; "Songs of Innocence" in 1789 and "Songs of Experience" in 1794, but these last two books were published in a very extraordinary manner by Blake himself, and happy is the occasional owner of the original copies.

To speak of "Songs of Innocence" first, it consists of twenty songs written by Blake, engraved by him on copper, each page decorated, with an occasional separate design, making twenty-seven plates in all. In Gilchrist's "Life" this account is given of the process.

"The verse was written and the designs and marginal embellishments outlined on the copper with an impervious liquid, probably the ordinary stopping-out varnish of engravers. Then all the white parts or lights—the remainder of the plate, that is—were eaten away with aquafortis, or other acid, so that the outline of letter and design was left prominent, as in stereotype. From these plates he printed off in any tint, yellow, brown, blue, required to be the prevailing or ground color in his facsimiles; red he used for the letter-press. The page was then colored by hand in imitation of the original drawing, with more or less variety of detail in the local hues. He ground and mixed his water-colors himself. The colors he used were few and simple; indigo, cobalt, gamboge, vermilion, Frankfort black freely, ultramarine rarely, chromes not at all. These he applied with a camel's-hair brush, not with a sable, which he disliked. He taught Mrs. Blake to take off the impressions with care and delicacy, which such plates signally needed, and also to help in tinting them from his drawings with right artistic feeling; in all which tasks she, to her honor, much delighted. The size of the plate was small, for the sake of economizing copper, something under five inches by three. They were done up in boards by Mrs. Blake's hand, forming a small octavo; so that the poet and his wife did everything in making the book,—writing, designing, printing, engraving,—everything excepting manufacturing the paper; the very ink, or color, rather, they did make. Never before, surely, was a man so literally the author of his own book."

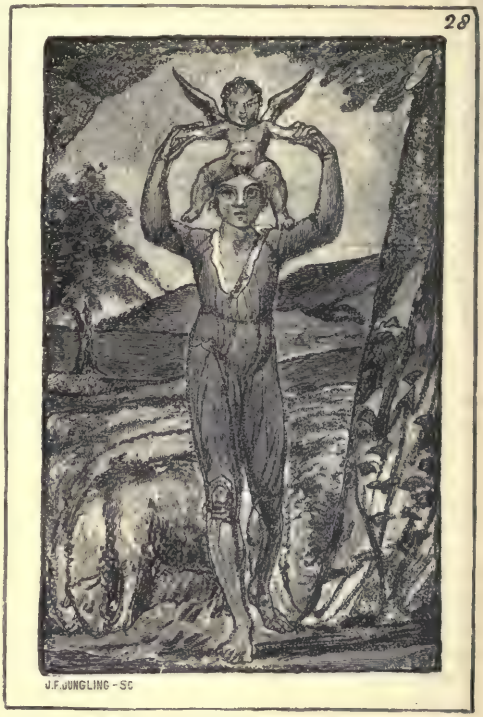
It is significant of this discovery of Blake's, for so it may be called, that he received a revelation of it in a vision of the night. It is easy to translate into common language the supernatural experience of a man, under pressure day and night of one controlling purpose to make public his poems and designs, but it is still easier to take Blake's acceptance of the happy thought as a revelation, and count it as a harmonious part of the visionary's nature. For, mingled with the artistic power which we have been gradually illustrating, there was from the beginning a controlling and directing influence to which we find it hard to give a name. The story is a familiar one, that, when a child of eight or ten, as he sauntered through a field near London, he looked up and saw a tree filled with angels, "bright, angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars," and that looking upon some hay-makers at work, he saw angelic figures walking among them. A letter written by one of Blake's youthful disciples, just after his death, relates: "Just before he died his countenance

became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out singing of the things he saw in heaven." Between these two points of time lay a life of sixty years, which owned, with unfaltering faith, the positive presence and guidance of the spiritual world. Blake's letters, his conversations, his writings, his pictures, and his whole manner of life, bore unvarying testimony to the dominance in his nature of a spiritual existence which comprehended, penetrated and controlled this earthly life. It is difficult to present this subject briefly without falling into the pitfalls set by conventional statements of spiritual experience. Life would be too short to explain wherein Blake's spiritual belief differed from the vulgarities of so-called spiritualism, from the traditional belief of the church, from the contemporary doctrines of Swedenborg, or from the utterances of the great seers of the ages. The reader of the "Life" or the student of his art finds it more satisfactory to accept the fact of Blake's sincerity, and treat the results of his visionary observation in their individual appeal to the intellectual mind. Whence Blake's dreams came, opens an endless vista of speculation; what the forms were which were precipitated from the dreams, is of vastly more human interest. We may even concede an occult meaning in verse and picture capable of being discovered only by a kindred spirit, interpretative by its finer nature; there is nothing in such concession to prevent us from enjoying to the full such loveliness and strength as we do see.

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and what one finds in Blake will depend largely on the seeing eye which he brings. We have no intention of shielding Blake behind any mystic veil, drawing it aside only for the initiated; we simply say that genius always holds the possibility of a meaning, and perception always holds the possibility of blindness. However, the student of Blake's strangely diverse and comprehensive art may stand expectant and hopeful before the Songs of Innocence. Here one may enjoy, without the painful consciousness of a failure to attain the meaning; painful, we say, for perhaps the subtlest charm in this rainbow of poetic beauty is the elusiveness of the spell which it throws over us. There is no mockery in the grace, no tantalizing of the soul, but the gentlest of echoes to one's unspoken thought. In none of the poems is this more manifest than in the "Introduction," as it is called,—

"Piping down a valley wild."

This little poem has been adopted into many books; it sings itself into ears that desire in vain to explain its meaning; one wishes to hear it recited by some ethereal voice. Precisely here is the explanation—it is a voice from the air that sings in our ears; and when we have made this precise explanation we



"INFANT JOY." (ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM A WATER-COLOR, OWNED BY MRS. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST.)

have simply blown the whole thing away! Or take, again, the lines headed "Infant Joy":

"'I have no name,
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'—
Sweet joy befall thee!

"Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee.
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!"

The simplicity of the lines is extreme, and the design accompanying it quite as simple and unconstrained: a human figure holding lightly above the head a dancing, springing, winged creature, while a flock of sheep graze below. It is in the sweet simplicity that Blake rests, and here we touch upon one sign of his

genius which is persistently given. He is constantly seeing and showing natural things as types, and finds no surer way of revealing spiritual realities than through elemental forms. Hence the recurrence of a few special figures, typical of youth, of age, of childhood, of motherhood; hence the lamb; hence the flaming fire. It would seem as if he were perpetually seeking to render the large visions which he has by familiar forms freed of their merely accidental limitations. It may truthfully be said that he saw his visions thus; that these common types were expanded for him into wondrous and luminous revelations of infinite truth and beauty; that when he saw and drew the lamb, that little creature, with its

"Softest clothing, woolly, bright"

its tender voice

"Making all the vales rejoice;"

was sometimes more than a conventional or even revered type of Divine tenderness.

"He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name."

So he announces in his poem, and the entrance of the Divine love into the human life is a present reality whenever Blake, recording his visions, draws the lamb with its bowed head or its affectionate caress.

The "Songs of Innocence" gives us Blake in the youthfulness of his visionary life. At that time, however pinched was his poverty, he was living in the light of a conscious power to wed beautiful visions to fitting words and lines. He had already had some training in poetry, as witness his "Poetical Sketches," from which one draws verses of singular merit; he had already mastered his graving tools, and served his apprenticeship to drawing masters; he was in the early years of his married life; he was at the height of physical youth. Doubtless all these influences conspired, and so he caught upon his listening ear those accents of heavenly beauty which as yet admitted dark lines only for the heightening of the divine fairness. Every one feels, whether or not he puts it into words, that the hymn-book picture of heaven as

"One sacred high eternal noon,"

is false and destructive of all the signs of God's creation; that the recurrence of seasons, the systole and diastole of the universe, makes rhythm, and that without rhythm heaven could not be. It might with far clearer truth be said that hell was

One damnèd high eternal noon.

Blake thus, in the "Songs of Innocence," has accented the sweetness with touches of a darker side. The tears that follow the piper's song; the weariness of the little ones on the echoing green; the miserable sense of deformity in that flawless poem, the "Little Black Boy," with its tender pity so unsurpassably expressed:—

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice:'"

the sobbing of the robin heard by the happy blossom; the plaint of the chimney-sweep; the cry of the little boy lost before

"God ever nigh
Appeared like his father, in white,"

the weeping of the child Jesus in his cradle for all the human race, which is woven so exquisitely into the angelic cradle-song; the contrast of age and childhood; the blending of poverty and pity of "Holy Thursday"; the light and shade in that solemn, majestic poem "Night"; the anxiety, too real to be grotesque, of the lost emmet; the passage of all pity into the Divine pity, and the final voice of the Ancient Bard, with its one warning note of the passage from youth into life—all these are supremely truthful notes in the "Songs of Innocence," by which the ethereal loveliness is saved from the monotony of an unreal and insipid sweetness. Of the decorative designs which accompany the songs we cannot speak with assurance gained by acquaintance with original copies, but to those who have seen similar work by Blake, as in the "Book of Thel," which appears in the Boston collection, the reproduction which we have in Gilchrist's "Life" gives a teasing conviction that we are blind men, hearing the songs but not seeing the images which they embody; that their beauty, wonderful as it is, would

be heightened by the symphony of design into some strange and inexpressible delight, assailing eye and ear at once.

The "Songs of Experience," following five years afterward, are to the "Songs of Innocence" what we have shown certain notes in the earlier songs are to the full strain. They present, as the name indicates, the obverse phase of the soul. In most cases they are direct replies to the several "Songs of Innocence"; the "Tiger" offsets the "Lamb"; the "Little Girl Lost" the "Little Boy Found"; "Infant Sorrow" "Infant Joy"; and, sad and beautiful as many of the poems are, sometimes terrible in their revelation of evil, the book is incontestably weaker, and in the main, in a purely poetic sense, untruthful. Nor could there well be found a finer illustration of the supremacy of good than is exhibited by the contrast of these two books. Blake's sincerity is unquestionable, but the "Songs of Innocence" represents a state, the "Songs of Experience" a mood. The rhythm discovered in the former by the accent of dark lines is absent in the latter, for the white lines do not accent the dark. Once, indeed, may we say that the sudden entrance of light transforms the whole poem into a magnificence which otherwise would have been a mere lurid dreadfulness; it is when, near the close of that fiery poem the "Tiger," the poet asks:

"MORNING, OR GLAD DAY." (ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM ETCHING BY BLAKE, OWNED BY MRS. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST.)

"Did He who made the lamb make thee?"

Let any one read the poem and say if this line is not the salvation of it.

In these two books, with their blended text and design, Blake presented most perfectly that side of his genius which admits of universal apprehension. If he was, as he would claim, singing and drawing in obedience to heavenly visions, we are so intent upon what he gives us that we are not

ELIJAH IN THE CHARIOT OF FIRE. (FROM A WATER-COLOR BY BLAKE, OWNED BY MRS. GILCHRIST.)

too curious over the sources of it. But we may as well take Blake's word for it that the persons who sat to him for their portraits, and served as his inexpensive models, were such as were invisible to other eyes. There is a series of visionary heads by Blake, portraits of persons whom he professed to see; he would look up and sketch from the invisible subject with all the simplicity and directness of a student, who could, if he chose, touch the head before him. These heads show the result of Blake's early studies, when, an engraver's apprentice, he was left to wander among the stones and graves in Westminster Abbey. They are drawn often from English history, but the characters who thronged upon him came often from worlds of Blake's own discovery. A large body of suggestions, however, were drawn from Biblical subjects, where, when Blake had his own choice, those points were taken chiefly which were most frankly supernatural. Few signs of Blake's familiar commerce with spiritual conceptions are more striking than his fearless handling of subjects usually avoided by artists, and his eager rush at just that side of a supernatural subject which is generally veiled. The picture of Elijah mounted in the Fiery Chariot, shown at the Boston exhibition, is a fine example of Blake's treatment of such scenes. Elijah is seated in a chariot, the body of which is partially outlined by flames, flames also rolling the chariot along. The prophet is a majestic figure, sitting calm in the midst of the light, even the reins, which he holds firmly with one hand, issuing as red lines of fire to the horses, which are bright with an interior blaze and stand restless. Beside them is the figure of Elisha, his head bowed in adoring grief, his hair and beard making a rain of lamentation, while his hands are clasped in profound reverence. The movement of the picture is increased by the chariot being placed in a great circle of flames upon a black background, the sky a rich cloud of yellow, and a magnificent, mysterious blackness crowding up from below. It is a most impressive picture; the weight of the supernatural in it is such that one gets from it in his study a clearer perception of Blake's habitual dwelling among such themes, than he could derive from any detailed description of his mental

habits. No one could strike so unerringly at the central idea of the subject whose temper was not habitually one of converse with the supernatural.

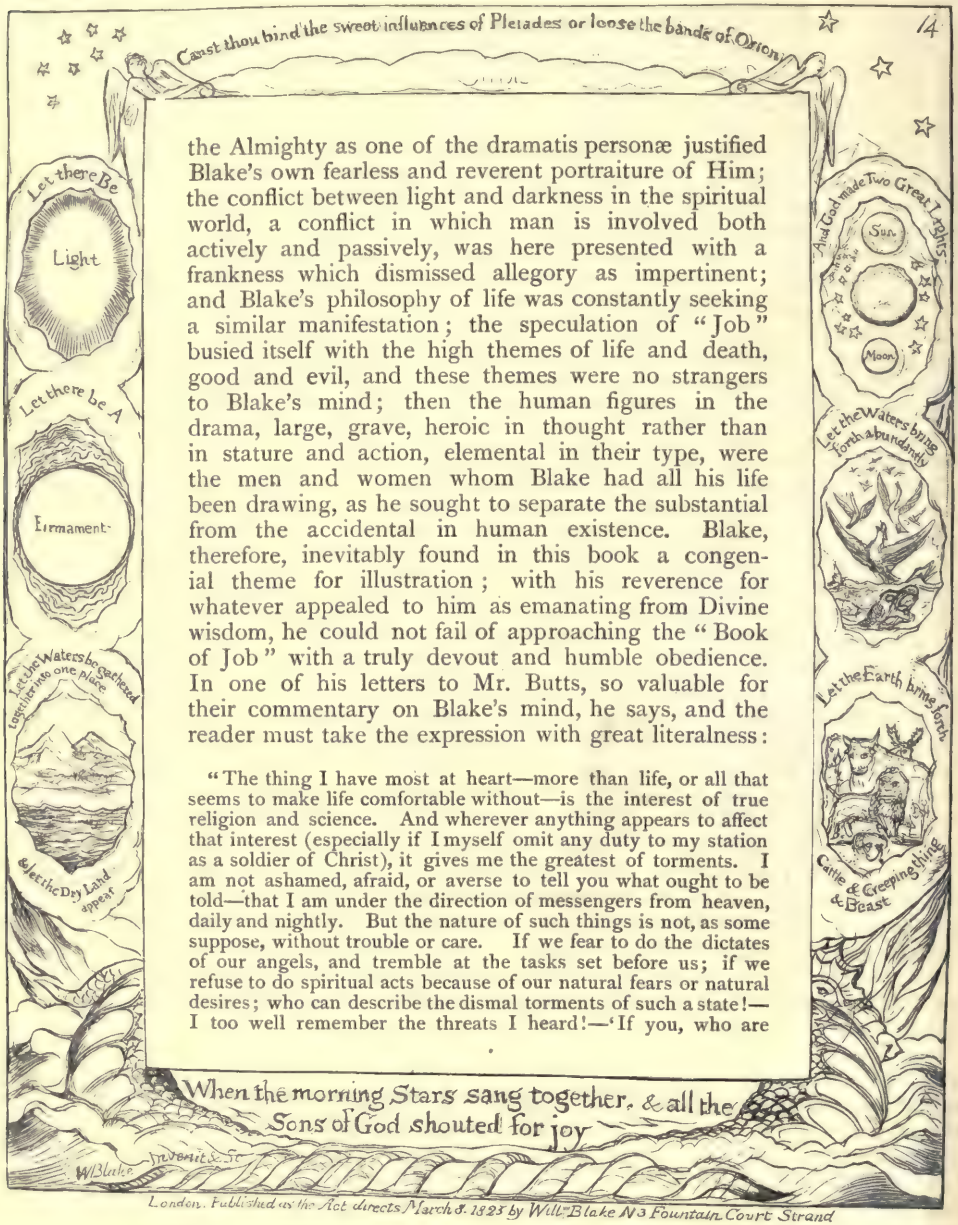
Blake, no doubt, imported into the Bible a crowd of fantastic ideas that sprang from his own fertile, impetuous brain. He went to it for a revelation of facts, and seized chiefly upon those which other men were trying their best to be rid of. He was orientalized both by the Bible and by his passion for large, swelling conceptions of life, death and immortality. By degrees he peopled his mind with a strange crowd of figures, many with biblical outlines, many also, jostling these,—variations upon a few simple themes. The elemental facts of life, as has already been said, were those which were most luminous to him and for which he found visible shapes, which were repeated constantly in his designs. One of his earliest designs, engraved by himself, and called by Gilchrist "Morning, or Glad Day," is an admirable illustration of this feeling for Blake after a simple, yet vitalized, symbol. Another favorite one was the familiar "Death's Door," so often engraved, either alone or with the added figure of the enraptured youth above it, as in Blair's "Grave." It is found in "America" and in separate sketches: the young man is in the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," in "America" and in various sketches. So the groups which appear in "The Descent of Man into the Vale of Death" are constantly discoverable in new combinations. It would seem as if Blake, once catching at these forms, was so intent upon the spiritual energy back of them that he was constantly emphasizing it by repetition, and in each drawing was not so much copying a favorite design as repeating a spiritual conception. Wherever, by some fancied fitness, he could weave these designs into his writings he did so, and he dwelt upon them with as much disregard of petty variations as a minister might show who preached year after year upon certain great themes of religion.

In truth, Blake, in his own conception an artist, was also in his own conception a prophet; and whereas Ezekiel, uttering prophecies of righteousness, illustrated them by astounding visions of wheels and flames, Blake's prophecies were first and foremost his visions, wheels and flames, presented to the eye with such textual illustration as seemed to him to say the same thing in words, and the burden of the whole was an incoherent jumble of fundamental principles of justice, pity, vengeance and the like. The Songs of Innocence and of Experience were, as we have seen, exclusively his publication. There followed, now, on a larger scale, a series of so-called prophetical books which grew mistier and mistier, as Blake, familiarized with half-allegorical forms of expression, wandered further and further away in his words from the base of his allegories. The first of these books, "The Book of Thel," is slight in bulk and by no means unintelligible. A pensive loveliness lies in it, and without seeking for too deep a meaning one glides along the plaint of the mystical Thel. Fortunately, the Boston exhibition has a copy of the book, and the refinement of color, the grace of the figures, the enchanting delicacy of touch throughout, give a revelation to one of Blake's genius in the first blush of his more wayward mood. Blake abandoned himself, however, more and more to the fascination of a work which enabled him to set down in formal shape the vagaries of his fancy. "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," with its intelligible sporting in the same mood from which sprang "Songs of Experience"; "The Gates of Paradise," "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," "America: a Prophecy," "Europe: a Prophecy," "The Book of Urizen," "The Song of Los," "The Book of Ahania," "Jerusalem," and "Milton," were all first produced between 1790 and 1804. One hesitates to speak positively without a study of them in the original copies. Mr. Swinburne has devoted a large part of his critical study of Blake to an examination of this class of his work, and has discovered interesting interpretations of them. Whoever will may pursue the lead which he has opened. That Blake had certain conceptions regarding abstract principles of the moral universe, that he chose to embody these in literary forms which borrowed names from familiar objects, and expressed himself also through graphic forms consentaneous to these—this is all that we dare say. It is plain that by America he does not mean what the world calls America, but the idea of freedom and futurity suggested by the name; by Albion he does not mean England; by Europe he does not mean Europe; by Jerusalem he does not mean Jerusalem. It is not unlikely that the Biblical and prophetic use of Jerusalem, Babylon, Egypt, as signs of historic and moral ideas, was in his mind when he adopted a vocabulary which seems at first to the hopeful student to contain the key to

the mystery. The less curious student, the one who goes to Blake for what shall please his eye and strike his imagination, is satisfied not to read a line of these mighty books, but to take page after page as examples of subtle decorative beauty. The art, in a decorative way, which may be compared with this, is that displayed in illuminated books before the invention of printing, but Blake, freed from all merely conventional limitations, used his liberty under guidance of an instinctive knowledge of the laws of art. The endless variety of combination of text and line hints at great spontaneity of invention; the certainty with which the forms compose indicates the obedience which the artist showed to the unwritten law of beauty. One may almost find an excuse here for the doctrine so often boldly put forward, that intelligibility in art is wholly unessential, the entire pleasure springing from the obedience of form and color to laws of beauty which are wholly separate from those of the understanding. The subordination, indeed, of the thought in the text indicates, to the casual observer, how much more complete mastery Blake had of the instrument of color and line than of the instrument of language; how much sharper, also, the bounding lines of art are than those of literature. The ductility of words, the power to which they may be drawn out grammatically to a tenuous length while one endeavors to find the thought which they carry, is so deceptive that truth wanders in the mazes of Blake's writings until it is lost to sight. In art it is otherwise; the first departure from an intelligible form is noticed, and the artist is himself warned that he is untruthful. Now Blake errs sometimes in design, he produces exaggerated, enormous, and unregulated shapes, just as huge bulks rise to the imagination through the swash of his poetry; but the limitations of the language of art are constantly guarding him against excess, —the apparently boundless horizon of the language of poetry is constantly tempting him into mysterious and undistinguishable distance.

Once, at any rate, Blake wrought under singularly favorable influences,—near the close of his life, when he was occupied with the "Inventions to the Book of Job." The result which we have in the series of engravings, follows two distinct works in color, a series done for Mr. Butts, and now in the possession of Lord Houghton, and a second series for Mr. Linnell, from which, substantially, this engraved series is made. Differences are pointed out in individual designs, and Mr. Rossetti, in his *catalogue raisonné*, indicates where a superiority has been gained or lost in the final execution. But it is noticeable how fresh the published series is, and how infrequently Blake has resorted in it to the familiar types from which he had been copying all his life. That is to say, while in Blair's "Grave" one constantly notes particular likenesses to individual figures and groups elsewhere, in the "Job," one remarks rather the general conformity to a well-established Blake type, with an originality in detail. There are no unusual circumstances about Blake's life which might be held to account for this, yet there were conditions which undoubtedly had their influence. He was now in his sixty-fifth year, and at a low ebb in fortune. His rich patrons had wearied of him, and toil brought him but slight return. He was, however, the center of a small group of artists who looked upon him with admiration, and from one of these, Mr. Linnell, he received an order to execute this set of engravings. He was to receive one hundred pounds for the designs and copyright, to be paid from time to time, and a like sum from the profits, should these ever yield it; the entire sum paid was a hundred and fifty pounds, in small weekly instalments. The result of this arrangement was that Blake was insured the expenses of living, by a regular stipend, while he was engaged upon the engravings; a condition which freed him from the necessity of turning aside from the one employment, and disengaged him from the worries of a broken life. This continuity of labor unquestionably had its influence in securing an evenness and concentration of skill, and to the provision of this generous friend is owing, possibly, the full completion of a task which without his aid Blake could scarcely have compassed.

A higher reason for Blake's success lies in the nature of the work. Certain subjects had heretofore controlled and regulated his imagination; such a subject was the Elijah; but in a large part of his work he had followed his own wayward, and oftentimes willful fancy. Here he was invited to illustrate a text which at once gave him the widest range in his own chosen field, and offered a dramatic unity capable of regulating and ordering his invention. The drama of "Job," in its double scene of heaven and earth, corresponded with the locality of Blake's imagination; the open exhibition of


Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion
14
Let there Be Light
Let there be A Firmament
Let the Waters be gathered together into one place & let the Dry Land appear
And God made Two Great Lights Sun Moon
Let the Waters bring forth abundantly
Let the Earth bring forth Cattle & Creeping thing & Beast
When the morning Stars sang together. & all the Sons of God shouted for joy
W Blake Inventit & Sc
London. Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by Will.m Blake N.o 3 Fountain Court Strand

BORDER OF PLATE FROM THE "BOOK OF JOB." (SEE PLATE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)

the Almighty as one of the dramatis personæ justified Blake's own fearless and reverent portraiture of Him; the conflict between light and darkness in the spiritual world, a conflict in which man is involved both actively and passively, was here presented with a frankness which dismissed allegory as impertinent; and Blake's philosophy of life was constantly seeking a similar manifestation; the speculation of "Job" busied itself with the high themes of life and death, good and evil, and these themes were no strangers to Blake's mind; then the human figures in the drama, large, grave, heroic in thought rather than in stature and action, elemental in their type, were the men and women whom Blake had all his life been drawing, as he sought to separate the substantial from the accidental in human existence. Blake, therefore, inevitably found in this book a congenial theme for illustration; with his reverence for whatever appealed to him as emanating from Divine wisdom, he could not fail of approaching the "Book of Job" with a truly devout and humble obedience. In one of his letters to Mr. Butts, so valuable for their commentary on Blake's mind, he says, and the reader must take the expression with great literalness:

"The thing I have most at heart—more than life, or all that seems to make life comfortable without—is the interest of true religion and science. And wherever anything appears to affect that interest (especially if I myself omit any duty to my station as a soldier of Christ), it gives me the greatest of torments. I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what ought to be told—that I am under the direction of messengers from heaven, daily and nightly. But the nature of such things is not, as some suppose, without trouble or care. If we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of our natural fears or natural desires; who can describe the dismal torments of such a state!—I too well remember the threats I heard!—'If you, who are organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse, and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread,—sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death, shame and confusion of face to eternity. Every one in eternity will leave you, aghast at the man who was crowned with glory and honor by his brethren, and betrayed their cause to their enemies.' Such words would make any stout man tremble, and how, then, could I be at ease? But I am now no longer in that state, and now go on again with my task, fearless, though my path is difficult."

Other passages might be found, expressive of the same sincere humility and eagerness to be led by spiritual powers. It may even be guessed that Blake would by this time have wearied somewhat of the portentous inventions of his prophetical books, which, owing their life, as he asserted, to visions

"WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER." (INSIDE PANEL OF THE PRECEDING.)

which he had seen, would after all insinuate an endless round of life, issuing from him and returning to him, and that he would rest in the strong structure of the "Book of Job," with a sense that here were creations truly independent of his will. At any rate there was a great authority in this book, and Blake, acknowledging it, was thereby governed and restrained when he came to execute his inventions.

The student making his acquaintance with Blake through the "Job" would not at first recognize this restraint; however grandly the designs might strike him, freedom and audacity would be first discoverable. But in this study we have approached the Job by a course which has familiarized us somewhat with Blake's genius, and we repeat emphatically that the greatness of this series as an interpretation of the thought of Job rests largely in its restrained power. It rests also in the fine grasp which Blake shows of the dramatic conception involved in the book. The series is not a hap-hazard illustration of various points in the history of Job, nor even only a recital of salient points in that history. It is, in a large sense, an *illustration* of the book, throwing light upon its meaning by a revelation not contained in the book itself, and by a profusion of subtle, natural, and symbolic decoration, enlarging the very scope of the book. In a strictly theological sense, the plates have a singular value. To any

spiritual discerner of the truths enfolded in the life of the man of Uz, Blake's pictorial interpretation is rich with suggestion.

Thus, Blake, following the book in its presentation of the chief actors in the drama, God, man, and Satan, the accuser, has completed the dramatic unity of the story by the introduction of a plate in the series, the sixteenth in the twenty-one, entitled "Thou Hast Fulfilled the Judgment of the Wicked." In this the central figure is Satan, falling as lightning from heaven into flames which leap up to receive him, under the Almighty's uplifted hand, in the midst of angels, while Job and his wife look on in unshrinking awe, and the three friends start back with conscious terror. This is the most marked instance of Blake's interpretative power, but every plate bears witness to the fullness of spiritual meaning with which he invested the dramatic series. Each plate is surrounded by a border containing outline designs and texts, either taken directly from Scripture or so couched in scriptural language that they have the same effect; and when one has rested from his investigation of the picture he runs to the decorative border for fresh illumination. The deep religiousness of Blake's nature is everywhere apparent, and his historical apprehension of religion was made to give a fine subordinate value to the design. An excellent illustration of this is in the use which he makes of the Gothic minster as symbolic of worship, and, in contrast, of the Druid stones and forms as symbolic of pagan darkness. So, too, in the twentieth plate, where, by a significant interpolation, Job is recounting his life to his fair daughters, the scenes of terror are elaborated as tapestry upon the walls. "Everywhere," it has been said, "throughout the series we meet with evidences of Gothic feeling. Such are the recessed settle and screen of trees in plate two, and, too, much in the spirit of Orcagna. The decorative character of the stars in plate twelve; the Leviathan and Behemoth in plate fifteen, grouped so as to recall a mediæval medallion or wood-carving; the trees, drawn always as they might be carved in the wood-work of an old church." There is a striking use made of the tables of the law in the eleventh plate, where the accuser, tormenting Job with doubts of God, hides from him and yet points at these stones. The plate, "When the Morning Stars Sang Together, and all the Sons of God Shouted for Joy," has for its emblematic border the map of the six days of creation. The texts of Scripture, also, are used with admirable allusiveness. Over the first plate, for instance, where Job is presented in the innocence of his untried faith, are the words "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," while above the final plate, "So the Lord Blessed the Latter End of Job more than the Beginning," are the words "Great and Marvelous are Thy Works, Lord God Almighty, Just and True are Thy Ways, O Thou King of Saints!" as if the man, triumphant in his faith, were singing praises to the God who had made his submission victorious.

More significant still is the entire conception of these two plates as the beginning and close of the series. In the first, Job and his wife are seated with open books at the foot of an oak, surrounded by the seven sons and three daughters, Job reciting the Word of God, while his wife and children, with folded hands and uplifted faces, respond with worship. The sun is setting behind gentle hills, the moon rising over frowning mountains. Great flocks of cropping sheep extend back to the tents of the patriarch, and in the foreground rams, sheep, and lambs lie placidly before the human group. "Thus Did Job Continually," is the legend, and at the base of the decorative border is an altar with aspiring flame, while an ox and a ram show their heads at the corners of the border, awaiting sacrifice. Upon the face of the altar are the words "The Letter Killeth; the Spirit Giveth Life. It is Spiritually Discerned." This is the conception of childlike piety, unquestioning, untried, happy in its possessions, undisturbed by any dissension or any outward tumult. There are grown men among the sons, but all, young and old, carry on their faces the aspect of innocent purity. Turn, now, to the last plate. There is the same decorative border, as to lines and grouping, but the ram and ox have changed their places; the ram has a shepherd's crook by it, the ox has the head and action of a beast that is to live and not be slain. The fire on the altar is no longer a simple triple flame, but bursts out in animated vigor as having an undying power of its own, requiring no fuel or flesh to feed it, while upon the face of the altar are the words "In Burnt Offerings for Sin Thou Hast Had no Pleasure." Then, in the picture itself, the locality is the same; the great tree is in the center; the sun is now rising gloriously over gentle hills, the moon and stars are fading out in a gentle dawn. The creatures in the foreground are still there, but with alert, uplifted heads. Before,

there hung upon the tree lutes, harps, and viols, as instruments unused and unneeded by the simple worshipers; now, before and about the tree, Job, his wife, his sons and daughters, stand triumphantly singing and playing upon the uplifted instruments, or with scrolls of beauty flowing in their hands; between and among the forms we catch glimpses of the same flock as before, with an added life and playfulness.

This detailed analysis of the two plates will indicate something of the methods by which Blake expresses his conception, but it is the misfortune of most such analyses to suggest a certain mechanical and formalistic treatment. There is an archaic *naïveté* in Blake's handling of his theme here, partly his own native apprehension, partly the result of his artistic sympathies, but the very openness of the stratagem by which he captures the understanding in this interpretation of the Book of Job saves him from the charge of a perfunctory method. We have been compelled, in outlining the above plates, to force the contrasted parts into a dry enumeration of details, but the spectator, upon his first view of the engravings, sees only the lovely harmony of each; the unity in diversity which possesses them steals over him slowly and with enchanting grace. Indeed, rich as the series is in its moral suggestion, we are almost impatient with the showman who points this out, so entirely does the æsthetic interest of the plates prevail. As examples of engraving they are marvels of beauty. "The 'Book of Job,'" says Mr. Ruskin in his "Elements of Drawing," "engraved by himself, is of the highest rank in certain characters of imagination and expression; in the mode of obtaining certain effects of light, it will also be a very useful example to you. In expressing conditions of glaring and flickering light Blake is greater than Rembrandt." "The engravings," we are told by Gilchrist, "are the best Blake ever did—vigorous, decisive, and, above all, in a style of expression in keeping with the designs, which the work of no other hand could have been in the case of conceptions so austere and primeval as these."

It is fortunate that copies of the "Book of Job" exist in sufficient number to make it possible for students to get access to it. An excellent set is on exhibition at the Boston collection, and both private and public owners can easily be found. One is not, therefore, obliged to sing the praises of these wonderful designs to incredulous ears; the best of witnesses exist in support of the most enthusiastic words. One hesitates to characterize them, not from fear of speaking too strongly, but of entangling the subject with misleading and inadequate expression. Without this series, it may be said, Blake's career as an artist would fail of its ripe exhibition. These designs, by their form and character, come

THE COUNSELOR, KING, WARRIOR, MOTHER AND CHILD IN THE TOMB. (FROM AN ETCHING BY LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI AFTER DRAWING BY WM. BLAKE, FROM BLAIR'S "GRAVE.")

specifically into place among the enduring works of art, and may be so examined; while much of Blake's other work is of a nature to illustrate rather a wayward artist than one who moves in the great procession of erratic intelligence. They fitly complete a career at the other end of which stands the "Songs of Innocence."

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE apple-trees with bloom are all aglow—
Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
A laugh of Spring's delight!

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads, clustering thick, they shed
Their sweets to murm'ring bees,
And o'er hushed lanes and way-side fountains spread
Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
Their beautiful array:
And lonesome graves are sheltered, here and there,
With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on unnumbered boughs
Pants with delicious breath;
O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair, smooth brows,
And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft, caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mong the branches lean,
Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

A rude wind blows, and, as the blossoms fall,
My heart is borne away:
Fainter and fainter tender voices call
Of my enamored May.

Fainter and fainter—oh, how strange it seems,
With so much sweetness fled!
I go like one who dreams within his dreams
That, living, he is dead!

THE DOMINION OF CANADA. II.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY.

DYKE ON CANARD RIVER CUT BY THE ACADIANS ON THE DAY OF THEIR EXPULSION BY THE BRITISH.

THE political history of Canada is the history of a pupilage not yet completed. Hitherto the ever-broadening stage has been occupied with actors—not altogether uninteresting to the student of political development—whose work has been of a preparatory kind. The final act has yet to be played. The comparative calm, which has characterized the evolution of the drama so far, promises a peaceful, and that means a satisfactory, *denouement;* but it sometimes thunders out of a clear sky. At any rate, no one who regards his reputation as a seer would care to speak positively as to what the last act is likely to be. For while our foresight is generally determined by our hopes and wishes, we are warned that "it is the unexpected which is sure to happen." History does and does not repeat itself; and, from what the past has been, different men, therefore, draw contradictory inferences as to the future. The United States took up their position as a sovereign state after seven years' hard fighting. No one believes that the mother country would now fight seven minutes to retain any part of Canada, save, perhaps, Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimaux on the Pacific coast; and this, not because she has less courage, but because she has more wisdom; not that she loves Canada less, but that she loves freedom more. The question of our future is left to be settled by reason, and not by appeals to force; by our loyalty, and not by our fears. Great Britain owes her present hold of the self-governed colonies not to the strong hand of authority, but to the natural affection with which children love their parents; to their pride in a glorious history; to their attachment to a flag which has always been to them the emblem of protection ungrudgingly given; to their love of a Queen who incarnates in herself the unity of the Empire; to their desire to preserve the continuity of their national life; to their participation in the benefit of great warlike, scientific and literary achievements; to their admiration of a political constitution which, they believe, guarantees freedom more immediately and effectually than any other, while at the same time it secures a vigorous exercise of authority; and to that wholesome conservatism in human nature which causes us to recoil instinctively from unnecessary revolution. The question of our future does not press, and only theorists desire to precipitate a solution. True, our position is anomalous. We have no recog-

nized share in the conduct of international relations, whether of trade or diplomacy, or in determining the supreme questions of peace or war. We govern ourselves, yet are not independent. We are an integral part of the British Empire, yet we have been told, in effect, that we are free to secede whenever we choose to do so. We assert that we are now not simply a colony or dependency, but we are unable to define what we really are. I suppose we ought to be dissatisfied, but we are not. Occasionally we are reminded that we may be plunged into war at any time, without our having a word to say as to the why; but most of us are willing to leave this and other matters almost equally important in the hands of the Imperial Government. We feel that practically we are considered, and that as we have nothing better to propose than the present arrangement or want of arrangement, forbearance on our part is not only a political virtue but a political necessity. Perhaps the fact that as a people we are satisfied with our present undefined condition, shows our political immaturity. But those most conscious of strength are willing to wait, and are somewhat scornful of mere restlessness. In a word, Canadians are better satisfied with things as they are than with anything else that has yet been proposed. Further developments will ensue. Tendencies will work themselves out. We are moving onward, advancing steadily in the path of well-ordered freedom; and when the hour strikes for another advance, leaders will come to the front to guide us to the fulfillment of a destiny which only phrase-makers can now speak of as manifest. I desire to point out how Canada, which was French to the core,—nothing but French, at the conquest of 1759, and which for the next three quarters of a century remained French to so great an extent that, in 1837, popular lead-

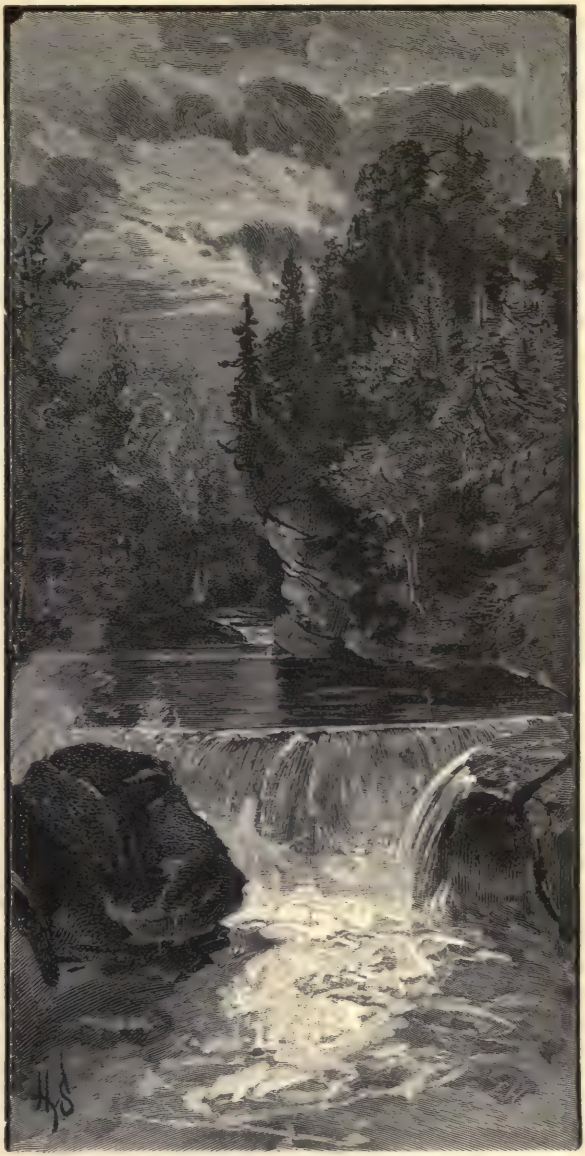
SHERBROOKE.

ers believed that an independent French nation could be built on the St. Lawrence,—has now become unquestionably, and with the consent of all, a British nationality. We shall thus be led to see that though nearly three and a half centuries have passed away since Jacques Cartier planted the cross at Gaspé, the Canada with which we have to do is but of yesterday; that she knows not yet what her future shall be; that she is

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet;"

and that, having no past of her own, her thoughts are all turned to the future,—a future that she can best prepare for by doing her duty in and to the present.

In 1791, Great Britain divided the old province of Quebec into two distinct colonies, called Upper and Lower Canada. With the exception of British residents in the cities, and the beautiful district known as the Eastern Townships, which received a large infusion of the American element, Lower Canada was French. Those Eastern Townships have always presented a striking contrast to the rest of the Province. The inhabitants are like New Englanders in their readiness to start manufactures. Sherbrooke, the capital of the district, is given over to mills, and the people are as proud of them as Parisians are of the Louvre. Cattle are raised on the stock-farms that vie with those of the most noted breeders of England. And the beauties of Lake Magog, and the Magog and the St. Francis rivers, are commended to the tourist with a zeal that generally has an eye to the main chance.



VIEW ON THE MAGOG RIVER.

True to their instincts, the American and British residents of Lower Canada cried out from the first for a Representative Assembly. It was given, and before long they found that the gift was a rod for their own backs. No Englishman thenceforth could be elected to the Assembly unless he became French-Canadian in language and spirit. That, in itself, would have been easy, but unfortunately it committed him to a party led by men of no judgment. Visions of independence, of a north-west republic of Lower Canada, of "a great and powerful French nation," consisting of uneducated *habitants* scattered in a thin line along the banks of the St. Lawrence, floated before the minds of feather-headed popular leaders. Naturally enough, in such a case, the British minority took sides with the British Governor and Executive against the Representative Assembly, and what had been the

Liberal element in the Province became a Conservative party. To understand the dead-locks that occurred thereafter, it is necessary to explain that the government of Lower Canada, like that of the other Provinces, consisted then of three bodies; (1) a House of Assembly, composed of Representatives appointed for a term of years by the people; (2) an Upper House called the Legislative Council, consisting of gentlemen appointed by the Crown for life; (3) an Executive appointed by the Crown, and responsible to the Crown. The Governor, as head of the Executive, represented the Crown immediately and directly. From him and his Executive all patronage and honors flowed. This form of government was supposed to be modeled, and, in fact, to be an "exact transcript," from the British Constitution. The Assembly represented the House of Commons; the Legislative Council the House of Lords; and the Executive the Privy Council. It was exactly like what the Stuart kings imagined the British Constitution to be, but as like the British Constitution in the nineteenth century as chalk is like cheese. The House of Assembly could talk and petition, but without the co-operation of the Upper House it had little power. Legislation depended on the assent of the Council; and generally the Council sympathized with the Executive rather than with the demagogues who swayed the popular branch. Occasionally the Assembly and the Council might be animated by unity of sentiment and aim; but the members of the Council derived their places from the same source as the Executive; they represented the same social elements; and personal links united the two bodies. It can easily be seen that the Council and the Executive would be always an overmatch for the popular branch of the Legislature.

The Representatives of the people fretted continually under a sense of impotency. They could agitate and bait Governors, and they cultivated both arts with a remarkable measure of success; but the agitations effected little, and new Governors, though they might dispense hospitality more liberally, yet walked pretty much in the same paths as their predecessors. Such a system of government could not have endured long had the popular leaders been loyally desirous of securing its reform within the lines of their allegiance; but their disloyalty and childish dreams rallied against them the real strength of the Province; and though the *habitant* threw up his hat and cheered their voluble speeches, and re-elected them to the Assembly as often as the Governor dissolved it, he had not, as a rule, the remotest idea of risking land or limb at their summons. We can estimate the character of their supporters from the petition presented by them to the Imperial Parliament in 1828. Eighty-seven thousand appended their names. Of these, only 9,000 could write; the rest made their marks. When it became evident that the leaders were bent on rebellion, their apparent strength withered in a few weeks. The influential seigneurs, the leading merchants, the Church, and two-thirds of the *habitants* ranged themselves in active or passive resistance to the mad enterprise. And when the rebellion actually sputtered into existence, it amounted to little more than poor Smith O'Brien's cabbage-garden fight in Ireland. To cheer eloquent speeches at a village tavern was one thing; to shoulder a musket was altogether another. The rebellion, however, though nothing in itself, led to important results. It was clearly impossible to govern Lower Canada longer on the old arbitrary system. The logic of events about the same time in Upper Canada, and in the maritime Provinces, also led irresistibly to the conclusion that self-government must be conceded all along the line. But it was equally impossible to hand over a whole colony, one, too, that controlled the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to the will of a majority of uneducated voters. The only solution that presented itself was to unite the two Canadas and to trust the people so united. In 1839, Lord Durham urged this policy on the Imperial Government, in a masterly report which his enemies said he had neither written nor read. Be that as it may, he advised the confederation of all the British American Provinces; but as practical difficulties put so vast a scheme out of the question—Halifax being then as far removed from Quebec as from Kamschatka, for all practical purposes—he dropped that for the moment, and said, in effect, Unite the two Canadas into one Province, let the government of the Provinces be carried on according to the constitutionally expressed popular will, and base loyalty on the will of a loyal people. The majority of the French Canadians disliked the proposed re-union of the two Canadas; but this was a necessary part of the large, statesmanlike policy that had at length been agreed upon. The British Government acted on Lord Durham's report, and conceding to all the Provinces the principle of

responsible government, placed their destinies in their own hands. In criticizing them, let it not be forgotten that their history as self-governing communities commenced little more than thirty years ago.

Prior to 1840, all contests in Lower Canada were in reality contests of races, languages and religions. In Upper Canada and the other Provinces they were simply political, the struggles of a free-born and intelligent people to be allowed to govern themselves. For many years after its organization as a Province, political parties did not exist in Upper Canada. The House of Assembly, the Upper House, and the Executive worked together for the common good, as Romans did in the brave days of old, when

> "None were for a party,
> But all were for the State."

As the homespun Representatives wanted to get back to their farms as soon as possible, they wasted no time in speech-making, but pushed business through as rapidly as British forms permitted, and made excellent laws and regulations on every matter that came before them. The bulk of the people had enough to do with clearing their farms, and cared little for politics. But as population and wealth increased, and the probable future greatness of the new Province began to be understood, a ruling class, popularly known as "the Family Compact," grew up. Its growth was encouraged, for in high quarters it was dreamed that the constitution of society on an aristocratic basis would be the best way to save the Province from the wolf of democracy. This ruling class consisted of settlers of aristocratic pretensions, half-pay officers, scions of good families in England who had been sent out to fill offices, and leading men of the United Empire, —loyalists who had sacrificed everything for the Empire, and who hated republicanism with a hatred proportioned to the sacrifices they or their fathers had been compelled to make. Men of ability made a mistake similar to that which caused the division of Canada in 1791. Then, so great a man as Pitt thought that Lower Canada would most likely be preserved to the Crown by keeping it isolated from the democratic colonists who would eventually pour into the forests of Western Canada. The re-union of the Canadas fifty years afterward was the acknowledgment of a mistake that originated in a mistrust of the people. Penetrated with the same profound distrust, the members of "the Family Compact," or those who inspired them, fancied that the only way to keep Upper Canada loyal was by fostering an aristocracy, and buttressing it with a Church establishment and an University fenced around with tests. Convinced of this, and actuated by the best of motives, men of refinement and learning, of probity and piety, toiled industriously to chain the popular giant with straw-ropes. When good men come to consider themselves and their offices the bulwarks of the constitution, their very selfishness assumes a holy tinge. "I must bring in a bill to reduce your salary to £5,000 a year," said a Prime Minister to a worthy Bishop. "B-but, my dear sir," exclaimed his horror-stricken Lordship, "w-what, then, will become of religion?" To patriots of this class, not only their own positions and salaries, but fungi or barnacles become portions of the ark. It is allowable to call men who propose to lay unhallowed hands on the sacred thing adventurers, and then disloyal, or sacrilegious wretches, in dealing with whom summary measures are permissible. "Turn him oot, turn him oot! never mind the laa!" impatiently cried Dr. Strachan, the Anglican Bishop of Toronto, in his broadest Aberdeen Doric, to a member of the House of Assembly who hesitated as to the legality of taking such a step with a political opponent. Englishmen who came to the Colony with prejudices in favor of everything British twined round every nerve and fiber, found a class in Toronto who looked upon them as only one or two removes from radicals. One Governor naively records his own experiences in this respect, and his easy conversion to the belief that the loyalty of the Province to the mother country depended on a cocked hat and the social dominance of a political church. After minutely detailing how he was snubbed by an official for his free-and-easy notions, he goes on to say:

"I could mention hearing many similar reproofs which I verbally received from native-born Canadians, especially one which very strongly condemned me for a desire I had innocently entertained to go once—merely as a compliment—to the Presbyterian Church, which, when quartered in Scotland, I had often attended; but I was gravely admonished by the son of the soil on which I stood that, although I ought to protect all churches, yet as the representative of the Established Church I ought to take part in no other service but my own; and a

few moment's reflection told me that he was right; and, as a further illustration of this transatlantic doctrine, I may state that when the bold, venerable and respected leader of the Church of England in Upper Canada was lately appointed Bishop of Toronto, he was not only immediately addressed by the title of 'My Lord,' but his humble dwelling was and to this day is designated 'The Palace,'" * and so on, and so on. Was there ever such twaddle? And his Excellency gravely gives these experiences to prove that Canadians longed, with intelligent longing, after a system of social and political inequality; and he greatly bewails the fact that neither of the political parties in England could be made to see Canada through the spectacles which the Toronto men had put on his own eyes. In spite of the opposition of Governors and Family Compact, who with all their superior intelligence mistook bubbles and froth on the current for the river, the Imperial Government conceded the principle of responsible government—or, as its opponents called it, "Responsible Nonsense." † "Upper Canada," says Dr. Scadding, "in miniature and in the space of half a century, curiously passed through conditions and processes, physical and social, which old countries, on a large scale and in the course of long ages, passed through. Upper Canada had, in little, its primeval and barbaric but heroic era, its mediæval and high prerogative era, and then, after a revolutionary period of a few weeks, its modern, de-feudalized, democratic era. * * * All men now acquiesce in the final issue of the social turmoil which for a series of years agitated Canada." Of these three eras, the first, I confess, has most charms for

A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, 1830.

* "The Emigrant," by Lieutenant Francis B. Head, pages 40-50.

† "Toronto of Old," page 435.

A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, 1850.

me, though its heroic memories are of life struggles against strange and uncongenial environments, rather than of border wars and ambuscades. Its poet or historian has not yet appeared, and its memories are fading so fast from the minds of men that probably its records must remain forever unwritten. Pity that it should be so; for wilderness and backwoods life in Canada abounds in pictures infinitely varied in coloring, and in dramas full of poetic interest. In the old world, country life is the same from generation to generation. In a colony the scene shifts with amazing rapidity. After a few years' absence you go back to the old spot and find everything changed. The first period is one of savage wrestling with nature. The camp or shanty of the lumberman is succeeded by the solid log-house of the settler. This is the time of logging and building "bees," and "bees" of all kinds, of hard drinking and "corduroy" roads. No beauty is seen in a living tree; it is every man's enemy. After this rude period comes a golden era. Thrown on their own resources, the inventive faculties are stimulated. Every young fellow becomes a thinker and inventor in his way. One constructs water-wheels or wind-mills, another cunning helps for the women-folk; a third makes gun-stocks or fiddles; a fourth puzzles his brains over perpetual motion. Numbers go to college, or leave home to seek their fortunes in the world. In a few years more, the tides of the city's life find their way into the hitherto isolated spot, sweep over it and submerge the distinctive peculiarities. The place is "improved," but it is not the same dear old place, where every house was a club and every man a genius in his way. Of course, the social development of a colony depends not only on the fixed conditions of soil and climate, but on the class of emigrants it receives. The emigration to Upper Canada included representatives of all the classes that make up the composite society of Great Britain, and these mingled together in oddest fashion, for a colony, like misfortune, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Half-pay officers, and military men who, on account of the long peace after the Napoleonic wars, had no hope of rising in the army, gradually found their way to Upper Canada. Some, who had nothing before them in England but genteel starvation, and the contemptuous pity or dole of wealthier relations, heard that for the price of their commissions in whole or part they could become extensive land-owners. Ashamed to dig at home, it would be no degradation to work in a new country and on their own land. Unable to dig, they

CAPE BLOMIDON FROM GRAND PRÉ.

had the secret conviction that a gentleman, if he only put himself to it, could do anything better than a lout. Others heard that an old companion in arms had been appointed Governor, and that he had offices in his gift, or land grants of dimensions sufficiently magnificent to inspire the grantees with dreams of founding a family. The prospect of combining good fishing and shooting with profitable farming—most deceitful will-o'-the-wisp that ever danced—allured others. The possession of a gun and the being a good shot were—and always are to the ordinary farmer—temptations rather than advantages. Fifty or sixty years ago little was known of Upper Canada; and with the mingled pluck and bull-headedness characteristic of the true Briton, few cared to inquire into details before resolving to go out into an untrodden wilderness, where every condition of life was sure to be unlike those they had been previously accustomed to. They were taken by a popular cry, or they had read some tourist's book, and, trusting to the knowledge thus acquired, they took ship for the St. Lawrence, and rushed into the forest as confidently as Lord Chelmsford—prepared for every emergency by thorough knowledge of his book of tactics—marched into Zulu-land. Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush" gives a capital account, due allowance being made for feminine screams of exaggeration throughout, of the kind of life lived by such gallant fellows and their families, and of the spell that the country throws around its adopted children, despite the rough welcome it gives them. For the exclamation of the French trader, "*Toujours en maudisant ce vilain pays, on y reviens toujours*" (while cursing the vile country, one always returns to it), has proved true of Canada as of Africa in the case of almost every one who has once made his home in it. The emigrant of to-day to Manitoba and the north-west, I believe, has to run a terrible gauntlet of land speculators and kindred sharks at Winnipeg. In those days he met them at every starting-point into the interior. Escaping from them with less or more of damage, the journey to the promised Eden is commenced in a rough wagon, over corduroy roads and through mosquito-haunted woods. Such traveling almost finishes the tenderly reared wife, half broken down already with the long voyage and the discomforts of the emigrant ship, not to speak of the care of children without a serv-

ant to help. Hope, however, inspires her, for every hour brings them nearer their destination. At length Eden comes in sight, but it is not quite the place the agent represented. With sad hearts they unload the piano and the guns, the fishing-tackle and kitchen gear, among the stumps and blackened logs in the clearing, and the new life begins. At first they struggle to keep

YORK REDOUBT, HALIFAX HARBOR.

up the old forms and courtesies. Sooner or later, the struggle is for the bare necessaries of life. We need not go into details. The story ends differently in different cases. The too severe ordeal drives one to whisky, and then the end is not far off. Another drifts back to a town, and perhaps is fortunate enough to get some government appointment or work that a gentleman can do. Some began by disdaining the old farmers and "dissenting" minister in their neighborhood. Their children, excluded from the houses of the respectable yeomanry, married into a lower class; and perhaps the old people, when their money was all spent and their spirit hopelessly crushed, had to accept the shelter and rude plenty of the boor's shanty. Numbers fared very differently. As cheerily as they had fought with Wellington in the Peninsula, they fought a life-battle with gloomy forest and dismal swamp, with fever and ague, with tropical heat, and cold that froze their bread and water beside the big chimney fire. We sons of the soil, who know how pleasant and healthful the climate is, can hardly realize how terribly it bore on people unprepared to meet its sudden changes and wide extremes. At first, everything combined against educated emigrants, military or civilian. Their tastes became their torments, and their supposed advantages proved stumbling-blocks. The poorest English Hodge or Irish Pat was

better suited for the bush. But after a few years things began to look brighter. The country prospered, and they prospered with its rapidly advancing prosperity. Land increased in value, and their investments turned out better even than they had hoped. Those who had brought with them a little capital and had known how to take care of it, could buy, sell, or lend advantageously. Education and refinement no longer handicapped them. In no country is superiority of any kind more readily acknowledged than in Canada, provided it does not haughtily assert or isolate itself, but willingly contributes to the common weal. The most jealously democratic community frankly concedes position and respect to the better-born and better-educated who claim nothing on the ground of prescription. Especially in a new country, the people in every district are glad to hear of any one coming to settle among them who is likely to be useful in any way. They may appoint a swell to the position of hog-reeve, but will touch their hats to the gentleman. It was always so in Canada. The class of men I have been describing benefited the country in many ways. They set examples that, as a rule, their neighbors were not slow to follow. They improved their buildings, drained the land, brought in superior stock and implements; moreover, they kept before the people higher ideals of life than the mere attainment of rude plenty. These men proved their superiority by being leaders of the community; their gentle blood by refinement, superior force of character, and higher aims; and in many parts of Canada they moulded society and raised its tone.

Of course, the great majority of the emigrants consisted of people from the lower walks of life—people whom the straitness of the Old World had driven in masses to the New—mechanics, small tenant farmers, laborers with no capital but their strong arms and half a dozen children, servants who intended to become masters and mistresses, and along with these, Adullamites from the States, and French Canadians whose fathers' farms would bear no further subdivision. The potato-famine in Ireland had little to do with peopling Upper Canada. Ulster has given us most of our Irishry, and better settlers than Ulstermen it would be difficult to find. On account of the ancient law or custom of tenant-right in their province, they could always get something for their improvements when leaving their old farms. Thus it happened that they generally came out with a bit of money in purse or stocking, and right well did they know how to take care of the stocking. England contributed a large share of the immigration. From the Highlands of Scotland came clans in almost unbroken strength, led in some few cases by their natural leaders, in most cases, alas! thrust out from the loved glens, or "the dim shieling on the misty island," to give place to sheep, or to grouse, black-cock and deer. Both in the east and west of Ontario large districts are peopled entirely by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders; and in the north and east of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton you are pretty safe in addressing any man you meet by the name of Fraser or McDonald. The Celtic Highlanders, like the Celtic Frenchmen, emigrated together and kept together. They live as they fight, "shoulder to shoulder." Poor, ignorant of the climate, uneducated, they were flung on our shores and invited to become lairds of trackless forests. How they managed to exist, especially in the cruel winter, is a mystery. Their brotherliness and their magnificent *morale* sustained them. The thought that children and grandchildren would reap the fruit of their labors cheered their hearts, and the God of their fathers was to them a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Frugal, hardy, and in many cases God-fearing, they laid the foundations on which we are building. A virgin soil soon yielded them more generous fare than they had ever known before. The log hut and log byre gave way in a few years to the neat framed house painted outside and plastered within, with one or two big barns in the field near by; and, perhaps, before the old people were gathered to their fathers, the oldest son had built a brick or stone mansion for his Canadian bride. I have sometimes seen on the same farm the three houses, log, frame and brick, and have heard the owner of all three declare that his happiest days were spent in the first. Nothing is sweeter to old age than the memory of hardships endured in a good cause.

We get glimpses, in "Roughing it in the Bush" and Doctor Cunningham Geikie's "Life in the Woods," of the constitution of society in different parts of Upper Canada during the period when the stream of emigration was flowing strongly. Such works help us to understand the political history of the Province and to forecast its probable development. Quebec, though

Canadian in a very pronounced degree, glories in tracing its ancestry to France, and still appeals to French models in everything. A vigorous English-speaking minority gives variety to its social, educational and religious life, and tone to its commercial and political action; but unfortunately very little fusion takes place between the two races. The two streams run side by side without commingling. Upper Canada has been strongly British from the beginning, and each addition to its population has helped to make it, if possible, still more strongly British. Considering the selected stock from which they have sprung, we have a right to expect much from such a population. Clearly, a body politic, made up in great part of energetic and aspiring emigrants, must be far superior to an ordinary community in the mother country. The bolder spirits are the first to emigrate, and this holds true, to a certain extent, with respect to the educated as well as to the uneducated classes of emigrants. The privations at the outset and the entirely new conditions of life, on the one hand, involve a struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, and, on the other hand, they serve to stimulate the general intelligence and excite ambition. The community of necessity becomes acute, self-reliant and progressive. It is willing to try political experiments, for every individual has unlimited confidence in himself, but at the same time it is essentially conservative, because three men out of four are land-owners. To entertain political distrust of such a society showed profound ignorance of its constituent elements and of human nature. To imagine that self-government could be denied to such a population any longer than it was itself indifferent about the possession of the right, was a blunder that might have been attended with far more disastrous consequences than actually resulted. The people of Upper Canada proved their fitness for self-government from the hour it was conceded to them. They organized, all over the Province, County and Township Councils. These are the basis of the whole political and educational edifice. Their range is very extensive, including roads, common and high schools, county courts, jails, and all local purposes whatsoever. They are the truest organs of popular sentiment, and the best possible training-schools for higher political life.

The political history of the maritime Provinces—the old Acadie—resembles in all leading features that of the two Canadas. I can barely refer to their general history. The last bit retained by France was the picturesque island of Cape Breton; and to that she held on till the capture of Quebec by Wolfe put an end to her long rule in North America. A winter port was a necessity as long as she intended to retain Canada. Driven by the New Englanders again and again from Port Royal, and obliged to cede Nova Scotia, by treaty, to Great Britain, she fortified Louisburg in Cape Breton at immense cost, and from this stronghold was ever ready to strike at Acadie and New England, or sail to the succor of Canada when returning spring opened up the winter-barred gateways of the St. Lawrence. Proudly her flag floated over Louisburg and Quebec, the twin fortresses that guarded her vast wilderness realms and linked them to the might of old France. Zealous priests proved themselves the same efficient allies in the maritime Provinces that they had always been in the West; and as often as Louisburg or Quebec gave the signal, Micmac and Melicete Indians and Acadian French armed for sudden foray or regular war. Nova Scotia, though nominally British, was thus a thorn in the side of New England, instead of the effectual shield it could be made by a vigorous colonization policy. In answer to petitions from New England urging this policy, Great Britain sent out an expedition in 1749, with a large body of emigrants. They arrived off the harbor of Chebucto on the 21st of June, and at once began to build the city of Halifax. The Hon. Edward Cornwallis, who accompanied the expedition as the future Governor of the Province, convened on board ship in the harbor a council of five gentlemen—afterward increased in number to twelve—to act as his executive, and to discharge all the functions of government. Halifax now became and has continued to be the capital of Nova Scotia, an honor to which its central position, natural strength, magnificent harbor, and facilities for trade entitle it. Ships approach from the ocean by an entrance invitingly broad. At the mouth, a large island acts as a buffer against the Atlantic rollers. At the eastern side of this island the passage is intricate and not very deep. At the western, a beach, shown by an ancient lighthouse, runs out in the direction of the mainland leaving a deep, open entrance to the harbor, wide enough in time of peace for the ships of the world, and yet so narrow that in war it could be protected at short notice

by torpedoes. On the mainland opposite the beach, York Redoubt—a venerable fort with a formidable modern battery on the seaward face—crowns a high, steep bluff, its armament of nine and ten-inch guns sweeping the approaches for miles with shot and shell, not quite as big as a barrel of flour, but somewhat heavier. Inside, in the very throat of the harbor, St. George's Island lies, with bold, erect front, like a watch-dog on the threshold of the house, ready and able to demolish the intruder who has stolen past York Redoubt; and on the large outer island, and the high shores, and in the woods of the mainland on both sides, batteries are sleeping which an electric flash would awaken in an instant, and the cross-fires from which ought to be able to sink monitor, ironclad, or anything else that floats. By this time, too, the citadel might have something to say. Up from the heart of the business portion of the city the bare slopes of the glacis rise 250 feet above the level of the wharves, the granite walls on the summit crowning the whole city in queenly fashion; and from such a vantage ground good guns could not be silent, were the least occasion given. Royal engineers and artillery, supported by volunteer artillerymen good enough to be mistaken for regulars, are on hand to man forts and batteries; and two regiments of the line are always stationed in Halifax. These and the West India fleet supply society with a steady, ever-changing stream of fine young fellows, invaluable in the meantime at lawn-tennis and dances. When Britain showed that she meant to make Nova Scotia British, the old French Acadians had no choice left but open resistance or genuine submission. They could not remain as traitors in the camp, as tools to be used and laid aside as French interests required. Unfortunately, they did not seem to understand this, but acted as if they could run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. So, after repeated provocations, several hundred families were expatriated, and their lands and live stock confiscated to the Government. This cruel act—if defended at all, defensible only as a war measure—would have probably been forgotten long ago but for Longfellow. Thanks to him, it will live in men's memories as long as the sad story of Gabriel and Evangeline is read. The poet took the poor Acadians under his wing for a moment, and they became immortal. He touched the Grand Pré, and made every meadow and dyke beautiful with a new beauty. There are lakes in Scotland lovelier than Loch Katrine, and when, after driving in a close coach through the Trosachs, the prosaic tourist gets to Callander, he wonders why he left home. But has not genius transmuted for him common into sacred things? What Scott has done for him once and in one place, he may now do for himself, perhaps in a rude, unconscious fashion, at all other times and in every other place. He has learned the simple lesson that poetry is not in nature, but in the seeing eye; and thenceforth "the light that never was on sea or land" may shine a little round his own farm and his own fireside. In some such way has Longfellow glorified the Basin of Minas. Every year tourists flock to see Evangeline's country. In truth, were it only for the sake of the holiday they could not do better. The wise Acadians had found or lighted upon the garden of Nova Scotia. Fairer scenes the eye seldom looks upon than the Valley of the Gaspereau, or that wider expanse seen from Lookout, or almost any point on the North or South Mountain. This is the lovely Annapolis Valley where, as Joseph Howe used to boast exultingly, "you can ride for fifty miles under apple-blossoms." The tidal waters of the great Bay of Fundy rushing along the coast outside, seeking for admission into the heart of the Province, have found an opening, three miles wide, between the huge trap needles of Cape Split and a cape on the opposite shore. Swirling round Cape Split, and pressing through the narrow passage like a mill stream, the turbid waters peacefully expand into the Basin of Minas. The broad basin reposing at your feet looks like a wide-opened hand, sending out long, beneficent fingers all round into the heart of a grateful country. One of these fingers touches the valley of the Cornwallis, and into its tips stream the tidal rivers dyked by the old Acadians. On these fat and fair dyked lands dwells another race, with other customs and language—in large, modern farm-houses, embowered in roses and honeysuckle. In fancy, you can rebuild the old thatched cottages beside ancient apple-trees, and tall poplars, and young willows branching widely out from decayed roots,—sure signs of the former inhabitants. At Grand Pré the first person you meet points where the sturdy blacksmith's shop stood, and the village church, and the wells, and the once well-filled cellars, now only grass-grown depressions pockmarking the face of green fields. The great features of the landscape are still

the same;—the vast meadows reclaimed from the sea, and worth from one hundred to four hundred dollars an acre, the orchards and corn-fields "spreading afar and unfenced" o'er the plain; while away to the North, across the Basin of Minas, grand old Blomidon uplifts to the sky his dark, cindery forehead over bright red sandstone, and scatters agates and amethysts at his feet. Not one Frenchman is to be found where everything reminds us of them and of their handiwork. You meet their descendants almost everywhere else in Old Acadie—from Cheticamp to Clare, from Chezzetcook to the Bay Chaleur; but not one on the Canard River, not one from Grand Pré to Annapolis Royal. Farmers from New England received the reclaimed lands; and their grandchildren—a race as little likely as their ancestors to surrender their fathers' inheritance—now raise potatoes for the New England of to-day, and build ships from the forest primeval on Cape Blomidon, and not only build but own and sail them on every sea.

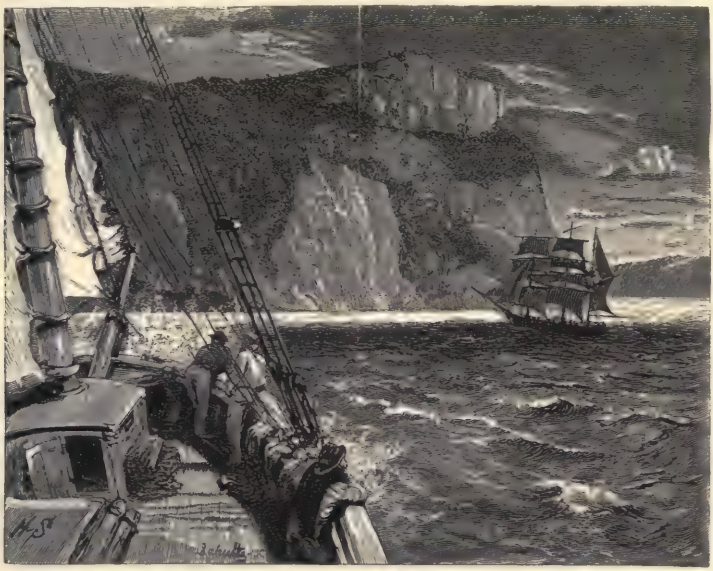
CAPE SPLIT, BAY OF FUNDY.

Passing to the political history of the maritime Provinces, we find that it centers round the same transition to popular government that is the one thing interesting in the political development of the Upper Prov-

inces. Here, fortunately, the transition took place without an attempt at rebellion, though nowhere was the contest waged with more political acrimony than in Nova Scotia. Nowhere was the old system so strong, because nowhere else had it existed so long, or been administered with more efficiency, and nowhere else was it buttressed and beautified by so many local and accidental supports. Halifax in those days was the Province. As compared with Quebec, Kingston or Toronto, it was near Great Britain. The harbor was open all the year round, giving unbroken communication with the mother country. The presence of a garrison and the fleet led a number of English gentlemen to settle in the city; and the children of these and of civilian first families entered the army, navy or civil service, where many highly distinguished themselves. A visit to St. Paul's Church, the oldest wooden church I know, and a glance at the inscriptions on the marble slabs that cover its inner walls, show how old a history the city has, and the many distinguished names recorded in its annals. In no other city in British America did there exist an aristocracy that combined such power, refinement, social prestige and real ability. The bench and bar, the church and college, the magistracy and great mercantile interests, the bank, the army, the navy and "society," all contributed to strengthen the old political edifice. It looked well; and as the people of Nova Scotia were loyal and generally contented, there seemed no reason why it should not endure for generations, even though changes were made elsewhere. So its advocates pleaded. They tossed the other Provinces to the wolf of reform. New Brunswick they declared Yankee in spirit, Lower Canada French, and Upper Canada hopelessly democratic; but Nova Scotia was a pure and perfect chrysolite. No wonder that they scouted all mention of union with such Provinces, and that they vehemently attacked Lord Durham's report, chiefly on the ground that his lordship recommended such an union. The peninsula of Nova Scotia they thought could stand by itself, even though all the rest of British America fell a prey to the spoiler. How wise the great little men of Pumpernickel always are! But the men who stand on the hill-top afar off can see better than those who are fighting hand to hand in the smoke. When the time had come for conceding self-government to the British Provinces, it had to be conceded all along the line. The destiny of one must be the destiny of all; and, in 1847, it was finally decided that the Provinces themselves must determine for themselves what that destiny should be.

The political history of the Provinces for the next twenty years has little to interest outsiders, though political leaders in each, after their manner, assured the intelligent voters, from time to time, that the eyes of the world were upon them. Matters connected with their own internal development claimed their attention: the establishment of free schools; the principles on which colleges and universities should be established or maintained; the abolition of every relic of feudalism from the tenure of land; the building of canals round the Falls of Niagara and the rapids of the St. Lawrence, for the sake of their own trade and the development of their own resources, as well as to attract the trade of the Northwestern States to the natural channel of the St. Lawrence; the building of railways in every direction; the best means of promoting more intimate commercial intercourse with the United States,—measures intensely interesting to the Provinces concerned, and subjects for unlimited discussion between the ins and the outs, but of no particular interest to any one else in the world. Each of the three maritime Provinces had its own difficulties, the solution of which proved the mettle of its politicians. The re-united Province of Canada had very peculiar difficulties of political dead-locks, dual leaderships and double majorities, resulting mainly from the different races in the Province being so nearly matched. Different governments and separate systems of taxation and finance kept all four Provinces apart from each other. But, notwithstanding family difficulties and isolation, all made material progress. They undertook great public works, in order to cheapen the means of conveyance and communication between the far distant productive parts of the country and distributing centers. These cost immense sums, but the Provincial governments went fearlessly into debt, and the result has vindicated the bold policy. If they had not undertaken or encouraged such works, the development of the country would have been indefinitely postponed. Extreme free traders assailed the policy in the assured tone of men contending for a theory, or a religion, or their own interests. They declared that railways, canals, and every other good thing would be built by capitalists whenever there was a demand for them sufficient to

make the investment profitable; that if the investment would not be good for the capitalist it could not be good for the country; and that to tax the whole country for the sake of a portion of the people was unjust. As the Province of Canada, in particular, went on increasing duties on British goods, loud and repeated murmurs arose from Manchester. British newspapers declared that Canada systematically increased duties with hostile intentions to the industrial interests of the mother country, and with a view to follow the benighted policy of the United States. A few years showed that the legislation so bitterly complained of had developed trade with the mother country. What was a duty of twenty per cent. compared to the fifty to two hundred per cent. practically imposed before, by the cost of conveying goods from Britain to the consumers on the lakes, and to the heavy charges, on the other hand, that the grain, timber, and other products of the Provinces were subjected to in the absence of facilities of communication and transportation before reaching the British market? The book-learned free trader answered readily enough that that simply proved that the time had not come for the development of Canada, and that duty to the universe demanded that it should wait patiently for a century or two, when its day was sure to come. The people immediately concerned would not wait. They saw side by side with them another people building gigantic works, generally with money borrowed from Britain, and advancing in population and wealth with rapid strides, and they felt that, instead of lagging longer behind, they should take a leaf from their book. At the same time the sentiment of nationality began to stir in their breasts. The war between the North and South,—the issue of which proved that the United States were determined to be one nation,—with the immense popular and patriotic enthusiasm evoked in the struggle, quickened similar sentiments in the British Provinces. In 1864, the next great move in their political development, namely, their confederation, for the first time assumed practical shape. Local difficulties in Canada had made confederation, as far as this Province was concerned, almost a necessity; and although at first the maritime Provinces opposed the project, New Brunswick on second thought gave a popular vote in its favor, and then the legislature of Nova Scotia voted yea, by a large majority. In the legislature of the Province of Canada, confederation was declared feasible and desirable by 70 yeas to 17 nays, not one member of British origin being among the nays. A strong opposition to the project was promptly organized in Nova Scotia, with the Hon. Joseph Howe—long popularly known as "Joe" Howe—at its head.



CAPE BLOMIDON.

He had been the idol of Nova Scotians during the contest for responsible government, and in those days and afterward had spoken and written many eloquent words concerning the future of an united British America. He had done more than almost any other man—except, perhaps, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the author of "The Felon Flag of England,"—to inspire the youth of British America with love of country, as something immeasurably higher than mere Provincialism. Actuated by a variety of motives, Howe resolved to oppose confederation. He went into the fight without reserve. He set the heather on fire, but all in vain. Opposition was hopeless. The time had come. To fancy that Nova Scotia could have remained out in the cold, with all the rest of British America grouped into one confederacy, or, as Sir John A. Macdonald put it, "to wreck the ship for the chance of saving one of the pieces," was a policy no one would have laughed at more heartily than he himself, in his better days. The Imperial Parliament passed the act, and the Queen appointed the first of July, 1867, as the day on which the Dominion of Canada should commence its existence. Howe secured "better terms" for Nova Scotia than those originally proposed, and then accepted a seat in the cabinet. For the last twelve years, Canada has been not merely the ancient French Province, nor Upper and Lower Canada united into one, but a dominion, now including seven Provinces and two Territories, bounded on three sides by three oceans, and on the fourth mainly by the water shed of the continent. We are young, but hopeful and lusty; big enough to hold fifty, though as yet counting less than five, millions of people.

YE LUXURIOUS ACADIAN.

THACKERAY AS A DRAUGHTSMAN.

THE instances are so few of a popular writer illustrating with pictures his own literary productions, that any prominent case is worthy of attention. In the case of Thackeray, the generally recognized merit of the literary work, the wide popularity it enjoys, and the ready admission it has received into the rank of classical English writing, give to the pictures which the author himself scattered over his pages, an especial interest. Thackeray was not sparing of his sketches. During the thirty years of his manhood he was always making memoranda of faces and groups, taking notes by the way, not, indeed, too accurate, not showing very profound insight, perhaps, but still clever, amusing and lively. During the years from twenty-one to twenty-six, he thought about an artist's life; at first as a man of some property and perfect leisure, afterward as one who had lost everything but youth and intellect, and who had his career to choose. After he had chosen, or drifted into, a literary life, and during all the years that followed, while he wrote caricature sketches, squibs, stories, poems, grotesques, and half-a-dozen long novels, the author's pen constantly served him as a sketching tool. Not only was the greater part of his literary work interspersed with

Rex. Ludovicus. Ludovicus Rex.

NO. 1.—AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

his own designs, but his children and friends found amusement in the constant flow of his queer fancy, in drawings more or less humoristic, more or less pathetic, never highly finished, never technically skillful, but generally full of a certain native vigor, and often expressive and significant.

There is no life of Thackeray. There are three partial memoirs of him worth consulting; that of Dr. John Brown, reprinted in "Spare Hours," and also in Mr. Stoddard's "Anecdote Biography"; that of Mr. Anthony Trollope, forming part of the "English Men of Letters" series; and the book called "Thackerayana," avowedly an attempt to preserve some record of his dispersed library, and of the odd sketches on the margins of its books, but giving much information besides. These different authorities have helped us to string our remarks upon a chronological thread. But in none of them and nowhere else has been preserved any record of the early editions of his books, or of the many writings scattered through the pages of different periodicals, but either never reprinted or reprinted only in part. Nor has any writer spoken of his drawings except casually, and in general terms of admiration. Therefore, there remains plenty to say that will be new. No work of Thackeray's will be spoken of or quoted here except at first hand; and, moreover, it is believed that every single published design of his has been examined in its original form and place, except the few contained in one little book which the writer has never been fortunate enough to possess, or even to meet with.

NO. 2.—ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE.

It is a curious tale Mr. Trollope tells (attributing it to Dickens, who must have told it in some speech or address after Thackeray's death, but not in the "In Memoriam" in the "Cornhill Magazine"), that in 1835, when Thackeray was twenty-four years old, and had just achieved the expending and scattering of his inheritance,

he proposed to Dickens to illustrate that author's next book. But, in 1835, Dickens had published nothing, at least no "book"; for "Sketches by Boz" did not appear in book form till later, and "Pickwick" not for two or three years.* They were boys—that is about the truth—boys who dreamed, the one of success as a writer, the other more especially of the graphic arts, painting, or what not. Dickens was a year younger than Thackeray, but was already sure of his career, and setting his foot forward. In three years he was to be famous, and to have an assured position. Thackeray, on the other hand, played with his own powers and with the varied possibilities of youth and conscious ability for ten or twelve years before he gained great success,—before the impulse came which was to guide him to a great success. And during all those years he played with drawing as well as with literature. His first independent publication was a series of drawings published in lithography, without text other than legends. It does seem that he was strongly inclined toward art;—perhaps it was only because he drew too badly to get employment as a designer that we ever got "Esmond" from him. For that he did draw badly at this time there can be no doubt. He never became a complete draughtsman, nor anything approaching to it, but some of his work in after life was far better than that produced before he was thirty years old.

In fact, it is hard to select an illustration representing these early years; each one that seems characteristic or interesting is so out of drawing that the selection of it would seem unfair. And then they are ugly, downright ugly, and disfigure the page. Of course, so far as authenticity goes, it is better to select an etching than a wood-cut; the one is probably by the designer's own hand throughout, the other of necessity has passed through the hands of an engraver, who may well have changed it somewhat in character. But, on the other hand, the process of etching, although only in line, may have been difficult to Thackeray; it seems that it must have been so. In that case, his work upon copper would be less good than his freely made pencil sketches. Certain it is that the etchings of 1837 and the following years, such as are to be found in the volumes of "Frazer's Magazine," or gathered together in "The Paris Sketch Book," are exceptionally poor. Those illustrating the stories of "Cartouche" and "Griskinissa" are total failures, not only in drawing, artistic composition, etc., but also as failing to tell the story,—as being feeble renderings of the scenes chosen. The one we reproduce (cut No. 1) is by far the best in the "Paris Sketch Book," because a successful *jeu d'esprit*, and not needing much mastery in drawing nor any in grouping and arrangement. The well-known portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud, or the engraving from it by Pierre Drevet, has served as the hint for this most clever squib. The bad side of the Great King and his kingship, the vanity of the prince and the self-abasement of his flatterers, the pomposity of his surroundings and the inhuman remoteness of his position,—all of that is well suggested in the original picture, and all of it is well analyzed and well ridiculed in the travesty. But for the rest of the designs in this book or of this epoch, they are better passed by. The singular thing is that Thackeray should have been willing to use them. That he should make such designs at all, at the age of twenty-seven, seems to argue a less strong feeling for art than has generally been attributed to him, for one who feels the value of fine design must of necessity see something of the difference between it and feeble design, and realize the relative value of his own work. But that he should publish them is amazing! Think, too, what admirable work he was doing at this time as a writer. During the two years before these feeble designs were made, he had been contributing to "Frazer" the Yellowplush Papers, including "Miss Shum's Husband," the frightful tragedy of Mr. Deuceace, "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew," and also those admirable "Epistles to the Literati,' in which, as in the former collection, justice is done to that great novelist, Sawedwadgeorgearlittnbulwig. Perhaps no very subtle analysis was necessary to pick to pieces "The Sea Captain" or "The Diary," and Bulwer's youthful absurdities have been perceived by other writers than Mr. Yellowplush: that is not the point. These papers are exceedingly well written,—they are real works of art,—and he would be a bold man who should suggest a modification of a sentence. And when we compare with such work as that the lifeless design and utterly bad drawing of the pictures of the

* The writer is assured by an English friend that this story was well known in London twenty years ago, with the addition that Dickens gravely assured the aspirant that his work was not good enough, and that he ought to abandon all thoughts of making art a pursuit.

same time, we have only to renew the expression of our amazement.

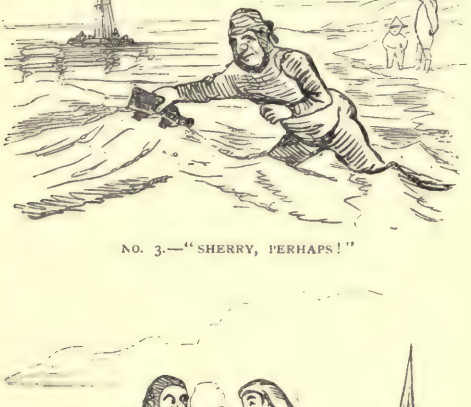
But something better was to come, for there was in Thackeray a power of burlesque fun, and a power of simple, domestic pathos, expressible in design as well as in words, and when fortune bade him work at such things as he was fitted for, he did well in despite of lack of power to draw. In 1841 was published "Comic Tales and Sketches, edited and illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh." The first volume gives the papers of Mr. Yellowplush in full, as in "Frazer." The second contains "Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan," since often reprinted; "The Professor, a Tale of Sentiment," of which the famous oyster-eater Dando is the hero, and which is not generally included in collected editions or reprinted volumes, though as good fun as any of those that are more common; "The Bedford Row Conspiracy," and "The Fatal Boots." Major Gahagan and the Bedford Row story were reprinted from the "New Monthly Magazine," the others from "Frazer," except always the last-named, which came out in "The Comic Almanac" for 1838. But there were two stories by Thackeray in "The Comic Almanac" in immediate succession—the above-named diary, in 1838, and another diary in 1839,—*videlicet*, that of Mr. Coxe Tuggeridge Coxe. Why did Mr. Titmarsh select one and not the other for his new volumes? Those two journals, each with twelve etchings by the great George Cruikshank, filled the almanac for those two years. Mr. Titmarsh, in his preface to his two volumes which are now under consideration, says that "if the author has not ventured to make designs for it, as for the other tales in the volumes, the reason is that the 'Boots' have been already illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank, a gentleman with whom Mr. Titmarsh does not quite wish to provoke comparisons." The designs in this book are very amusing, although as full of faults in drawing as a child's scrawls on a slate. The illustrated title-page is especially clever, with full-length portraits of the three authors, Mr. Titmarsh, Mr. Yellowplush and the Major.

In the same year, 1841, "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" came out in "Frazer." There are stories of its having been rejected by other magazines, of its having seemed, even to the accepting editor, too long, and of its having been cut down. Can it be that the delicate charm, the gentle humor, the refinement of this exquisite story, were so slow in finding a market? Mr. Trollope thinks, and no doubt rightly, for all the testimony is with his view, that Thackeray was his own worst enemy at this time; that he was indolent, and not a good, steady workman; that he was doubtful about his own powers and about the work he had best do. All this may be so, but all this does not suffice to explain the lack of success of the two volumes of burlesques, and of this last-named masterpiece of good story-telling and simple pathos. How do we explain the fact that in this year, 1841, he had still five years to wait for recognized success? It is a pity that such success came so slowly and so late, for the results of those years of anxiety and delay are to be found in that persistent melancholy and constant iteration of gloomy thoughts about men and women which is so sad and so annoying. The story of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" is by Samuel Titmarsh, brother of the artist Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who contributes the illustrations, which are engraved on metal in an odd sort of fashion. The main lines of the design seem to be produced by ordinary etching, but the design made in this way is little more than an outline. Then all parts of the picture which are not to be in high light are covered with a pale tint of fine ruled lines. It is an unusual style of engraving, but lends itself to the sketchy character of the designs.*

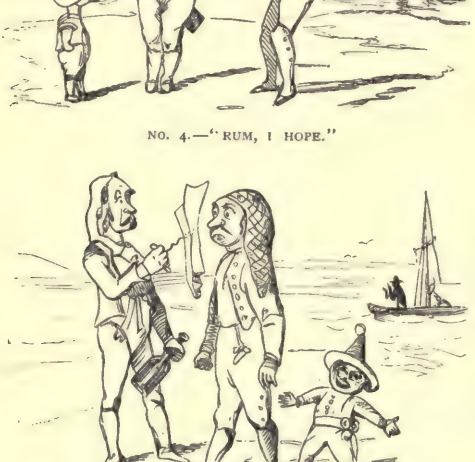
In 1842 and in 1843, in "Frazer," were published without pictorial illustration the "Fitz-Boodle Papers," "Dickens in France," with the comical travesty of "Nicholas Nickleby" into a popular drama of the *Café Chantant* type, and "Bluebeard's Ghost,"—in which the disconsolate widow bewails, like a pious relict, the martial virtues of the defunct. The contributions to "Frazer" are, in these years, of less relative importance than previously, and none are known to us in other monthly journals. A chance had been offered to Thackeray, which, fortunately, he seized with readiness. "Punch" had been started in 1841, and after some early struggles for life, and after changing hands from its original publishers to those who have held it firmly ever since, began its third volume in July, 1842, with Thackeray among its contributors. Whether anything of his had

* Mr. Trollope says that these designs were not by Thackeray at all. But Mr. Trollope has not been particular about accuracy in little matters. There are many slips in his book, and this must be one of them.

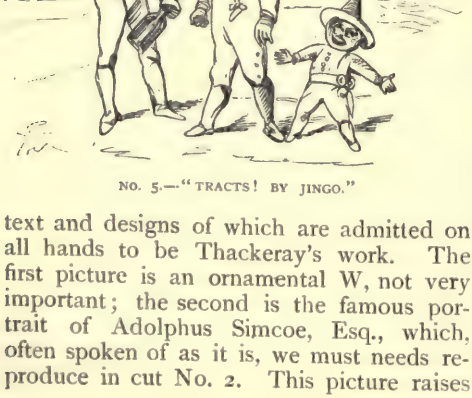
been printed before in "Punch," we do not undertake to say. A tolerable acquaintance with the first and second volume has not informed us of any. But in the first number of the third volume begin "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History," the



NO. 3.—"SHERRY, PERHAPS!"



NO. 4.—"RUM, I HOPE."



NO. 5.—"TRACTS! BY JINGO."

text and designs of which are admitted on all hands to be Thackeray's work. The first picture is an ornamental W, not very important; the second is the famous portrait of Adolphus Simcoe, Esq., which, often spoken of as it is, we must needs reproduce in cut No. 2. This picture raises the question, which, unfortunately, can never be satisfactorily answered, how far the wood-engravers modified his designs. This figure, for instance, is more complete in its drawing, less carelessly tossed off,—not as if the most startling errors in anatomy, in posture and in dress were of no consequence,—than are the etchings. If he made this drawing on the block, as is most probable, we can only conclude that he took some unusual pains to get it right. "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures" go on; in each number there is an installment of the text, and usually a picture or two. It is all sufficiently amusing, but in the sixth number is an especially important lecture. A poem is quoted from "Snoro the Bard (so called because of the exciting effect which his poem produced upon his audience)," and a manuscript is carefully cited for the original text, which has never been reprinted since this appearance in "Punch." And there follows another, the well-known song of King Canute from the same MS. ("Claud. xxvii., xxviii."), and "translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by Adolphus Simcox [*sic*], Esq." With this there is "an Anglo-Saxon drawing * * * never seen" before. The poem, unaltered, but not the drawing, is in "Rebecca and Rowena," published eight years later.

The next half-dozen lectures have each a picture or two; but the technical merit, such as it is, of Mr. Simcoe's portrait is not found in them; the sketches are only farcical. Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond have only such fun as is to be found in contrasting types of ugliness, King Richard's soldiers have modern English uniforms, and Blondell carries a barrel-organ; we are glad to find, farther on, the "Englishman with cloth-yard shaft," who is a very good counter-jumper with his well-known weapon. At this point the "Lectures" suddenly cease; nor do we recognize our artist again until, in the next volume, the first for 1843, there appears a letter inclosing two designs, and signed "Alonzo Spec, Historical Painter." The designs hitherto have not often been signed in any way; the cipher M. A. T., in the title-page of "Comic Tales and Sketches," is not common; another cipher, with W. T. for William Thackeray, occurs, but is also rare. But in the larger of Mr. Spec's two designs, he himself holds in his hands the *pair of spectacles* which were to become a signature as well known as the Leech in the Bottle. In this same Vol. IV. of "Punch," on page

199, is "A Turkish Letter concerning the *Divertissement* 'Les Houris,' translated by our own Dragoman," which has a cut—the earliest one we know of with that mark in the corner. There is not much of Thackeray's work in that volume: Douglas Jerrold is in great force with two of his continued or "serial" papers, and seems to fill the whole journal with his personality, while the illustrations are by Kenny Meadows, Leech and Hine. Still, there is a second Turkish letter, but the little cut in this has no signature. In the fifth volume are one or two cuts, evidently from Thackeray's designs, not signed; then, on page 184, is a poem, "Recollections of the Opera," which is an imitation of Panard's "Merveilles de l'Opéra," though not a translation of any part of it; also a ballad, "The Flying Duke," to each of which are illustrations with the spectacles in the corner. Are the poems by Thackeray? They must be, though they are not included in any edition of his works. Among the Thackeray cuts in this volume are the originals of our cuts Nos. 3, 4 and 5. An indignant letter from the Regent of Spain, Baldomero Espartero, quotes from the "Times" as follows:

> "The agents of the Tract Societies have lately had resource to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles *securely corked;* and * * * floated toward the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them upon their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contained are *supposed to have been* read with much interest;"

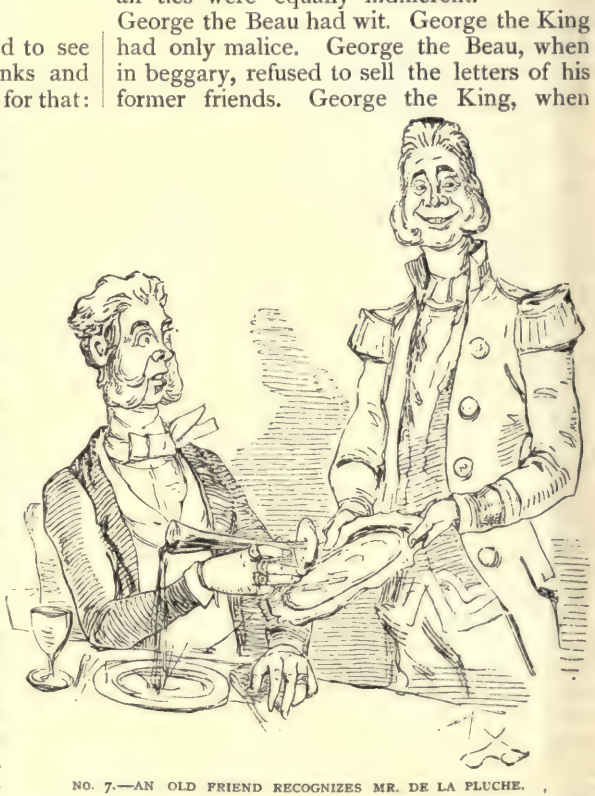
it then goes on to object to these performances of the "Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero," or Dissenting-tract smuggler. The pictures explain sufficiently the point of view from which his Highness the Regent looks at these transactions.

In this year, 1843, appeared "The Irish Sketch Book," in two volumes. This book also is by M. A. Titmarsh, though the dedication to Charles Lever is signed W. M. Thackeray. It is the simple record of a journey in Ireland, and is not as much read as it ought to be. The narrative is delightfully rapid and easy, the comments on what was new and strange are judicious, even in treating the difficult question of Irish poverty and shiftlessness, as contrasted with what is poor and forlorn in other lands. The author is discreet, moderate, successful. Throughout the book there is almost nothing of that dreary way of looking at people and their actions which already had become a fashion with Thackeray, and was soon to be an irresistible habit. But, good as is the "Irish Sketch Book," the best part of it is the poem of "Peg of Limavaddy," a gem well known to many people who have not found it in its original setting. But how much more delightful it is—any poem is—in its place! There ought to be a law against taking "Young Lochinvar" out of "Marmion," "Under the Greenwood Tree" away from "As You Like It," or "The Isles of Greece" from "Don Juan." When one wants to read "Peg of Limavaddy" it may seem hard to be ordered off to the "Irish Sketch Book"—but this would be a good general law, for all that. And, after all, the "Irish Sketch Book" is in every edition of Thackeray, from cheap little Tauchnitz, where it fills two volumes at fifty-five cents each, to the stately subscription edition of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., which must be bought complete, if at all, but which gives pictures as well as text. In all the collected editions, this and many another of the poems of Thackeray is printed twice—such is the stupid result of this habit of making up collections of poems from an author's different works; indeed, the ballad of "Canute" must be given three times, if the collected edition be but complete enough to give "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures." But to return to the poem about Peggy: one of the most sprightly and fascinating little chants in the language, it is disfigured in its original form by an ugly and misshapen little picture, too hideous to reproduce. The verses describe a beauty: the illustration gives a deformity, a monster.

In 1844, "Little Travels" appear in "Frazer" and "Barry Lyndon" begins in the same journal,—the wonderful tale of a scoundrel adventurer, worthy for its vigor and picturesqueness almost to stand on the same shelf with the real memoirs of some of the famous adventurers of the last century, as if belonging to autobiography rather than fiction. This was the last of "Frazer" for Thackeray. He was beginning to be known as an author of solid, independent bound volumes (for the "Irish Sketch Book" had been tolerably successful), and besides he was very busy with "Punch." In that weekly, this year, is "The Next French Revolution," running through many numbers, a piece of broad farce, with pictures still more farcical. What was the "scunner" which Thackeray had taken at Louis Philippe? What had France done to him to make him so amusingly uniform in denunciation of everything that that nation

NO. 6.—RAILROAD SPECULATORS.

might do? When Hogarth is found to see nothing in France but spindle-shanks and rags, we are not at a loss to account for that: great talent does not clear a man's eyes as to all things at once, and the more he sees the truth of life and character in the people about him, the more our man of talent will mistake as to things not so familiar,—fancying he sees, and convinced, by his habit of mind, that he is right in his fancies. Nor do we claim for Thackeray any especial perspicacity. He was as hasty a critic of things he had not thought about as anybody, as poor a judge of books and men whom he had not especially studied, as unreasonable and narrow in his notions of other nations than his own. What does seem strange is that he should have these insular instincts of contempt for a land and a community which he had seen so much of as France and the French. He had lived in Paris, and although the art-students' life—with which Thackeray was largely occupied—does not tend to make a social and political observer, yet long familiarity with people, language and customs ought to have brought reflection after a while, or sympathy, at least. However, there was a ludicrous and even contemptible side to the Citizen King, no doubt, and it is well enough seized in these pictures and prose sketches in Vol. VI. of "Punch." The imitation of military spirit and Napoleonism on the part of the essentially *bourgeois* kingship of Louis Philippe was a fair enough butt, in this and in other ways. But we like Thackeray better when he gets back to England. One must know the true inwardness of things to parody them—to make good fun of them; and on page 218 we find a first installment of what he had to say about one of his favorite subjects of study, George the Fourth. Rumor had it that a statue to Beau Brummel was to be set up in Trafalgar Square, where "will dwell, in kindly neighborhood, George the Beau and George the Fourth.† * * * * Looking at Brummel, we shall remember with glowing admiration the man 'who never failed in his tye.' Beholding George the Fourth, we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent. * * * * George the Beau had wit. George the King had only malice. George the Beau, when in beggary, refused to sell the letters of his former friends. George the King, when



NO. 7.—AN OLD FRIEND RECOGNIZES MR. DE LA PLUCHE.

Prince of Wales, sold his party at the first profitable opportunity." And so on,—

† Equestrian statue of George IV. by Chantrey.

reminding one of the famous "epitaphs,"* published the very next year, and of the well-known lectures first delivered in America. The picture accompanying this, too large to reproduce, gives us the statue of Brummel, jerking his thumb toward the King, on the other side of the page, and, inscribed on the pedestal, the immortal words: "Who's your Fat Friend?"† In the next volume "A Hint to Moses," with two capital little cuts, ought to be in the collected works; see it in Vol. VII., p. 19. A few pages on begin the contributions of "Our Fat Contributor." His articles, with a picture to every one, go on through the next volume, VII.; in which there are also several small, separate papers and head-piece wood-cuts by Thackeray. On page 244 appears the poem, since printed in the volume of "Ballads," beginning:

"The night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep; Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep."

Cut No. 6 is copied from its illustration.

In "Punch" of the same year (Vol. IX.) begins the story of another and greater railway speculator, James Plush, the fortunate footman. The first installment contains the "Heligy," by Maryanne ("Jeames of Buckley Square"), with the prefatory account of Jeames's successful speculations, and a capital illustration by Leech. Afterward, our designer had more courage or more energy and made his own pictures. We give, in cut No. 7, the scene when "Old Pump asked me to drink Shampane, and on turning to take the glass I saw Chawls Wackles (with whomb I'd been imployed at Colonel Spurrier's house) grinning over his shoulder at the butler." The cuts hereabout are as good as the best of Thackeray's; a very good one in the same volume is "A Doe in the City." This accompanies a prose paper not republished, and a brief poem, which is in some copies of Thackeray's "Ballads," but not in all:

"Little Kitty Lorimer,
Fair and young and witty,
What has brought your ladyship
Rambling to the city?"

The "doe" is, of course, feminine for "stag," a bit of stock-exchange slang, which we have not adopted into the Wall-street language along with "bull" and "bear." Thackeray is strong in this volume; "Punch's" commissioner at Brighton sends in capital drawings of the well-known type; and there are two ballads never since republished, and cuts to them; a large cut with legend, of the regular Punch style, not common to him, and the four "Epitaphs on the Four Georges."

In this year, 1845, Thackeray contributed to George Cruikshank's "Table Book" the "Legend of the Rhine." The serio-comic story itself has been reprinted in several editions, but the Cruikshank wood-cuts only of late, in the great subscription edition already named. In this same year, too, Thackeray went a voyage to the East, on the occasion of an excursion organized by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The little volume he made out of it, a readable and pleasant book of travels, though of necessity slighter and less valuable than the Irish one, bears date 1846, and is entitled, "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem." The name of Titmarsh appears on this title page, too; but here, as in the "Irish Sketch Book," the dedication is signed by the author's real name. This dedication is to "Captain Lewis," whom every reader knows. The book contains the ballad in which appears "The White Squall," and is as much immortalized by including it as is the "Irish Sketch Book" by "Peg of Limavaddy." An etched and colored frontispiece and twenty or more small wood-cuts decorate this little work; they are not of great importance. Leisure, fun, the library table and his friends about him—these seem to have been Thackeray's favorite conditions for making drawings.

All Thackeray's other work, both literary and graphic, becomes for the moment of comparatively small importance as "Vanity Fair" begins to appear. Was it in 1846 or in 1847? Our bound-up copy will not tell, for, of course, its title-page bears the date of the *completed* first edition, 1848. The best authority seems to make for the 1st of February, 1847. The manuscript, or an installment of it, but under another very different name, had been offered to at least one magazine, and declined. Dickens's books had a way of coming out in monthly parts in green wrappers, two "Phiz" etch-

* Punch, Vol. IX., p. 159.

† After the quarrel between them, Brummel was talking with a lady at a ball, when the Regent spoke to her without noticing her companion. "Who's your fat friend, Lady ——?" said Brummel, so that all around could hear. The story is told in many different ways.

ings in each; and, though risky, this seemed a good way. Thackeray's publishers tried it with yellow covers instead of green, and with forty etchings in the eighteen parts, and perhaps a hundred and fifty wood-ends,—there are no more words on the page; the rest of it (nearly half) is filled with the scene described, Mrs. O'Dowd bursting in and taking Amelia's hand. The full-page etchings, in like manner, come

No. 8.—VENUS PREPARING THE ARMOR OF MARS. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

cuts. In fact, "Vanity Fair" is one of the best illustrated books in the world. That first edition ought to be re-issued in fac-simile, and brought within everybody's reach. As the story moves along on its slow and winding way, with eddies and back-sets, like a stream in a flat country, there comes a little picture just where it is needed, at every picturesque moment. "'Think of those two aides-de-camp of Mr. Moses,'" says Becky to her husband, who is out of spirits at being kept out of London, by fear of sheriff's officers; and here are the two sheriff's officers on the page, and just after the line we have quoted. "The door was flung open, and a stout, jolly lady in a riding habit, followed by a couple of officers of Ours, entered the room." The sentence where they are wanted. Opposite the beginning of chapter thirty, with the capital bit about Peggy O'Dowd getting things ready for her Major, on the night before Waterloo, we have the really admirable picture carefully fac-similed in our cut No. 8.

But in the pictures we have named, and in all, one is worried by finding the costume that of 1847, and *not* of 1815. "Why that?" asks the reader; "why should the people of Waterloo year, and before it, be represented in crinoline and flounces, in trowsers and low-collared coats?" And at the end of the sixth chapter we find this note and the illustration, cut No. 9: "It was the author's intention, faithful to history, to depict all the characters of this tale in their proper costumes, as they were then at the

commencement of the century. But when I remember the appearance of people in those days, and that an officer and lady were actually habited like this——

NO. 9.—COSTUMES OF 1815. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

I have not the heart to disfigure my heroes and heroines by costumes so hideous." It

NO. 10.—CUFF AND DOBBIN. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

is strange to read those words to-day; that very female costume that he laughs at, and thinks too bad to be used in his book, is not far from being what is most in fashion now for ornamental purposes, and for the subjects of pictures. Moreover, to the student of costume, the little figure in this cut which he gives as a sample of ugliness, is far more sensibly clothed than his Amelia; more sensibly as to the bonnet, more gracefully as to the gown. Would it not have been more exactly true, had our author said at once that the labor of looking up costumes, etc., was not at all to his taste? Long afterward, Thackeray did thoroughly one piece of hard work, and its results remain in "Esmond," the "Virginians," and the "Humorists." It seems as if he had begun to do

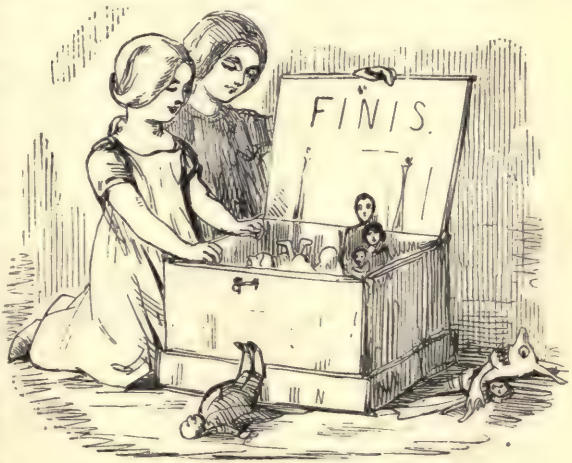
NO. 11.—THE LITTLE POSTMAN. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

another one, in his preparation for "Denis Duval."

The little tail-pieces and initial letters in "Vanity Fair" are captivating, and these

NO. 12.—THACKERAY AS JESTER. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

are so small that we have made room for more than one of them. The C (cut No. 10), with the battle of the boys, is the initial of the chapter which tells about the great battle between Cuff and Dobbin. The little postman (cut No. 11) is at the end of a



NO. 13.—TAIL-PIECE TO "VANITY FAIR."

chapter which tells of Emmy's love-letters to her poor creature of a lover. No. 12 is a cut which has often been reproduced—on the title page of the original collection of Thackeray's "Ballads": for once it seems to hit the taste of his readers, as an embodiment of his peculiar humor and pathos. Dr. John Brown copies it, and speaks of it as "like him in face as well as in more. The tired, young, kindly wag is sitting and looking into space, his mask and jester's rod lying idly on his knees." Cut No. 13 is the final tail-piece. The last words of the novel are these: "Ah! *Vanitas vanitatum*, which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." And the picture follows close under those words. To the present writer, that constant reiteration of disbelief and discontent in men and events is a blemish, and that constant poking out of the showman's head among his puppets an artistic fault of the gravest character. Thackeray's pathos and humor are pleasant in spite of that croaking mood, and his stories are admirable in spite of his own determination that the reader shall not forget himself and the author, and live for the time in the story. To the writer these two cuts embody, in a pictorial form, that which was the weakness of Thackeray's literary art, and they are given because they do so; though, indeed, in themselves they are as good as anything he has done.

No. 14.—MR. HOKEY.

No. 16.—MR. HANNIBAL FITCH.

No. 15.—MR. WINKLES.

No. 17.—A TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY. (FROM "PUNCH.")

Miss Potts.—"Married her uncle's black footman, as I am a sinful woman."
Mrs. Totts.—"No?"
Mrs. Watts.—"O!"
Miss Watts.—"Law!"

In "Punch" for 1846, "Jeames's Diary" is continued in serial form, with large illustrations and fanciful initial letters. The articles are so appropriately illustrated, the little pictures fit so pat, and the big ones are so expressive, that it is a wonder that the book has been reproduced so often without the clever designs. "I'm a British Lion, I am!" exclaims Jeames, "as brayv as Bonypart, Hannible, or Holiver Crummle," and immediately after these words comes a sketch of the redoubtable Oliver with drawn sword, and leading his Ironsides at a tearing gallop against a forest of pikes. The full-length portrait of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, and that of Lady Angelina,—the latter the famous object of Lord Southdown's lines, beginning

"The castle towers of Bareacres are fair
upon the lea,"—

are quite necessary for the comprehension of the narrative. But soon after these, which mark the moment of Mr. de la Pluche's highest fortune, the downfall begins, and before the volume is half done the great operator is "Jeames" once more, and he has been in jail and got out of it again to marry Maryanne, and be humble and happy. Thackeray turns away from their story before the end of it, and begins the series of papers called "The Snobs of England, by One of Themselves," with no pictures at first except spirited little initials, until, at the end of the fourth paper, we find the English mother instructing her babes in the Peerage. So far he has shot only at fair game, but the mania to find everything and everybody snobbish carries him too far, as Mr. Trollope has well pointed out, and the next cut represents Raleigh spreading his cloak for Elizabeth to tread on—the Queen an old hag, and Raleigh middle-aged and black-bearded, in rather an anachronistic way—the whole scene represented as an act of snobbery, certainly a new reading of that semi-historical event. But meanwhile Jeames is recalled and finally disposed of, in the chapters which describe his tavern, his journey, the famous "break of gauge," and the loss and recovery of the baby, with two very spirited cuts. Mr. Titmarsh, too, writes to "Punch" to object to remarks made upon his having gone *free* to the East in the journey we have mentioned, and this letter he illustrates. "Modest Merit" signs a letter about the Royal Academy, in which, in six pictures and a little text, the exhibitors are treated instead of their works, and as their works might have been. Our cuts, Nos. 14, 15 and 16, show first "Mr. Hokey, as watching the effect of his picture"; then Mr. Winkles, whose picture is floored; and Mr. Hannibal Fitch, whose picture is on the line, because "*his aunt washes for an Academician.*" Volume XI. begins with "A New Naval

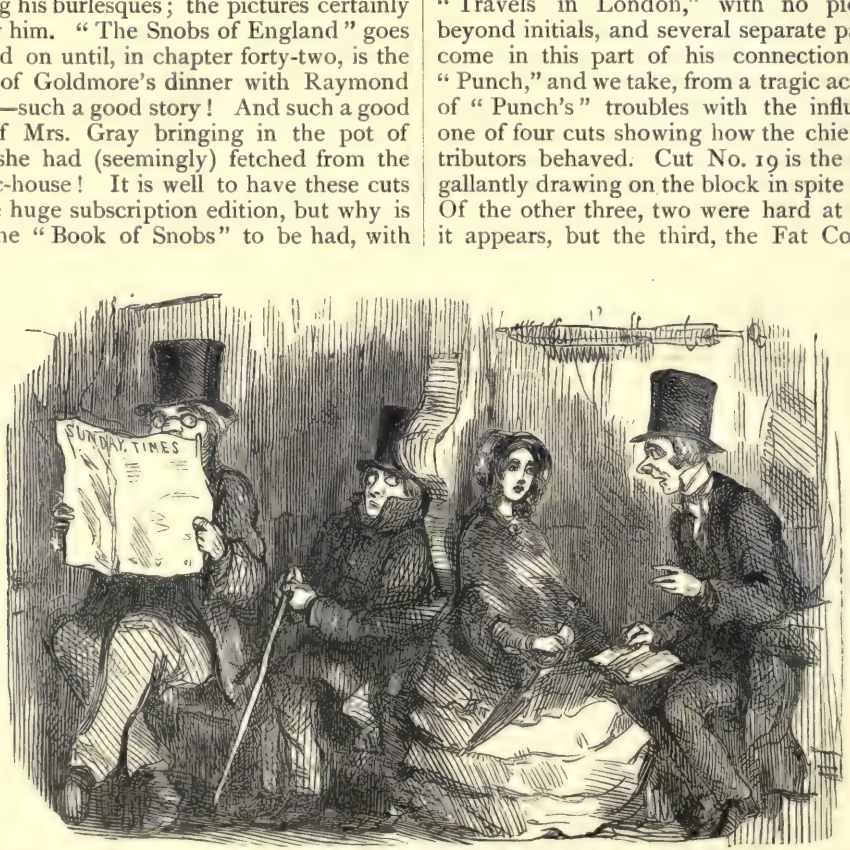
NO. 18.—THE TITMARSH-CUPID OF "LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY."

NO. 20.—"IS IT A SUPPER BALL OR A TAY BALL?"

NO. 19.—MR. PUNCH'S ARTIST DURING THE INFLUENZA.

NO. 21.—A SCRAP FROM "PUNCH."

Drama," which, if by Thackeray, should be among his burlesques; the pictures certainly are by him. "The Snobs of England" goes on and on until, in chapter forty-two, is the story of Goldmore's dinner with Raymond Gray—such a good story! And such a good cut of Mrs. Gray bringing in the pot of beer she had (seemingly) fetched from the public-house! It is well to have these cuts in the huge subscription edition, but why is not the "Book of Snobs" to be had, with its pictures, for 3s. 6d.? In this volume, there are by Thackeray many separate short papers, and even large cuts with only a legend, of which we give one in No. 17. And in Volume XII., in 1847, the Snob papers are renewed until, in the fifty-second number, after a full year of the discussion, they stop, like the Iliad,—not ended, but only cut off. There is also "The Mahogany Tree," under the title "Punch Singeth at Christmas," and with a stanza which is not generally printed, and is as well left out. "Love-Songs made Easy" are scattered through this volume, and the one entitled "What Makes my Heart to Thrill and Glow" is accompanied by an initial letter inclosing the design given in our cut No. 18. Some of them are called "Love-Songs by the Fat Contributor," and "The Cane-Bottom Chair" is one of these, though since entirely taken out of the list. "Punch's Prize Novelists" begins here and runs over into Volume XIII., including several novels never reprinted and with a number of illustrations. "Travels in London," with no pictures beyond initials, and several separate papers, come in this part of his connection with "Punch," and we take, from a tragic account of "Punch's" troubles with the influenza, one of four cuts showing how the chief contributors behaved. Cut No. 19 is the artist, gallantly drawing on the block in spite of all. Of the other three, two were hard at work, it appears, but the third, the Fat Contrib-



NO. 22.—THE OLD GENTLEMAN GIVING HIS VIEWS OF "PUNCH" IN THE HEARING OF JERROLD AND THACKERAY.

NO. 23.—MAJOR PENDENNIS GROWING OLD.

utor, had given up wholly, and would do nothing but wheeze and groan out objurgations. "He was the only man that failed 'Punch' in the sad days of the influenza," says Thackeray of his double, the "F. C." as he likes to call him, making his own fun of that laziness and dislike to work steadily, and in despite of annoyances, which he shared with other men of genius.

At Christmas, 1847, was published "Our Street," a thin little quarto with full-page wood-cuts, and thirty pages or so of text. This is not the best of the Christmas books. The pictures in particular have little life, and, although better drawn than some of the early ones, are not remarkable even in that way. "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," another Christmas book of a later year, is a more amusing story, and has better illustrations. Mr. M. A. Titmarsh is honored by a request from Mrs. Perkins to bring with him to her ball "any *very* eligible young man": and as he reads the lady's note the Mulligan of Ballymulligan happens to call, and, as usual, leans over Mr. Titmarsh and reads the letters on his desk (cut No 20). "Hwat's this?" says the Mulligan. "Who's Perkins? Is it a supper ball or a tay ball?" and he goes to it with Mr. Titmarsh, in the latter's despite. He is immense, both in the text and in the picture; dancing with Miss Little he is a splendid Hibernian whirlwind; but we have decided for the scene at Mr. Titmarsh's chambers. This book is said to have been issued with colored plates, but it is known to us as printed in black and a tint, as is the case with "Our Street." The Christmas book for 1848 was "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," with colored etchings, and a pretty little bit of pathos at the end about Miss Raby and Davison Major. Twenty years ago this book was pretty well known in New York—everybody had it; and the pathetic but cheerful poem with which it ends, one of Thackeray's most natural, most manful, and most poetical utterances, has retained its hold on its old readers:

> "The play is done, the curtain drops,
> Slow falling to the prompter's bell."

The Christmas book for 1849 was the continuation to Ivanhoe, "Rebecca and Rowena," with several of the best poems of our poet—

> "Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin,
> That never has felt the barber's shear,"

and

> "Before I lost my five poor wits,
> I mind me of a Romish clerk,"

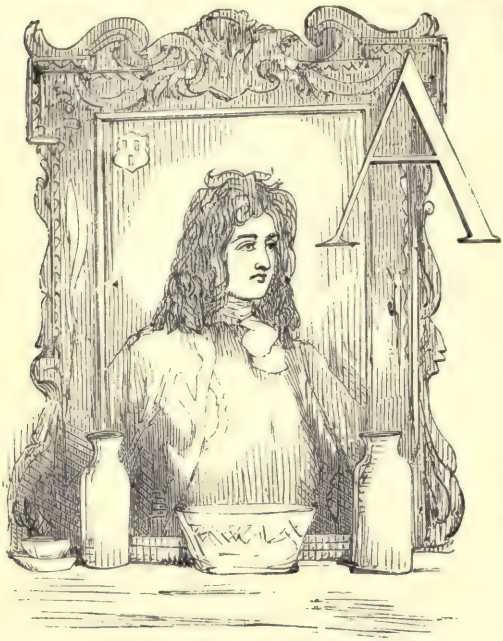
and

> "The Pope he is a happy man,"

together with the Latin epitaph on Ivanhoe and Wamba's translation of it, and "Canute," reprinted from "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures." But this famous book is illustrated

NO. 24.—INITIAL TO "THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS."

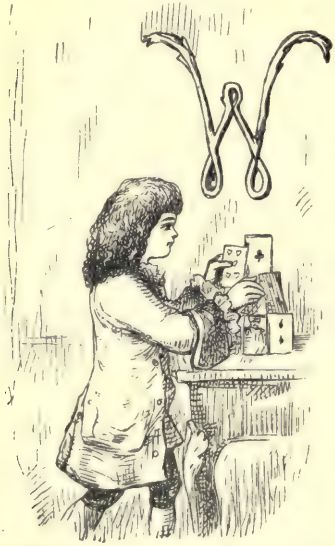
by Richard Doyle, and we must pass it by. And to have done, for the present, with Christmas books, that for 1850 was "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," in which that heavy dragoon, Captain Hicks, who had



NO. 25.—HENRY ESMOND'S PORTRAIT. (FROM "THE VIRGINIANS.")

served rather as a butt for his satire, carried off Miss Fanny Kicklebury, of whose regard he himself had hopes.

Volume XIV. of "Punch" begins 1848, the year of revolutions. A ballad and a picture, never reproduced, but clearly by Thackeray, relate how "Mr. Smith," formerly known as King Louis Philippe, with his wife, called at the



NO. 26.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

shop of Moses & Son; how they admired its splendor—

"I've looked upon many a pallace before,
But splendor like this, love, I never yet sor"—

and how Mr. Smith became a complete Englishman by means of his new suit of clothes.

Jeames appears in print again, and writes from his tavern to say that while he is a "pokercuranty on plitticle subjix," he yet longs to say a word for the footmen who have been so abused in Paris and elsewhere. There is in this volume a deal of Thackeray, which, like the pieces we have named, is left there, almost unknown. The little picture we give in cut 21 belongs to a scrap of prose of no permanent value; but the picture, at least, should be added to our author's collected works. Is this out of the

NO. 27.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

question? and may we not hope that a supplementary volume will be added to that edition of Thackeray's works which comes the nearest to completion—the subscription edition in twenty-four volumes, in which, with every piece of Thackeray's writing which is reproduced, is given all the illustrations which have ever been made for it, whether by Cruikshank, Doyle, Du Maurier, or the author himself? "A Little Dinner at Timmins's" is in this volume of "Punch"; that is, of course, in the edition we speak of, and in that edition for the first time it has the cuts that belong to it; but why are not the other and more ephemeral bits preserved there? The *opera omnia* are what one asks

for in Thackeray's case. In Volume XV. (the same year) there is "a comedy in four tableaux," that is, wood-cuts with legends, "The Hampstead Road," and it is better worth preserving even than the Timmins story, which is very like a host of others. And whoever it was that wrote "Model Women" (was it not Mayhew?), it was certainly Thackeray that illustrated "The Model Wife," "The Model Mother," and the rest of the papers. "Authors' Miseries" are here, too, larger and more elaborate illustrations than usual, and the largest of them we give, cut No. 22.* In Volumes XVI. and XVII.—the two for 1849—are so many things by Thackeray that we can only name a few. Mr. "Spec" writes about Child's Parties that lament concerning their extravagance and absurdity which we have all read; but to this he has added little pictures which few of us have seen. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse, from the Contributor at Paris," is found here without illustration. "The Story of Koompanee Jehan," and a host of small studies besides, have head-pieces or initial letters which ought to be known; and "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town" runs through the whole year, in a dozen or more numbers. It was in this year that the first volume of "Pendennis" was finished. Of the large etchings in that volume none are good enough for reproduction; the little head and tail pieces are better, certainly, and we give one of these in our cut No. 23: but it is in "Punch," still, that his best illustrations appear.

In 1850, Volumes XVIII. and XIX., there is another paper, still from Mr. J——s Plush, giving his thoughts on a new comedy. This, we think, has never been reprinted. "Hobson's Choice" has a head-piece; "The New House of Commons" another. The papers called "The Proser," and signed by Solomon Pacifico, are also here, but have not many pictures; and there are many pieces and cuts besides of the authorship of which one is sure, and some of which one is not so sure. But the charm of these two volumes is their poetical element. In Vol. XVIII. is "The Ballad of Eliza Davis," with the big initial which we give in cut No. 24, the G of the line

"Galliant gents and lovely ladies,"

with which that poem begins. The verses are signed "X," but there is no heading as yet

NO. 28.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

identifying this with other of that author's poems. The next one of "X's" poems follows soon; it is "The Lamentable Ballad of the Foundling of Shoreditch," and has also a large cut. Then the strain changes, and what is called in collected editions "Mr. Molony's Lament," appears as by Mr. Finigan. Then "X" strikes his lyre again, and chants his "Lines on a Late Hospicious Ewent: by a Gentleman of the Foot Guards (Blue)"; but gives us no picture with it. In Volume XIX. is "Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball," and a greal deal more, of which

NO. 29.—INITIAL LETTER W. (FROM "THE VIRGINIANS.")

* Punch, Vol. XV., p. 198.

we can only mention the numerous squibs and satirical assaults upon the new Roman Catholic hierarchy for England, then just created by a bull of the pope, and exciting plenty of jealousy, terror and vague anticipation. Thackeray is as hearty a partisan, as bold an assailant of monks and monkery, foreign priests, clerical aggression, and the rest, as the most Protestant of Englishmen could desire. In Volume XX. (for 1851) for this that he thought it unwise to attack the newly self-made Emperor of the French in the savage way that "Punch" was doing. But it is certain that he had almost stopped contributing before that onslaught on Napoleon began.

No doubt he was otherwise constantly occupied, for in 1851 he was lecturing on "The English Humorists"; in 1852 "Henry Esmond" was published, in the charming

NO. 30.—A SCENE IN GLASGOW. (FROM "THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO AND OTHER SKETCHES.")

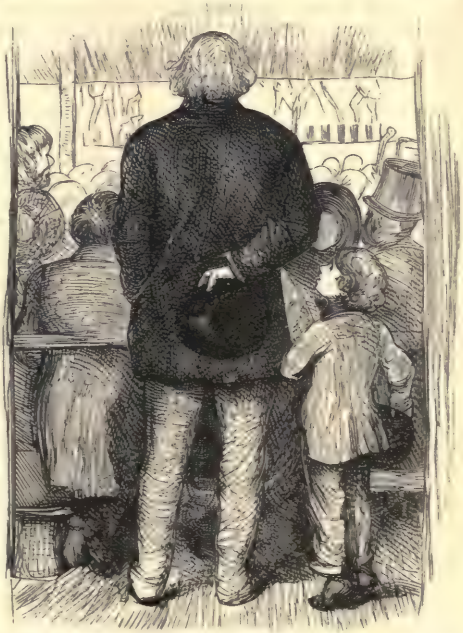
there are several poems—"The Yankee Volunteers" and "Mr. Molony's Account of the Crystal Palace." This last appears in the number for April 26, and relates, of course, to the opening of the original old Paxton "Crystal Palace," in Hyde Park, which was to be opened formally on the first of May. It is stated that this poem had been intended for "Punch," but was late, and was therefore sent to the "Times," where it appeared; but here it is, in "Punch," and where it should be! It is one more little mistake for Mr. Trollope; he may have been thinking of the "May Day Ode," Thackeray's graver poem on the same subject; that is not in "Punch" and may have appeared in the "Times." And now, Thackeray's contributions to "Punch" become few and scattered, and by and by cease altogether. In a "Quarterly Review" article, three years later, he gives as a reason

first edition in three small volumes, of old-style typography and general appearance; and in the same year he came first to America with the above named lectures, and while here delivered for the first time, for the benefit of "The Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor," and in Dr. Dewey's old church, since turned into a theater, the lecture called "Charity and Humor." Then came "The Newcomes," one volume in 1854 and one in 1855. In 1854 he is found again in "Punch," writing the letters of "Our Own Bashi Bazouk, from the Seat of War in Turkey," exactly as if Major Gahagan had come to life again. And in 1855 he was again in America, lecturing on the "Four Georges" at Dr. Chapin's old church, in Broadway, long since swept away. In that year there was one more Christmas book, "The Rose and the Ring," a fairy story;

NO. 31.—THE THREE OF SPADES. (FROM "THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO," ETC.)

but Thackeray's better fun and better taste are both wanting to it, and the wood-cuts in particular are hideous. Some of our readers may know Tom Hood's little pictures in "Hood's Own" or the "Comic Annual," and may remember how ugly they are, how the fun of them seems in some way to be mixed up with monstrosity. Well, it is in that way that some of Thackeray's pictures are ugly—it is a pain to have to look at them; and these of "The Rose and the Ring" are of that character. "Henry Esmond" had had no illustrations;* "The Newcomes" was illustrated by Richard Doyle; and it was not until 1857 that the author began once more to illustrate a novel, and then it was "The Virginians," for which he began to make large etchings and small head-pieces. The latter are clever enough; Nos. 25 to 28 are all initial letters from "The Virginians," needing no explanation, except that No. 25 seems to be Henry Esmond's portrait, above the chimney-piece at the Virginia house of Castlewood. As for the large plates here, they are even more careless and weak than those in "Pendennis." There is not one which we should care to reproduce, if we could give a hundred illustrations. What does it mean? Why is this extraordinary difference in Thackeray's work? Why is some of it so very much better than the rest? It is true, of course, that he never mastered this art of etching; but then he was usually content to leave his work almost in mere outline, with only the slightest suggestion of light and shade. And, besides, no want of skill with the etching-needle can explain the impossible action, the vague and meaningless gesture and attitude of the characters in many of these plates. The writer has tried to describe this awkward untruthfulness, and finds it a very ungracious task, and tedious reading,—better at once struck out, and criticism confined to the general statement that whole series of these illustrations are too devoid of form and purpose to be considered at all.

There was published in 1876 "The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches," etc., a folio of carefully made reproductions by photographic process of many of Thackeray's drawings. This was brought out under the care of Miss Thackeray, and avowedly to counteract the false impression produced by the exceedingly unpleasant little cuts given



NO. 32.—THACKERAY AT THE PLAY. (FROM THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE.")

* The Du Maurier illustrations to "Henry Esmond" did not appear till several years later.

in "Thackerayana," in which are given wood-cuts of the hasty little scrawls he used to make in his books. From this carefully made book we take one most spirited study, a drawing worthy even of John Leech, and somewhat in his manner. It is a scene in Glasgow, which Thackeray found dismal; and of the drawing Miss Thackeray speaks very justly, as showing that "the whole atmosphere of the scene stamped itself with dismal vividness upon his mind." Now it is nothing to say that few of his designs were as good as that one: had many of them been so good he would have been a great designer, instead of a great writer with a knack for drawing; but how can we account for a man who could do that, who could see so clearly and express so forcibly, albeit in a humble fashion, contentedly drawing, engraving and publishing such tameness as the large pictures in "Pendennis" and "The Virginians"?

Among the drawings in "The Orphan of Pimlico" are some that have been engraved on wood. Comparison of these with the prints of the engravings shows that the theory that the wood-engravers improved his work is not always, or as a rule, correct. There are delicacies of expression and even of drawing which are lost in the cuts. The explanation lies in some part of these evident peculiarities of the man: that he was by nature easily tired, easily brought to such a state of mind that he could not do his best; that he was not by nature an artist, inasmuch as the beauty of things and the true and profound character of things did not strike him forcibly, nor stay by him long; that he was capable of excitement, both by pity and by fun and friendship, which would make him for a half-hour draw men, women and children, but only then swiftly and cleverly, seizing the more important lines and neglecting the others, in true artist fashion for the nonce. In this case of "The Virginians," we all know how full he had filled his mind with the men of Queen Anne's and of George the First's day, and with their manners and speech. He had written that wonderful novel, "Henry Esmond," the two sets of lectures, and part of "The Virginians"—and yet in his designs the dress of his own heroes and heroines is never represented with any accuracy, the decorated interiors in which they moved are not even hinted at, scarcely even an ornamental letter suggests any notion of the exterior of that old life. No, the external world, the world of forms and colors in which the artist lives, Thackeray hardly knew. Not a sketch exists which shows any truthful observation of architecture, ornament, fanciful utensils and dress seen by him in his Eastern and continental travel. Not a sketch exists showing that he had observed light and shade as an artist observes it. No. 31 is a bit of fun, of child's play, and of it Miss Thackeray says: "My father was specially pleased with the likeness to Mr. Gibbon which he discovered in the three of spades." And no wonder! Such fun as this he was great in, and these drawings we have given show that, in so far as a literary feeling for character—shall we say a novelist's feeling for character?—is expressible in graphic art, so far he was able to express himself, though with a tripping pencil which he never fully mastered. In treating his book illustration, it must needs be compared with the standard which we have already set up for Cruikshank and Leech, and of course it suffers by such comparison. That he should have been willing to invite it, for so many years, is a mystery which criticism from the outside cannot hope to explain in a final way.

Our last cut (No. 32) is from the "Cornhill," to which Thackeray devoted the last few years of his life, and is the head-piece of one of those "Roundabout Papers" which graced its early volumes. Of many portraits of himself that he drew, it is probably the last.

SAD SPRING.

THE leaves will grow again, and happy birds
Find glad new songs to sing above the nest;
Sometime again the wind will breathe sweet words
Among the blossomed trees, from east to west.

But ah, but ah, when violets bud and grow
Upon a grave,—when birds their music pour
While one dear nest is empty! I think that so
Spring must be sad to me for evermore.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY J. RAYMOND. IV.

(EDITED BY HIS SON.)

FOURTH PAPER: THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1866.

It is still, perhaps, an open question as to the true position to which the National Union Convention, held at the city of Philadelphia in 1866, should be assigned in the political annals of our country. Some will always maintain—and possibly believe—that it was in its inception and consummation a deliberate scheme on the part of Southern Democrats and their Northern allies to disrupt the Republican or Union party, and, by dividing it on the important question of reconstruction, aid the Democratic party in acquiring power and encourage President Johnson in what those who hold this opinion will always believe to have been a deliberate betrayal of the political party which made him the successor of Abraham Lincoln.

Others believe now as they believed then, that the Convention was intended to be, and was, a gathering of prominent men of both parties from every State and Territory in the Union, assembled to add authority, dignity and influence to the action already inaugurated by a Conservative minority, and to record its protest against, and call public attention to, the manner in which, as they believed, the Constitution was being violated, the purpose and object of the war forgotten, victory abused by a reckless majority, and a conquered people given over to the tender mercies of corrupt adventurers, ignorant demagogues, and needy politicians.

I believe that the bitter denunciation to which the Convention and every one who took part in it was subjected, by what was then known as the Radical wing of the Republican party, has been modified in no small degree by subsequent events and by mature reflection, free from prejudice or excitement; and that many who were so fierce then will admit to-day that their first judgments were too severe, and possibly unwarranted. The Convention failed to accomplish the object for which it had been called into being, so far as any practical results were achieved. The passions and temper of the hour prompted a rejection of its platform and principles by the people—while those who participated in its deliberations were either viewed with suspicion by their political associates or denied all further party fellowship. Yet, what unprejudiced mind to-day will say that the Philadelphia Convention, at least so far as its Republican delegates were concerned, was not intended to be an honest and patriotic attempt to forestall and prevent certain dangerous tendencies, the shadows of which had even then been cast before. We fought not for conquest—but, having won the victory, claimed and exercised the rights of conquerors. It is as a result of this policy that we have before us to-day the same duty that we had in 1861—to repudiate all doctrines aiming, in their logical results, at a destruction of our *national* life. The Chittenden resolutions of 1861 declared that the war was not waged for conquest, but to preserve the Union. The Reconstruction Acts assumed that the Union was a league—that the seceded States had left the Union and had perfected and consummated that departure, and hence, being conquered, were to be re-admitted practically as new States. The delegates to the Philadelphia Convention maintained that the States had not left and could not leave the Union by their own action, and the Supreme Court of the United States has placed on record its judicial opinion sustaining the theory so cordially reprobated by the majority in 1866. "The State [Tennessee] remained a State of the Union, and never escaped the obligations of the Constitution, though for a while she may have evaded their enforcement." *

But it is not the purpose of this article either to provoke a political discussion or attempt any vindication of the Convention, or of those who took part in its deliberations. Successful or unsuccessful, it was, in many respects, one of the most important political gatherings ever called together in this country, and, as such, it will have its place in any history of this nation during the past twenty years. In aid of such a history, it is my desire to contribute the

* J. F. Keith, plaintiff in error, *vs.* E. A. Clark, Collector of the State, etc., in error, to the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

reflections and impressions formed by that Convention upon one who, willingly or unwillingly, became one of its controlling minds—and to give them as recorded by him at the time. That my father sought to accomplish that which he sincerely and honestly believed to be for the greatest good of the greatest number, none who knew him could ever doubt; and this publication of his private memoranda, giving an inside history of the origin of the Convention and the manner in which he became identified with it, will only confirm what perhaps no one ever doubted.

The Journal begins:

"The first I ever heard of the Philadelphia Convention was from Mr. Thurlow Weed, about the first of July (1866). He called at my house in Washington, and in the course of conversation said that it was thought important, as Congress had done nothing toward restoring the Union and providing a national basis of political action, that a convention should be called, in which Union men from all the States should be represented. He had talked with Mr. Seward about it, and they both desired me to prepare an address; and, as the political season was already well advanced, the sooner this could be done, the better. I told him that I would think of it.

"The same day I saw Mr. Seward, who asked me if Mr. Weed had spoken to me on the subject. I told him he had, and that I would take it into consideration; it seemed to me not free from difficulties and dangers. A day or two after, he asked me if I had prepared an address. I said I had not—that, as I understood it, what they wanted from me was an *argument* for speedy restoration, addressed to the people, and that this would come with more effect from the Convention than in a call for one. In this he acquiesced.

"Within two or three days after this conversation, Senator Doolittle called at my house and read me the draft of a call which he had prepared—substantially as it was afterward issued. I suggested that its terms were too broad—that it would admit all who had been in rebellion against the Government, and all whose political sympathies had been with them, while it would exclude many who had stood by the Government, but who now desired national action on the questions resulting from the war. Mr. Doolittle said it ought to include all who *now* accept the Union, whatever had been their previous action, and that this was the object of the proposed Convention. I expressed some fear that on such a basis it might fail to command popular confidence and sympathy in the North sufficient to give it success. I did not sign the call, but expressed to him my full concurrence in the general object which was proposed.

"I went to New York a few days afterward, and while there wrote and published in the 'Times' an article in favor of a National Convention for the purpose of adopting, if possible, a platform of principles upon which the Northern and Southern States could take common political action. Before I returned to Washington, the call was published—signed by Senators Doolittle and Cowan and five or six other Union men. Soon afterward a card was published, signed by all the Democratic members of Congress, assenting to the call and expressing their hope that their constituents would unite in sending delegates to the Convention.

"The Congressional Union caucus, of July 12th, occurred after this action. The feeling of the members was exceedingly bitter toward the Convention, which was regarded as a scheme for breaking up the Union party and forming a new Administration party out of the Conservative elements of both parties. The Convention was bitterly denounced and I was directly assailed, especially by Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, for having engaged in a conspiracy thus to destroy the Union party. I repudiated any such purpose, but declined to denounce the Convention in advance of its action. I thought it calculated to strengthen, rather than to injure, the Union party; but that, whenever I found that this was not likely to be its effect, I should oppose it."

No full report of either of these two caucus meetings was ever made in the newspapers. What purported to be a report of the first one was published in one of the New York journals, but was very inaccurate and full of misstatements. These inaccuracies, it was stated at the second caucus, were due to the fact that the reporter was concealed underneath a bench in the reporters' gallery during a part of the meeting, and his inability to see rendered it impossible for him to report correctly. I found among my father's papers a condensed report of both of these meetings; but the bitter speeches made then would hardly prove of interest now.

"Soon after, another call appeared, as a supplement to the first. This was signed by a joint committee, composed of members of the Johnson committee and of the Democratic committee. It called for the election of delegates from the several Congressional districts of the United States to the Convention,—four from each,—two of those who voted for Lincoln and Johnson in 1864, and two who voted against them. This was intended to *divide* the Convention between the two political parties. In the South, of course, no Lincoln and Johnson delegates could be selected. The appearance of this call increased the distrust of Union men in Congress, and throughout the country, in the objects and results of the Convention, against which the Union feeling in the North began to be very strongly arrayed.

"Mr. Seward, a few days afterward, referring to the Convention, said it was understood that I would write the address. I told him I did not feel inclined to attend the Convention. He asked why. I said that it seemed likely to be in the hands of the former rebels and their Copperhead associates, and to be used for purposes hostile to the Union party, of which I was not only a member, but in which I held an official position. I said that I should feel bound, in going into another and a hostile party organization, first to resign my position as Chairman of the National Union Committee, and I did not wish to do this, or in any way forfeit my standing as a member of the Union party.

"Mr. Seward replied that he did not concur in this view. The Convention was simply for consultation. It was not a party convention, nor need it affect in any way the party standing of those who should

take part in it. He was a Union man, he said, and he did not admit the right of anybody to turn him out of the Union party; but he claimed the right to meet and consult with any portion of his fellow-citizens. Of course the Convention would fall into the hands of Copperheads if all our friends deserted it. What he wanted me to go into it for was to *prevent* that result. If it could not be prevented, then would be time enough to bolt. He said the President felt anxious on the subject, and he proposed that I should go with him to see the President. I did so.

"When we went in to the President, who received us in the library, Mr. Seward said to him that we had come up to talk about the Philadelphia Convention—that I had expressed fears lest it should fall into bad hands, and that he had told me that was what they wanted me to prevent. The President said yes—it was important that the right direction should be given to it. It ought to take National ground in harmony with Union principles, and in favor of a speedy restoration of the Union. He said he had read carefully a speech I had lately made on the relations of his policy of restoration to the Union party, and he agreed with every word of it. He wanted the Philadelphia Convention to take the same ground exactly. His sympathies, he said, were with the party which had carried the country through the war—that party ought to restore the Union, and although it ought not to repel Democrats who were willing to act with and to aid it, he did not wish the Democratic party to get control.

"I told him I did not quite understand what the Philadelphia Convention was expected to do in regard to organized political action—whether it was to create a new party for general action, or to aim at specific results. It might lay the basis for a new party which should nominate candidates of its own in the coming *State* elections, or it might merely bring its influence to bear upon the election of members of Congress in the several districts, favorable to the admission of loyal members—not seeking to disturb their party relations in other respects at all. For the first,—the organization of a new party, even if that were desirable,—I feared it was too late, and the only effect of such an attempt would be to strengthen the Democratic party. The other object might be secured. If the Convention would simply seek the election of members of Congress favorable to the admission of loyal representatives—throwing its weight in favor of Union men where they would take this ground, and in favor of War Democrats as against extreme radicals, I thought great good might be accomplished.

"The President replied that this was precisely what he wanted done. He did not want any new party, nor did he want the Democratic party restored to power. He wanted Congress to restore the Union, and if those who favored this would take hold of it in the way I had suggested, he felt sure the people would sustain them and that the next Congress would be overwhelmingly on our side. He declared his wish to have this matter settled within the Union party, and thought the Philadelphia Convention would exert a wholesome pressure on the several Union State Conventions, as well as on the nominations for Congress, and that it would be a great step gained toward the restoration of the Union when delegates from all the States could again meet in convention. The very fact that such a convention was held, he thought, would have a very salutary effect on public sentiment, and would cause the leaders of the Radical movement to pause. He spoke with a good deal of earnestness, and was urgent that I should take part in the Convention.

"Mr. Seward took no part directly in this conversation, but he occasionally threw in a word, by way of comment and enforcing the suggestions of the President. The impression made upon my mind by the interview was that the President was very anxious to get a foothold in the South for the Conservative wing of the Union party—that he thought the Philadelphia Convention would lay the foundation for a *National* party, which would absorb the Democratic party of the North and West, and all of the Union party but the Radicals; and that the South would also join this new party, which would thus easily gain and hold the political ascendency. It seemed to me a desirable object—one which it was well worth any one's while to aid. On the other hand, if the Union men generally held themselves aloof from the Philadelphia Convention, that body, which in any event was destined to exercise a decided influence on the public mind, would inevitably fall into the hands of the Democratic party and be used to secure its return to power. It seemed to me desirable to prevent this result, if possible, and I accordingly decided to do what little I could in that direction."

To show how earnest my father was in this conviction, I have made a few extracts from editorials in the "Times," written previous to the assembling of the Convention:

"*July 17.* When the war was over and the rebellion suppressed, a powerful public sentiment, pervading all parties, demanded the prompt restoration of national action under the Constitution and in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Government. * * * If Congress had admitted to their seats loyal members from the Southern States, who could take the oath prescribed by law, the Philadelphia Convention would never have been heard of."

"*August 8.* The Philadelphia Convention, as we regard it, has been called to promote the restoration of the union of the States upon principles at once honorable and safe, and in the spirit of harmony and peace. * * * Its effect will probably be moral rather than political, and it is quite as likely to accomplish the purpose it seeks through its effect upon the action of the existing parties, as by organizing a new one."

"*August 10.* The object of the Philadelphia Convention is to bring together sections, States, and men, now separated by memories of war and by the fact of victory on one side and defeat on the other. That object will be attained just in proportion as the character and condition of the Convention may command the respect and confidence of the great body of the American people."

In an article under the caption "Mr. Raymond and his Censors," my father says:

"We have steadily maintained that to accomplish any good the movement must be confined to moderate, conservative and loyal men, of both sections and of either party."

And General Dix, in taking the chair as temporary president, said:

"It may be truly said that no body of men have met on this continent to consider events so momentous and so important since 1787. * * We are

here to assert the supremacy of *representative* government. * * We are not now living under such a government. Thirty-six States are governed by twenty-five states, etc., etc."

The Journal continues:

"This was all that occurred previous to the adjournment of Congress—though I had several incidental conversations with Mr. Seward on the subject, in all of which he repeated his view of the relation of himself and his friends to the Convention. He called my attention to an article in the 'Springfield Republican,' which began by saying that Mr. Seward's friends seemed so to have managed the preliminary movements of the Philadelphia Convention that they could *go into it* if it was a success, and *go out of it* if it should prove a failure. This, he said, was the exact state of the case. Participation in it involved no change of political relations; those could be effected only by approving or disapproving what it should finally do.

"A call was soon issued in New York for a State convention to be held at Saratoga, August 10, for the election of delegates to Philadelphia. This call was arranged under the direction of Mr. Weed, whose first purpose was to have it signed by leading members of both political parties throughout the State. He afterward explained to me that the time was too short for this, and that an attempt to secure signatures through the whole State would be necessarily so incomplete that it would create jealousies and do harm. He accordingly decided to have it signed only by prominent persons in New York City and its immediate vicinity. In this form it was issued. The names were highly respectable and influential—but mainly of men who had never been actually identified with political or party movements. Mr. Weed gave me to understand that he had consulted with Dean Richmond, John Stryker, and other leaders of the Democratic party, and that they were quite ready for the new movement. They fully appreciated the extent to which the Democratic party had been demoralized and damaged by its course during the war, and that it was absolutely necessary to rid it of its old associations and give it a new start.

"I did not sign the call, nor did I attend the Saratoga Convention. My appointment as one of the four delegates from the State at large, with General Dix, Ex-Governor Church, and S. J. Tilden, Esq., was wholly without my agency or knowledge. I drew up an address to the people of the United States, in accordance with the wishes of the President and Mr. Seward, to be submitted to the Convention.

"There was a very large number of delegates and others in attendance on the Convention, and a very great interest in the proceedings seemed to prevail. The Southern delegates, as a general thing, were from the more moderate class of Southern politicians—men who had not been original Secessionists, but who had gone with their States after war was resolved upon, and had done everything in their power to carry them through it successfully. The general feeling was one of delight at renewing former political, social and personal relations with men of the North, and no extravagant expectations seemed to be entertained in any quarter as to the nature or extent of concessions that would be made to the South by the victorious North.

On Tuesday, the main point of interest seemed to be the presence of Fernando Wood, of New York, Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, also delegates to the Convention. The feeling was very strong that the admission of men who had been so hostile to the Government during the war, and who, though Northern men, were thoroughly identified in the public mind with the rebel cause, would be of serious injury to the Convention, by alienating the sympathies of Union men and by affixing to the proceedings the stigma of having been dictated to or influenced by Copperhead counsels. As a general thing, the Democrats from the North and those from the South deprecated their presence quite as decidedly as did the members of the Union party; but the proposal to exclude them naturally provoked opposition from both quarters. The Democrats felt that it would hardly answer to desert members of their own party, and Southern men thought their constituents would not approve of their consenting that men from the North should be ejected for having been their friends during the war. The collision of sentiment gave rise to the usual turmoil and heat which attends the outside discussions of such a body. Wood prudently withdrew from the contest early, saying, in a brief and graceful note, that in view of the difference of opinion that had arisen, and in order to prevent possible injurious consequences, he should decline to present himself as a delegate. Vallandigham and Dean were more obstinate. The latter was noisy, insolent, and offensive, but, after the proper amount of swagger and bravado, followed Wood's example. Vallandigham held out to the last, though it came to be generally understood that he would not, in any case, be admitted to a seat in the Convention.

"On Tuesday evening I read the address I had prepared to Reverdy Johnson, Senators Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon—all of whom spoke of it in very strong terms of approbation. Mr. Johnson said he thought a portion of it, which discussed historically the effect of slavery upon the South and the national Government, might be omitted with advantage—but the point was not discussed.

"Senator Cowan showed me a series of resolutions which he had prepared, as he said, with considerable care, for submission to the committee. He also showed me a declaration of principles, drawn up, as he said, by Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and another prepared by Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi. Both the latter seemed to me to treat the subject wholly from the Southern point of view, and Mr. Cowan's struck me as open to the same objection, or, at least, to that of evading the leading principles which the Union party deemed essential.

"The Convention met on Tuesday. General Dix, in his opening remarks, made with full preparation but without consultation with others, so far as I know—certainly not with me—hit upon the same point that I had made the leading point in my address, viz.: the election of a Congress that would admit loyal members from loyal States. Vallandigham sent in a letter withdrawing from the Convention. The preliminary organization was completed, and a Committee on Resolutions, consisting of two from each State, was appointed. General John A. Dix was elected Temporary Chairman, and Montgomery Blair Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization. Senator Doolittle was made Permanent President, with one Vice-President and one Secretary from each State.

The Committee on Resolutions was composed of the following members, among others:

[Here followed a partial list of the committee, which included Hons. Reverdy Johnson, T. A. Hendricks, Wm. Beach Lawrence, Senators Cowan, Dixon, Davis, McDougal, Chief-Justice Sanford E. Church, and other prominent men of both parties.]

"The two members of the Committee from New York were Governor Church and myself. The Committee immediately withdrew to an adjoining room and elected Senator Cowan Chairman, after which it adjourned to meet at the Continental Hotel at two o'clock P. M.

"On meeting at two, Senator Cowan's resolutions were read, as were the others that had been prepared. Before they were discussed, Reverdy Johnson said that I had prepared an address, which he requested me to read. I read it just as it stood originally. It was listened to respectfully and without comment, but I could hear Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, who sat near me, now and then say to a gentleman near him, 'that's not true,' 'not a word of truth in that,' etc. The general impression upon Southern members struck me as unfavorable. One gentleman, from Massachusetts, whom I did not know, protested against it and moved that it be rejected. No one seconded this, however, and it was agreed that all the resolutions, etc., should be referred to a Sub-Committee of thirteen, which was appointed by the Chairman, Mr. Cowan. Southern delegates preponderated on this Committee, and were mainly strong men. The Sub-Committee went immediately into session, and at their request I again read my address, just as it stood. It was then suggested that a portion of it relating to the effect of slavery upon the politics of the country (the same to which Reverdy Johnson had objected) should be omitted, not merely because it was unacceptable to the South, but because the subject which it discussed was not really within those upon which the Convention was expected to act. There was force in this suggestion, and I acquiesced in it. The passage omitted embraced several pages.

"In another part of the address I had spoken of the amendments to the Constitution proposed by Congress—waiving discussion of them in terms on the ground that such discussion came rather within the scope of political debate in the several States than within the sphere of the Convention,—but asserting the right of Congress and the States to make amendments, and suggesting that some enlargement of the powers of the National Government, in the respects covered by the amendments proposed, might be desirable. It was objected to this passage that it might be construed as favoring the amendments, and the general voice of the Committee was for omitting it. To the rest of the address there was a general assent,—the belief being expressed that it was a very strong appeal to the judgment and patriotism of the people, and that it would produce good results. Some of the Southern members were sensitive as to the frequent use of the words 'rebellion,' 'insurrection,' etc., as applied to the action of the seceding States, and expressed a wish that they might be avoided. I said that in certain parts of the address they seemed necessary to describe in accurate language the legal character of the acts referred to, and that in such cases they ought not to be changed, but that I would revise the paper and change them wherever they seemed to be unnecessary. This was assented to as satisfactory, and I did change them subsequently in several places, as the MSS. will show.*

"After the address had thus been accepted, the Committee proceeded to consider the resolutions. Senator Cowan read his, with the other declarations already referred to, and the Committee proceeded to consider them *seriatim*. Exceptions were freely taken to them, mainly as being too abstract and not sufficiently clear and exact in statements of principles, and finally Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who had become somewhat impatient at the length of the discussion and its inconclusive character, asked me if I had not also prepared some resolutions embodying the general principles of the address. I told him I had, and at his request read them.

"I had written these resolutions late on the preceding evening. Recalling the unsatisfactory character of those I had seen, I thought I would put into form what seemed to me the declarations desirable to be made. I mentioned this to Mr. Weed in the morning, and he mentioned it to Mr. Johnson, who spoke to me about it, and, after hearing them, desired me to bring them to the Committee.

"After I had read them in Committee, Mr. Johnson moved at once that they be adopted as *the series* to be reported, after amendments. This was at once carried, and they were taken up in order. I read each one in succession, and the question was taken on its adoption. They were all adopted, without any special discussion and by general assent, as they stood originally, with one or two exceptions. In the fifth, the following clause—'All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or the people thereof; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, with which right Congress cannot interfere,' was inserted at the suggestion of Mr. Johnson and written by me.

"When the seventh was reached, and I had read the first line—'Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited,' Judge Harger, of Mississippi, remarked: 'Yes, and nobody wants it back again.' I at once remarked that if we could say *that* on behalf of the South and on the authority of its delegates, it would strengthen our case very much. Judge Harger said we could so far as his State was concerned, and turned to Governor Graham, of North Carolina, who sat beside him, and asked if it would not be true of North Carolina. Gov. Graham answered that it would, and of the whole South also. I then interlined the passage, 'and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established,' and re-read the resolution as thus amended. It passed unanimously, as did the eighth and tenth.

"After this had been done, some one suggested that one of Senator Cowan's resolutions relating to *soldiers* was especially appropriate, and ought to be included in the series. It was then read, as follows:

"'Seventh—That it is with proud and unfeigned satisfaction that we recur to the conduct of the American soldier all through the recent conflict—his courage, his endurance [and his patriotism] merit our highest encomiums [but it is only when the strife is over that he rises to his proper height and shames his stay-at-home neighbor]. Since the war

[*The address was written twice. In re-writing, the phraseology was often changed, and the address shortened by the omissions referred to. Both copies are in my possession. H. W. R.]

he has shown magnanimity and generosity in making a manly and moderate use of his victories, and in his defeats recognizing the skill and bravery of his opponents. No Northern soldier has yet been heard to cry for vengeance against the South, nor has any Southron refused a graceful submission to the fate of war, and they are again brothers.'

"The language of this resolution was somewhat modified, the parts in brackets being stricken out, but the sentiment of the resolution was generally accepted and the resolution itself elicited little discussion. It was included in the series to be reported.

"The General Committee re-assembled at five o'clock, and the Sub-Committee made its report. I read the address, which gave rise to very little discussion or remark, and was adopted. The resolutions were also read, and, after canvassing them as they came up in succession, they were adopted without any alteration in sentiment, and with very few and unimportant changes in phraseology. The preamble from the series of resolutions said to have been prepared by W. B. Reed, was called for and adopted, as a proper preamble to those which had been adopted by the Committee.

"Just as the Committee was closing its labors, Senator Hendricks, of Indiana, said to me: 'I don't quite like that resolution about the soldiers'—"the American soldier." *What* soldier does it mean ?' I said I supposed it meant the Union soldier. He said it did not seem clear, and it ought not to be left ambiguous. I replied that we would test it. I then stated to the Committee the point that had been raised, and said I supposed the *Union* soldier was referred to, and appealed to Judge Harger and Mr. Graham, both of whom assented. I then said that no doubt should rest on that point, and suggested that it be made to *read* 'Union soldier,'—to which both Judge Harger and Governor Graham at once objected. This led to considerable conversation, and Senator Cowan, on being appealed to, said he intended it to include the soldiers of *both armies*. Thereupon, several Northern delegates said they could not consent to that,—the people never would endorse encomiums passed upon men in arms against the Government,—and they insisted on a change. The Southern delegates, on the other hand, said they could never be sustained in consenting to an approval of Northern soldiers, which was not equally extended to their own. The debate waxed quite warm. Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, said he had sacrificed his political position at home by consulting the *sensitiveness* of the South. He should do so no longer. It was that which had prepared the way for the rebellion, and he did not mean to repeat the mistakes of former years. He would do justice and nothing more. He thought it incumbent on us to applaud the soldiers who fought for the Union and saved the Government, though he did not know that we could fairly call on the South to do likewise. But he could never consent to extend equal applause to the men who had been in arms *against* the Government. These remarks were received in silence by the Southern delegates, but created considerable feeling in the Committee. It was finally suggested that the resolution be omitted altogether, and this was acquiesced in, as the only mode of preserving harmony of feeling and of action. It was after twelve o'clock, and the Committee, fatigued and impatient, voted to adjourn. They had risen and taken their hats, when I begged their attention for a moment before the motion was put. I said that it seemed a pity that *any* difference should arise where everything had been so harmonious. If I understand this matter, I added, the difference here is purely one of *feeling*. You of the South are unwilling that anything should be bestowed upon *Northern* troops for soldierly qualities, which is not also bestowed upon Southern, as being equally good *soldiers*. The Southern delegates assented to this. Well, I said, I can understand and respect that feeling; I don't think it generous or right in us to disregard it. But let us set aside *feeling* and go to *business*. You cannot doubt that it is the duty of the National Government to recognize and reward the services of *its* soldiers by paying their claims and pensioning their widows and orphans, can you? They acquiesced. Very well, I said, let us pass a resolution; asserting that duty, going no further. They assented. I hastily drew the resolution in pencil—read it, and it passed with but one negative vote, and the Committee adjourned. The resolution read:

"'It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.'

"The Convention met the next day, and the resolutions and address were adopted unanimously, and with the greatest enthusiasm."

WATCHING THE COW

"Come, look at her, and you will love her.
Go, lead her now through pleasant places,
And teach her that our new world's clover
Is sweet as Jersey-island daisies.

"Yes, you may do a little playing
Close to the gate, my pretty warder,
But, meanwhile, keep your cow from straying
Across the elfin-people's border."

So to the boy his mother jested
About his light task, lightly heeding;
While in the flowering grass he rested
The magic book that he was reading.

At sundown, for the cow's returning,
The milkmaid waited long, I'm thinking;
Hours later, by the moonlight's burning,
Did fairy-folk have cream for drinking?

* * * What of the boy? By hill and hollow,
Through bloom and briar, till twilight ended,
His book had charmed him on to follow
The cow—the one that Cadmus tended!

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

I HAVE so often expressed an indifference to art, or to the antique, that friends incessantly ask me (with a touch of indignation in their tone) why I chose to live for fifteen years in Florence—a place of which the chief attractions were these very things. I have always replied, "Because I loved it." "But why love it, if you are blind to its charms?" The question is a natural one, and my answer a womanly one. I loved it because I loved it. I felt an affection for every dirty old broken-down house, merely because it was in Florence; I loved the pigeons that walked about the streets; I loved the air I breathed there, I loved the stones, I loved the streets, the old macaroni stores, and, in fact, everything that was connected with it. And yet there was no particular virtue in these separate items, nor did I love them as being superior to those of other countries. Certainly, if questioned closely, I should condemn the broken-down houses as most unsightly, the pigeons as being like other pigeons (only a shade dirtier, perhaps), the air as being decidedly raw the greater part of the winter, and the streets as too crowded with one's fellow-creatures — bumping and hustling each other with no sort of ceremony; and yet all these are a part of Florence, and help to make it what it is, one of the most fascinating, lovable cities in the world. Once caught there, but very few are able to extricate themselves from the web of its allurements. The foreign society is always shifting and changing, but faces seen there once are sure to be seen twice, and those who go there for a few weeks' visit, are rarely satisfied with less than as many months; and often a stay of a few years is apt to end in a permanent residence, for after close acquaintance no place on earth can give one such entire satisfaction. Visitors to Florence always remind me of the spinster aunt, who went to pay her relatives a week's visit and staid thirty years.

Now, why is this? I could name a score of disagreeable traits characteristic of Florentines, and the most prominent are to be found amongst the lower class, who are lazy, ignorant, and totally innocent of truth. Lying is a real pleasure to them, and they do not half enjoy the attainment of an object unless by some roundabout means, probably entirely unnecessary. They sweep truth off the face of the earth as a superfluous commodity too tame and commonplace to be endured. However, reaching the point it does with them, falsehood becomes a virtue by reason of its consistency. One of their marked peculiarities is dislike to water, either for washing or drinking. In fact, I scarcely understand why nature should have provided it in that region at all, they avoid it so studiously. The American and English residents, according to their ancient rites, insist upon the use of it once a week for the washing of their linen. Florentines of the higher class employ it for the same purpose twice a year! I do not by this mean to imply that they wear the same garments for six months, and so must explain that when married the bride is provided with an unconscionably large trousseau, which enables her to avoid the weekly washes prevalent in most other countries. Being a most economical race, their idea, probably, is that too much washing wears out and tears, and also, being lazy, that it gives trouble. As to the drinking of water, they look upon that as downright insanity. The water in Florence is not as pure and wholesome as in America, but it is not so bad as to make it dangerous. Their home-made red wine is so cheap as to bring it within the means of all, even the poorest beggar, who will manage to scrape together a few centimes to buy his "daily" wine. They even think it a risk to give children water alone, and, from the time they are weaned, mix with it a goodly portion of red wine. It is strange to see children scarcely three years old seated at dinner each with his tumbler of wine. And yet, probably, there is no more temperate race in the world,—a drunken man being a very rare sight in Florence. Lately, however, drunkenness has begun to show itself. Some years ago the grape crop failed, and for that year the people, of course not being able to drink water, were obliged to have recourse to rum punch. This was too strong for their unaccustomed heads, and, worse than all, gave them a taste for liquor, which they had not previously had, making them unwilling to return to their comparatively insipid *vino nostrale* (domestic wine).

Florentines are very fond of gambling, but in the smallest kind of a way. They become as much excited over a two-sous

stake as others would be over two thousand francs. The public lottery is their "true, true love." Such infatuation and superstition I never saw. The last centime they owned in the world was not safe from that villainous institution. Year after year of constant loss never serves to convince this confiding people that they can gain nothing, unless by a great stroke of most exceptional luck. The lottery consists of ninety numbers, five of which are drawn every Saturday, at two o'clock, in the public square. During the week the gambler selects his number, staking his money upon the chance of that number being one of the five drawn. According to the amount risked, is the sum won. He may also bet on two numbers, or three, or four, or all five. This, naturally, lessens his chances of winning, but it increases the amount he would win, should his numbers be drawn. However, one rarely bets on all five numbers, as winning in such a case would be almost a miracle. And yet, most curiously, such a thing once happened. First, let me explain that with the Florentines every occurrence in life has its own especial number—as a fire thirty-five, a murder ninety, etc. Thereupon, should any public calamity or rejoicing take place, its number is immediately selected in the lottery by all these superstitious people. Each one owns a book wherein is published the number belonging to every heard-of, or unheard-of incident that can by any possibility occur to the human race. This is their daily oracle, unless, as I said before, some great national event supersedes the necessity of such a divining-book. A few years ago, all Florence arose in one great superstitious body, and put its money on certain five numbers relating to the anniversary of the late Pope's birthday. One of the numbers was nine, another was the year of his birth (taking the last two figures only), a third was the day of the month, a fourth his age, and a fifth the number of years he had reigned. Strange to say, every number came up, and the excitement all over the city was tremendous. This was temporarily a fearful stroke of ill-luck for the National Treasury, but it gained by it enormously in the end, the people's credulity having been so strengthened by this extraordinary coincidence as to cause them to bet more rashly and blindly than ever. A few months after this event, while the circumstance was fresh in every mind, a story got about that a monk had made his appearance in Florence, and with great solemnity and impressiveness had predicted five other numbers that would be infallible. Of course, the whole town rushed pell-mell to the lottery office, and the result was as might be expected—disappointment. Not one of the numbers predicted was drawn. The excitement was so intense that there were rumors of mobbing the monk, but the next thing heard was that he had quietly left Florence on the day of the drawing. So long as this outrageous system of gambling is legalized, so long will the Italians be poor, for every centime is saved to be hopelessly swallowed up in this accursed institution. Winning by it is so rare that the exceptional cases are known far and wide. One peculiar case occurred a few years ago. A scissors-grinder, returning home late one night from his weary round, conceived the thought of entering a café for refreshment. He did so, but, the refreshment being strong, it got into his head. In this state he staggered off to the lottery office to stake his weekly franc, but, in the condition of things, being unable to see plainly, he drew from his pocket a twenty-franc piece, his savings for many a weary month, and his cherished treasure. The next morning, discovering his loss, he was almost beside himself. Conjecturing at once the whole state of the case, he rushed headlong to the office and there implored the ticket-seller to restore it to him. He cried like a baby (Italians all do that, however, on the smallest provocation), he tore his hair, he raved, he threw himself upon the ground, but all in vain. Nothing could move the hard heart of the ticket-seller, who had got twenty francs and intended keeping it. The poor man was half crazed, and for the rest of the week went about like one possessed, unable to work, unable to do anything but howl aloud over his stupidity and ruin. On the next drawing of the lottery he was the triumphant possessor of 20,000 francs.

The Florentines are an economical race, and can live on less, probably, than any other people in the world. They are content with a very little—not requiring even what we should call the necessaries of life. Their diet is principally dry bread (butter they rarely eat), coffee, macaroni, "lesso" (boiled beef), and "minestra,"—the weakest of wishy-washy soups. The last two are daily inevitable; no matter what else they eat, "lesso" and "minestra" they *must* have, or they would consider themselves defrauded of their rights. It is easy to live in Florence economically, for marketing is

arranged to suit purses of any size, and one can buy any part of a chicken, even to a slice of the breast alone. In this way there is no waste, and only enough for one day's consumption is ever provided.

It is really amusing to see the Florentines bargain. They would not consider a thing properly bought under a half an hour's talking and argument. Buying and selling is reduced to a system and a regular routine, which, if neglected, would make them unhappy, and consider themselves as cheated beings. Their greatest triumph is the purchase of an article at the lowest rate possible, and this is a source of boasting for the next twenty-four hours. They will haggle over two or three centimes until an American looker-on could cry aloud in desperation at their absurdity. They gesticulate, both talk at the same time, and lash themselves into such a state of excitement that one would think they were concocting no less a plan than to dethrone the king.

Von Bülow tells a story apropos of Italian trading, very amusing, and scarcely exaggerated. A man, observing in a shop-window an article marked twelve francs, thus reasoned to himself: "The price is marked twelve francs. That means ten. The shopman will offer it for eight. It is not worth more than six. I don't want to give more than four—so I'll offer him two!" This suggests the principles upon which trade is carried on. I venture to give an illustration of the process, in the words that I have heard so often that they glide off the end of my pen without an instant's hesitation:

Buyer: "What's the price of that hat?"

Seller: "Twelve francs, sir."

B. *(In a tone of astonishment.)* "Twelve francs? Heavens! What a price!"

S. "It's not dear, sir. You couldn't get it as cheap anywhere else in town."

B. "Nonsense! What's the lowest price you'll take for it?"

S. "Well, as it's you, I'll give it for eleven."

B. "Per Bacco. Why, it's not worth half that."

S. "Well, what will you give for it?"

B. "I wont give a centime over six francs." *(This very decidedly, as if he really meant it.)*

S. "Six francs! Why, it cost me more than that!"

B. "Go along!" *(Tries on the hat, which is very becoming, and continues, in a coaxing tone.)* "Come, now, let's finish this affair. Name your price."

S. "Well, well, take it for ten." *(Seizing it as though everything was settled, and hurriedly wrapping it up.)*

B. "Stop, stop! I'm not going to give that price." *(Makes for the door, as though he also thought the affair ended.)*

S. "Stop, sir! Tell me now, frankly, the highest price you will give." *(This in an encouraging tone, with head on one side and a sweet smile.)*

B. "Come, I'll give you seven." *(Makes show of pulling out pocket-book, with the air of having made a handsome offer that would be snapped at.)*

S. *(Now beginning to get excited.)* "This is more than I can bear! We will talk no more about it!"

B. *(Seeing too much decision in adversary's manner.)* "Well, come now! How much *will* you take? I'll give you eight—there!"

S. "No, no, *no!* I *wont* sacrifice the hat!"

This is the right moment for the buyer to rush from the shop, sometimes even getting to the corner of the street, when the excited seller will dash after him, imploring him to come back and take it for nine and a half. Then work begins in earnest, and they rise and fall alternately by half-francs, and sometimes fight over the last two sous, when the bargain is completed amidst a torrent of words and wild gestures and glaring of eyes, which, to the uninitiated, would look very like a blood-thirsty combat. The conqueror (which is the conqueror?) goes off with his hat, as proud as the victor of a score of battles, to show his hard-won treasure to admiring friends, who turn it over and peer at it and examine it critically, praising him for his shrewdness in making such a bargain. This hat will be a source of happiness to him for two or three days, making him a hero to a circle of admirers, to whom he will go over the same old story twenty times, relating his powers at bargain-making with as much interest and energy the twentieth time as the first.

The English merchants in Florence say that when they see an Italian coming into the store to buy, they at once add a few francs to the price of their goods, knowing that those few francs *must* be taken off before he will buy. By this means, they get the price they would originally ask an Englishman. With all this, the Florentines are not avaricious. They only look upon a shopkeeper as their natural enemy for the time they are dealing with him, and upon the

amount saved from his clutches as so much added to the store to be saved for amusements.

For the sake of an evening at the theater, or a few hours at a masked ball during the months of carnival, the Florentines will pinch and save for months, and their enjoyment of these things is as intense as a child's. Their histrionic taste generally inclines to the old melodrama, in which the villain is the intensest kind of a villain; is secret and dark, and ready for any iniquitous proceeding, and in which Innocence is of the most saint-like order, which appeals constantly and in a loud voice to heaven, with virtuous indignation, and which comes off triumphant in the end, causing the villain to shrivel up into a small heap of baffled rage and spite. This style of performance will cause these excitable people to shout and hoot in derision at the unfortunate actor representing the scoundrel, and to applaud with loud "*bravas*" the sallow, dirty-looking girl who, under the guise of Virtue, flashes her dark eyes in defiance. The audience will even cry out "*Ha fatto bene!*" (you have done well), or to the ruffian "*Birbone!*" (rascal), or shout out a little timely counsel to persecuted Virtue.

With such child-like qualities as I have described, a propensity to murder would scarcely be consistent, and yet the general impression in America, I find, is that the entire lives of Italians are given up to creeping about in a stealthy manner, for the purpose of finding some one to kill. There are even a few—a very few, though—who always picture to themselves an Italian as a dark, frowning ruffian wearing a slouch felt hat, ornamented with a long black plume, a loose cloak wrapped around him, one end being thrown over his shoulder, and with a dagger—a good old conventional dagger—clutched firmly and desperately. Now, of all peoples, I really must give the Florentines credit for being the most peaceable. In a densely packed crowd—a position probably more conducive to strong language than any other in the world—one will hear no sounds of anger or quarreling—nothing but laughter and good-natured jokes against one another. They take everything easy, and find something to enjoy in every position in which they happen to be placed.

Respect for rank is part of the education of the lower classes. Their superiors cannot exact too much, but are born to be waited on, and should do nothing but amuse themselves or lounge in an elegant way in their drawing-rooms, and ring for the servants on the smallest pretense, such as wanting a book from a table at the other end of the room. Your servants are apt to lose respect for you and think you no better than themselves, should you demean yourself by opening a window or helping yourself in any other small way to save them trouble. This is the one thing that makes them such capital servants. They are taught, not only to do everything that is told them, whether it is their business or not, but to do it with a cheerful face and polite manner. If you should call up your cook in the middle of the night to sweep every room in the house, he would look so happy, when you gave him the order, as to impress you with the feeling that sweeping the house in the middle of the night was the one thing he had eagerly looked forward to all the days of his life. Their respect is shown in the smallest things; in their very way of standing in your presence, or in the tones of their voice when taking your orders. They are carefully instructed in every movement when in the presence of their superiors. I once heard a Florentine lady angrily complaining of the stupidity of a new butler; she said she had been trying to teach him how to enter a room and hand her a note with the proper blending of grace, elegance and respect, and was obliged to make him repeat this ceremony one day, with an imaginary note, six or eight times before he succeeded in doing it to her satisfaction.

With all this subserviency on the part of the Italians, a lady will find walking in the street alone a most annoying proceeding, the reverse of respect being shown her. This is accounted for by the fact that ladies are never expected to be seen but in their carriages, or sauntering about the cascine, followed by their footmen; therefore, the Florentines cannot understand the independent ways of American ladies, and in the street look upon us as belonging to their own class. A lady has to fight her way heroically, and must expect to get shoved about and hustled into the muddiest places. This is, of course, exasperating, and at times I would lose all patience and occasionally attempt to get the better of my assailants. I never shall forget how ingloriously I came off in one of these encounters. The day was damp, the streets muddy, and the sidewalks too narrow for two persons to pass each other easily. I had been hopping down off the pavement all day, to make way for these men, until

at last my temper rose and I resolved to put up with it no longer, but to force the next man I met down into the mud. Accordingly I came face to face with a good-natured-looking creature, whom I thought it would be easy to overthrow, and resolutely took my stand, showing, by a determined and unconquerable expression of face, that nothing could induce me to move from that spot. He stopped, looked at me a moment with some surprise, then, seizing me suddenly, he waltzed me round to the other side of him, and continued on his way. I stood there looking after him,—on the spot he had whirled me to,—entirely speechless with rage, and I felt that I was drawn up to my full height and flashing lightning from my eyes. But it was quite thrown away upon him, as he went on entirely unconscious of offense, and, if he thought of it at all, only pleased with himself as having hit upon so clever an expedient to save us both from the mud.

Only one other time did I assert my rights upon this question, but not until after I was asked why I did not step down from the sidewalk. This time my grand manner and imposing appearance had effect, and my opponent hurriedly made way for me, evidently laboring under the impression, in a bewildered, weak-minded way, that I was some great state dignitary, who chose to be eccentric for that occasion and rove about Florence alone. On a rainy day, the men would always keep close to the sides of the houses under their broad eaves,—the only dry part of the pavement,—until I finally hit upon an expedient to rout them, which was simply carrying my open umbrella close before my face, and charging at them with the points. They would hop nimbly out of the way as they saw me dashing recklessly along, supposing I did not see them coming, and only on one occasion was I obliged to scratch the sticks of my weapon across the face of a man who attempted making a stand in front of me; but I did it with such an innocent air of hurry and unconsciousness of his presence that he believed it accidental.

Rudeness toward women is not confined to the lower classes, for I have seen ladies again and again subjected to such conduct, from the young nobles of Florence, as an American man of any class would blush to think of. They will stand in crowds about the door of their club, filling the whole sidewalk, and unless a lady passing be personally known to them they will not stir a step to make room for her, not only allowing her to go into the middle of the street, but staring and smiling at her in the most insulting way, as she tries to shrink by unnoticed, and often calling her "*angela*," or "*bella*," or "*carina*." Such rudenesses and other annoyances are only experienced by ladies who walk alone. When a lady is accompanied by one of the muscular sex, none more weak than the Florentines, they being by no means a courageous race. They are, indeed,—not to put too fine a point upon it,—cowardly. I once saw a lady spoken to by a street loafer who supposed her alone, and when the husband stepped forward and faced him with an angry glare, it was amusing to see his attempts at looking unconscious, his cough of unconcern and vacant gaze into the sky.

That the Italians are lazy, in every class, high and low, it is scarcely necessary for me to state. Those of the lower classes will work, of course, being obliged to do so, but in a very unenergetic way and by fits and starts, as they require a little money. Go to your shoemaker, order a pair of boots, and you will get them in two days, should he at that time have need of a few francs for the lottery or theater; otherwise you may as well make up your mind to have your old boots blackened up, and to make the best of them for another month. You need not send to him, nor go to him, nor scold him, nor reason with him. You might stalk into his shop in a high state of indignation every day for weeks, and only wear out your temper and your boots more than ever, gaining nothing thereby. He would meet you with the same good-natured smile, exasperating you with his invariable "*Pazienza*" (patience), an admonition which will never fail to make you lose the little of that meritorious quality that may remain. You might perhaps be inclined to wait with some attempt at good nature, could you be sure that your boots would be satisfactory when you did get them. But as surely as the sun rises in the east will they be nowhere near your size, your measure having been forgotten in the lapse of time, and the whole experience has to be repeated again. This may seem like exaggeration, but, on the contrary, is a rather mild statement of the fact. I remember a very severe battle I had with a book-binder, who was six months doing a small piece of work for me. During the first few weeks, I several times

sent demands that the two books should be bound and sent home. The invariable answer was, "The signora shall have them to-morrow." Toward the end of the fifth month I sent almost every day, not for the bound books, but merely for the two volumes in their original state, as they were first put into his hands. All in vain. Then I sent threats of claiming my property by means of the police, and several times sent a servant with orders not to leave the shop without them. There is an intensity of rage which causes extreme outward calm, and even suavity of manner; I had now reached that stage, and was determined to conquer or die. I decided to try the effect of a personal interview. As I entered his shop he approached me with a sweet smile, supposing me a new customer. At sight of him, my rage becoming greater, my manner became proportionately blander, and I said, with an equally sweet smile: "I am the proprietor of two books, sent six months ago to be bound." His smile took a sickly hue, but, true to his colors, he said: "Oh, yes, you shall have them to-morrow." My only reply was, "Give me a pen and paper." He did so wonderingly, and with a slight look of alarm, as though he espied gleams of insanity. "Now," I said, sternly but quietly, "write these words:

"I promise to send to-morrow to their rightful owner two books, which I have had in my possession, for the purpose of binding, since May 2d.
L. MOTTONI."

He demurred at this proceeding as being a little out of the usual course, but I merely said, "*Write*, or I will go at once for the police," whereupon he hurriedly complied. So I got my books and bound, too, but he was true to himself to the last—not sending them the next day, but the day after that. He was as difficult to be bound as the books were.

The upper classes are idle, partly because labor is cheap, and partly because it is not considered elegant nor befitting a high station to be occupied in anything that bears the remotest resemblance to usefulness. Their ideas are exclusively confined to dress, amusements of all kinds and flirting. Their chief delight is the theater or opera, where they go every night, not to be interested or amused by the play or the music, but to meet one another. However, let me do them the justice to say that inattention to the opera is scarcely to be wondered at, as there is so little worth listening to in that way. New or even good operas are rarely put upon the stage, and the singing, as a general rule, is mediocre. The reason of this is obvious, viz.: no great singer will condescend to take the very small compensation offered by the Florentine managers, consequently only *débutantes* are heard. Many of these poor struggling girls, far from expecting even a moderate sum for their exertions, are only too glad to be allowed to sing, for the first few months, without compensation. They merely sing as a trial, that their future may be decided on. The critics of whom they are most afraid, and who really are the makers or marrers of their musical reputation, are those of the middle class—mechanics, shopkeepers, etc. I was very much astonished, a few days after my arrival in Florence, to hear our butler, a gray-haired, respectable person for his class, criticise the singer of the evening before with nice judgment, seeing small defects, and using language you would expect only from an educated musician. "She had a good voice," he said, "but her method was bad—her vocalization only tolerable," etc. It is sad, indeed, to see a nation once so musical, and still with the natural gift of music in their souls, thus sinking into mediocrity. Too jealous and too swallowed up in self-conceit to keep in the line of progress with other nations, the Italians are content to rest on their old long-established reputation. However, indifferent as the opera is there, it is always patronized. Each lady has her own private box (which is among the things stipulated for in the marriage settlement by her father); here she sits and receives the gentlemen of her acquaintance, who visit from box to box—a nightly New Year's—until the end of the play. Then she repairs to her house, and at midnight her reception begins again—the hour at which most of the fashionable women open their doors. Until two or three o'clock, or even later, this entertainment lasts, consisting of card-playing, smoking and love-making. Then the party breaks up, and these intellectual beings retire to their beds, where they remain until twelve o'clock the next day. Then they rise and breakfast, smoke a cigarette and dress for visiting—a lengthy occupation, as the minutest details must be perfectly carried out, each gentleman being especially particular to see that the flowers for his button-hole harmonize with the color of his coat. I have heard quite a prolonged discussion between two young

"swells" upon this subject. Then comes visiting, and after that the event of the day, viz., the drive to the cascine, where the band plays in the open square, and where people drive up and down in their carriages, perpetually meeting each other. This is their daily routine, and all that they live for. They have no resources, and, when the early dinners of summer begin, they fill the air with lamentations of *ennui*, and say they have nothing to do between dinner and the hour for driving. The trouble is, very distinctly, want of education. They are superficially brilliant—quick at repartee and society small-talk, but deeper than that they cannot go. They have no solid education and are deplorably ignorant. They do not even get the knowledge acquired by travel, for they live and die in their beloved Florence, never imagining that they can be happy out of it, and so not trying the experiment. As to crossing the ocean, the bare idea fills them with horror and alarm.

The lower classes carry their ignorance to a point that is quite charming. They have rather a feeling of patronage toward Americans as being a sort of Italian creation. They say that, had it not been for one of them, we never should have been discovered. My maid once asked me, quite earnestly, if America was as large as the Baths of Lucca—a village of a few hundred inhabitants. I brought to this country with me an Italian girl, as child's nurse, who was sublime in her knowledge of nothing at all. While making preparations for the voyage her mind was ever on the stretch, fearing that she might forget to lay in some common, necessary article that it would be impossible to find in the small town of America. She asked me if it would not be advisable to get herself a pair of india-rubber shoes before leaving Italy, and I could scarcely convince her that the very shoes she purchased there were sent from America. She also wanted soda, for washing purposes, and she took with her yards of common buttons strung on a thread. She confessed to me, one day, after having been here several months, that she had expected to find us all with monkey heads. She had been told by a friend, she said, that such was our physiognomy.

Even royalty is not so well informed as it might be on points of general knowledge. This I discovered upon the occasion of my presentation at court, when Tuscany was under the rule of its last Grand Duke. I stood in the long line of ladies, waiting my turn to be honored with a word or glance from his Highness, feeling a little nervous lest I should fail in some court etiquette, to which, naturally, as an American, I was unaccustomed. I watched closely as the Grand Duke spoke to each one, and noticed one marked rule, that he must not be spoken to first. His chamberlain, who followed him closely, presented the lady, who courtesied to the ground, and then stood respectfully awaiting a word of greeting or a bend of his head. The great man stood fairly in front of me, and the moment of my trial had come. I braced myself to do all things required of me with the utmost propriety and rigidity of demeanor, when, to my horror, I was pushed aside by an old gentleman who had accompanied me and had been standing behind me, and who, in a loud tone and with a pompous ring to the voice (as who should say, Listen, Grand Duke, and humble your haughty head), exclaimed in English :

"This young lady, your Highness, is the grand-daughter of Washington's aid-de-camp."

Heavens! Was there no mouse-hole that I could creep into and be no more seen? Could I not gather up my skirts about my feet and make one good run for it, and get out of the view of all those faces looking at me with a half-perplexed, half-amused smile? The poor Duke looked utterly bewildered, seeming at a loss what to do. In the first place, all court etiquette was ruthlessly swept away by an abrupt presentation addressed to the sovereign himself, and not through the grand chamberlain; in the next place, the language employed was English—an unknown tongue; and in the third place, even had he understood, Washington's aid-de-camp was of no importance in his mind, and, indeed, one might doubt strongly if he had ever even heard of Washington himself. However, after a minute or two, which seemed to me weeks in duration, he bowed to me, muttering something about "happy to meet you," and "fine day," and passed on. When the presentations were past, the good Duke evidently thought the matter over and made some historical inquiries, finally coming to the conclusion that Washington had been a great man somewhere or other, and that his aid-de-camp was entitled to honor. The consequence was that the next thing I was aware of was the hurrying to and fro of the great court dignitaries in search of Washington's aid-de-camp, who was to be found at

all costs, and taken up to the Duke with due formality. Naturally their search was fruitless, but for months afterward I went, among my friends, by the name of "Washington's aid-de-camp." The old gentleman who got me into this dilemma was General M——, a man well known, of southern birth, who had been in the war of 1812. He was a gentleman of the old school, and most attractive in every way, but unused to European customs, as one may suppose.

After the frightful incident just recorded, General M—— distinguished himself still further, in the course of the evening, but fortunately this time only to his own detriment. He had never seen "the German" danced, and consequently saw no reason why he should not seat himself in one of the chairs which he saw vacant in that charmed circle. He did so, but was rather astonished when he was requested to leave it by the gentleman to whom it belonged, and who had just been dancing in one of the figures. He hesitated, but by this time seeing the next chair empty, he got up and took that. The rightful owner of that one, also, soon returned, claiming his proprietorship with a polite bow. General M—— began to look vexed, and muttered something not complimentary to the dancer; however, again he moved. And so the thing went on: as each couple left to dance in turn he would take the empty seat, until, finally, his patience o'er-leaped its bounds, and he sturdily refused to vacate the premises, in these remarkable words:

"I'll be damned if I move another peg!"

His adversary, being Italian, understood not one word of this uncourtly speech, but seeing by General M——'s manner that there was rage in the room somewhere, he became a little fierce himself. Thereupon the General burst into a torrent of words, saying he would not be chased about the room by a pack of whipper-snappers, and using at the same time a little strong language. At last he handed his card to the foe, challenging him in mortal fight. When it got to this point, a young American, seeing the trouble, came to the rescue, and with great tact smoothed it all over, by interpreting the savage expressions in each language as apologies and regrets, whereupon the antagonists shook hands, both accepting the excuses which neither had made.

The general impression in this country seems to be that the Italian women are all very beautiful; nothing could be more erroneous. In the lower classes one sometimes sees an uncommonly lovely face, with true classic features, reminding him of the madonnas and saints of the old masters; but he scarcely recognizes it as handsome until some little time passed in Italy has accustomed his eye to that peculiar style, so different from that of our own countrywomen, who are now universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful women in the world. With the regular features of the Italians there will always remain the sallow complexion and coarse hair. Among the upper classes, eyes are all that are possessed in the way of beauty. Those features are always fine with the whole race, and they know well how to use them to advantage. Their features must be regular if they expect to lay claim to any beauty, for they never have—what will make many a woman pretty who has nothing in the way of features but a turned-up nose and largish mouth, and eyes of no particular charm—the beauty of youth. A young face is rarely seen. I am firmly persuaded that they are thirty years old when they are born; at any rate, I have never seen a woman in Florence look a day younger, but very many several days older. These remarks refer entirely to the female portion. The men are handsome,—never very manly in appearance, but with very uncommon beauty of coloring, expression and features.

In manner the Italians are a polished race, with a gloss of refinement which goes no deeper than the surface, their true nature being coarse, with not so much delicacy of thought and feeling as you would find in the most uneducated American. The men have no chivalric sentiment for women, and it is little, perhaps, to be wondered at, for their loose, unhinged ideas of propriety do not serve to make them objects of respect. Fashionable life in Italy is undoubtedly most corrupt, and the least said about it the better.

Religion in Italy is fast dying out, and a very large part of the Florentines are not far removed from infidels. Rome has been edging on, and arrogating so much to herself, that even the ignorant have been startled into a bewildered feeling that all was not as it should be. I one day saw a young man in the open streets of Florence put his thumb to his nose at the Pope's Nuncio, who was passing in his carriage. The common priests have no respect at all shown them, and, on the day of Victor Emmanuel's entrance into Rome, not one dared show himself in the

street for fear of being killed. One of the Archbishops of the Church had not illuminated his house on the evening of that day, being, no doubt, depressed in mind at these marked signs of an awakened people. The mob surrounded his palace, shouting for him in most peremptory and threatening style, forcing him, finally, not only to appear upon the balcony, but to shout, "*Viva L'Italia! Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!*"

Having mentioned many traits in the Florentine character that are far from attractive, it is time to acknowledge any merit that they may have. Their conduct during the revolution of 1859 was noble in its moderation and gentle forbearance. The whole affair was carried through quietly but determinedly—no threatenings, no violent outbreaks, no assassinations, no lawlessness of any kind. A committee went to the Grand Duke, and politely but firmly requested him to leave Florence, with all the royal family. The poor old man quietly accepted what he saw was inevitable, simply bowing his head in acquiescence. The next day the ducal carriages were seen driving through the streets, carrying the saddened and outcast family past the gates they would never more enter. They drove by our villa—a sad procession—and I never shall forget the sight. The whole scene was most touching; inside the carriage, the old Duke, sad and hopeless, his head bowed in utter dejection; outside, the people lining the road to witness his departure, and taking their hats off in respectful and courteous silence. Not one word of derision or triumph was heard; they had gained their point, and with true generosity of heart forbore to insult the fallen.

Why is it that so many Americans choose Florence as their residence? Why, I ask again, do foreigners who live there enjoy every moment of their existence, knowing only light-heartedness and catching the spirit of the Italians themselves, entering into everything gaily and joyously, letting the morrow take care of itself? There is no doubt in the world that it is chiefly owing to the absence of small worries in the housekeeping line. There the house takes care of itself, and rolls along on the easiest of casters. The extent of your housekeeping in Florence is to look over the cook's accounts once a week, and pay him. If you choose to be very particular, you can lock up your candles and sugar, giving them out when required. Your cook goes to market daily, choosing provisions to the amount that he knows you wish to lay out for one day's consumption, each item of which he puts down in a book for your inspection. You are never obliged to order your dinner, or, in fact, give it any thought. The utmost labor you will undergo is the eating of it when cooked. Think of that, you poor heart-broken American housekeeper, whose mind can rarely soar above beef,—one-half of your day being occupied in buying your food and the other half in trying to teach your obstinate or ignorant cook how to prepare it. Some people make an arrangement with their cook to serve them for a certain sum weekly, but this is not a common custom, for experience has taught that one does not fare as well nor as cheaply in the long run, the cook generally managing to give poorer food for the sake of pocketing what he can save.

Few servants are required for an average-sized family, as they know their place and work for you indiscriminately and promiscuously, not informing you every hour of the day that such and such a thing is "not their business." And what wonder that women, old before their time from constant conflicts for the sake of house and home, fly in despair to that refuge of rest and peace, where, in a few years, they regain all their freshness and spirits, and "servants" form no longer a topic of conversation, only being thought of at all when an order is to be issued. Suppose you expect a dinner-party of eight guests. You merely send word to the cook to have a good dinner ready for that number, and tell your waiter, to whom you pay from $10 to $12 a month, to lay so many plates. Perhaps you intend having a "*conversazione*" of sixty or seventy people. Instead of providing oysters, salads, boned turkeys, fillet, ham, etc., etc., which will all have to be prepared out of the house, you have a table set with tea, sandwiches and cake—that is all; and any one who wants such refreshments in the course of the evening can help himself at any moment. Of course, for a ball supper is required, particularly as the guests always stay until daylight. One memorable ball, a most magnificent affair altogether, was kept up until eleven o'clock the next morning. The dancing-room was only opened at one o'clock, supper was at four, the German commenced at six, breakfast (chocolate, etc.) was served at eight, when dancing recommenced and continued until eleven o'clock. To return to the housekeeping: a small family can often live comfortably with only two servants, as

you can engage the cook to take care of the parlors and wait on table, while a woman will see to the bed-rooms and very likely take care of a child or two, and mend their clothes, etc. Everything is so comparatively cheap that a man and his wife, with three children and three servants, can live comfortably and yet not pay more than $25 or $30 a week for all the food consumed in the house. This will include meat, vegetables, butter, bread—everything, in fact, even red wine and coal for cooking. These are prices of five years ago; what they are now I should not venture to say, as every year makes a difference. Indeed, before we left there we were obliged to raise our cook's wages from $6 to $8, and felt that we were ruined. A woman, too, who had been with us for several years, who was nurse, chamber-maid, lady's-maid, seamstress, and anything else that she was told to be, had her wages raised to $6, which we felt was more than we could stand. Mere passing travelers cannot live as cheaply as this, for the Florentines have two distinct prices—one for Italians and one for Americans. This they do not hesitate to acknowledge. I would always say, "No, I pay no such price; I am a Florentine." "Ah, I did not know that," would be the response; "then, of course, you shall have it for less."

One suffers intolerably from cold in Florence, not so much on account of the outside air, but owing to the inadequate arrangements for heating the houses, and to the stone floors, the chillness of which will penetrate to your feet through the thickest carpet. There is small doubt that the absence of furnace-heat is most desirable as regards health, but it seems cruel that no happy medium can be struck between that and no heat at all,—between floating about one's house in a light costume and thin slippers, and huddling over a few small sticks of wood, smouldering in a most minute fire-place, wrapped up in the thickest clothes, with shawls on, and your feet clad in the heaviest walking-boots. The only true way to keep warm there is to go outdoors and stay out, and this probably accounts for the constantly crowded streets. Gas, too, would be acceptable, if it were only used to light up the dark entrances to houses, in many of which one is obliged almost to grope his way up the prison-like stone stairs—the common property of each set of apartments on the different stories.

The charming society of the resident Americans and English, of which there is quite a large circle, is a very great attraction, but Florence suits all tastes, and those who like variety can get it to perfection in the traveling society. As it is impossible to get the natives to move from it, so in due proportion, making the most accurate balance, do the Americans fly in and out, hither and thither, until one is almost dazed. These restless mortals never seem able to stay in one place a week. You scarcely get acquainted with their names before they have gone, and another Jack-in-the-box jumps up at you. You would scarcely be astonished to see one of these unsettled beings in the course of an introduction fade away before your eyes, while another gradually makes his appearance. It requires a constant, painful effort of memory to distinguish and remember names and faces. Every sort of person from every sort of motive goes to Florence, making the close observation of men and manners there a most amusing study. Some go there for their health, some for gayety, some for rest and some for excitement; some because they have lost money and wish to economize, and others because they have made a fortune and want to spend it. Among the last-named came a lady of newly acquired wealth, wishing to purchase copies of the old masters to ornament her New York residence. She was much pleased with the picture of "Judith and Holofernes," and stood entranced before it, watching the grand pose of Judith, as she stands erect and daring, with the sword in one hand and the bloody head of Holofernes suspended in triumph in the other. She at once went to an artist and ordered a copy of this renowned work, with only one "slight" alteration: the bloody head, she said, made her nervous and uncomfortable, so she desired that Judith should hold a basket of flowers instead.

I was walking one day through the Uffizzi Palace, when I heard a voice calling out:

"Papa, come here, and look at Titian's 'Flora.'"

I turned, and beheld one of the commonest sights in Florence—an American family dutifully going through the orthodox wonders of the place, with no glimmer of real appreciation for the works of art about them. The reply of the worthy man I shall never forget, nor its tone of mildly reproaching astonishment:

"My dear, I don't want to see that. I have a copy of it at home, you know."

But as a display of real and unblushing

ignorance, what I am now about to relate is entirely satisfactory. An American youth, who was "doing" the sights under the escort of a friend residing in Florence, was shown, among other works of art, the famous group of "The Rape of the Sabines." Seeming rather bewildered in regard to it, and unable to see its meaning, his friend explained it, telling him briefly the historical event which the marble figures represented. He listened with rapt attention and with evident interest, and then, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, he exclaimed:

"Ah! Did that occur lately?"

These anecdotes serve as specimens to show one sort of traveling foreigner in European lands. It was my fortune to know of a tourist of a different stamp, one of the most remarkable characters of his kind. During our residence in Florence a young man suddenly arose in the social horizon who took the city by storm—not owing to his appearance, certainly, which was rather common, nor to his manners, which were so easy that an enemy might incline to call them impertinent. He was high-born and rich, therefore no enemy appeared. He was high-born, for he announced himself to be of the English Douglases; he was rich, for he gave grand entertainments, at which all the *crême de la crême* of Florentine society appeared, in aristocratic magnificence. He gave splendid presents to the ladies, kept a running account at all the principal stores, was seen everywhere dashing about, and was regarded with envy by thousands. He was honored by notice from high places, was one of the two or three selected as fit guests to meet Lord Russell at dinner while the latter was on a visit to the English embassador, and was even requested to dance with the daughter of the Grand-Duchess Marie, of Russia. He was allowed to do many things which would be considered in ordinary mortals, to put it mildly, discourteous,—such as lying on the sofa in the presence of ladies. The excuse, however, for this peculiar proceeding was ill-health. He said his lungs were affected, and if by accident his pocket-handkerchief fell to the ground, he would hurriedly pick it up, "for fear," he would say in a low voice to some one near him—"for fear the ladies should see the blood upon it." He became very intimate with Charles Lever, the novelist, who was always amiably inclined to rank, and at whose house one was always sure of meeting every celebrity passing through Florence, whether aristocratic or literary. A word here about the writer of the well-known "Charles O'Malley" would not be out of place. We knew him well, and a more genial, warm-hearted man or a more brilliant talker it would be hard to meet. He was essentially a good companion, full of wit and humor, with a fluency and command of language most remarkable. He could go on indefinitely with amusing stories or appropriate anecdotes, told with a piquant Irish accent, until hearers would fairly cry with laughing, and beg him to stop. It is said he wrote as easily as he talked, his pen never stopping for an instant. His ruling passion was whist, which he played every night of his life until nearly daylight. With all Lever's worldly knowledge, he was a man of almost child-like credulity, and was easily duped. He was swindled to a very heavy amount at one time, by a man whose name presented the incredible combination of Napoleon Finn, and who, after deceiving Lever for years, was caught and imprisoned at Trieste.

To return to Douglas. As the spring came on, the Florentine mind began to bud and put forth ideas, and at last became suspicious of this society favorite. Although many bills were run up, none seemed to be fully paid. He always had a plausible reason why he was out of money. He resorted to the cleverest expedients to blind those about him. A few days after his arrival in Florence he deposited several valuable articles of jewelry at the principal jeweler's, as he feared, he said, to keep such things at a hotel, where he might be robbed. Of course this deceived the jeweler, who was delighted to give credit to so rich a man, and Douglas bought bracelets and rings to an alarming extent, which he presented to different ladies as little tokens of friendship or love. His credit once established, he removed the jewels he had deposited on pretense of wishing to wear them. The man's unblushing coolness and entire fearlessness, combined with such rare powers of invention, made him a genius. He managed to make Count B———, a man of high rank in Florence, believe him to be his own cousin, whom he had never seen, owing to a long residence in India. The Count was connected with the Douglases, and, the relationship being most satisfactorily proved, invited this precious youth to stay at his house, and introduced him into the best society. The ladies all ran after him, young men of rank and wealth

made him their boon companion, and he was gazed at with envy by admiring crowds. Once he contrived to borrow a large sum from the head of one of the principal restaurants, to whom already he owed enormous sums, on the excuse that ladies had commissioned him to get gloves, etc., in Paris, where he was going for a few days, and had not advanced the money for them. "Of course," he added, confidentially, "I could not ask them for it, or tell them that my remittance from England did not arrive yesterday as I had expected." It is almost unnecessary to state that the ladies *had* given him the money, which, in addition to that extorted from the restaurant-keeper, made a very respectable sum to pay his traveling expenses and start credit in a new field, which he did. As some time elapsed and he did not return from "Paris," suspicions crept reluctantly into the hearts of his adorers, but more especially into the heads of his bankers, until one adventurous soul, feeling his absence more keenly, perhaps, than the others pecuniarily, took the bold resolution of sending a detective after him to Genoa, where it had been discovered he was residing. For some reason entirely inexplicable, no description of him was taken, and the detective set off with a bland confidence in his own unassisted powers. Upon reaching Genoa he went to the principal hotel, and asked if Captain Douglas was staying there. A gentleman lounging about the hall and overhearing the question, stepped forward, and told him that the person in demand was not at this hotel but at one not far off, and that, feeling himself some interest in Douglas's capture, he would like to have a conversation on the subject with him, adding that he thought he himself might be of some assistance in tracing this cunning impostor.

"But first," the gentleman said, "I must have my breakfast. I will order it now, and should be glad if you would join me. This will give us time to talk matters over, and I will tell you what I know of him." Accordingly, during a sumptuous *déjeûner à la fourchette*, consisting of endless courses and expensive wines, they did talk the matter over, most exhaustively. When breakfast was at an end, the host rose from the table and went into his bed-room adjoining to get his hat, telling his guest he would join him in a few moments and start on the search. The detective waited so long that he got impatient, went to the bed-room door, opened it, found it was not a room, but merely another exit into the hall, and then gradually, but surely, awoke to the fact that he had breakfasted with Douglas himself, who had decamped and left him to pay the breakfast bill!

The most amusing incident in this man's Florentine career was one which caused much merriment at the expense of Lever, who went off to Trieste one day with Douglas; the arrangement having been made between them before starting that Douglas should "do the ordering" on the way and Lever the paying, and that all accounts should be settled upon their return home. The consequence was that the ordering was on a very extensive scale, and one which Lever was unaccustomed to and unable to afford. He, however, had not the moral courage to moderate the great Douglas, and so continued meekly paying frightful bills wherever they went, for which, of course, no settlements were made. During their stay in Trieste, Lever told Douglas with great gusto of the Napoleon Finn swindle, entering into details, and telling the joke against himself most good-humoredly. Whereupon Douglas expressed a wish to see such a clever fellow. Accordingly they sauntered off to the prison, and were at once admitted to the prisoner's cell. Lever introduced the two men, who at once displayed the most cordial feeling for each other. Napoleon Finn lamented his fate, sighing over the fact that, when his term of imprisonment should end, he would be an "outcast and friendless, with no means of getting an honest living," etc. Douglas grasped him by the hand and said, "You shall never want a friend while I am alive. Come to me when you are free, and I will give you work, and do all in my power to assist you. I can thoroughly sympathize with your feelings,"—and I really think he could. Poor Lever's life after this was scarcely worth having, so cruelly was he laughed at for having presented the two impostors to each other.

Florence holds peculiar people of its own and of every other nation. Peculiarly good people and peculiarly bad, and peculiarly peculiar. Taking it all in all, there is an inexplicable charm about it making it unique. It is a bright, cheerful, gay, easy-going, lazy-lounging, dear old town that, once known and lived in, can never be forgotten, or thought of with indifference.

MY FRIEND MRS. ANGEL.

A WASHINGTON SKETCH.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Angel dates from the hour she called upon me, in response to my application at a ladies' furnishing store for a seamstress; and the growth of the acquaintance, as well as the somewhat peculiar character which it assumed, was doubtless due to the interest I betrayed in the history of her early life, as related to me at different times, frankly and with unconscious pathos and humor.

Her parents were of the "poor white" class and lived in some remote Virginian wild, whose precise locality, owing to the narrator's vague geographical knowledge, I could never ascertain. She was the oldest of fifteen children, all of whom were brought up without the first rudiments of an education, and ruled over with brutal tyranny by a father whose sole object in life was to vie with his neighbors in the consumption of "black jack" and corn whisky, and to extract the maximum of labor from his numerous progeny,—his paternal affection finding vent in the oft-repeated phrase, "Durn 'em, I wish I could sell some on 'em!" The boys, as they became old enough to realize the situation, ran away in regular succession;—the girls, in the forlorn hope of exchanging a cruel master for one less so, drifted into matrimony at the earliest possible age. Mrs. Angel, at the age of sixteen, married a man of her own class, who found his way in course of time to Washington and became a day-laborer in the Navy Yard.

It would be interesting, if practicable, to trace the subtle laws by which this woman became possessed of a beauty of feature and form, and color, which a youth spent in field-work, twenty subsequent years of maternity and domestic labor, and a life-long diet of the coarsest description, have not succeeded in obliterating. Blue, heavily fringed eyes, wanting only intelligence to make them really beautiful; dark, wavy hair, delicately formed ears, taper fingers, and a fair, though faded complexion, tell of a youth whose beauty must have been striking.

She seldom alluded to her husband at all, and never by name, the brief pronoun "he" answering all purposes, and this invariably uttered in a tone of resentment and contempt, which the story of his wooing sufficiently accounts for.

"His folks lived over t'other side the mount'n," she related, "an' he was dead sot an' *de*-termined he'd have me. I never did see a man so sot! The Lord knows why! He used ter foller me 'round an' set an' set, day in an' day out. I kep' a-tellin' of him I couldn't a-bear him, an' when I said it, he'd jess look at me an' kind o' grin, like, an' never say nothin', but keep on a-settin' 'roun'. Mother *she* didn't dare say a word, 'cause she knowed father 'lowed I should have him whether or no. 'T'aint no use, Calline,' she'd say, 'ye might as well give up fust as last.' Then he got ter comin' every day, an' he an' father jess ot an' smoked, an' drunk whisky, an' *he* a-starin' at me all the time as if he was crazy, like. Bimeby I took ter hidin' when he come. Sometimes I hid in the cow-shed, an' sometimes in the woods, an' waited till he'd cl'ared out, an' then when I come in the house, father he'd out with his cowhide, an' whip me. 'I'll teach ye,' he'd say, swearin' awful, 'I'll teach ye ter honor yer father an' mother, as brought ye inter the world, ye hussy!' An' after a while, what with that, an' seein' mother a-cryin' 'roun', I begun ter git enough of it, an' at last I got so I didn't keer. So I stood up an' let him marry me; but," she added, with smouldering fire in her faded blue eyes, "I 'lowed I'd make him sorry fur it, an' I reckon I *hev!* But he wont let on. Ketch him!"

This, and her subsequent history, her valorous struggle with poverty, her industry and tidiness, her intense, though blindly foolish, love for her numerous offspring, and a general soft-heartedness toward all the world, except "niggers" and the father of her children, interested me in the woman to an extent which has proved disastrous to my comfort—and pocket. I cannot tell how it came about, but at an early period of our acquaintance Mrs. Angel began to take a lively interest in my wardrobe, not only promptly securing such articles as I had already condemned as being too shabby, even for the wear of an elderly Government employé, but going to the length of suggesting the laying aside of others which I had modestly deemed capable of longer service. From this, it was but a step to placing a species of lien upon all newly

purchased garments, upon which she freely commented, with a view to their ultimate destination. It is not pleasant to go through the world with the feeling of being mortgaged as to one's apparel, but though there have been moments when I have meditated rebellion, I have never been able to decide upon any practicable course of action.

I cannot recall the time when Mrs. Angel left my room without a package of some description. She carries with her always a black satchel, possessing the capacity and insatiability of a conjurer's bag, but, unlike that article, while anything may be gotten into it, nothing ever comes out of it.

Her power of absorption is simply marvelous. Fortunately, however, the demon of desire which possesses her may be appeased, all other means failing, with such trifles a a row of pins, a few needles, or even stale newspapers.

"He reads 'em," she explained, concerning the last, "an' then I dresses my pantry-shelves with 'em."

"It is a wonder your husband never taught *you* to read," I said once, seeing how wistfully she was turning the pages of a "Harper's Weekly."

The look of concentrated hate flashed into her face again.

"He 'lows a woman aint got no call ter read," she answered, bitterly. "I allers laid off to larn, jess ter spite him, but I aint never got to it yit."

I came home from my office one day late in autumn, to find Mrs. Angel sitting by the fire in my room, which, as I board with friends, is never locked. Her customary trappings of woe were enhanced by a new veil of cheap crape which swept the floor, and her round, rosy visage wore an expression of deep, unmitigated grief. A patch of *poudre de riz* ornamented her tip-tilted nose, a delicate aroma of Farina cologne-water pervaded the atmosphere, and the handle of my ivory-backed hair-brush protruded significantly from one of the drawers of my dressing-bureau.

I glanced at her apprehensively. My first thought was that the somewhat mythical personage known as "he" had finally shuffled himself out of existence. I approached her respectfully.

"Good-evenin'," she murmured. "Pretty day!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Angel?" I responded, sympathetically. "You seem to be in trouble. What has happened?"

"A heap!" was the dismal answer. "Old Mr. Lawson's dead!"

"Ah! Was he a near relative of yours?" I inquired.

"Well," she answered,—somewhat dubiously, I thought,—"not *so* nigh. He wasn't rightly *no kin*. His fust wife's sister married my oldest sister's husband's mother—but we's allers *knowed* him, an' he was allers a-comin' an' a-goin' amongst us *like* one o' the family. An' if ever they *was* a saint he was one!"

Here she wiped away a furtive tear with a new black-bordered kerchief. I was silent, feeling any expression of sympathy on my part inadequate to the occasion.

"He was *prepared*," she resumed, presently, "ef ever a man was. He got religion about forty year ago—that time all the stars fell down, ye know. He'd been ter see his gal, an' was goin' home late, and the stars was a-fallin', and he was took then. He went into a barn, an' begun prayin', an' he aint never stopped sence."

Again the black-bordered handkerchief was brought into requisition.

"How are the children?" I ventured, after a pause.

"Po'ly!" was the discouraging answer. "Jinny an' Nely an' John Henry has all had the croup. I've been a-rubbin' of 'em with Radway's Relief an' British ile, an' a-givin' on it to 'em internal, fur two days an' nights runnin'. Both bottles is empty now, and the Lord knows where the next is ter come from, fur we aint got no credit at the 'pothecary's. *He's* out o' work ag'in, an' they aint a stick o' wood in the shed, an' the grocer-man says he wants some money putty soon. Ef my *hens* would only lay——"

"It was unfortunate," I could not help saying, with a glance at the veil and handkerchief, "that you felt obliged to purchase additional mourning just when things were looking so badly."

She gave me a sharp glance, a glow of something like resentment crept into her face.

"All our family puts on black fur kin, ef it *aint* so nigh!" she remarked with dignity.

A lineal descendant of an English earl could not have uttered the words "our family" with more hauteur. I felt the rebuke.

"Besides," she added, naïvely, "the store-keeper *trusted* me fur 'em."

"If only Phenie could git work," she resumed, presently, giving me a peculiar side-glance with which custom had rendered

me familiar, it being the invariable precursor of a request, or a sly suggestion. "She's only fifteen, an' she aint over 'n' above *strong*, but she's got learnin'. She only left off school a year ago come spring, an' she can do right smart. There's Sam Weaver's gal, as lives nex' do' to us, *she's* got a place in the printin'-office where she 'arns her twenty-five dollars a month, an' she never seen the day as she could read like Phenie, an' she's ugly as sin, too."

It occurred to me just here that I had heard of an additional force being temporarily required in the Printing Bureau. I resolved to use what influence I possessed with a prominent official, a friend of "better days," to obtain employment for "Phenie," for, with all the poor woman's faults and weaknesses, I knew that her distress was genuine. Work was scarce, and there were many mouths to feed in that forlorn little house at the Navy Yard.

"I will see if I can find some employment for your daughter," I said, after reflecting a few moments. "Come here Saturday evening, and I will let you know the result."

I knew, by the sudden animation visible in Mrs. Angel's face, that this was what she had hoped for and expected.

When I came from the office on Saturday evening, I found Mrs. Angel and her daughter awaiting me. She had often alluded to Phenie with maternal pride, as a "good-lookin' gal," but I was entirely unprepared for such a vision as, at her mother's bidding, advanced to greet me. It occurred to me that Mrs. Angel herself must have once looked somewhat as Phenie did now, except as to the eyes. That much-contemned "he" must have been responsible for the large, velvety black eyes which met mine with such a timid, deprecating glance.

She was small and perfectly shaped, and there was enough of vivid coloring and graceful curve about her to have furnished a dozen ordinary society belles. Her hair fell loosely to her waist in the then prevailing fashion, a silken, wavy, chestnut mass. A shabby little hat was perched on one side her pretty head, and the tightly fitting basque of her dress of cheap and faded blue exposed her white throat almost too freely. I was glad that I could answer the anxious pleading of those eyes in a manner not disappointing. The girl's joy was a pretty thing to witness as I told her mother that my application had been successful, and that Phenie would be assigned work on Monday.

"*He* 'lowed she wouldn't git in," remarked Mrs. Angel, triumphantly, "an' as fur Columbus, *he* didn't want her to git in no how."

"Oh *maw!*" interrupted Phenie, blushing like a June rose.

"Oh, what's the use!" continued her mother. "Columbus says he wouldn't 'low it nohow ef he'd got a good stan'. He says as soon as ever he gits inter business fur hisself——"

"Oh *maw!*" interposed Phenie again, going to the window to hide her blushes.

"Columbus is a butcher by trade," went on Mrs. Angel, in a confidential whisper, "an' Phenie, she don't like the idee of it. I tell her she's foolish, but she don't like it. I reckon it's readin' them story-papers, all about counts, an' lords, an sich, as has set her agin' butcherin'. But Columbus, he jess loves the groun' she walks on, an' he's a-goin' ter hucksterin' as soon as ever he can git a good stan'."

I expressed a deep interest in the success of Columbus, and rescued Phenie from her agony of confusion by some remarks upon other themes of a less personal nature. Soon after, mother and daughter departed.

Eight o'clock Monday morning brought Phenie, looking elated, yet nervous. She wore the faded blue dress, but a smart "butterfly-bow" of rose-pink was perched in her shining hair, and another was at her throat. As we entered the Treasury building, I saw that she turned pale and trembled as if with awe, and as we passed on through the lofty, resounding corridors, and up the great flight of steps, she panted like a hunted rabbit.

At the Bureau I presented the appointment-card I had received. The superintendent gave it a glance, scrutinized Phenie closely, beckoned to a minor power, and in a moment the new employé was conducted from my sight. Just as she disappeared behind the door leading into the grimy, noisy world of printing-presses, Phenie gave me a glance over her shoulder. Such a trembling, scared sort of a glance! I felt as if I had just turned a young lamb into a den of ravening wolves.

Curiously enough, from this day the fortunes of the house of Angel began to mend. "He" was re-instated in "the yard," the oldest boy began a thriving business in the paper-selling line, and Mrs. Angel herself being plentifully supplied with plain sewing, the family were suddenly plunged into a

state of affluence which might well have upset a stronger intellect than that of its maternal head. Her lunacy took the mild and customary form of "shopping." Her trips to the Avenue (by which Pennsylvania avenue is presupposed) and to Seventh street became of semi-weekly occurrence. She generally dropped in to see me on her way home, in quite a friendly and informal manner (her changed circumstances had not made her proud), and with high glee exhibited to me her purchases. They savored strongly of Hebraic influences, and included almost every superfluous article of dress known to modern times. She also supplied herself with lace curtains of marvelous design, and informed me that she had bought a magnificent "bristles" carpet at auction, for a mere song.

"The *bristles* is wore off in some places," she acknowledged, "but it's most as good as new."

Her grief for the lamented Mr. Lawson found new expression in "mourning" jewelry of a massive and somber character, including ear-rings of a size which threatened destruction to the lobes of her small ears. Her fledgelings were liberally provided with new feathers of a showy and fragile nature, and even her feelings toward "him" became sufficiently softened to allow the purchase of a purple necktie and an embroidered shirt-bosom for his adornment.

"He aint not ter say *so* ugly, of a Sunday, when he gits the smudge washed off," she remarked, in connection with the above.

"It must have been a great satisfaction to you," I suggested (not without a slight tinge of malice), "to be able to pay off the grocer and the dry-goods merchant."

Mrs. Angel's spirits were visibly dampened by this unfeeling allusion. Her beaming face darkened.

"They has to take their resks," she remarked, sententiously, after a long pause, fingering her hard-rubber bracelets, and avoiding my gaze.

Once I met her on the Avenue. She was issuing from a popular restaurant, followed by four or five young Angels, all in high spirits and beaming with the consciousness of well-filled stomachs, and the possession of divers promising-looking paper bags. She greeted me with an effusiveness which drew upon me the attention of the passers-by.

"We've done had *oyshters!*" remarked John Henry.

"'N' ice-cream 'n' cakes!" supplemented Cornelia.

The fond mother exhibited, with natural pride, their "tin-types," taken individually and collectively, sitting and standing, with hats and without. The artist had spared neither carmine nor gilt-foil, and the effect was unique and dazzling.

"I've ben layin' off ter have 'em took these two year," she loudly explained, "an' I've done it! He'll be mad as a hornet, but I don't keer! *He* don't pay fur 'em!"

A vision of the long-suffering grocer and merchant rose between me and those triumphs of the limner's art, but then, as Mrs. Angel herself had philosophically remarked, "they has to take their resks."

Phenie, too, in the beginning, was a frequent visitor, and I was pleased to note that her painful shyness was wearing off a little, and to see a marked improvement in her dress. There was, with all her childishness, a little trace of coquetry about her,—the innocent coquetry of a bird preening its feathers in the sunshine. She was simply a soft-hearted, ignorant little beauty, whose great, appealing eyes seemed always asking for something, and in a way one might find it hard to refuse.

In spite of her rich color, I saw that the girl was frail, and knowing that she had a long walk after leaving the cars, I arranged for her to stay with me over night when the weather was severe, and she often did so, sleeping on the lounge in my sitting-room.

At first I exerted myself to entertain my young guest,—youth and beauty have great charms for me,—but beyond some curiosity at the sight of pictures, I met with no encouragement. The girl's mind was a vacuum. She spent the hours before retiring in caressing and romping with my kitten, in whose company she generally curled up on the hearth-rug and went to sleep, looking, with her disarranged curly hair and round, flushed cheeks, like a child kept up after its bed-time.

But after a few weeks she came less frequently, and finally not at all. I heard of her occasionally through her mother, however, who reported favorably, dilating most fervidly upon the exemplary punctuality with which Phenie placed her earnings in the maternal hand.

It happened one evening in mid-winter that I was hastening along Pennsylvania avenue at an early hour, when, as I was passing a certain restaurant, the door of the ladies' entrance was pushed noisily open, and a

party of three came out. The first of these was a man, middle-aged, well-dressed, and of a jaunty and gallant air, the second a large, high-colored young woman, the third—Phenie. She looked flushed and excited, and was laughing in her pretty, foolish way at something her male companion was saying to her. My heart stood still; but, as I watched the trio from the obscurity of a convenient doorway, I saw the man hail a Navy Yard car, assist Phenie to enter it, and return to his friend upon the pavement, when, after exchanging a few words, the pair separated.

I was ill at ease. I felt a certain degree of responsibility concerning Phenie, and the next day, therefore, I waited for her at the great iron gate through which the employés of the Bureau must pass out, determined to have a few words with the child in private. Among the first to appear was Phenie, and with her, as I had feared, the high-colored young woman. In spite of that person's insolent looks, I drew Phenie's little hand unresistingly through my arm, and led her away.

Outside the building, as I had half-expected, loitered the man in whose company I had seen her on the previous evening. Daylight showed him to be a type familiar to Washington eyes—large, florid, scrupulously attired, and carrying himself with a mingled air of military distinction and senatorial dignity well calculated to deceive an unsophisticated observer.

He greeted Phenie with a courtly bow, and a smile, which changed quickly to a dark look as his eyes met mine, and turned away with a sudden assumption of lofty indifference and abstraction.

Phenie accompanied me to my room without a word, where I busied myself in preparing some work for her mother, chatting meanwhile of various trifling matters.

I could see that the girl looked puzzled, astonished, even a little angry. She kept one of her small, dimpled hands hidden under the folds of her water-proof, too, and her eyes followed me wistfully and questioningly.

"Who were those people I saw you with last evening, coming from H——'s saloon?" I suddenly asked.

Phenie gave me a startled glance; her face grew pale.

"Her name," she stammered, "is Nettie Mullin."

"And the gentleman?" I asked again, with an irony which I fear was entirely thrown away.

The girl's color came back with a rush.

"His name is O'Brien, General O'Brien," she faltered. "He—he's a great man!" she added, with a pitiful little show of pride.

"Ah! Did he tell you so?" I asked.

"Nettie told me," the girl answered, simply. "She's known him a long time. He's rich and has a great deal of—of influence, and he's promised to get us promoted. He's a great friend of Nettie's, and he—he's a perfect gentleman."

She looked so innocent and confused as she sat rubbing the toe of one small boot across a figure of the carpet, that I had not the heart to question her further. In her agitation she had withdrawn the hand she had kept hitherto concealed beneath her cape, and was turning around and around the showy ring which adorned one finger.

"I am certain, Phenie," I said, "that your friend General O'Brien is no more a general and no more a gentleman than that ring you are wearing is genuine gold and diamonds."

She gave me a half-laughing, half-resentful look, colored painfully, but said nothing, and went away at length, with the puzzled, hurt look still on her face.

For several days following I went every day to the gate of the Bureau, and saw Phenie on her homeward way. For two or three days "General O'Brien" continued to loiter about the door-way, but as he ceased at length to appear, and as the system I had adopted entailed upon me much fatigue and loss of time, I decided finally to leave Phenie again to her own devices; not, however, without some words of advice and warning. She received them silently, but her large, soft eyes looked into mine with the pathetic, wondering look of a baby, who cannot comprehend why it shall not put its hand into the blaze of the lamp.

I did not see her for some time after this, but having ascertained from her mother that she was in the habit of coming home regularly, my anxiety was in a measure quieted.

"She don't seem nateral, Phenie don't," Mrs. Angel said one day. "She's kind o' quiet, like, as ef she was studyin' about something, an' she used to be everlastin' singin' an' laughin'. Columbus, he's a-gittin' kind o' oneasy an' jealous, like. Says he, 'Mrs. Angel,' says he, 'ef Phenie should go back on me after all, an' me a-scrapin,' an' a-savin', an' a-goin' out o' butcherin' along o' her not favorin' it,' says he, 'why I reckon I wouldn't never git over it,' says he. Ye see him an' her's ben a-keepin' comp'ny sence Phenie was

twelve year old. I tell's him he ain't no call ter feel oneasy, though, not as *I* knows on."

Something urged me here to speak of what I knew as to Phenie's recent associates, but other motives—a regard for the girl's feelings, and reliance upon certain promises she had made me, mingled with a want of confidence in her mother's wisdom and discretion—kept me silent.

One evening—it was in March, and a little blustering—I was sitting comfortably by my fire, trying to decide between the attractions of a new magazine and the calls of duty which required my attendance at a certain "Ladies' Committee-meeting," when a muffled, unhandy sort of a knock upon my door disturbed my train of thought. I uttered an indolent "Come in!"

There was a hesitating turn of the knob, the door opened, and I rose to be confronted by a tall, broad-chested young man, of ruddy complexion and undecided features; a young man who, not at all abashed, bowed in a friendly manner, while his mild, blue eyes wandered about the apartment with undisguised eagerness. He wore a new suit of invisible plaid, an extremely low-necked shirt, a green necktie, and a celluloid pin in the form of a shapely feminine leg. Furthermore, the little finger of the hand which held his felt hat was gracefully crooked in a manner admitting the display of a seal ring of a peculiarly striking style, and an agreeable odor of bergamot, suggestive of the barber's chair, emanated from his person. It flashed over me at once that this was Phenie Angel's lover, a suspicion which his first words verified.

"Aint Miss Angel here?" he asked, in a voice full of surprise and disappointment.

"No, she is not," I answered. "You are her friend, Columbus——"

"Columbus Padgett, ma'am," he responded. "Yes, ma'am. Aint Phenie been here this evenin'?"

"No. Did you expect to find her here?"

Mr. Padgett's frank face clouded perceptibly, and he pushed his hair back and forth on his forehead uneasily, as he answered:

"I did, indeed, ma'am. I—you see, ma'am, she aint been comin' home reg'lar of late, Phenie aint, an' I aint had no good chance to speak to her for right smart of a while. I laid off to see her to-night for certain. I've got somethin' *partic'lar* to say to her, to-night. You see, ma'am," he added, becoming somewhat confused, "me an' her—we—I—me an' her——"

He stopped, evidently feeling his inability to express himself with the delicacy the subject required.

"I understand, Mr. Padgett," I said, smilingly, "you and Phenie are——"

"That's it!" interposed Mr. Padgett, much relieved. "Yes, ma'am, that's how the matter stan's! I made sure of findin' Phenie here. Her ma says as that's where she's been a-stayin' nights lately."

I started. I had not seen Phenie for two or three weeks.

"I dare say she has gone home with one of the girls from the Bureau," I said, reassuringly.

I had been studying the young man's face in the meantime, and had decided that Mr. Padgett was a very good sort of a fellow. There was good material in him. It might be in a raw state, but it was very good material, indeed. He might be a butcher by trade, but surely he was the "mildest-mannered man" that ever felled an ox. His voice had a pleasant, sincere ring, and altogether he looked like a man with whom it might be dangerous to trifle, but who might be trusted to handle a sick baby, or wait upon a helpless woman with unlimited devotion.

"You don't have no idea who the girl might be?" he asked, gazing dejectedly into the crown of his hat. "'Taint so late. I might find Phenie yit."

It happened, by the merest chance, that I did know where Nettie Mullin, in whose company I feared Phenie might again be found, boarded. That is to say, I knew the house but not its number, and standing as it did at a point where several streets and avenues intersect, its situation was one not easily imparted to another. I saw, by the look of hopeless bewilderment on Mr. Padgett's face, that he could have discovered the North-west Passage with equal facility.

I reflected, hesitated, formed a hasty resolution, and said:

"I am going out to attend a meeting, and I will show you where one of the girls, with whom I have seen Phenie, lives. You may find her there now."

The young man's face brightened a little. He expressed his thanks, and waited for me on the landing.

The house where Miss Mullin boarded was only a few squares away. It was one of a row of discouraged-looking houses, which had started out with the intention of being genteel but had long ago given up the idea.

It was lighted up cheerfully, however, we

saw on approaching, and a hack stood before the door. I indicated to my companion that this was the house, and would have turned away, but at that moment the door opened, and two girls came out and descended the steps. The light from the hall, as well as that of a street-lamp, fell full upon them. There was no mistaking Miss Mullin, and her companion was Phenie, —in a gay little hat set saucily back from her face, the foolish, pretty laugh ringing from her lips.

The two girls tripped lightly across the pavement toward the carriage. As they did so, the door was opened from within (the occupant, for reasons best known to himself, preferring not to alight), and a well-clad, masculine arm was gallantly extended. Miss Mullin, giggling effusively, was about to enter, followed close by Phenie, when, with a smothered cry, Padgett darted forward and placed himself between them and the carriage.

"Phenie," he said, his voice shaking a little. "Phenie, where was you a-goin'?"

The young girl started back, confused.

"Law, Columbus!" she faltered, in a scared, faint voice.

In the meantime, the man in the carriage put his face out of the door, and eyed the intruder, for an instant, arrogantly. Then, affecting to ignore his presence altogether, he turned toward the two girls with a slightly impatient air, saying, in an indescribably offensive tone:

"Come, ladies, come. What are you stopping for?"

Mr. Padgett, who had been holding Phenie's little hand speechlessly, let it fall, and turned toward the carriage excitedly.

"Miss Angel is stoppin' to speak to *me*, sir," he said. "Have you got anything to say ag'inst it?"

The occupant of the carriage stared haughtily at him, broke into a short laugh, and turned again toward the girls.

Mr. Padgett, pushing his hat down upon his head, took a step nearer. The gentleman, after another glance, drew back discreetly, saying, in a nonchalant manner:

"Come, Miss Nettie. We shall be late."

"I suppose you're not going with us, then, Miss Angel?" said Miss Mullin, with a toss of her plumed hat.

Mr. Padgett turned, and looked Phenie steadily in the face.

"*Be* you goin' with them?" he asked, in a low voice.

"N—no!" the girl faltered, faintly. "I'll go with you, Columbus."

A muffled remark of a profane nature was heard to proceed from the carriage, the door was violently closed, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away.

I had kept discreetly aloof, although an interested spectator of the scene. Phenie, after one swift glance in my direction, had not raised her eyes again.

"We'll go with you where you're goin', ma'am," said Mr. Padgett, as the carriage disappeared, but I would not permit this.

"Well, good evenin', ma'am," he said; "I'm a thousand times obliged to you—good evenin'."

With an indescribable look into Phenie's pale, down-cast face,—a look made up of pain, tenderness and reproach,—he put her hand through his arm, and they went away.

As might have been expected, Phenie avoided me, after this, more carefully than ever. I was glad that she did so. I was also glad when, a week or two later, Mrs. Angel presented herself, in a towering state of indignation, to inform me that Phenie had received her discharge. In vain I reminded her that Phenie's position had been, from the beginning, a temporary one.

"I don't keer!" she persisted. "I'd like ter know what difference it would 'a' made to the Government—jess that little bit o' money! An' me a-needin' of it so! Why couldn't they have discharged some o' them women as sets all day on them velvet carpets an' cheers, a-doin' nothin' but readin' story-papers? Phenie's seen 'em a-doin' of it, time an' ag'in—an' she a-workin' at a old greasy machine!"

In vain I endeavored to prove that no injustice had been done. Mrs. Angel's attitude toward the United States Government remains, to this day, inflexibly hostile.

"Ef Columbus had let alone interferin' between Phenie an' them that was intendin' well by her, I reckon she'd 'a' been settin' on one o' them velvet cheers herself by this time," she remarked, mysteriously, "or a-doin' better still."

I looked at her sharply.

"They's a gentleman," she went on, with a foolish smile, "a gineral, as is all taken up with Phenie. He's a great friend o' the President's, you know, an' they's no knowin' what he *might* do for the gal, ef Columbus 'd let alone interferin'."

"Then Phenie has told you of her new acquaintance?" I said, much relieved.

Mrs. Angel looked at me blankly.

"Lord, no!" she answered, "*she* never let on! No, indeed! But I knowed it—I knowed it all along. Sam Weaver's gal, *she* told me about it. I knowed she was keepin' company with him, kind o'."

"And you said nothing to Phenie?"

"Lord, no! Gals is bashful, Mis' Lawrence. No, indeed!"

"Nor say a word of all this to Columbus?" I asked again.

"What fur?" said Mrs. Angel, imperturbably. "He aint got no call ter interfere, ef she kin do better."

I was silent a moment in sheer despair.

"Do you imagine, for one moment," I said, finally, "that if this general, as he calls himself, is really what he pretends to be, a gentleman and a friend of the President's, that he means honestly by Phenie?"

Mrs. Angel regarded me with a fixed stare, in which I discerned wonder at my incredulity, and indignation at the implied disparagement of her daughter.

"Why not?" she asked, with some heat. "Phenie was a-readin' me a story, not so long ago, about a man, a lord or somethin' like, as married a miller's daughter. The name was 'The Secrit Marriage,' or thereabouts. I'd like to know ef she aint as good as a *miller's* daughter, any time o' day?"

I said no more. "Against stupidity even the gods strive in vain."

A month later, perhaps, Mrs. Angel, whom I had not seen since the interview just related, came toiling up the stairs with her arms piled high with suggestive-looking packages, and beamingly and unceremoniously entered my sitting-room. With rather more than her customary ease of manner, she deposited herself and parcels upon the lounge, and exclaimed, pantingly:

"Wall! Phenie an' Columbus is goin' ter be married Sunday week!"

"Ah!" I responded, with a sympathetic thrill; "so they have made it up again?"

"Yes, indeed!" she answered, "they've done made it up. They *was* one time I was most afeard Columbus was goin' to back out, though. 'Twas after that time when he come down here after Phenie, an' found her a-goin' out 'long o' that Bureau gal an' that man as called hisself a gineral!"

"So you found out the character of Phenie's friend at last?" I said.

"Columbus, *he* found it out. I'll tell ye how 'twas. Ye see, him an' Phenie was a-havin' of it that night after they got home. They was in the front room, but they's right smart of a crack 'roun' the do', an' you kin hear right smart ef you sets up clos't enough," she explained, naïvely.

"'Phenie,' says Columbus, kind o' humble, like, 'I don't want no wife as don't like me better 'n ary other man in the world. Ef you likes that man, an' he's a good man, an' means right by ye, I aint one ter stan' in your way; but,' says he, 'I don't believe he's no good. I've seen them kind befo', an' I don't have no confidence into him.'

"'Columbus,' says Phenie, kind o' spirited, fur *her*, 'you aint got no call to talk agin' him. He's a gentleman, he is!'

"'All right!' says Columbus, chokin' up, 'all right. Mebbe he is—but I don't like this meetin' of him unbeknownst, Phenie. It aint the thing. Now I want you ter promise me not to meet him any more *unbeknownst* till you knows more about him, an' you give me leave ter find out all about him, an' see ef I don't.'

"'I wont listen to no lies,' says Phenie, kind o' fiery.

"'I wont tell ye no lies, Phenie,' he says. 'I never has, an' I aint goin' ter begin now.'

"Then he got up an' shoved his cheer back, and I had ter go 'way from the crack.

"Wall, Phenie looked real white an' sick after that, an' I felt right down sorry fur the gal, but I didn't let on I knew anything, 'cause 'twaren't *my* place ter speak *fust*, ye know! Wall, she dragged 'round fur three, four days,—that was after she was discharged, you see,—an' one evenin' Columbus he come in all tremblin' an' stirred up, an' him an' her went inter the room, an' I sat up ter the crack. An' Columbus he begun.

"'Phenie,' says he, his voice all hoarse an' shaky, 'Phenie, what would you say ef I was ter tell ye your fine gineral *wasn't* no gineral, an' was a married man at that?'

"'Prove it!' says Phenie.

"I had ter laugh ter hear her speak up so peart, like. I didn't think 'twas in her, and she not much more'n a child.

"'Wall,' says Columbus, 'ef *I* can't prove it, I knows them as kin.'

"'Wall,' says Phenie, 'when he tells me so hisself, I'll believe it, an' not befo'!'

"Then Columbus went away, an' I could see he was all worked up an' mad. His face was white as cotton. Phenie, she went to bed, an' I heerd her a-cryin' an' a-snubbin', all night. She couldn't eat no breakfast, nuther, though I made griddle-cakes, extry fur her; an' she dressed herself an' went off somewheres—I didn't ask her, but I reckon she went down ter the city ter find out about

that man. Wall, towards night she come home, an' I never see a gal look so—kind o' wild, like, an' her eyes a-shinin' an' her cheeks as red as pinies. She sot an' looked out o' the winder, an' looked, an' bimeby Columbus he come in, an' they went into the room. I couldn't hear rightly what they said, the chill'en was makin' sich a noise, but I heared Phenie bust out a-cryin' fit to break her heart, an' then Columbus, he—wall, Lord! I never did see sich a feller! He jess loves the groun' that gal's feet walks on!"

"He must be very forgiving," I said. "Phenie has used him badly."

"Wall, I do' know," she replied, with perfect simplicity. "I do' know as she was beholden to Columbus ef she could a-done better. The child didn't mean no harm."

Although aware of the impracticability of trying to render Mrs. Angel's comprehension of maternal duty clearer, I could not help saying:

"But why didn't you, as the girl's own mother and nearest friend, have a talk with Phenie in the beginning? You might have spared her a great deal of trouble."

Mrs. Angel's eyes dilated with surprise.

"Lord! Mis' Lawrence!" she exclaimed, "you do' know! Why, gals is that bashful! They couldn't tell their *mothers* sich things. Why, I'd 'a' died 'fore I'd 'a' told mine anything about—love-matters! Lord!"

"Well," I sighed, "I'm glad Phenie is going to marry so good a fellow as Columbus."

"Y—yes," she answered, condescendingly, "he's a good feller, Columbus is. He don't drink or smoke, an' he's mighty savin'."

I remarked here, as on other occasions, that Mrs. Angel regarded this being "savin'" as a purely masculine virtue.

"He's give Phenie most a hundred dollars a'ready," she continued, complacently. "They aint no gal on the Navy Yard as 'll have nicer things 'n Phenie."

A fortnight later the newly wedded pair called upon me. Phenie looked very sweet in her bridal finery, but there was something in her face which I did not like. It meant neither peace nor happiness. She looked older. There were some hard lines around her lips, and the childish expression of her lovely eyes had given place to a restless, absent look. Her husband was serenely unconscious of anything wanting—unconscious, indeed, of everything but his absolute bliss, and his new shiny hat. He wore a lavender necktie, now, and gloves of the same shade, which were painfully tight, and, with the hat, would have made life a burden to any but the bridegroom of a week's standing. Phenie had little to say, but Columbus was jubilantly loquacious.

"I've gone out o' butcherin' fur good an', all," he declared, emphatically. "Phenie didn't like it, an' no more do I. Huckster-in' is more to my mind, ma'am. It's *cleaner* an'—an' more genteel, ma'am. I've got a *good* stan', an' I mean to keep Phenie like a *lady*, ma'am!"

She lived but a year after this. She and her baby were buried in one grave. That was five years ago. Columbus still wears a very wide hat-band of crape, and mourns her sincerely.

Her death was a heavy blow to her mother, whose grief is borne with constant repining and unreasoning reflections. The fountains of her eyes overflow at the mere utterance of the girl's name.

"The doctors 'lowed 'twas consumption as ailed her," she often repeats, "but I aint never got red o' thinkin' 'twas trouble as killed her. I used ter think, Mis' Lawrence," she says, with lowered voice, "that she hadn't never got over thinkin' of that man as fooled her so! I wish I could see him oncet! Says she ter me, time an' agin', 'Ma,' says she, 'I reckon I aint a-goin' ter live long. I'm right young ter die, but I do' know as I keer!' says she."

"Did her husband ever suspect that she was unhappy?" I asked.

"Lord no, ma'am! Or ef he did he never let on! An' I never see sich a man! There wasn't *nothin'* he didn't git her while she was sick, an' her coffin was a sight! They warn't never sich a one seen on the Navy Yard! An' he goes to her grave, rain or shine, as reg'lar as Sunday comes."

As I have said, several years have passed since Phenie's death, but Mrs. Angel's visits have never ceased. The lapse of time has left hardly any traces upon her comely exterior. In times of plenty, her soul expands gleefully and the brown-paper parcels multiply. In times of dearth, she sits, an elderly Niobe, and weeps out her woes upon my hearth-stone. The black satchel, too, by some occult power, has resisted the wear and tear of years and exposure to the elements, and continues to swallow up my substance insatiably as of yore. Occasionally, as I have said, something within me rises in arms against her quiet, yet persistent encroachments, but this is a transitory mood. Her next visit puts my resolutions to flight.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Political Machine.

IT is readily observable that the protests against the political machine and the efforts on behalf of civil-service reform, as a practical outcome of that protest, originate in the cities. People in the country follow their political leaders, without serious question, and do not come much into contact with the bad results which they do so much to secure. The one or two men in each town who are relied upon at head-quarters to do the party work, get office, it is true, but that seems to be because they are "fond of politics"; and, as office has so long been the reward of party work, it is looked upon as quite the regular and legitimate thing. The city is almost the only place where the authority of the political leader is questioned. He looks to the country towns for loyalty to his policy and decrees, and relies upon them to carry his ends in the State. The managing men of the small towns are always in confidential correspondence with head-quarters, and their work is done so quietly and cleverly that the country voter is never made to feel the yoke, or led to suspect that he is the tool of a corrupt cabal of office-holders and office-seekers.

In the city, especially the great city, the machinery comes more to the surface. Here we find a class of professional politicians. Their business is politics. There may be some, above them, who are working for power, without any thought of office, but they know that every man under them is at work for what he can make out of the business. Some work with very small aspirations and expectations. There are wheels within wheels, and there are those who work for so small a consideration as their drink. They furnish the machinery of all elections. They attend and manage the primary elections and caucuses. They do the party work, and will permit no one else to do it. Good men are often reproached with their neglect of political duty, especially as it relates to what are called "the primaries." The reply to this reproach is that no good man can undertake to have anything to do with the primaries unless he belongs to "the machine," without the loss of self-respect. Indeed, all attempt to have anything to do with them, in the way of influencing their policy and results, is useless. If any clear-headed gentleman doubts this, let him try it. He only needs to do this once to be convinced. It has been tried many times, and always unsuccessfully. Even in our Staten Island suburb, the machine has proved too strong for our excellent friend, Mr. George W. Curtis, and will have none of him. It has been tried here in the city. The moment a good man enters a meeting where a primary is held, the whole crowd know him.

The latest instance reported to us was by the victim himself. He had been reproached for neglecting his duty, so he was moved to do it. He attended a primary, and found the leaders in consultation in a private room. His position was such that they could not deny him entrance, and they immediately informed him that he must act as chairman. He protested that he wished to be at liberty to speak to such questions as might arise. The protest was hushed by the assurance that if he wished to speak he could call some one else to the chair. The meeting was called to order, and he was elected. Immediately a man jumped to his feet and moved the appointment of a list of delegates to a certain convention, and the "question" was called from all parts of the house. Our virtuous chairman was caught in a trap, and had to put the question. As soon as it was decided, as it was *nem. con.* in favor of the nominations, another member rose and moved that the meeting should immediately adjourn, as the weather was warm! So our friend had his labor for his pains, and the men who had used him took great pleasure in showing how respectable their meeting was by publishing his name as its chairman, and thus doing what they could to make him seem to approve a list of political scalawags!

"But if all good men would unite, they could have their own way." That is a mistake. If all good men would unite, all bad men would do the same, and the bad men would draw for voters to help them through, from all parts of the city, as there would be nothing illegal in outsiders voting at a primary. It is their business to outvote the good men, and they do it every time, because they have the whole machine of the city to do it with, and have no scruples to stand in their way, such as the good men have. Now do our country friends see the point at which we are aiming, when we advocate a reform in the civil service? Can they not see that just so long as office is the reward of party work, just so long party work will and must be done by office-seekers, who work for their party from the basest motives? Politics can never be purified in this country until there is a reform in the civil service. Such purification is practically impossible, until office ceases to be the reward, practically contracted for, of party service.

The machine politician has a contempt for what he sneeringly denominates "sentimental politics." If a man permits either moral or sentimental considerations to enter into his motives of political action, he has done all that is necessary to arouse the suspicion—probably the contempt or hatred—of the average party politician. Power and office are what the party men are after, and sentiment and principle are generally in their way. The attitude of Mr. Conkling toward Mr. Curtis is a sufficient illustration of this point. Mr. Conkling is a machine politician who is fond of power and who regards himself—with a strange hallucination—as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Curtis is a man of principle who has refused high and

important office in order to serve his country more effectually in an attempt to purify its politics. Mr. Conkling is quite incapable of appreciating such disinterestedness on the part of any man engaged in politics, and his contempt for Mr. Curtis is probably as great as that of Mr. Curtis for him—if such a thing be possible.

In the great election lying just before us, there will be, on both sides, no small amount of bolting and scratching. Some of this will be preliminary, with the hope of influencing the selection of candidates. We wish to bespeak for the men who engage in this work the considerate respect of the public, and especially of the rural public. The men who bolt and scratch are not after office. Office lies in another direction. They mean well by the country, and, if they could have their way, would do well by it. Some time they will have their way. "Sentimental politics" have just triumphed in Great Britain, and the time will come when they will triumph here, and the political machine will be overthrown.

Beaconsfield and Gladstone.

No one who has familiarized himself with Lord Beaconsfield's history can witness the completion of his career without a feeling of sadness. His life has been a courageous and persistent fight against tremendous disadvantages. Belonging to the Jewish race, he suffered all the tortures possible to a sensitive temperament, as a child and youth, from the contempt of associates whom he knew to be his inferiors. His faith in his own powers from the very beginning—before those powers had had any trial whatever—was such as to prepare him for all the assaults of ridicule which lay before him, and the defeats that were in store for him. His good opinion of himself, his unbounded ambition, his unwavering pluck, under all discouragements, may well excite our admiration and attract our sympathy; and though we rejoice in his political overthrow, we cannot witness it without feeling that, in its personal aspects, it is a deeply pathetic event. For the despised Jew, who was brutally hissed and hooted into silence on the occasion of his first speech in Parliament, had risen to be the nation's master. Next to the Queen, he was the highest power in the British realm—the foremost man in the nation—and one of the most prominent political figures of the world and of the time. Only a few months ago, on his return from the Berlin Congress, he was the recipient of one of the most brilliant ovations ever accorded to an Englishman. Millions greeted him with huzzas, and his way was strewn with flowers. It was an hour of triumph that must have equaled all his dreams of power, splendid as they had undoubtedly been.

To any man who admires unfailing pluck, it must be sad to see this man overthrown, because it finishes his career. His old Parliamentary struggles can never be repeated. His wit, his readiness of sarcastic repartee, his fertility of resource, his power of leadership, will never again be called into action, for he is an old and feeble man, who stands upon the brink of the grave. He appealed to the people, and the people have decided that they want no more of him. Lord Beaconsfield steps down and steps out, as a political man and a political force. He can never gather his powers again, or reassert his influence. The persecuted boy, the youthful dandy, the novelist and littérateur, rose to be Prime Minister, Lord Privy Seal, Earl Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield, Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden, Knight of the Garter; and to-day his titles are as though they had never been, and his power has passed into other, and, as we believe, better hands.

At the time we write this article—more than two months before it can be published—we have not heard the complete result of the English elections, but enough is known to see that the ministry must resign, and that whether Mr. Gladstone be called upon or not to form a new ministry, he will be a powerful influence in shaping it, as he has been an essential agent in the triumph of the liberal party. Will the Earl of Beaconsfield repeat the act of 1868, when he advised the Queen to name Mr. Gladstone as his successor? We hope so. We are not familiar with those rules of party procedure which are instanced as forbidding his return to his old place, but there is where he belongs, by the rights conferred by the revolution he has been mainly instrumental in effecting, by his great experience and ability in government, and by his transcendent character.

In whatever light we may regard the triumph of the liberal party in England, it is the result of a struggle between the English Premier and Mr. Gladstone. They are respectively the representatives of the principles and policies of the two parties that have fought out their battle among the people, with the result of a defeat of the government. This result is a victory of Christian England over barbarian England; for with all Beaconsfield's brilliancy, with all his power of oratory and his gifts of finesse and intrigue, he was essentially barbaric in his ideas, his tastes and his policies. It was in the nature of the man. He delighted in pageantry; he gloried in dramatic situations and effects; he was charmed with the exercise of power; he loved titles. The new title of his Queen could only have been conceived in his brain; and his foreign policy was conceived in the love of the spectacular, and supported by the bravado of the barbarian. The books he wrote were flooded with gold, as if he had a barbaric delight in the conceit of easily handled wealth of gold and gems.

Mr. Gladstone is, first of all, a Christian man. In an age and country in which science seems to be doing its best to put Christianity out of fashion among its strongest men, Mr. Gladstone—who stands a king among the strongest—abides by the old faith not only, but is one of its wisest expounders and promulgators. He has always been a man of principle. Lord Beaconsfield has always been a man of policy, when he has not been one of caprice. One has been devoted to the betterment of the condition of the British people; the other has directed most

of his efforts to the aggrandizement of the British Government, not forgetting himself. In literary skill, in learning, in scientific acquirements, in the ability to handle all the leading questions that interest society, in the power of debate, in sympathy with the great popular heart of England, Mr. Gladstone is easily Lord Beaconsfield's superior. He is the Englishman of Englishmen—an Englishman at his best; and, although he is already old, he is still hale and hearty, and good for years of public service.

So, while we congratulate the British people on the revolution that has taken place in their ruling political forces, we repeat the proverbial cry with peculiar satisfaction and with special meaning: "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

The Shadow of the Negro.

THE history of negro slavery, extending from its beginning in Portugal over a period of four hundred years, and involving the exportation by violence from their African homes of forty millions of men, women and children, is one of exceeding and unimaginable bitterness. It is too late to criminate those who were responsible for beginning the slave trade, and for perpetuating the system of bondage that grew out of it. Many of them were conscientious, Christian men, who worked without a thought of the wrong they were doing. Some of them, as we know, really believed they were benefiting the negro, by bringing him out of a condition of barbarism into the enlightening and purifying influences of Christianity. For many years negro slavery prevailed in this country, and greatly modified the institutions and the civilization of a large portion of it. It became, at last, the exciting cause of the greatest civil war known in the history of the world; and when that war brought abolition, it gave to the black race in America not only freedom but citizenship. The question as to what all these centuries of wrong and of servitude have done for the negro is not a difficult one to answer, but what they have done for the enslaving race is not so evident without an examination. The black man has been a menial so long that he has lost, in a great degree, his sense of manhood and his power to assert it. The negro carries within him the sense that his blood is tainted—that he is something less than a man, in consequence of the blackness of his skin. He may be whitened out, so that only the most practiced eye can detect a trace of the African in him, but the consciousness of the possession of this trace haunts him like the memory of a crime, and to charge it upon him is to abase him and cover him with a burning shame. The readiness of the negro in all the States to be content with menial offices in the service of the white man, comes undoubtedly from the fact that such offices relieve him from all antagonism. They put him in a position free from the pretension to equality, where he is at peace. We hear it said that the negro is a natural menial,—a natural servant,—but the truth is that if the negro were only relieved from the burden of contempt in which his blood is held, his special adaptation to menial work would disappear at once.

The harm that slavery did to the white man was one that touched him internally and externally, at most important points. It vitiated his sense of right and wrong. Through its appeal to his interests, it made a system based in inhumanity and standing and working in direct contravention of the Golden Rule, seem to be a humane and Christian institution, to be maintained by argument, by appeal to the authority of the Bible, and by the sword. This, of course, was an immeasurable harm, from which only a slow recovery can be reached. Another evil result of slavery to the white man was the disgrace that came to labor through its long years of association with servitude. No people can be prosperous who despise labor, and who look upon it as something that belongs only to a servile class. Any people that, for any cause, have lost the sense of the supreme respectability of labor;—any people that, for any cause, have come to regard an unproductive idleness as desirable and respectable, have met with an immeasurable misfortune. The shadow of the negro not only rests upon the white man's sense of right, not only on the white man's idea of labor, but upon his love of fair play. There is something most unmanly in the disposition to deny any man who has not harmed us a fair chance in the world. Are we, all over this nation, giving the negro a fair chance? It was not his fault that he was born to slavery. It was not his act that released him from it. Notwithstanding all his years of servitude and wrong, he did not revolt when his opportunity came, but bore his yoke with patience until it was lifted from his shoulders. He did not wrest from unwilling hands his boon of citizenship. Now, however, as we look into our hearts, we find that political rights were conferred upon him rather from an abstract sense of justice than for any love of the negro, or any equal place that we have made for him in our hearts and heads as he stands by our side. The North, to-day, is true to the negro rather in its convictions than in its sympathies. It never in its heart has admitted the negro to equality with the white man. It may consent to see the white man beaten by the negro in a walking-match at Gilmore's Garden, but at West Point the smallest measure of African blood places its possessor under the cruelest and most implacable social ban. So long as this fact exists—so long as the Northern white man utterly excludes the negro from his social sympathies, and refuses to give him a fair chance in the world to secure respectability and influence, it poorly becomes him to rail at his Southern brothers who do the same thing, and are only a little more logical and extreme in their expressions of contempt. The shadow of the negro lies upon the North as upon the South. It has obscured or blotted out our love of fair play. We do not give the negro a chance. It was recently stated in one of our metropolitan pulpits, by a minister of wide experience and observation, that he had never heard in any country better speeches made than were recently made in this city by four colored men, who spoke on behalf of the freedmen. He gave them the highest place in all the powers and qualities that go into the making of eloquence. At Hampton,

the negro is proving himself to be not only most susceptible to cultivation, but to be possessed of a high spirit of self-devotion. Under the charm of this most useful institution the African ceases to be a "nigger," and achieves a self-respect and a sense of manhood that prepare him for the great missionary work of elevating his race. It cannot be disputed that the great obstacle that stands to-day in the way of the negro is the white man, North and South. The white man in this country is not yet ready to treat the negro as a man. The prejudice of race is still dominant in every part of the land. We are quite ready in New York City to invite Indians in paint and feathers into social circles, from which the negro is shut out by a social interdict as irreversible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If the negro is a man, let us give him the chance of a man, the powers and privileges of a man. It is not necessary for us to give him our daughters in marriage, although he has given a good many of his daughters to us, as all mulattodom and quadroondom abundantly testify. It is not necessary for us to make an ostentatious show of our conversion to just and humane ideas in regard to him. We should like to see the time when the preacher to whom we have alluded would feel at liberty to invite one of these orators whom he praised to occupy his pulpit, and when such an orator would feel at home there and seem at home there. When this time arrives, in the coming of the millennium, all other relations between the two races may be safely left to adjust themselves.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to Young Mothers. Second Series. I.

How hard it is to amuse children, and keep them good-natured on rainy days! They miss the fresh air. They have played so hard in-doors, they are tired and cross. They squabble with one another, and finally they all flock about your chair, restless and impatient for something, they don't know what. You are perhaps hurrying to finish a piece of sewing before the early gathering twilight quite creeps over you, and are possibly a trifle impatient that it has come so soon. One tired little head comes down into your lap and a mischievous hand pulls your work out of your hands. Another hand upon your chair jogs your elbow and unthreads your needle. Behind you, Johnny is slyly teasing the baby.

Now lay aside your work. You are ruining your eyes, your nerves, your temper, and accomplishing nothing. First take the children to the washstand, bathe the hot cheeks and wash the moist little hands,—cold water is sometimes a means of grace,—smooth the tangled hair, take off the heavy boots and put on slippers. The judicious distribution of clean aprons also adds materially on these occasions to the sum total of human happiness. If you are so fortunate as to be musical, gather your little flock about the piano, start off with some bright and rollicking song or Mother Goose jingle, the "Muffin Man" or the "Shaker Dance." Lead them gradually up to tenderer and quieter songs. Perhaps by the time your husband's key clicks in the front door he will be greeted by the strains of some such good old-fashioned hymn as "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

If you tire of the piano, books are never-failing. Read a chapter in the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or Whittier's books of "Child-Life." If these are beyond your audience, try "Rhymes and Jingles," or the ever-delightful Mother Goose. Children are naturally fond of melody and rhyme; if they never hear anything better, they will be satisfied with mere jingle. But try spirited ballads and little ballads by our best authors, and see how quickly they will respond. Few boys will be deaf to "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and few girls but will be charmed with Westwood's "Little Bell."

There is no lack of books to cull from. Almost every household possesses some of our standard poets, or selections from their works. There are little compilations like Lucy Larcom's "Hillside and Roadside Poems," Mrs. Giles's "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Hymns for Mothers and Children," to say nothing of the school readers, which contain many excellent selections. Of larger and more expensive works, there are Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems," or, best of all for children, Whittier's "Child-Life."

You can make a book for yourself by saving favorite bits of poetry, by known and unknown authors, which go floating through our newspapers and magazines. Before you aré aware you will have an attractive book, dear to the children because you made it, and an education and refreshment to yourself. But perhaps the children are too fretful to listen quietly to reading. Try telling a story. If you cannot "make up" one, fall back on the classics. "Cinderella," or "Jack the Giant-Killer," or Hans Andersen's tender little "Märchen." Tell "Thumbelina" once, and see if you haven't a story always ready.

When the children are old enough to sit up for some time after supper there is another hour to be provided for. Don't you remember those delightful evenings spent at the houses of your playmates where the mother, and sometimes the father, took part in the games of "Twenty Questions," "Stage-

Coach," or "Proverbs," where they popped corn and ate apples with the children? But you cry in dismay: "What is to become of my reading hour? The evenings are the only times I have for myself." True, but by eight o'clock the younger ones are ready for bed, and the older to go to their lessons or their library books. You may become interested in your book, but not so absorbed that you cannot stop to help Mary about her map questions, or to talk with Tom about Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent." Your children's reading and study, as well as their play, ought always to have a decided flavor of "mother" in it.

This does not provide for the days, and that is, after all, the main question. Have you ever tried a scrap-book? It makes no end of litter, unless managed just right; but let it once become an "institution," to be provided for as you do for the week's washing, and it will keep the children wholesomely busy for many an hour. First of all, you want a place for it. If you must drag chairs and tables out of their places and then put them all away again in a hurry, or if the cuttings are littered over everything, "the game is not worth the candle." But make a broad, low table (an extension table leaf will do), just the right height to match the little chairs. Put this table in a snug corner of your nursery or sitting-room. Appropriate a bureau-drawer or small cupboard close by the table for the pictures, books and papers. Have the waste-basket so near that the waste-papers will almost go in themselves. If paste will injure your carpet, lay down a drugget; or mark off the boundaries of this "children's corner" with a piece of chalk. Make them understand that "all the litter" must be kept within that line, and that things left on the floor after due notice of clearing-up time will be liable to confiscation. If you make these arrangements convenient for them, and if you are firm about taking things away (for a time) which they leave out of place, they will soon learn to put scissors and pictures, pencils and paste, into their proper boxes and shelves, to stuff papers into the basket, and be ready for the next play. In this corner they can paint or play tea-set or dolls, and, if properly managed, it will be a delight to them, and a relief to you.

But, you ask, where do the pictures and books come from? Everywhere—from odd magazines, old papers, publishers' catalogues, advertising circulars, old books whose bindings are hopelessly broken, and the like. You can make the books for the little ones of brown wrapping-paper, or get large sheets of white paper at a printing-office. Fold them into book-form, and make stout covers of cotton cloth, pasted on stiff paper. Sew it all firmly together, book-binder fashion.

Understand, to begin with, that the object of all this is to amuse, not to produce results. The younger children will be pleased with anything that will paste, especially if it is bright-colored. It is hardly necessary to say that they should not be allowed to have pictures that are really bad, either in subject or design. The older children, with the better pictures, if you can direct them a little, will sometimes make very handsome books.

Do not give them many pictures at a time, and insist that they finish cutting them out before they begin to paste them in. Otherwise, they will have paste, scissors, pictures and waste-paper "heaped in confusion dire." I know of no amusement to which children will return with greater delight, and out of which they will get so much pleasure for the same expenditure of time and money.

If your pictures are too good to give to the children, make the book yourself, if you have time, and let them stand by and look. They can help by preparing the pictures for you to paste.

In such a book you can put all these bright little reward and Christmas and Easter cards, pictures and valentines which are continually floating into a family of children. These pretty things soon get lost and spoiled, but if put into a book at once they make a very interesting and pretty picture-book. If the leaves are made of cloth, and the book, when finished is simply bound by a book-binder, it will last a whole generation of children and be a never-failing delight.

When they get tired of pasting, let them paint the pictures. The little ones can use colored crayons or pencils; the older ones will enjoy best the toy water-color paint boxes. Give them a few instructions about rubbing off the colors, and teach them to use the tips of the brushes, not to daub with the whole brush. Provide them with tiny cups for the water, and something on which to wipe the brushes. A few minutes' instruction to begin with will help them very much, and they will paint by the hour.

Another amusement can be furnished them by cutting tissue-paper into square pieces about as large as an ordinary book, and letting them trace the pictures in their "St. Nicholas" or "Nursery" or scrap-books. This is a good preparation for their writing and drawing lessons by and by. Some systems of drawing and writing begin with tracing lines of copies through thin paper in just this way. The little folks will learn a great deal about form and color by all this handling of and looking at pictures, to say nothing of what they learn from the pictures themselves.

The success of these amusements will depend very much upon the good condition of their tools and materials. If the paste is lumpy, the pencils dull, the paper crumpled, the brushes the wrong kind or worn out, the embryo artists will soon come flocking back to your sewing-chair, complaining, "Oh, Mamma, we can't do anything with it. Why can't we go out doors? It is horrid in the house."

MARY BLAKE.

On Landing in Liverpool.

THE Atlantic steamers arriving in Liverpool usually anchor in the stream and land their passengers by a steam-tender, to which all the baggage is transferred by the sailors and stewards. From the tender the travelers are disembarked upon the great landing stage, which among its other conveniences has a

spacious customs depot for the examination of baggage or "luggage," as one's impediments are invariably called in England. A gang of badged porters, licensed by the municipality and supervised by the police, carry each passenger's effects from the tender to the customs depot, where they are deposited in sections, according to a lettered label which is pasted upon them at New York. Then, if your letter is R, you calmly walk ashore and ask in the customs depot for the corresponding section, in which your Saratogas and valises will be found. The customs officers are civil and accommodating, and a statement that you have brought no wine or cigars with you usually obviates any further trouble than the unlocking of your trunks. Wine containing less than twenty-six degrees of spirits is dutiable at the rate of one shilling (twenty-five cents) a gallon; that containing more than twenty-six degrees at two shillings and sixpence a gallon; unmanufactured tobacco at three shillings and twopence a pound, and cigars at five shillings a pound. American reprints of English books are liable to confiscation; but, except in large attempts at smuggling, the law is flexible, and such tobacco and cigars as a gentleman may have with him for personal use, provided they do not exceed two pounds in weight, are not charged. When the officer has written his illegible shibboleth upon your trunk, the badge porter takes them on his shoulders and carries them up one of the great iron bridges that connect the landing stage with the massive pier wall. Here you engage a cab, and when you are seated in it and your luggage has been placed on the roof, you pay the porter, whose tariff is fixed by municipal ordinance, at the rate of a shilling a piece for large packages and sixpence for small ones. Seated in the cab you probably feel gratified for the admirable system that prevails and the protection given to passengers from "touters" of all kinds. All the principal hotels and railway stations in Liverpool are within a mile and a half of the landing stage. It is the custom of tourists to hasten away from this great maritime city without seeing it, but it is well worth a day's delay, and as it is only an hour's ride from ancient Chester, a run may be made during the morning or afternoon to that picturesque and extremely interesting place, if it is not otherwise included in your itinerary. The two leading hotels in Liverpool are the Northwestern and the Adelphi, and the cab fare to either, from the landing stage, is one shilling and sixpence. Both are vast, modern, and expensive. The average price of a room with attendance is about eight shillings a day, and the restaurant tariff is about the same as in any first-class New York restaurant. There are other hostelries less showy and less expensive, such as the Angel, the Imperial, the Alexandra, and the Feather's, all good, "commercial" houses, where rooms may be had for four shillings, attendance included.

If you stay, visit the Birkenhead Park, Sefton Park, the Walker Art-Gallery, the Derby Museum and St. George's Hall. At five o'clock every evening in summer a four-in-hand drag leaves the Exchange for Childwall Abbey—a venerable old place now occupied as an inn, which is set in a lovely garden, overlooking one of the prettiest landscapes in England. The fare is only one shilling and sixpence, and the route is partly through a fashionable section of the town and partly through meadows. After a supper at the inn, and a tranquilizing hour in the garden with the wonderfully soft landscape in view, you can return to the city by the drag or by rail, after walking between hawthorn bushes to Broad Green, a distance of about a mile from the Abbey; however precious your time may be, you will not regret the evening given to this foretaste of pastoral England.

Liverpool is the terminus of three railways to London, the fare by all of which is the same, *i. e.*, first class, twenty-nine shillings; second class, twenty-one shillings and ninepence; third class, sixteen shillings and ninepence. The London and Northwestern is the shortest, and some of its trains make the distance, over two hundred miles, in a little more than five hours. The Midland, passing through Derbyshire, has the finest scenery, and should be selected if time allows; some trains by this route do the journey in about six hours, while others are eight or nine hours. By the Great Western, *via* Chester, the time is about ten hours. Before starting you should see that your luggage is ticketed by the guard with the name of your destination, and that it is put in a through carriage, as the American system of checks has not yet been adopted by the English railways. Remember, also, that many respectable people travel second and third class in England, but that the Pullman cars are only available by those holding first-class tickets.

ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

The Culture of the Rose.

EVERY rose will not come from the slip. Of the three great divisions into which the rose family is separated, viz., the damask, the noisette and the tea, the last two may be propagated with more or less readiness from the slip, or by budding; the first only by dividing the roots, and planting the seed, which latter method is resorted to, however, only when it is desired to obtain new varieties.

The best season for taking rose slips is in June, just after the profuse bloom of early summer is over, although a person who knows exactly how to cut a slip may find good cuttings throughout the warm months. Judgment and discernment are needed for the selection at all seasons. I know a generous lady who sent her friends immense armfuls of boughs, with hardly a real cutting upon them.

One should choose from a good vigorous branch of last year's growth a fresh shoot, containing two or three buds, such as will always be found more or less swollen at the base of the leaf stems. It should be cut from the parent branch diagonally, with a smooth, clean cut that will bring off a little of the old bark as well, in order to make the condition as favorable as possible for the formation of roots.

Have ready a box or pot of rich mold. With a round, pointed stick, make a hole several inches deep, and fill it up with clean sand; insert the end of the slip in this sand to the depth of one or two inches;

be sure to make it firm in the soil, and the sand acting as a percolator for moisture, you may keep your slip well watered. You can soon see, by the swelling of the buds and the dropping off of the old leaves, whether the slip is indeed taking root, but do not attempt to remove it to the place where you would wish it permanently to remain, until it has put out several sets of new leaves.

An ingenious way to raise a set of slips has been recommended by Mrs. Loudon, which we have tried with unvarying success. It is to take an earthen-ware flower-pot, gallon-size, and fill it more than half full of broken potsherds, pebbles, bits of slate or such things; now set in the middle, on top of these refuse materials, another similar flower-pot, half-pint size, with the hole at its bottom stopped up tightly with a cork;—let its mouth be even with that of the large, outer one;—fill up the interstices with silver sand or other pure sand, and set in a row of slips all around, cut according to the directions given above. Keep the inner pot full of water all the time, but do not water the slips directly. In about six weeks your slips will have fine roots, and can be potted. A hand-glass always hastens the process of rooting, and enables you to take advantage of the sunshine, but if you are not provided with one, be careful to keep your plants in the shade until they show certain signs of independence of life.

Roses need very rich soil to bring them to perfection, thriving best in a mixture of well-rotted manure, sand and garden loam, and to stint them of nourishment is indeed poor economy.

M. S. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Huxley's "Crayfish."*

A MONOGRAPH upon the crayfish would scarcely find place in the International Scientific Series, since this series is addressed to the public at large, rather than to the select scientific few. This volume, however, is not a monograph, but, as its supplementary title denotes, an introduction to the study of zoölogy. It will therefore prove of special interest only to such students as are both willing and able to follow the author patiently through every step of his progress; the tedious technicalities which invest the discussion of arthrobranchiæ and podobranchiæ, coxopodite and basipodite, however, are constantly relieved by the wide outlook over organic nature afforded from each new point of view.

We have here, in fact, a profound sermon upon evolution, with the crayfish for text. Unlike many of his brethren of the pulpit, Professor Huxley does not use his text as a mere point of departure. The structure, development, mode of life and reproduction, the geological and geographical distribution of the crayfish, and the relation which it sustains to organic nature, are all clearly set forth. The volume might be called an introduction to biology or physiology with almost as much justice as it is to zoölogy, since every physical fact is viewed in its widest relations. There is no problem involved in the theory of transformism which is not affected, and no cardinal point in human physiology which is not illustrated by the processes of life and death in this simple organism. The crayfish derives its importance, and has won the distinction of a biography in the present volume, not by its own intrinsic interest, but by the place which it occupies in the series of typical forms selected to illustrate the doctrine of evolution.

The inductive method of scientific study—as old as the first intellectual stirrings of the race, though formulated and fathered by Bacon—has begotten a passion for generalization which pervades all the science of our day. A better illustration of this tendency could scarcely be found than that afforded by this book. The fairy tales of science are no more. Facts have given up their knight-errantry and act only in platoons. And so the outcome of Professor Huxley's study of the crayfish is a flat denial of a personal Creator. Nowhere does he more plainly express his views upon the subject of evolution or transformism than here. After establishing a certain unity of organization to be found throughout the organic world, he says:

"But if this is a just mode of stating these conclusions, then it is undoubtedly conceivable that all plants and all animals have been evolved from a common physical basis of life, by processes similar to those which we see at work in the evolution of individual animals and plants from that foundation. That which is conceivable, however, is by no means necessarily true; and no amount of purely morphological evidence can suffice to prove that the forms of life have come into existence in one way rather than another" (page 286).

After a consideration of the ætiology,—that is, the distribution of these forms with reference to their probable origin,—he says:

"It would appear difficult to frame more than two fundamental hypotheses in attempting to solve this problem. Either we must seek the origin of crayfishes in conditions extraneous to the ordinary course of natural operations, by what is commonly termed creation; or we must seek for it in conditions afforded by the usual course of nature, when the hypothesis assumes some shape of the Doctrine of Evolution" (page 318).

On page 319, he clinches his argument, if argument it can be called, or, more properly, he blows

* The Crayfish. An introduction to the study of Zoölogy. By T. H. Huxley, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

scornfully aside with a single puff the obstacles in his way, by this begging of the question:

"However, apart from the philosophical worthlessness of the hypothesis of creation, it would be a waste of time to discuss a view which no one upholds," etc., etc.

It is somewhat remarkable that a man so keen and clear-headed as Professor Huxley can think to settle the origin of all things by merely pushing the difficulty of transformation from the non-living elements to living organisms back a few millions of years. A miracle differs from ordinary phenomena, not in degree, but in kind. *Granted a force able to transform one atom of inorganic matter into a living germ, and we have a God capable of creating a universe.* With all his brilliancy of intellect and power of logical thought, Professor Huxley can believe that somehow, in some infinite distance of time, by a fortuitous combination of force and matter, some fragment of inorganic matter became endued with life, which was, by the action of blind force, developed into the well-ordered system of the organic world, and yet he scoffs at the absurdity of the belief that Will, the one uncorrelated force of which we know, should have anything to do with that or any other transformation. Truly, the faith that science demands puts to shame the faith of religion.

Professor Huxley has not lost, even in the mazes of this dry and technical subject, the happy faculty of saying things graphically, and even at times with a flash of poetical feeling, or a gleam of humor. This treatment makes of the book—by the aid of judicious skipping—pleasant reading for the uninitiated.

Hosmer's "Short History of German Literature."*

THIS is an entertaining and yet, in some respects, a disappointing book. It betrays considerable scholarship, without yet being scholarly. The author appears to have read a vast deal *about* German literature and to have read it intelligently and critically, but the German literature itself, or, at all events, that part of it which precedes the Reformation, he seems to know chiefly from anthologies and literary histories. To be sure, he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to his German predecessors, and particularly to Kurz and Vilmar, and endeavors, both in his preface and in foot-notes, to render credit where credit is due; but we are inclined to think that the method he has chosen is somewhat imperfect. In some instances he continues, for page after page, his paraphrase of a German authority, taking sufficient liberties with the text to make quotation marks superfluous, and indicating merely where his dependence upon Kurz, Gervinus or Vilmar ceases, but not invariably where it begins.

Again, from a very attentive perusal of Professor Hosmer's work we derive the impression that he has not had a full appreciation of the gravity of the task which he has undertaken. He interrupts his serious narrative, at odd intervals, with accounts of his personal experiences and adventures during a European pilgrimage, describes his interviews with Hermann Grimm, Leopold von Ranke and Theodore Mommsen, gives free rein to his emotions during a visit to the Cathedral of Speyer, and indulges in semi-historical and semi-sentimental meditations in Weimar, Nuremberg and other localities associated with the lives of the intellectual heroes of the Fatherland. It is but fair to admit that his experiences are, in most cases, very interesting, and that his meditations give evidence of a sensitive and cultivated mind; but their connection with German literature is not sufficiently apparent to excuse the digression. Even as illustrative incidents they seem out of place, and interfere with the dignity of a serious historical work.

Questions of proportion are notably elastic, and in a book which makes no pretense of exhaustive completeness, it would, perhaps, be safest to accept the author's judgment as final. We are, on the whole, disposed to think that he has rarely erred on the side of prolixity, except when the autobiographical mood attacks him. His sense of the relative importance of the various authors and literary epochs is, as a rule, very accurate. Only in two or three instances are we forced to take issue with him. He dismisses the most ancient literature in a too summary fashion, devoting but five lines to the Heliand (a most profoundly characteristic and interesting work, to which even so short a history as Vilmar's devotes nearly two closely-printed pages) and three lines and a half to Otfried von Weissenburg's "Harmony of the Gospels." Again, the two Silesian schools are disposed of in a dozen lines, and Paul Flemming is mentioned only as a writer of hymns, although the authorities to which Professor Hosmer so frequently refers (Vilmar and Kurz) agree in praising him also as a secular poet of genuine merit. To us he has always been a refreshing, lyrical oasis in the poetic desert of the seventeenth century.

Our space does not permit us to enter into a detailed criticism of each successive chapter. Of the many notes which we have made we will, however, select a few which suggest topics worthy of discussion. On page 341 Professor Hosmer remarks that "Goethe was forced to leave Wetzlar," and on page 369, that "Goethe sees them (Kestner and Charlotte Buff) given to each other, and leaves Wetzlar suffering from his passion." In our opinion, and in that of Grimm (whose account of Goethe's relation to Lotte is well fortified with documents and, moreover, bears an internal evidence of its truthfulness) the above passages convey an utterly erroneous impression. What forced Goethe to leave Wetzlar was his own conscience; or, perhaps, the circumstance that after having discovered Lotte's love for him it would be embarrassing to continue the same free and unrestrained intercourse. Secondly, we should conclude from Professor Hosmer's version of the Wetzlar affair, that Kestner and Lotte were

* A Short History of German Literature. By Prof. James K. Hosmer. Second edition. St. Louis: G. T. Jones & Co. 1879.

married before their friend departed; but this was not the case. Engaged they were already when he made Lotte's acquaintance. That Frederika Brion served Goethe as a model for *Gretchen* in "Faust," we know has been frequently asserted, and some of her characteristic traits do re-appear in Faust's beloved; but we think a closer study of Goethe's autobiography reveals the fact (already pointed out by Bayard Taylor) that his more immediate model was his own youthful love Gretchen, who came near bringing him into an unpleasant scrape while he was yet under the parental roof in Frankfort. Again, we submit that the voices which arouse the recollection of his childhood, in "Faust," when he holds the goblet of poison to his lips, are not those of cherubs (page 396), but of holiday mummers who, in the disguise of apostles, angels, etc., chanted the solemn Easter choruses. Such mummers were very common at Christmas and Easter in mediæval times, and are yet seen in Germany during the great church festivals. Finally, we would venture a criticism which, finical as it may seem, is yet its own justification; Hans Christian Andersen was not a German, but a Dane.

In spite of these literal defects, Professor Hosmer's "Short History" may be recommended for its many excellences. The style is remarkably chaste and clear, and not needlessly elaborate or overloaded with rhetorical decorations. The author's reading has been varied and extensive and his scholarship is highly creditable, although we have ventured to find fault with his evident preference for critical writings and literary histories, in instances where an acquaintance with the criticised work would have stood him in better stead; but, as we have already remarked, this stricture is only applicable to that portion of his book which relates to the earliest German literature. His mind is apparently as judicial and as free from prejudice as any human mind can be; he is always benevolently disposed toward every author whom he approaches, and examines in a just and fair-minded spirit his claims to greatness. Especially admirable are his chapters on Luther and Lessing, with both of whom he is in perfect sympathy. Without being a hero-worshiper he has due respect and reverence for a man of exalted character or exceptional intellectual endowments. This attitude of what one might call sympathetic neutrality, is especially manifested in Professor Hosmer's treatment of two such antagonistic geniuses as Goethe and Heine, to both of whom he endeavors to do full justice.

It is but fair to add that the present work, being of larger compass than Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," which we noticed a few months ago, is necessarily, when dealing with modern authors, more complete, while in the period preceding Luther, it does not remotely rival it. Nevertheless, it is, every way, a more useful and satisfactory book than Metcalf's fragmentary translation of Vilmar, and is also a considerable advance upon Bostwick and Harrison's "Outlines of German Literature." For all that, it covers but partly a field in which much yet remains to be done.

Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana."*

MRS. BURNETT is always at her best when dealing with strong, primitive natures. Her "cultivated" young women, though they need not be lacking in interest, are, as a rule, less strikingly characterized than are those in whom nature is allowed to assert herself, unobstructed by the impediments of culture. Thus the conventional types, to which belong Miss Barholm, in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," Miss Ffrench in "Haworth's" and Miss Ferrol, in the present story, are necessarily at a disadvantage when contrasted with the noble barbarism of Joan Lowrie, the quaintness of Janey Briarley, and the primitive charm of Louisiana. In some of her minor stories, too, such as "Lodusky" and "Esmeralda," Mrs. Burnett has given proof of her deep insight into the workings of minds as yet untouched or only remotely touched by modern civilization. In "Surly Tim," which belongs approximately to the same order, there was a touch of sentimentality which recalled Dickens,—a certain morbid and lachrymose tendency which some of her admirers feared would in time vitiate the wholesome strength and spontaneity characteristic of Mrs. Burnett's best work. "Louisiana," however, dispels all such fear for the author's artistic future, and fortifies the admiration of her genius and character. It is a fresh, wholesome, human novel. In its style there is an unstudied simplicity which impresses one almost as improvisation. The situations are all well conceived and possess, in some instances, a pathos which goes directly to the heart. Thus, in the scene where Lawrence and his sister pay their involuntary visit to Louisiana's home and unwittingly make themselves merry at the expense of her father, there is a rapid succession of situations all of which are profoundly moving. The old farmer's discourse on novels (the scenes of which are laid in Bagdad) is especially happy.

We might mention many other scenes in which Mrs. Burnett utilizes apparently slight motives with admirable effect. Thus, we are readily reconciled to her apotheosis of millinery in the first half of the story, and would not challenge the contempt of any of her female admirers by questioning the possibility of the transformation which Louisiana undergoes after having been arrayed by Miss Ferrol in her wonderful Parisian dresses. The weak point in the book—though one which is hardly felt in the reader's absorption in Louisiana herself—is the vagueness of Miss Ferrol's and her brother's personality. These are subordinate elements, no doubt, and we fail to find any vigorous attempt at characterization in either of them, while the portraits of Louisiana and Mr. Rogers abound in touches which are inimitable. As a whole, the story is dramatic and impressive, and the reader is sorry that it comes to an end so soon.

* Louisiana. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

James's "Confidence." *

IT must always remain a matter of wonder to those who admire Mr. James most sincerely, that, being so great as he is, he is no greater; that with all the artistic perfection of his style, the keenness of his observation and the strength and brilliancy of his thought, he has yet so little real depth of insight. Would any one, for instance, venture to assert that Mr. James's writings display an adequate conception of what love is? In "Confidence," the cardinal passion manifests itself chiefly as a vague unrest which has the power of propelling its victim an indefinite number of times and in either direction across the Atlantic Ocean. It causes young ladies to behave in an enigmatical fashion (which of course is perfectly proper), and up to the moment of the happy consummation makes everybody mildly and discreetly miserable. However, this is undeniably the form in which love most frequently asserts itself in the over-civilized "international" society with which Mr. James's books are concerned; it is a gentle and easily manageable emotion, not a passion with a spark of Plutonian fire in it.

Within these limitations, "Confidence" is an entertaining and skillfully constructed novel. Close up to the line of real emotion, we see the whole inner life and character of Mr. James's men and women. We see, too, the influence that their emotion exerts on their conduct, but not the real emotion itself. For all that, the reader who can supply the missing links and rewrite the love passages for himself, can only admire the whole outgrowth of the conditions. Judged by itself, each character is a skillful study, and is accepted into the circle of our literary acquaintance to a degree not usual even with those which have stirred us more. The absurdly conscientious Gordon Wright, with his interminable letter-writing; the chattering little coquette Blanche Evers and her redoubtable English adorer Captain Lovelock, are all so originally and so piquantly portrayed as almost to impress us as new creations. And yet Captain Lovelock is quite a common type in the English novel of the day, and Blanche Evers, in her deliciously inane chatter, reminds us constantly of Daisy Miller, of whom she is an improved and further elaborated edition. Mrs. Vivian, the "perverted Puritan," is also very vividly conceived, and the mixture of timid worldliness and minute conscientiousness in her character has a quaint, serio-comic effect. Angela is so needlessly enigmatical that we doubt if Mr. James himself understands her; but this does not deprive her of attractiveness and fascination. Bernard Longueville, the nominal hero, is a slightly modified repetition of the author's favorite type. Apart from his very clever talk and his cosmopolitan tendency to roam the world over at a moment's notice, he is in no wise remarkable, and we are inclined to think that he was blessed beyond his deserts in gaining Angela. The plot, as usual with Mr. James, is conspicuous chiefly for its simplicity, but contains, nevertheless, a series of delightful surprises dexterously managed. Especially masterly is Angela's successful stratagem for restoring the disaffected Gordon to his innocent flirt of a wife.

* Confidence. By Henry James, Jr., author of "The American," "The Europeans," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

Matthews's "Theaters of Paris."*

IN any work which partakes of the nature of a hand-book, whether in outward form or in inward and spiritual essence, we look for three points of excellence—accuracy, agreeable style, and a judicious and effective presentation of the subject matter. Mr. Matthews's volume on "The Theaters of Paris," stands well this three-fold test. In form it is a collection of smoothly written essays, almost gossipy, at times, in tone, which sketch the history and characteristics of the famous play-houses of the French capital in such a way that the reader quite unconsciously absorbs much correct, specific and well-chosen information. Thus the book fulfills its primary object in suiting the needs and tastes of the general public. To the student of the drama and the lover of the stage it must have a special value, for the popular form in which its theme is treated does not lessen its more serious merits. The scheme of the book is comprehensive; it pictures persons as well as places, and ranges at will over the long space between Molière's earliest and Sardou's latest play. A rather disproportionate amount of space is devoted to "The Musical Theaters of Paris," the record whereof is notable for its barren frivolity; for the Opera was an outgrowth of the nation's social, not of her intellectual, development; it has never been a vital factor in civilization, nor anything more than a luxury of super-refinement. An index would add to the usefulness of "The Theaters of Paris," and it is to be observed that the author's punctilious care in translating the names of books and plays is likely to confuse the reader who is unacquainted with the original French; but the minor details of the book leave as little to be desired as does the excellent taste shown in its material dress and make-up.

Recent Books of Travel.

ONE of the most attractive books for young folks brought out during the season just now closing, is Col. Knox's capital story of the travels of two boys in the far East.† China and Japan engage the attention of the youthful travelers, who, guided by a friendly physician, explore precisely those parts of the world which most boys delight to read about. The little caravan starts from New York, across the continent, and so, ever traveling with the sun, visits the principal cities of the two great Asiatic empires. The doctor is guide, philosopher, and friend. He furnishes to the wide-awake youngsters the informa-

* The Theaters of Paris. By J. Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

† Through China and Japan. The Boy Travelers in the Far East. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. Pp. 421.

tion which is naturally to be brought to the surface by other means than that of the personal observation of the boy travelers; and very entertainingly does he perform his part of the work. As the author is an old traveler, his pictures of manners, customs, and scenes in the east are charged with local color. The reader must needs be carried along with the tourists, and be interested at every step. The work is profusely and handsomely illustrated, and is bound in the most sumptuous manner. The boy who is not attracted and held to a careful reading of this book must be an abnormal development of boydom.

Another admirable story of travel is Mrs. Brassey's second book, in which she gives an account of the voyage of the *Sunbeam* to the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, from England.* The course of the voyagers lay through scenery which has already been made familiar to readers of books of travel. But, although the author has followed closely on the track of countless tourists, she has not re-written an old book. Her account of things seen and heard is as fresh as if she were the first to write of the regions visited. The voyage extended as far east as the Isle of Cyprus, and southward to Malta and the coast of Algeria. The party enjoyed the very luxury of traveling, and, in addition to the usual personal adventures of tourists, they met with a variety of accidents and incidents which were peculiar to what might be called a private nautical expedition. The author's style is vivacious, and, although one may be sometimes impatient with the pettiness of detail which is intruded, this does not materially detract from the value of the work.

The title of Miss Bird's book, "A Lady's life in the Rocky Mountains," is somewhat misleading.† It is a very small part of a life which is described in these sprightly pages. Beginning at San Francisco in September, the writer finishes her life in the Rocky Mountains early in the following December. She is charmed by all she sees, and a truly feminine sentiment pervades the whole work. It should be remembered, however, that the book has grown out of a series of private letters to a sister of the author's living in England. This should account for the familiar style adopted, as well as for what may seem to some its needless minuteness of detail, but the enthusiasm of the lady is contagious, and she has made a really enjoyable book.

Two modest and unpretending books of travel, just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., are renewed proof of the services which Christian missionaries have rendered to geography and ethnology. Rev. Titus Coan is well known as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. But while he was yet a young man, and before he had embarked in the enterprise which has made his name famous in the annals of missionary adventures and labor, he spent two or three months among the savages of Patagonia. In company with one other devoted man, he was left on the inhospitable coast of Patagonia, near the Straits of Magellan, while the vessel which had brought them from the United States pursued her way into the Pacific. During the time these two brave men were on the land, they were the guests of the natives, traveling with them from point to point, sharing in their privations, and enduring numberless discomforts. For the most part, however, the strangers were well treated, and the entertaining narrative* of their sojourn among the Patagonians gives us a vivid and striking picture of the manner of life of a people of whom almost nothing is known. The two missionaries labored under the serious disadvantage of not being able to hold any conversation with the Patagonians, and after fairly canvassing the matter they returned home, stopping at the Falkland Islands, of which comparatively unknown land they give us some interesting notes.

The other volume to which we refer is Rev. Dr. Jackson's account of the establishment of the Presbyterian mission in Alaska.† Alaska is noted as being a country more frequently reported upon than any of which we have account. Dr. Jackson draws freely from the various sources, official and unofficial, which are now accessible to him who would know aught of Alaska, its people, resources and history. The author, who takes a rosy and Sewardian view of our often-described purchase, occupies the first half of his book with extracts from the reports. The rest of the work is taken up with a series of letters from the missionaries and their helpers, dove-tailed together by a running commentary from the pen of the author and editor. The result is a tolerably interesting book, whose chief value consists in its skillful condensation of information previously collected by other explorers. The work is copiously illustrated by some particularly bad wood-cuts.

The Art Season.

NEW YORK has had a winter full of surprises in art matters, but not always, to judge from the tenor of the daily press, of agreeable surprises. Perhaps never before have so many unfavorable criticisms been made upon American art as during the season of 1879–80. The minor exhibitions, such as those by the Salmagundi Club and the Water-Color Society, have received grudging praise, while the Academy Exhibition and that of the Society of American Artists have been assailed with vigor. Nor is this only true of the criticisms in the press of New York City. Correspondents of New England journals of weight, and of the leading papers of St. Louis and Cincinnati, have been even more out-spoken. Yet the criticisms may be broadly divided between those that come from adherents to the Academy work and those that find something to tolerate, if not to admire, in the some-

* Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople. By Mrs. Brassey, anthor of "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1880. Pp. 404.

† A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. By Isabella T. Bird, author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands, &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. Pp. 296.

* Adventures in Patagonia; A Missionary's Exploring Trip. By the Rev. Titus Coan; with an introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880. Pp. 319.

† Alaska, and the Missions on the North Pacific coast. By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. New York; Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 327.

what chaotic productions of the younger artists. Then there are the correspondents of Boston journals, who point out, with ill-concealed triumph and not a little justice, that New York painters have to expose their pictures in Boston and get the stamp of approval from the Hub before their own city dares to appreciate them to the extent of purchases. Even in the remote West, in new States like Colorado, the journals have their correspondents and set up their "art column" for local and foreign items. Denver proposes to be an art center a few years hence, and a Leadville paper asks in an exasperated tone why a certain local millionaire does not found an Art Academy! To the north, too, there is an awakening, and Canada has at last an Art Academy, opened under the patronage of the Princess Louise. Southward there is less stir. Doubtless Mobile and New Orleans will soon be heard from; but, at any rate, Charleston begins to "talk art," and Richmond has actually compassed the dubious honor of a Loan Exhibition!

The tone of criticism, as we said, is severe. What else could it be, when such a mass of art, claiming to be of the highest rank, is filling our galleries? Meanwhile, great injustice is done; artists are worried and made desperate, lose their heads and look in vain about them for some clue to follow, for some one man to rest their faith upon, after the fashion of the indiscriminate admirers of John Ruskin. But surely, were criticisms mealy-mouthed, far greater injustice would be done and the healthy advance of art would be retarded; radically weak men would be bolstered up and the rising artists misled by hollow compliments. Take them all in all, one finds that with strong men sharp criticism, when it is free from personal bias, oftener does good than harm, while it disposes a poor workman to try at something else.

THE WATER-COLORS.

WATER-COLORS retained their hold on the public and the affections of the artists; and although several names of note were wanting to make the exhibition complete, new aspirants were abundantly present. For example Mr. Winslow Homer, who is always surprising his admirers, chose to stay away from the exhibition altogether this year, although he showed last year a greater number of pictures than any other painter. Instead of hazarding again his reputation as a water-colorist after the success of last year, he had the inspiration to doubt the fickle public and prefer a sale of his own, in which it is said that good prices were obtained. Mr. Henry Muhrman, an artist exclusively devoted to this charming branch, presented a large figure piece which was misnamed a "New England Girl," since nothing distinctively of New England was to be seen in the picture. As the profile portrait of an innocent little girl in a peaked cap, gazing upward, the picture had great attractiveness. It was very freely treated, but with all the freshness and delicacy which Mr. Muhrman gives his best work. Criticism was offered that insufficient work was expended upon it—that it was too sketchy for its large size. But between the artist who wants to stop when he has obtained his best effects, and the purchaser who insists upon a good deal of labor for his money, there seems destined always to be war. Mr. Muhrman's Long Island hovels, corn and cabbage fields are fresher and sprightlier work than the views of church interiors which he brings from Bavaria, although the latter are apt to be more strictly correct, and the former sometimes faulty in the perspective of the distance. "A Bit of South Cove" and "Buildings in Jersey City" are wonderfully happy bits of painting. Mr. Muhrman has the genuine artistic temperament that sees the beautiful in things that to most persons appear ordinary and even ugly. He is rapidly becoming acclimated once more to America, and will doubtless in time make a name for himself. Within certain narrow limits Mr. Henry Farrer is a water-colorist of individual force. "Sweet is the Hour of Rest" was the title of a cool, quiet scene of water-marshes and trees which forms a good example of Mr. Farrer. He seems to know instinctively the limits of his art, for he seldom oversteps them. He offered fully eighteen pieces, of which "Twilight on the Creek" was noticeable for its breadth and solemnity, two qualities that he often approaches, but by no means always obtains. Many artists' proofs of fine etchings were contributed by the same able artist. A newcomer among the water-colorists was Mr. Alden Weir, who sent several sketches, taken, to all appearance, during the trip of the Tile Club through the Champlain Canal. Without being really serious work, they showed plainly enough that the vigorous and individual touch of Mr. Weir adapts him excellently for water-colors. But even water-colors can not be dashed off during the intervals of oil-painting, and one cannot regard his clever raid into this branch in the same light with the steady and thorough work of Messrs. Muhrman and Farrer.

Mr. Falconer, like Mr. Farrer, is a hard-working artist of limited scope. His water-colors still want much of a good scheme of color, not to say a good feeling for color, and he is at his best in etched work. Mr. R. Swain Gifford has a cleverer touch. Without doing anything very inspiring, the water-colors exhibited by Mr. Gifford are remarkable for nicety of observation and for what might be called their taste. What he lacks in boldness and inventiveness Mr. Alfred Kappes possesses, and what is a grievous want in the water-colors of the latter, namely, quiet and tenderness, is present in Mr. Gifford's landscapes to a degree not often found. For thoroughly charming though still somewhat indecisive work, the poetical sketches of J. Francis Murphy are to be commended, and, as hardly inferior, the works of Messrs. Charles Melville Dewey and R. Bruce Crane. All three men are just now rising rapidly out of the ordinary ranks of artists, but their work does not yet allow of any safe prophecy regarding their future. Mr. J. D. Smillie and Mr. George H. Smillie are making good the advance which of recent years has put them in front of their brother Academicians for artistic spirit and fine taste. A "Shepherdess" by J. S. Davis was noticed at once for admirable workmanship, and soon found a purchaser.

THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB.

In black and white there is so much work being done, especially for the magazines, that the Salmagundi Club fills a real demand. The Academy Exhibition and that of the Society of American Artists have little chance to display this kind of art. What there is divides itself between the Water-Color Exhibition and the Salmagundi, and, as might be expected, the two leading illustrated magazines were drawn upon largely for the original sketches in black and white from which remarkable illustrations had been photographed and printed. Messrs. Walter Shirlaw, W. Taber, Alfred Kappes and C. S. Reinhart were noticeable contributors, and Mr. J. Francis Murphy exhibited landscapes in charcoal, which confirmed the good opinion of his work formed from what was shown at the Water-Color Society. Mr. Elihu Vedder sent a painting in white and black, representing the head of a modernized Medusa. George Inness, Jr., J. D. Smillie and E. A. Abbey had excellent effects. Perhaps most striking, after the sculpturesque "Medusa" of Mr. Vedder, was "The Rescue," of Mr. Alfred Kappes, a winter scene on a mill-pond, where a strong, burly man is anxiously reaching over an ice-hole for a half-submerged child. The situation was boldly conceived and realistically carried out. Mr. Francis Lathrop's portrait of Edison, engraved by Mr. Fred. Juengling last year for this magazine, was another of the noteworthy pictures; Messrs. F. Hopkinson Smith, Charles H. Miller and J. Carleton Wiggins had good landscape work. Miss Oakey's "Dwarf Cedar" and "Sunlight in Orchard" found admirers, and Mr. P. L. Senat sent from Philadelphia a coast view of New Jersey wreckers. Mr. Swain Gifford's "Orchard by the Sea," owned by Mr. H. Harper, deserves a mention, while Mr. A. F. Bellows surprised those who know him only as an indifferent workman in oils, by offering several pleasant studies in pencil.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Unquestionably the most cheering sign in American art of recent years is the formation of this society. Whether it has been conducted in the best manner or not is a question. Its effect has been most beneficial to art in general, and most of the best work that is being done finds its way into these exhibitions. Equally unquestionably, sculpture in the society showed more advance this year, relatively, than painting. While few of the painters, save perhaps Messrs. Fuller, of Boston, and Alden Weir, of New York, offer canvases noticeably superior to those of the season before, the busts by Messrs. Warner and St. Gaudens are far in advance of late productions. One of our older, and certainly one of our best, sculptors is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, whose noble equestrian statue of General Thomas was last year unveiled in the city of Washington. But the Thomas by Mr. Ward, while of course a far more difficult undertaking, being of life size and on horseback, did not offer so many nice points nor show so much genuine artistic feeling as the work of Messrs. Warner and St. Gaudens. The former has modeled a strikingly masculine and yet beautiful bust of the painter Weir; the latter sent from Paris a marble half-length of ex-President Woolsey of Yale College. The former treated his sitter without the smallest bit of drapery or accessory of any sort; the latter has the ex-President clothed in a stiff academic gown which by no means aids the general aspect. Nevertheless, it may be fairly said that the beauty and truth of expression in pose and features overcome this drawback. The highest art has been used, in so far as the sculptor was at liberty.

Among the painters, Mr. Walter Shirlaw caused disappointment by exhibiting an unfinished view of a marble quarry, well composed, but without any remarkable beauty. His "Chess" was better liked and his "Jollity" highly appreciated, being the face of a girl with a jaunty expression. The pictures of Mr. George Fuller, of Boston, were greatly admired by the artists, although they could hardly compare with his contributions to the Academy exhibition. One was an afternoon view in woods, a boy driving a calf with the mother cow following; the other was the portrait of a lady. Mr. Homer D. Martin exposed a very beautiful lake scene at sunset, illuminated by his individual and subtle coloring, and a little piece of evening sky above a bit of West Tenth street—a picture that has a fine impression in it though with some formality in the shaded parts. Mr. W. Gedney Bunce made a charming display of Venetian scenes, noticeably a large canvas of "Morning on the Lagoon," most exquisite in parts, and quite adequate elsewhere. A life-size portrait of a young woman at a piano, by Mr. Eakins, of Philadelphia, was little liked by the generality of critics and visitors to the gallery; it had, however, great merit, and refused to be passed over as merely ungraceful and harsh—there was some inner grace which made itself felt. Mr. Wyatt Eaton had a fine evening landscape looking down a road through tall forests, an indifferent river view, and a firmly-painted portrait of an old lady. Mr. Albert P. Ryder has been growing in favor with artists and critics; whether the public cares for him yet can hardly be decided although his pictures are being taken up here and there. His moonlight scene with a cow in the foreground was a most exquisite bit of work. The landscape had the poetic quality of his best, and the animal possessed the quality which is oftenest denied to Mr. Ryder—that of good drawing. The landscapes and marines of Mr. Twachtman, of Cincinnati, found ready buyers. Frank Fowler showed good interior work with figures, and A. H. Thayer received high praise for his landscapes, although criticised too severely for the flesh-painting, and, in some cases, for the drawing, in his "Nymph with Tigers." Mr. Thayer deserves great credit for attempting an imaginative work on so large a scale. There was much sweetness, purity and charm in the pose and expression of his nymph. A large piece by Mr. George D. Brush repeated easily and well, though not literally, the story of "Miggles," who leans against her pet bear in front of the hearth. Mr. John La Farge contributed nothing very new or striking; of the three pieces sent, the portrait of him

self, taken in 1859, was alone characteristic and suggestive. The portraits of Mr. William M. Chase showed the dexterity, adaptability and invention of this painter; one was a lady in maroon against a maroon background; another, a young lady with a hat; a third, an able portrait of General Webb; a fourth, and perhaps the best, a simple, quiet side-face of a young lady in gray. Mr. J. Alden Weir created a sensation with a "Good Samaritan" of almost life-size,—a large picture hastily put together, but full of a vigorous personality, and illuminated in places by passages of the most beautiful brush-work—not passages of careful handling, but of inspiration.

THE ACADEMY.

LIKE the exhibition of last year, the Academy contained a great quantity of pictures with few of high quality. Among the best were those of Mr. George Fuller of Boston, especially the portrait of a reading boy, which was singularly beautiful in the simplicity and breadth of its painting. A quadroon girl in a field was a fine composition, whether for expressiveness of look, or for the mystery which the painter has had the art to throw around the figure. Mr. Winslow Homer had several good studies of Southern negroes, and a fresh, unusual and audacious picture of a camp-fire with men. Portraits were alarmingly plentiful, that of Mr. Douglas Volk being among the very best. Mr. Witt redeemed his promise of fine achievements by several portraits of decided merit. Mr. Alden Weir showed a tolerable, but no more than tolerable, portrait of an elderly gentleman, while Messrs. Porter and Vinton, of Boston, exhibited the likenesses of a handsome lady and fine-looking gentleman. Among women artists Mrs. Dillon and Mrs. Baker were remarkable for fine flower pieces. The landscapists Wyant, Smillie, Murphy and Dewey had pleasing views. Space permits us to say only that the Academy Exhibition, on the whole, was neither much worse nor much better than those of late years. Diligent search brought to light pictures that commanded respect and even admiration, although hardly one could be said to have that nameless charm which stamps a work as a masterpiece.

THE METROPOLITAN.

THE opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its new quarters in Central Park was the occasion for bringing together a large loan collection of American and foreign work by moderns. Being in a separate gallery and yet under the same roof with the antiquities and the old pictures, the loan exhibition of modern paintings afforded a good chance to compare the old with the new, ancient art with mediæval, mediæval with that of to-day. In but one or two cases the old masters were of the highest mark; generally speaking, they were more representative than the very best would have been. Similarly, the very finest work of modern foreigners and Americans could not be borrowed; yet for that very reason what was offered seemed more representative. It may be safely said that neither did the old pictures, as a collection, put the moderns to the blush, nor did the foreign quota in the loan collection seriously injure the American work by comparison. This latter was a surprise even to American artists, for the advance of American art has been necessarily so gradual and unobserved, that it is no wonder even the artists were afraid of comparisons. Far be it from us to say that America is as yet even with Europe in the matter of the fine arts. All that is intended to say is, a collection of modern American and Parisian art being made somewhat at hap-hazard, the American pictures held their own in the most gratifying way. On the one hand, the French landscapists, who are unquestionably the strongest in this century, were not represented as they would have been in France: the greater landscapes of Millet, Corot and Rousseau were not there, although smaller figures and views by Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Dupré and Decamps were; there was no Delacroix, no Ingres. On the other hand, the American work included none of the best things by Martin, La Farge, Ryder and other idealists. This showed, at least, that a committee of selection, with good judgment and sufficient breadth of education to recognize the movement in the art of to-day, could form a collection which no one need be ashamed of, by simply omitting the kind of painting which has heretofore made American art the laughing stock of cultivated people.

A collection of a few paintings by the old masters, loaned by Mr. M. K. Kellogg to the Museum, contained the most valuable picture ever brought across the Atlantic. It is a "Herodias" by Leonardo da Vinci, which once belonged to a noted private gallery of Switzerland. The estate of the late William M. Hunt loaned a good number of pictures by that much regretted genius. The inequality and whimsicality of Mr. Hunt was seen in this small show. Along with pictures having every evidence of direct imitation of European masters were original landscapes, such as the darker view of Niagara, the surprising picture of a New England surf, the exquisite scene on a pond, and other brilliant pieces. In portraiture, Mr. Hunt showed most unusual sensitiveness and yet great inequality, too.

STUDIO SALES, ETC.

DURING the past season, Schaus imported two very beautiful specimens of Corot, and Goupil another. Added to the specimens brought over by Cottier and Avery, these landscapes—"The Old Manor," "Les Gaulois," "Twilight with Nymphs"—form a very striking collection of the products of this master. New York maintains its former admiration for Meissonier, and buys his cabinet pictures as well as his later efforts on a large scale. On the other hand, there is a marked falling off in the admiration for sentimentalists like Cabanel, Merle and Bouguereau.

The season has shown an unusual number of sales of the studio pictures of various artists, chiefly in Boston. Mr. John La Farge had two sales in that city, in which he got good prices for the works that remained in his studio. He is now devoting himself to stained glass and mural decoration. Mr. George Inness had a successful sale of

landscapes in Boston, and Messrs. Elihu Vedder and C. C. Coleman, long residents of Rome, also found that city appreciative. The death of the great artist William M. Hunt made a sale of his work imperative, and being a local celebrity and a man of unusual individual force of character, his memory was honored by a scramble for his work at prices hitherto unknown to any but our flash painters during the epoch of extravagance after the war. These sales tend to make the exhibitions less interesting, but are otherwise a healthy sign.

At the Art Students' League several excellent little exhibitions have been made, one being of work by Blake, owned chiefly by the family of Gilchrist, the editor of Blake. This exhibition was to be repeated on a larger scale in Boston.

In conclusion, it must be said that American art, although grievously defective in many directions, is showing continual proofs of sound vitality. If the results are groping and ineffectual, they are not sterile. The epoch appears to be one of rise, not decline.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Cheap Ventilation.

TO SECURE a constant change of air in public and private buildings so that it may never be breathed twice, and at the same time to keep the place warm in winter, is a question that has been settled in various ways by a greater or less expenditure of money. The heating and ventilating apparatus described on page 798 in the March number gives absolutely perfect ventilation in a large building, changing the air every six minutes, and with any required temperature, at a very moderate cost. In a dwelling-house recently erected in this city the following method of securing warmth and pure air has been tried with success.

A low-pressure steam boiler located under the sidewalk, outside the building, supplies steam to groups of radiators placed in different parts of the basement to distribute the heat evenly through the house. These groups of radiators are inclosed in brick air chambers in the usual manner, where fresh air taken from the roof is warmed and distributed to the house. The novel features of the apparatus consist of a sieve or strainer for purifying the air from dust and excessive moisture, and appliances for securing a rapid current in the air passages, and thus obtaining a constant change of air or good ventilation. In the box inclosing the radiators is spread a wire netting covering the entire space under the coils, and on this is placed a thick layer of cotton batting, pressed down and kept in place by a second netting laid on top. This makes a strainer for arresting dust, moisture and impurities, so that the air sent into the house is purer and cleaner than out of doors. Above the radiators is a large tank of water. This is not a new feature in such apparatus except that it is of unusual size, so that evaporation proceeds slowly and without steaming. The purified air, warmed and softened with moisture, passes to the rooms above through pipes and registers in the usual manner, and were there nothing more provided the apparatus would work slowly and in the half-effectual manner of all such appliances, filling the house gradually with warm and comparatively stagnant air. To ventilate, there must be a removal of the impure air by mechanical means, or by taking advantage of the specific gravity of the air without and within. The well for the stairs occupies a central position, reaches from the street floor to the roof, and has a large ventilator constantly open to the sky. This makes the stair-well an "upcast shaft," through which the air moves rapidly. The air having a free escape at the roof gives the currents in the hot-air passages free movement, and a very large volume of pure, warmed air flows out of the registers at all times. Were the stair-well the only place to be warmed and ventilated, this would be all that would be needed. For the rooms, each provided with its hot-air register, ventilation is secured by other and independent means. The products of combustion from the steam boiler and the kitchen range are taken away through stone-ware pipes, inclosed in brick shafts extending to the roof, and opening below by means of registers into the various rooms in the house. The interior pipes (chimneys), heated by the smoke and gas from the fires, warm the air in the annular spaces surrounding the pipes and set it in rapid motion, quickly drawing the air from the rooms below. In summer, when the apparatus is not in use, a stove is connected with the chimney of the boiler, and a small coal fire serves to keep the ventilation in operation.

By this cheap and simple arrangement the waste heat of the house fires is made to do the work of moving and changing all the air in the house every fifteen minutes. The doors and windows fit tightly, and never need be opened, as the air is always purer within than without. While the idea of inclosing a chimney within an air shaft and using it for a ventilator is not new, its application to a private dwelling on a complete and liberal scale is both a novelty and a decided success, well worth the attention of householders and architects.

The most prolific sources of impure air in modern dwellings are the gas lamps. An argand burner gives only six per cent. in light and ninety-four per cent. in heat as the result of the combustion of the

gas, besides consuming oxygen and throwing upon the air a stream of unburned and poisonous gas. It may be laid down as a rule that every gas lamp should have a chimney leading to the open air, and that none of the products of combustion should enter the room. This rule is beginning to be recognized, and in the house under consideration all the hanging gas lamps are provided with ventilators directly over the lamps in the ceiling, each ventilator leading by a tin pipe laid between the floors to the nearest ventilating shaft. The ventilators either form a part of the ornamentation of the ceiling or the center-piece over the lamps, or the center-piece is lowered a few centimeters, so as to permit an escape of air between the stucco work and the ceiling, and thus to the ventilator. This plan of providing a chimney for gas lamps has received special attention of late, and in many of the best dwellings now erecting in this city small tin pipes, of either round or rectangular section, are being laid in the floors and walls as the house is built. For floors, and leading from the lamps to the wall, round pipes of about ten centimeters (four inches) diameter are used, and in the walls the pipes are made wide and shallow to economize space, and they are either led into the chimneys or to special ventilators reaching to the roof, the heat from the lamps being sufficient to keep the current of air in the pipes in motion. For gas fixtures, hoods of metal are hung over the open lights or over the globes in drop lights and chandeliers, and these are connected with metal pipes that form part of the fixture and are treated as part of the design. For wall lamps on brackets, with either argand burners or fish-tail jets, double pipes are used, the inner pipe for gas being enclosed in the ventilating pipe. The two pipes are covered at the end with a large globe or lantern having openings for the entrance of fresh air.

The products of combustion are retained by the globe or lantern, and compelled to escape through the ventilator. Single hanging lights are arranged in the same manner, the gas-pipe being enclosed in the ventilator. Those ventilating gas lamps have now been tried in private dwellings, hospitals and theaters, and have proved of very great advantage in ventilating the rooms, and in keeping the air pure and cool. So great are the advantages that it would seem as if no well-appointed public or private buildings could use gas unless provided with separate chimneys for each lamp or group of lamps. Incidental advantages have also been found to spring from these ventilated lamps. There is a decided economy of gas, and a great gain in the steadiness and power of the light. Concerning this, more is said under the head of "Regenerative Gas-lighting" in this department.

Steam Catamaran.

THE catamaran or double-hull sail-boat (already described in this department) has been found to possess certain advantages in the way of speed. Quite a number have been built, and it is now proposed to apply steam power to this style of boat. This has already been done in England, but with only indifferent results, owing chiefly to faulty construction, and a new boat now building in this country seems to promise great stability and carrying capacity, combined with light draught and high speed. The chief objection to the catamaran arises from the fact that the two hulls act as funnels, jamming and crowding up the water between them, and retarding their headway. To overcome this, the hulls have been made with straight sides, or have been placed wide apart, or have been built of very light draught. This involves heavy bracing to keep them upright, or very long bracing, and this implies weight at the expense of speed. In designing the new boat the whole aim has been to gain speed, and the two hulls are iron cylinders, very long and narrow and exactly alike. They are each 61 meters (200 feet) long and 1.67 meters (5½ feet) in diameter at the center, and tapering uniformly to a sharp point at each end, and upon very fine lines. The material is boiler iron, 5 millimeters (3-16 in.) thick at the center and slightly thinner at the ends, and securely riveted, leaving a smooth surface on the outside. The cylinders are divided into five water-tight compartments by bulkheads, each being securely stayed to the sides and to each other, the whole being held together by radial stays and braces of angle iron. The shape of these hulls, it will be observed, is designed for very light draught and the least resistance to the water. When finished with engines, boiler and house they will be submerged 76 centimeters (2½ feet) at the center, the two ends being out of water for some distance, the total weight being only forty tons. The hulls will be placed side by side, with a clear space in the middle of only 2.74 meters (9 feet); and resting on these and securely fastened to them will be a single level deck, about 38 meters (125 feet) long, and 7.62 meters (25 feet) wide, overhanging the hulls on each side to form a guard, and leaving the hulls projecting fore and aft. On this deck will be built a single house, the whole width of the deck and slightly shorter, to give an open deck at each end for handling the boat. The house will contain a ladies' cabin forward, a smoking-room aft, and a main saloon with glass sides in the center. The pilot house at the bows will be kept low, and there will be no deck on the house, the aim being to offer the least possible resistance to the wind. The power will consist of a single six-bladed propeller hung at a slight angle or downward pitch, just aft of the center compartment and between the hulls. This wheel has a six-sided hub, so placed that it is just clear of the water, leaving two blades constantly submerged and four in the air. The design of this is to save the friction and loss of power spent in dragging the hub through the water. The wheel will be 2.63 meters (8 feet) in diameter, and of the same pitch. The low pitch of the screw and apparently wasteful position in the water is to be compensated by a very high speed of revolution and great power. The downward pitch gives solid water to strike against, and the great length and peculiar shape of the hulls gives the screw free play

in unbroken water. The engine is to be of the new balanced type already described in this department, and is to have two upright cylinders, leaning slightly aft to conform to the pitch of the shaft, and is to be of 476 horse power, and to give 325 revolutions a minute. This type of engine runs at high speed with great steadiness, and is exceedingly light for the power developed. To gain still more in weight, the boiler is to be of the high-pressure coil pattern now being introduced as a marine boiler, and is designed to supply steam at a pressure of 125 pounds. It is the combination of these special features that makes this boat of interest. The whole aim is speed, and to this end the catamaran type of hull is adopted: the house is low to prevent wind resistance, the screw is of low pitch and high speed and placed in unbroken water, and the engine and boiler are of great power and very light weight. The novelty of the combination will no doubt attract attention, and the practical workings of the boat will be watched with interest.

Regenerative Gas-lighting.

EXPERIMENTS with the regenerative gas lamps already described in this department (page 948, volume xviii.) have been continued by the inventor, and further progress is reported, showing the practical value of the system. The best form of lamp appears to be a pillar lamp (for newel posts), carrying a single light or group of lights in a lantern at the top. The supporting pillar is composed of an upright standard, suitably ornamented, containing in the center a hollow tube of large diameter, and surrounded by two pipes, thus leaving two annular spaces between them, all the spaces and pipes being filled with fine wire netting. The gas is admitted to the inner tube at the bottom, and rises through the wire netting to the lamps. The second pipe is open at the bottom to admit fresh air, and at the top directly under the flame of the lamps. The outer tube is open at the top, and communicates at the bottom with a ventilating shaft that leads to the top of the building. The globe or lantern surmounts the three pipes, inclosing the lamps from the air. The products of combustion rise to the top of the lantern, and finding no escape move along the cool sides of the lantern to the outlets below, and descend through the outer pipe, imparting their heat to the netting, which soon becomes intensely hot. This heat is readily transferred to the netting of the second pipe and the interior gas-pipe, heating the fresh air and practically making a hot blast for the lamps. The gas is also heated, and is burned at a high temperature. The gain is threefold. The netting acting as a regenerator gives a hot blast and hot gas, and induces a more complete combustion at a material saving of gas and a gain of light. At the same time, all the products of combustion are removed from the room and made to do useful work in heating the lamp and ventilating the room. The system is reported to give excellent results in economy of gas, and it certainly recommends itself as a means of ventilation. Three styles of regenerative lamps have been tried—upright lamps, hanging lamps, and a wall light having the regenerator hung on a spindle. The products of combustion escape through the upper half of the regenerator, and the fresh air enters through the lower half, the regenerator also serving as a reflector for the lamp. After the lamp has been burning a few minutes the regenerator is turned round, the heated portion now being below, and the fresh air passes through it. This lamp has, however, the objection that no means are provided for ventilation, and is only suitable for an out-door light. In connection with the new ventilating gas-fixtures now being introduced (described on page 316), it may be observed that the regenerative idea is used in part, as the ventilating pipes surrounding the gas-pipes tend to heat the gas before it is burned.

Seamless Paper Boxes.

A NEW article of manufacture in the form of paper boxes made in one piece and without seams has been introduced, in a limited way. The boxes have been made direct from paper pulp by hand, and have been found to be strong, light and durable. Machinery driven by power has now been perfected for making the boxes upon a large scale. The pulp is prepared from rags in a paper-mill in the usual manner, and, when strained, whitened or colored, is pumped through pipes to the box-forming machine. This consists essentially of a circular revolving table, carrying on the edge a number of forms or molds made of fine wire netting. As the table revolves these pass in turn under the end of the pipe, and are covered with a flood of pulp under heavy atmospheric pressure that tends to drive the water through the netting, leaving a hood or skin of pulp on the mold. The water escapes through a hole in the table into the sewer, and the mold with its paper hood moves away to make room for the next, and passes to an ingenious piece of mechanism that lifts the hood off the mold as a soft paper box without seams. The boxes are placed by the machine on a traveling board that conveys them to a drying-room. When partly dry the boxes are placed in a hydraulic press and stamped with any embossed figure, lettering or ornamentation that may be desired. The press works automatically, and delivers the boxes dry and finished ready for use. If desired, they may then be passed to a papering and pasting machine for covering with colored or printed paper. The box-forming machine in principle resembles the apparatus used in forming felt hats, where the material is driven by air pressure over a perforated mold, and it appears to do its work quickly and effectively. The pulp may be colored to give the boxes any desired tint inside and out, in which case the papering may be omitted. Wood or rag pulp may be used, and, if sizing is added to it, the boxes are very stiff and strong. The machine examined was the first of the kind ever used by power, and larger machines, of a capacity of thirty boxes a minute, are to be erected for the manufacture of the boxes upon a large scale.

Bi-sulphide of Carbon in Steam-Engines.

ATTEMPTS have been made from time to time to find a substitute for water in steam boilers—to find something having a low boiling point that would give an elastic vapor that might be used in motors in the place of steam. Bi-sulphide of carbon has been made the subject of some of these experiments, but, so far, none of the experiments have been wholly satisfactory. The latest experiment seems more promising, and it may be briefly observed that the bi-sulphide of carbon is used in connection with petroleum in the proportion of three of the sulphide to two of the oil. A twenty-horse-power engine, supplied with a mixed vapor of steam and the mixture of oil and bi-sulphide of carbon from a ten-horse-power boiler, has been made the subject of experiments that certainly seem promising. Steam is first obtained from water, and the engine is started. The power obtained is then used to pump the prepared mixture into the boiler. A very minute quantity serves to raise the pressure quickly, and the fires may then be dampened and the boiler supplies all the needed vapor for the engine with a very moderate use of fuel. The exhaust of the engine is taken to a large copper coil submerged in cold water, in which it is condensed to a liquid form and run into a reservoir, from which it is pumped back, as needed, into the boiler. The usual disagreeable smell of the bi-sulphide of carbon appears to be neutralized by the oil, and, from an examination of the boiler and engine at work, it appears that the mixture of oil and bi-sulphide may be added to the water in any boiler at a very decided gain in economy of fuel, ease of management, and safety.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Present and Past.

'TIS no pleasant task contrasting
Now and Then,
Though I long for kindness lasting—
Once again.
Then you said you thought me clever;
Now you listen to me never,
And your silence seems to sever
Now and Then.

Still I cannot but adore you
Now and then,
Though I see in shoals before you
All the men;
Women are but cattle-kittle,
And their promises are brittle!—
Can't you love me—just a little—
Now and then?

ARTHUR PENN.

Dianthus Barbatus.

(SWEET WILLIAM.)

I USED to know him in the olden days,
When Love and I were young, and skies were mellow,
And, spite of his demure and formal ways,
I rather liked the dear old-fashioned fellow
Who used to meet me in my garden walk
And entertain me with instructive talk.

He was a miracle of common-sense;
His brain the seat of learning most prolific;
And if a flight ideal I'd commence,
He'd bring me back to something scientific:
And I am not ashamed to own it here,
I loved him—just because he was so queer.

Women are converts to the latest fashion,
And even courting will assume rare grace
If the fond lover but declare his passion
In looks and tones that are not commonplace.
My pride was flattered that a man so shy
And wise should care for such a dunce as I.

Alas! We parted; and I never met
Again my queer and antiquated suitor,
Although I hear he's living single yet,
And in some Western college is a tutor;
Yet to this day my cheeks would blush with shame
To call him out of his botanic name!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A Kind of Traveler.

HE goes from Ecuador to Maine;
He studies every people,
He visits every crypt in Spain,
And every German steeple.

He roams among Liberian rocks,
He haunts Thibet's wild region;
Men find him on the Styrian lochs,
And on the lakes Norwegian.

Greece he has seen a dozen times.
Iceland has hailed him loudly,
And in the bland Hawaian climes,
He oft has wandered proudly.

He scales the Himalayan peaks,
He strolls through vales Ionian,
He hunts the buffalo with Creeks,
And puns in Patagonian!

He goes to Europe every year,
Is known to all the sailors,
And in his life has seen, I fear,
More than ten Bayard Taylors!

A modern Wandering Jew is he,
A student of all races,
And when there's nothing left to see
In strange, exotic places,

He homeward turns for fame to look,
Quite sure that he will win it,
And writes a most ambitious book,
Without one new thing in it!

CENDRILLON.

On the Trapping of a Mouse that Lived in a Lady's Escritoire.

Poor mousie! you have learned too late,
This lady's scorn of mice—and men,
Who envy yet thy better fate,—
To hear the music of her pen;—

To kiss the rug her feet have kissed;—
To gambol round her dainty slippers,
And wonder if, in Beauty's list,
The foot of Venus could outstrip hers;—

To draw the splendor of her eyes,
That flash as they discover you,
And picture in their swift surprise
Your fleeting bliss, and sentence, too;—

To have her fingers set the snare
And bait with crumbs have touched her lip,
Inviting to ambrosial fare
And sudden death's endearing grip:

While men may sigh and sigh in vain,
And suffer torturing Love's demur,
Without a smile to ease their pain
Or even leave to die for her. C. C. Buel.

The Phonograph in the Moon Two Centuries Ago.

The editor has been shown a curious old volume which contains a passage showing that there is nothing new under the moon, in the way of the phonograph, at least. The title reads: "The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and the Son. Written in French by Cyrano Bergerac. And newly Englished by A. Lovell, A. M., London: Printed for Henry Rhodes, next door to the Swan Tavern, near Bride Lane, in Fleet Street, 1687."

This book gives an account of the writer's travels in the Sun and Moon. While in one of the cities of the Moon, he meets an inhabitant of the Sun, who had wandered to the Moon, and they take a stroll through the city, discoursing, as they go, pleasantly concerning their new surroundings. The citizen of the Sun is suddenly called away, and before going gives his companion two books. The writer says:

"No sooner was his back turned, but I fell to consider attentively my books and their boxes, that's to say, their covers. * * *

"As I opened the box, I found within somewhat of metal, almost like to our clocks, full of I know not what little springs and imperceptible engines. It was a book, indeed, but a strange and wonderful book, that had neither leaves nor letters. In fine, it was a book *made wholly for the ears and not the eyes*. So that when anybody has a mind to read in it, he winds up that machine, with a great many little strings; then he turns a hand to the chapter which he desires *to hear*, and straight *as from the mouth of a man or a musical instrument*, proceed all *the distinct and different sounds*, which the Lunar Grandees make use of, for expressing their thoughts, instead of language.

"When I since reflected on this miraculous invention, I no longer wondered that the young men of that country were more knowing at sixteen or eighteen years old than the graybeards of our climate; for knowing how to read as soon as speak, they are never without lectures, in their chambers, their walks, the town or traveling; they may have in their pockets, or at their girdles, thirty of these books, where they need but wind up a spring to *hear* a whole chapter, and so more, if they have a mind to *hear* the book quite through; so that you never want the company of all the great men, living and dead, who *entertain you with living voices*."

Portraits in Black and White.

I. A WOMAN OF FASHION.

Upon her brazen cheek the color's high;
Her hair has risked the hazard of the dye;
Her heels—but why of such a trifle talk?
Her conversation's petty as her walk.
She tries to hide, by some linguistic wrench,
Her lack of English 'neath her lack of French.
She wears no stocking of cerulean hue,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;
She has no wish to vote, and make things worse
She always leaves her children with their nurse
In Lent she fasts, she prays, she hears long ser
mons,
Instead of chattering French and dancing Ger
mans;
Indeed, she always worships God on Sunday,—
On week-days she bows down to Mrs. Grundy.

II. A FAST YOUNG MAN.

He prides himself upon his cockney "togs,"
Goes in for horses, and goes to the dogs.
Man of the world, with not a thought of heaven
He's not puffed up by Pharisaic leaven,
But tries, like Moses, whom he thinks a dunce,
To break the ten commandments all at once.
On women and cards he spends time—money—
breath;
Maids of dishonor to the Queen of Death,
Ixion-croupiers toiling at the wheel,
Have found in him one worthy of their steal.
Along a narrow railroad, black and fell,
He rushes on—to ruin, death, and hell:
Should not a warning shrill to this vain clown
Whistle "down brakes!" ere all be broken down

III. POLITICAL ORGAN-GRINDERS.

They dare do all—for party or for pelf;
They scold and scoff, like Ghibelline and Guelf.
Of course each holds himself immaculate—
And damns the other to a fiery fate;
All virtues in himself he has descried,
And all the vices in the other side.
'Tis pot calls kettle black,—and kettle, pot.
Believe what each says of the other! not
What each says of himself: and thus, forsooth,
Believe the worst,—and so get at the truth.

IV. AN ADVANCED THINKER.

This modern scientist—a word uncouth—
Who calls himself a seeker after truth,
And traces man through monkey back to frog,
Seeing a Plato in each pollywog,
Ascribes all things unto the power of Matter.
The woman's anguish, and the baby's chatter,—
The soldier's glory, and his country's need,—
Self-sacrificing love,—self-seeking greed,—
The false religion some vain bigots prize,
Which seeks to win a soul by telling lies,—
And even pseudo-scientific clatter,—
All these, he says, are but the work of Matter.
Thus, self-made science, like a self-made man,
Deems naught uncomprehended in its plan;
Sees naught he can't explain by his own laws.
The time has come, at length, to bid him pause,
Before he strive to leap the unknown chasm
Reft wide 'twixt awful God and protoplasm.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. JULY, 1880. No. 3.

THE YOUNGER PAINTERS OF AMERICA.

SECOND PAPER.

THE ROMANY GIRL. (GEORGE FULLER.) OWNED BY I. T. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

SUCH a series of papers as this carries its aim upon its face; and as this is explanatory, descriptive and, so far as may be in a general way, critical, nothing that savors of the controversial spirit need be suspected if a few words are here quoted from a critic who objected to the predecessor of this article as "vicious and petty." A criticism upon a

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magazine article has generally one merit, however perfunctory: it is apt to express the thought of the writer with a frankness unobscured by any circumlocution, and is entitled to attention in proportion to the writer's dignity and position. The critic here referred to being in these respects unexceptionable, I take it, is worth listening to when he says: "A writer who commiserates the state of American art at a time when *the* Church and Kensett represented it, has little claim to respect for his opinion." Those of us who, if not, as he says a little loosely, "disciples (at a long interval) of impressionism," are at least fonder of "impressionism" than of "literalism," need, it may be, to be halted and compelled to give the countersign more frequently than of late we have been asked to do. If it is a little disconcerting to find an objecting *laudator temporis acti* when we had fancied the *débris* substantially cleared away and that the question now concerned the best means of progression, there is still consolation in the reflection that the danger of overconfidence, of having the thing all one's own way, heretofore pointed out, is not, after all, so imminent. Nothing can so convince one of the fact that there is yet much ground to be cleared as regards art in America, nothing can be so salutary a warning of the wisdom of "going slow" in the presence of a community "where every one has some culture and where superiorities are discountenanced" as an authoritative statement that "a writer who commiserates the state of American art at a time when *the* Church and Kensett represented it, has little claim to respect for his opinion." This is another thing from saying: "The picture of Duveneck by Chase is an impertinence, whether painted or engraved; and young Church's grotesqueries do not demand serious notice as art."

A writer who employs that tone may not be esteemed a delicate judge of "impertinences," but, after all, his meaning is clear, and whether or no Mr. Chase's "Duveneck" is pictorially complete, and Mr. Church's "After the Rain" pretty and graceful or only trivial, is a detail. Whether or no *the* Church and Kensett, however, are to be considered great painters, whether or no their art is so admirable as to surpass that of any of "these disciples of impressionism"—such as Mr. Eakins, possibly, or Mr. Eaton!—is so far from being a detail as to be the essential point at issue, since there is, it seems, something essential still at issue. There can be no doubt that *the* Church and Kensett still have a large following, and the sequence from this circumstance is logical: it must be admitted that the art of the "new men" is not yet as triumphant as it has been rather hastily, perhaps, assumed to be. And any one who has kept abreast of the times lately and has witnessed the surprising vogue of the new men, has certainly been in danger of forgetting that, besides the painters interested and the connoisseurs to whom stock notions are precious, there does exist, among conservative people whose familiarity with pictures is out of all proportion to their susceptibility to art, a considerable number who may be called the *clientelle* of Church and Kensett. This is equivalent to saying that there are many people who have not yet taken the first step toward understanding the aims, to say nothing of appreciating the accomplishment, of the new men. And as their aim and accomplishment are here in question, it is important to think of this, and to be reminded that some consideration of the art of Church and Kensett to this end is not as idle as some of us had supposed, is a service for which acknowledgment is due. The critic referred to, it should be borne in mind, does not speak for himself simply; the temper of what he says betrays his consciousness of weighty and, perhaps, somewhat impervious backing.

It is not difficult to see differences between the work of Mr. Church and that of the late Mr. Kensett; that of the latter is of a superior genuineness, it is in general quite unaffected, it has little that is theatric about it,—it is less pronounced, less striking, less brilliant. Mr. Church is fond of painting the splendors of the Andes; Mr. Kensett was content with the placidity of Lake George. Mr. Church inclines to volcanoes; Mr. Kensett to nooks and dells and reaches of pleasant country;—a modern Plutarch, indeed, could find grounds for various not too subtle antitheses of this sort in a contrast of the two. There was, undoubtedly, a good deal that was pleasing in Mr. Kensett's landscapes. They were rather pale in color, rather unintellectually simple in design, in no way impressive—altogether attuned to a minor key. But they had a certain wholesomeness and even a soft vivacity that set them in advance of most work that was contemporary with them, and enabled them to be of a real advantage at the time when their vogue was greatest. Mr. Church's vogue, however, has never

been of service to the best interests of American art; it has, on the contrary, in the opinion of many people, done a subtle injury to these. The essence of his art is theatricality; its effort definitely, distinctly, one may even say professedly, to excite an order of admiration whose chief constituent is wonder. So far as we know, before Mr. Church no painter had ventured to treat nature in this way. There is probably nothing in any of her aspects the reproduction of which he would regard as too ambitious a task. In Turner's most theatrical landscapes there is a decorative and dramatic purpose at the enforcement of which nature may be said to assist; Mr. Church has, in a sort, laid in wait for her, entrapped her into throwing aside for the moment her simplicity, serenity, solemnity, even her grandeur, in order to indulge whatever propensities for pure display she may have.

The difference between Mr. Church's report of nature and Mr. Bierstadt's is plainly one of degree; and if the fame of Mr. Bierstadt is more evidently in decadence than Mr. Church's, it is because the former has, one is tempted to say, carried the joke too far; it cannot be so very long before people about whose care for art there is nothing perfunctory will make the same discovery in the instance of Mr. Church. Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten that he exhibits in comparison with Mr. Bierstadt a certain conservatism, both mental and technical, which accounts for the superior esteem in which he is held, and makes it as possible for persons of intelligence—with a bias for that sort of thing—to protest admiration of his work as it is difficult to assign stark reasons for disapproving it. His cleverness is indisputable, and his powers of technical imitation unquestionably great; and this is more evident than the mechanical direction which the former takes (it is totally unlike the mental alertness of the "Fortunistes," for example), and the unsatisfactory result of his exercise of the latter. This is the world of Mayence hams and not of butterflies' wings, a clever Frenchman once said, and, accordingly, when formerly Mr. Church exhibited a work of panoramic gorgeousness, marked by great cleverness and intensity of illusion, in a gallery from which the daylight was carefully excluded, and in which an impressive stillness was broken only by the hushed whispering of the attendants and the spectators, it could scarcely fail to create a sensation. It could hardly be that the subsidence of this sensation should not be gradual, and that "The River of Light," now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the "Chimborazo" at the Lenox Library Gallery, should not find admirers who have never seen "The Heart of the Andes."

No one could ask for a better test of Mr. Church's art than these two pictures now afford to any one interested in the matter, and, for reasons already assigned, it is an interesting matter. No better instances could be found of the kind of painting which that of the new men distinctly is not. To any one who finds either of them capable of stirring the emotions as profoundly as it is legibly and somewhat defiantly stamped upon them that they hope to do, there is certainly nothing to be said; he is clearly fortunate in his enjoyment if he considers enjoyment the end of fine art and is undisturbed by Saint-Beuve's criterion, namely, the reasonableness of one's pleasure. Any one to whom they prove a little unsatisfactory, who receives no sensations from them beyond perplexity at his failure to receive any, will find it more or less profitable to recall one or two cardinal principles of art, and, using these as *points de repère*, to examine anew "The River of Light," say, without any scientific strictness, but freely and simply. Painting is certainly a language of itself, and those who use it may use it to express their own ideas and emotions, or to translate the ideas and emotions of the language of nature. One of the most uncompromising realists among living writers upon art, calls landscape-painting "The expression of one's emotions in the presence of nature." This is addressed to Frenchmen, however, and in France there is a great fund of criticism upon these matters which renders it unnecessary to make minute explanations at every step. With us it may seem like a dangerous concession to "idealization," though it occurs in a book written mainly as a protest against classicism. But, throwing aside everything which relates to a painter's direct personal expression, and considering only his interpretation, his translation, of nature, it is manifest that literal reproduction is satirically insufficient. It is, indeed, out of the question, since the relation of the microcosm to the macrocosm is one of correspondence, and not of equivalence. An attempt at exact imitation is sure to result in a libel. In art, at least, the axiom that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts has no absolute

force whatever, and even if it were possible to reproduce in painting the actual details of the natural scene or object it essays to translate, the something that exists beyond the sum of these would still prove elusive. For a good translation, a translation that is not a libel, the sympathetic personality of the translator is absolutely indispensable. There must be a personal quality in the most literal "study from nature" to make it different from a photograph, and it must be sympathetic to make the painter superior to the camera. "The real question is," said Mr. Matthew Arnold of Mr. Newman's "Homer," "not whether he has given us full change for the Greek, but *how* he gives us our change; we want it in gold and he gives it us in copper." That is exactly applicable to the painting of nature. Something in the technique of a painter, some artistic quality of his own which informs his handiwork and stamps him a proficient in his own language, as well as a sympathetic appreciation of the subject he is treating, is requisite before even a bit of still-life can be made interesting. Bearing these things in mind, what one should ask himself about such imitative painting as "The River of Light," judging it by its own standards, is, first, whether it gives full change for the natural scene it attempts to interpret, and, secondly, whether, if it does, it gives it in gold or in copper. The observer who notes the expenditure of force upon details, the emphasis with which certain tropical leaves and stems are accentuated, the insistence upon certain obvious points, such as the sun's blazing reflection, the general keying-up of contrasts, the frankness which characterizes the illusion of the whole, will be apt to answer both these questions adversely. And reflecting upon the attitude which the painting of such a scene evinces, as well as the character of its treatment, he will further be apt to ask himself wherein this art, which has had so great a vogue, which is marked by so much mechanical cleverness and whose illusion is so perfect to so many minds, differs from the art of the scene-painter. "The River of Light" is a magnificent drop-curtain. A drop-curtain may be the work of incontestable genius; it may have a thousand merits, and we have said no more about them here because they are so evident to all admirers of Mr. Church; it is simply not painting. It is probably not unfair to treat Mr. Church's work as imitative art solely. So far as we know, he has never attempted to illustrate M. Véron's definition of landscape-painting above referred to; and the only instance of anything so hostile to the spirit of American art (at the time when he and Mr. Kensett represented it) as "idealization" that we remember is the curiously characteristic one of the "Ægean Sea," one of his latest and most important canvases, which represents, as in a Titan's goblet, a geographical microcosm of those famous shores, by means of the simple expedient of placing in an ideal juxtaposition the really wide-apart objects to be found there.

More palpable examples of precisely the opposite of all this could not be found, perhaps, than the work of Mr. Fuller and Mr. Thayer, both of whom are engaged in "the expression of emotion in the presence of nature," and both of whom have a technique which gives to their interpretation of nature an interest and distinction unknown to literally imitative art. They are thoroughly dissimilar in many, if not in most respects, but nevertheless association of them is natural on account of the distinctly poetic aim of each, and the serious qualification which both of them render necessary in a judgment which accuses the new men generally of a lack of charm. Mr. Fuller is so far from being a young painter, even in the degree in which the oldest of those here considered is justly to be called young, that he is a veteran of art; but there was, we believe, a long period during which he painted nothing, and, at all events, his appearance here two or more years ago had all the force of a *début*. Mr. Thayer, on the other hand, is among the youngest of the new men, and if it be admitted that the tie which connects his work and that of Mr. Fuller's is not wholly fancied, the leaning which the two have toward each other not only suggests the reality and dignity of their common attitude toward art, but indirectly testifies to the rather surprising singularity of this among the new men; it would occur to no one to associate them if the quality known as ideality were more generally illustrated by these. Mr. Fuller, at all events, it will not be denied, has a marked individuality, and—which is perhaps another thing—in his manner of expressing it a marked originality. He completely puzzled the first Academy hanging committee which had to decide upon the comparative merit of his pictures. Probably they were so different from anything theretofore submitted to Academy Exhibitions as to appear rather flagrant; the result being, at any

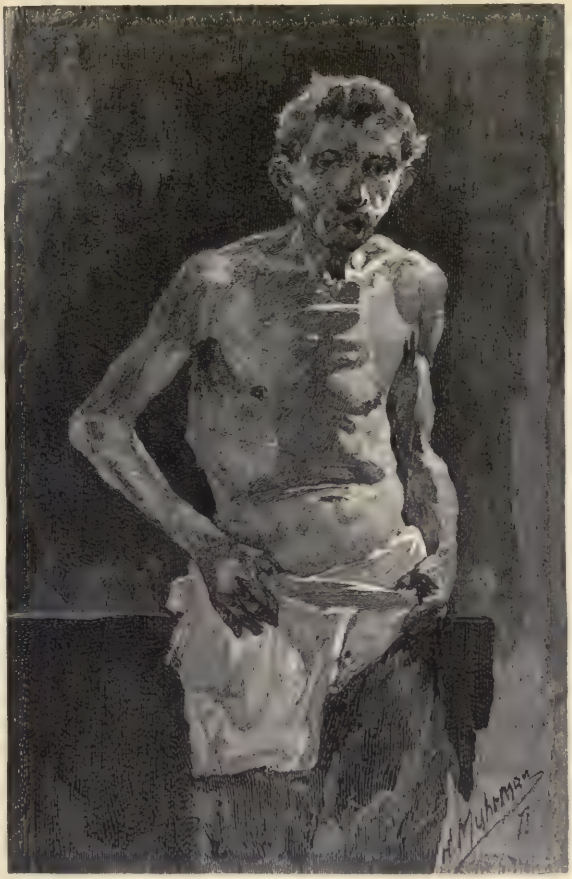
AUTUMN AFTERNOON IN BERKSHIRE. (ABBOTT H. THAYER.)

rate, that his "Turkey Pasture" was hung on the third line, and its companion over a door, if we remember rightly. Even in these positions, however, they made an impression and got talked about, not only by that portion of the public whose appetite for anything sensational is quite as eager as it is fastidious, but by persons of discernment and knowledge, the painters themselves, of course, being included in such a category. And since that time, accordingly, Mr. Fuller's canvases have been treated at the Academy as well as elsewhere with the consideration to which, if they were not to be utterly scouted, it was plain they were entitled. None of them have conspicuously surpassed these first works, to our mind, though the "Romany Girl" and the "And She was a Witch," exhibited last year at the Academy, are far more ambitious. Not that they are marked by a pretension made palpable by an evident falling short of accomplishing their intention. On the contrary, Mr. Fuller is quite capable of conceiving a picture in a large way and of executing it with a directness that may have blemishes, but avoids short-comings very successfully. Indeed, if the witch picture is more successful than the "Romany Girl," and it probably is, it is due to its superior dignity as a conception, and the ease with which this is sustained. How engaging the "Romany Girl" is, those who have seen it will remember, and those who have not will be able very adequately to appreciate from the sympathetic engraving of it here printed; it is sweet, frank, picturesque, excellently composed and thoroughly simple. The quality of the other picture, however, perhaps no reproduction could quite adequately convey. It is one of the best instances we have ever had in America of the just presentation of what is morally dramatic, without having this for the sole, or, perhaps, even the main pictorial motive of the work. An accused woman is being taken from her house among the pines by the officers of colonial fanaticism, and another, entering the door, is looking around at the disappearing figures. The observer can make his own tragedy out of it, imagine the short trial and swift condemnation of the unhappy victim of Puritan superstition, and fancy the psychological perplexities of the young woman left behind, a daughter of the witch, possibly, and yet too much a daughter of the time as well to be able to persuade herself of her mother's innocence. Nothing of this appears, and to refer to a picture the imaginings of which it

is only the occasion and not the cause at all is a mistake, which is not the more excusable because it is so common. What does appear is precisely what an analogous natural scene would present, refined and heightened, of course, by the painter's art, but in no radical regard contradictory to natural conditions.

This is the way in which tragedy has now come to be treated in art; and it is a great change from the days of classicism. In painting, as well as in literature, one of the changes wrought by what is so widely known and perhaps so little understood as "modern realism" consists in stimulating the imagination instead of in satisfying the sensibility. The main idea has ceased to be as obviously accentuated and its natural surroundings are given their natural place; there is less expression and more suggestion; the artist's effort is expended rather upon perfecting the *ensemble*, noting relations, taking in a larger circle; a complexity of moral elements has taken the place of the old simplicity whose multifariousness was almost wholly pictorial. This, at all events, seems the direction which the artistic tendency of the time has taken. Philosophers may find it a fruitful topic for speculation; if the age is, as it is frequently called (both by those who seem to have the *pas* and those who are most poignantly jealous of them), materialistic, its art must share the general bent so far as it may without ceasing to be art; and we are undeniably more careful about offending against natural laws, on the one hand—Kaulbach's picture at the Metropolitan Museum, for example, jars on one as an anachronism—and, on the other, more given to searching for the supernatural *in* nature, to speak paradoxically, instead of through it or beyond it, than our ancestors. Instead of a landscape as a background to a Holy Family, and having no pertinence but an artistic one, we have Corot's "Orpheus," in which the mysterious Dawn is so subtly significant in earth and sky and trees that the figure has no value as a personification, but is itself so permeated with the invisible natural forces at play about it as to blend with the landscape whatever spiritual individuality it may have possessed before the dusk began to grow into daylight. That is why Corot seems to me the greatest painter of our time, because he best represents what the spirit of the time has to express in plastic art, without vain attempts to recover an ideal of entrancing beauty, but now indisputably grown vague and unreal to us, and without surrendering anything to the vice, the defect corresponding to the excellence, of our own ideal—the defect of material detail. Any one who will compare the moral treatment of Mr. Fuller's witch picture with Corot's "Les Gaulois," now to be seen in the city, in which *les Gaulois* play the same relative part that Mr. Fuller's figures do, will appreciate the connection between all this and the picture which suggested it. The "And She was a Witch" may seem to be of more value than it really is because it represents so admirably so admirable an artistic attitude. But though that is, after all, the main thing, and with it we could consent to forego certain less important excellences, these latter are present, too, in more than respectable force, and if the subject had been a less forbidding one, one reflects, the picture might have been great. Charming as the "Romany Girl" is, it is on distinctly a lower plane, —the plane of Mr. Fuller's "Quadroon" in the last Academy Exhibition,—though it is a success, whereas the last is more or less of a failure.

The defects of Mr. Fuller's qualities are evident enough. Occasionally his strong individuality becomes eccentricity, and the most prominent feature of his work now and then remains on acquaintance what it seemed, perhaps, at the first glance,—his manner, namely. Occasionally, too, one is conscious of the wish that he were less content with his somewhat monotonous palette. At such times there is about it a certain vagueness and spectrality that he shares with Mr. Thayer. And in our view these qualities are much more at home with Mr. Thayer, who reveals in them possibilities of delicate suggestiveness, indeed, which most of us have never suspected, and which imperatively demand an unaffected sympathy in whomsoever would illustrate them. It is difficult to think of affectation in connection with Mr. Thayer's work; it is, in its own way, as simple and straightforward as that of Mr. Winslow Homer. It may be in doubtful taste to mention it, but his pictures irresistibly and distinctly suggest a fine moral personality, a nature that has no disturbing emotions to complicate its perceptions or its ambitions, incapable of anything like artifice, and even unfamiliar with anything like grossness. His delicacy seems quite foreign to what we ordinarily understand by daintiness; his fastidiousness is so far from being finical that it is almost austere, apparently. We know of no better



THE BATHER. (HENRY MUHRMAN.)

way in which to characterize his art than to say that it is the poetry of simplicity; for it is as poetic as it is simple, and its unmistakable importance reminds one how much power there is, after all, in pure charm, provided there be nothing factitious about it. Beside Mr. Thayer's "pearl of portraiture" (as it was very happily called by a writer of great tact in the use of epithets) in the recent Academy Exhibition, it was curious to notice how weak much of the *bravura* work looked. One wonders a little, perhaps, that an artist of such characteristics should devote himself so largely to cows; but there is something very nice about cows. If one reflects, there is a picturesque honesty in their aspect and bearing —such as Troyon, for example, knew how to idealize, without being able to teach Van Marcke. And, like Troyon, Mr. Thayer treats his cattle in the way just now referred to. They contribute to and get assistance from the landscape so as to make with it an agreeable whole. He is not so successful with tigers, visitors to the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists will remember. The tiger, even when subdued by a nymph, must manage to preserve something tigerish about him. If in Mr. Thayer's landscape, pure and simple, one could also desire more firmness and solidity,—and, whatever the character of the general effect, it is probably helped by distinguishing the substance of earth from the spaciousness of sky,—it is not at all certain that more vigorous "handling" would not detract in some subtle way from the remarkable delicacy which inwraps his hill-sides, and stretches of fields, and still pools, and hemlock groves, as in a mist. And though they do sensibly lack color, which is not only the main element of landscape but landscape itself, in a sense, it is to be noticed that the atmosphere and light, of which they are full, is not sought by any cheap

devices, but by a nice adjustment of graduated tones which goes for color in the school in which Mr. Thayer got his training. In comparison with Mr. Church's "gorgeousness," we confess it has an almost decorative look.

Mr. Muhrman has done little in oil, but for two or three years his black and white and water-color drawings have attracted attention, which, indeed, considering their almost defiant aggressiveness, could hardly be withheld from them. His work may be said to deliver itself into the hands of the Philistines (who disapprove of the new men *en bloc*) with a frankness that should be disarming. It has a great directness, and never aims to dress up its material into any semblance of beauty, or even temperate attractiveness. And technically it goes to all lengths in respect of the freedom which the new men prize so highly, and are so right, of course, to prize. If it be thought to lose in vigor by sacrificing precision, and in effectiveness by "scattering," so to speak, it is to be said that, in water-color painting, at any rate, nothing is so important technically as free-handedness. Anything like hesitancy, or even anything like deliberation, operates against the freshness which is certainly the chief charm of water-color drawing. To any one who has noted the singular confusion as to the limits and possibilities of water-color that long prevailed in the minds of most of the members of the American Society of Painters in Water-color, the excellent and sensible use of his material by Mr. Muhrman has something refreshing about it. It seems to recognize

THE COMING MAN. (FRANK DUVENECK.)

REVERIE. (WYATT EATON.)

that water-colors are strictly in the nature of impressions; that they are, to a certain extent, artistic memoranda; that with color, tone, depth, richness, mellowness—the mark and end of true painting in oil, technically—they have almost nothing to do; and that the very excuse for their employment presupposes a distinct difference between them, and a material which, if not more serious, is at least of a larger dignity and importance. Failure to recognize these things results in the always unsatisfactory and sometimes painful attempts, of which we have all seen so many, to make water-colors do the work of oils. There is, to be sure, no truer maxim of art than that which authorizes the use of any means to produce an agreeable effect. Hard and fast rules are nowhere so hurtful as in art, and to object to the picking out of a high light here and there in "Chinese white," is to lay oneself open to the imputation of purism. After all, this is a question of the extent to which the thing is carried, it may be said. To which it may be replied that the only reason for ignoring in practice the distinction between water-colors and oils is that it is impossible to get as agreeable an effect in this way. If it is impossible to get "depth" with opaque water-color, why should it be employed at the sacrifice of transparency?

All this has, however, been so long well understood by the water-color painters of countries where art is no longer in its experimental stage, has been so admirably illustrated by the water-colorists of France and Holland and Italy in straits where even English artists found themselves driven to the use of *gouache*, and has been recently so generally admitted by our own painters in water-color (witness the last Exhibition, which displayed marked progress in this respect), that the treatment of Mr. Muhrman has no longer the distinction of anything like singularity. And it is his accentuation of correct treatment, seen in contrast, that in the main makes his work noticeable. Its merit is not the less absolute, of course, but its impressiveness ceases when it loses its foil of stupid treatment. Indeed, when our water-color

exhibitions show such work, at once artistic and "legitimate," as Mr. La Farge's flowers and Japanese lacquer and inlaid mother-of-pearl, Mr. Weir's and Mr. Reinhart's landscapes with clear water reflections, Mr. Martin's airy foliage, and Mr. Winslow Homer's rapid memoranda of a score of quick and vivid natural impressions, saturated, one may say, with picturesqueness, work that is only "legitimate" is at once relegated to the second rank. Moreover, Mr. Muhrman's accentuation of "legitimacy" is so emphatic as to be a little flagrant, possibly. His work, in "handling," is like what Thackeray said of Hogarth's satire: "If he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off." If Mr. Muhrman has to paint a figure that is not to look flat, he draws it with a quantity of facets; if he has to emphasize an element he leaves out every other. "The Bather," here engraved for example, is the reproduction of a water-color of obvious merits, the difficulty being that they are too obvious. By a well-known principle, common to art and physics, its defects become equally apparent. I shall confess that I for one am unable to see all the points that the painter evidently tried to make plain: I do not know what the dark mass at the bottom is meant to represent; whether the man is in front of or behind it; what has become of his legs in the former case, or what he can be doing with his swaddling clothes in the latter. Nevertheless, he is very distinctly a man or the human part of a centaur, and characterized with a good deal of force; the essential points about him are all made very plain, and it is perhaps a question if, consciously or unconsciously, the painter has not taken it for granted that, all things considered, minor points will be of slight interest to any one. Mr. Muhrman, too, is really a beginner in painting, and to measure him by the same standards which his work will probably call for some years hence is to do him an injustice. "The Bather" makes no pretense to be a picture; all that Mr. Muhrman would probably claim for it is that it is a good portrait of a rather picturesque and battered model; if it be that, and it "has the look of it," it certainly promises far better for his future than if it endeavored to atone for the lack of portraiture by factitious and superficial "picture-making."

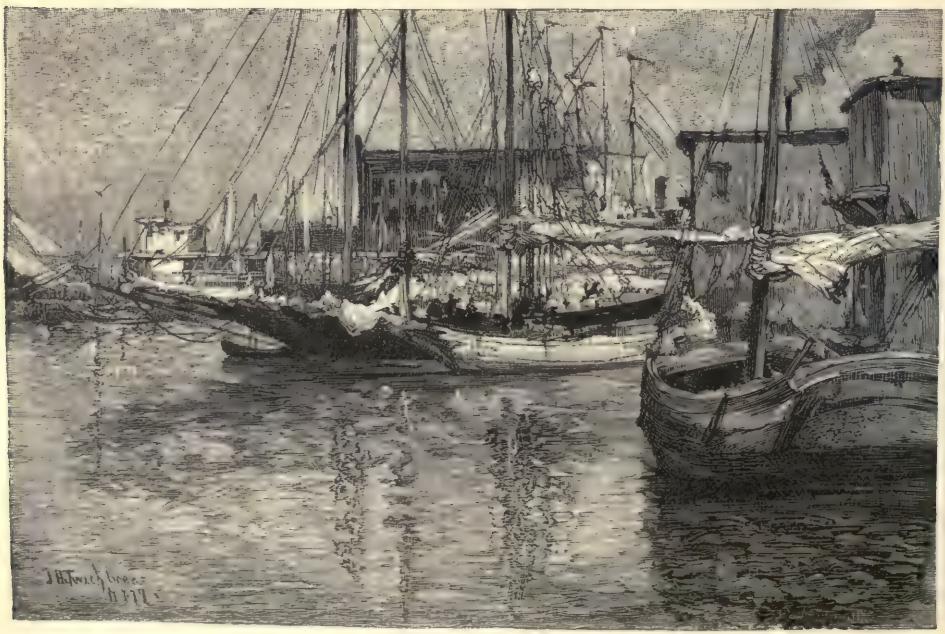
On the other hand, in conjunction with Mr. Duveneck's "Coming Man," it may be taken to illustrate one of the shortcomings of some of the new men of which their warmest admirers are beginning to betray a little impatience. Mr. Duveneck may be said to be at one end of the list of which Mr. Muhrman is at the other, and yet, speaking strictly, "The Coming Man" is scarcely more of a *picture* than "The Bather"; it is quite as lacking in that important element of a large work of art which we call structural composition. Composition in the abstract is variously regarded by painters and critics, of course, and it is not meant here to insist on its precedence over more spiritual qualities. Unlike the lack of poetry and of style heretofore mentioned as characteristic of some of the new men, its absence is unquestionably not so much a positive defect as a short-coming. It is certainly the nearest to what is mechanical of all pictorial elements, and, though it is related to style more or less intimately, it is distinctly not style, but something much more easy to acquire and much less dependent upon individuality and natural force. A "study," for example, may have great distinction of style, but it is naturally quite without value as a composition. And in the work of the new men studies abound. Many of them seem to have avoided any effort for excellence in composition out of a wholesome dread of formality, which, it must be admitted on all hands, is often its depressing accompaniment. Indeed, it has long been acknowledged that the vice in much foreign art-teaching—notably that of Germany—is the extent to which the study of composition is carried. One of the ablest of the younger painters told me that during his four years under Piloty he had great difficulty in avoiding this before he felt at all prepared for it, and there can be little doubt that to his resolute persistence in learning to paint before occupying himself with anything so artificial as composition is to be credited a good deal of his present deserved success. A youth who, having barely learned to draw, sets about the blocking out of an important historical picture is, in nine cases out of ten, of course, wasting his time after the familiar recipe of beginning at the wrong end. It is easy to see how formality results from this, almost inevitably; and formality is plainly one of the worst traits a work of art of any sort can possess; it is, perhaps, to be called the worst, because it is so inimical to spontaneity, which in plastic art is of the same importance that Demosthenes assigned to action in oratory. Whatever

REVERIE—IN THE TIME OF THE FIRST FRENCH EMPIRE. (WILL H. LOW.) OWNED BY JOHN B. THATCHER, ESQ.

else they have done or failed to do, the new men should have the grateful recognition of every American interested in æsthetics and familiar with the apparently permanent way in which routine had intrenched itself here, for their emphatic and united protest against formality. Moreover, formality is possibly not the most insidious peril of premature attention to composition. The concentration upon details which it involves is often fatal to totality: the result is a lot of lesser pictures, or a piece of a larger one,—the heterogeneity or else the amorphousness that is unavoidable when one works from the parts to the whole instead of from within outward; no direct study of relations can make up for the lack of a single impression as a starting-point.

Nevertheless, right as the new men have been in their order of procedure hitherto, it is getting to be time, as we say, for a larger proportion of *pictures* in their exhibitions. The circumstance that this reproach has been made against them from the first by critics wholly given over to routine and exhibiting all the perplexity of prejudice at the marks of their almost boisterous spontaneity, is really no warrant for neglecting whatever of truth it may embrace. Mr. Duveneck's "Coming Man" is an admirable study from nature; but its pictorial importance is not large, and is wholly dispropor-

tioned to his pictorial promise. Considered as a study from nature, there is no possible objection to make to it, so far as we can see; for its lack of picturesqueness, if it is so lacking, the subject is plainly responsible; and if tender sensibilities are displeased at the rude realism which has thus caught a baby in dishabille, atonement is made in the art with which the mystic non-significance of its eyes, the helplessness of its limbs, and its general aspect of formless inutility and aimless inconsequence are rendered. Considered as a picture, however, it is not to be gainsayed that there is something trivial about its emptiness and lack of accessory elements, and it is not, upon the whole, an unrepresentative example of much of Mr. Duveneck's work. It illustrates—*a non lucendo*—the principle that if in art unity is the chief requisite, in composition that of first importance is that this unity should be organic. Here, indeed, there is no structure whatever; it is simply impossible to make a "picture" out of a baby and a background. And subordinate as structure is, it is, nevertheless, of an importance that may almost be called vital. The assistance it affords to expression can scarcely be overrated; in fact, anything like completeness of expression is unattainable without it. To the adequate presentation of an idea it is indispensable, and the highest kind of art may be said to have as much to do with ideas as it has little to do with propositions. If there is no art which is so artistically debased as that whose sole motive is to "tell a story"—a notion which obtains currency as art advances from caricature to characterization—there is none artistically so elevated as that which, to the end of producing a profound emotion, illustrates a lofty idea. Structure, moreover, adds another element of a purely plastic character to a work of art which can often show nothing finer than the play of its parts—the combinations, contrasts, juxtapositions of line, mass and color that distinguish harmony from melody. And this element heightens and enforces every other. Whether in decorative painting its relative importance is as great as it is in the arts of design is, perhaps, a question for the curious in "comparative criticism," but we suspect that it is not the less essential because its significance is so subtle. On the one hand, the greatest and most decorative paintings are as admirable in their design as in their other qualities, and, on the other, a picture without design must always prove unsatisfactory because, lacking structure, it lacks character in a capital direction. Hitherto some of the younger painters have treated structure rather cavalierly. It is only to be got at the expense of some drudgery, it is true; a dab of vermilion to represent a pool of blood and suggest to the observer that some one has been put "out of



OYSTER BOATS, NORTH RIVER. (J. H. TWACHTMAN.)

EARLY SPRING. (W. S. MACY.)

the way,"—which was Mr. Chase's attempt to make a "picture" out of his excellent study of an interior court in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists,—does not serve the purpose. It is not only because there is far more work in his "Keying Up" that we find that pictorially superior, but it is very certain that to make it superior a good deal of care and pains had to be expended. Mr. Eaton's charming "Reverie" and Mr. Duveneck's "Coming Man" afford us an excellent opportunity to illustrate by a striking contrast the difference between a "picture" and a "study"; it would be difficult to find in the work of the new men anything more gracefully and felicitously composed than the former; its design quite as much, perhaps, as its treatment in other respects is responsible for the success with which it escapes the conventionality a hasty glance might ascribe to it. And it illustrates, too, a truth that it is well never to lose sight of: namely, that in the most mechanical element of a work of art there is abundant scope for the spontaneity and genuineness which are too often content with merely exhibiting themselves instead of informing their material.

Mr. Low's "Reverie," too, is a pleasantly and simply arranged picture, and is perhaps his most interesting work. Those who have never seen the original will be assisted to see how broad its values are by learning that the easily disposed young woman has dark hair, a rich red dress unrelieved by anything save the white lace, and that the greyhound which she is absently caressing is of a dull fawn-color. There is excellent work in it, the few elements being directly and largely treated, and the dog, especially, if we remember, being well painted and vigorously drawn. But its chief merit, perhaps, lies in the pictorial result secured by the movement of its lines and the arrangement of its masses; and neither of these could be as felicitously contrived as they are if the picture had not been conceived at the outset essentially as a whole, and worked out from the single idea to the manifold appearance, so to speak. That is the secret of what is called "picture-making," and the test of its successful application is that when the picture is full of details one should note no confusion, and when, as here, there are very few elements, one should feel no sense of meagerness. As we have intimated, there is small need of advice to most of the new men to conceive their

HEAD OF OLD FRENCH PEASANT WOMAN. (FREDERIC P. VINTON.) OWNED BY MISS MARY CURTIS.

pictures simply and totally as well as pictorially; much more pertinent is the advice to work out sufficiently in the direction they seem in general to indicate rather than take themselves. This cannot be urged too often, and we make no apology for iteration of the important fact that, though a picture is vitally different from the works of a Waltham watch, say, and though the notion, satirized in "Punch's" familiar caricature, that its beauty does not reside in subject, drawing, color or arrangement, but "in the pictchah," is entirely sound, a "picture" must still have "works," as it were, and that, to the end of "unity in variety," the latter factor contributes as well as the former. Mr. Low's work has, much of it, evident faults; some of his most recent things are curiously careless from a mental point of view, lacking in that most vital of all qualities, spontaneity, and not particularly interesting in subject or treatment. He has not Mr. Shirlaw's breadth and elaborateness of composition on the one hand, and his work lacks the vigor and picturesqueness of some of the other men's "studies" on the other, but at least he has not yet to learn that any work of art is technically an *organic* unity.

Mr. Twachtman evidently does not concern himself greatly about any of these things, and much of his work undeniably has the quality of "studies from nature." But it is getting to have less and less of this look all the time, and is losing meanwhile none of its genuineness. On the contrary, as it becomes more temperate, more kempt, as it were, its genuineness becomes more obvious. The first canvases Mr. Twachtman exhibited here were instances of what was supposed to be the Munich notion of "breadth of handling" carried to the limit of sanity. In order to lose the tyrannizing sense of paintiness, you were compelled to stand at a distance too great to discern any design that might exist in this eclipse. But with everything he has done since, Mr. Twachtman's "handling" has gained in restraint and consequently in effectiveness. Indeed, now and then its unquestionable vigor has shown a distinct tincture of charm, even in mechanical treatment. He sees things very directly and feels them very strongly, and furthermore very pictorially, noting their relations as well as themselves, and bringing out their picturesqueness with a good deal of sympathetic perception.

How far out of the way persons have been in taking his work for a reflection merely of Munich attitude and instruction, is very plain in his later pictures. It may be indirectly illustrated by comparing them with those of Mr. W. S. Macy, who for several years now has preserved a rather unimpressive *statu quo* with an unvariableness that is a little remarkable. The reader who compares with any carefulness even the engraving of his "Early Spring" with that of Mr. Twachtman's "Oyster Boats, North River," will hardly fail to notice in one an individuality which is quite absent in the other. I protest an inability to determine for myself, for example, whether I have ever seen the original of the former or not, but I fancy I know how it looks. This is not a bad test, perhaps, and if it is here correctly applied it indicates, not that Mr. Macy has a monotonous manner, merely, but that he shares manner and inspiration with many other painters who have popularized them and made them the common property of all who have the inclination and the industry to avail themselves of them. They have undoubtedly many excellences, but these are too familiar to require reference in any paper whose subject is not the Munich school.

Few of Mr. Vinton's pictures have been seen in New York, but, of those that have, his portrait in the last Academy Exhibition, at least, testifies both to an unusual technical ability and to a marked artistic sense. It is excellently conceived, disposed, drawn and painted. It has a mellow and even rich decorative quality, properly subdued and subordinated with a great deal of tact to its portraiture and its emphatic insistence on the human personality which it is, of course, its main business to make felt; any one who remembers the Exhibition will recall its agreeable contrast in this respect to the over-rich decorativeness of Mr. Porter's portrait, which hung on the opposite wall.

Mr. George D. Brush's is the last name on our present list, and it is one of the newest, —his portrait and the "Miggles" being his first contributions to American exhibitions, we believe. He furnishes another illustration of the possibility of learning how to paint in Gérôme's studio without acquiring a mannerism, or in any way surrendering one's individuality of mental attitude or technical expression. "Miggles" has much good painting in it, and it is gracefully drawn. Perhaps the name may suggest its failure to portray Mr. Bret Harte's conception; but it has merit enough to carry such a handicap with obvious ease, and is sufficiently agreeable and interesting to indicate that Mr. Brush has real feeling and no mean skill, from which larger works may not unreasonably be expected.

MIGGLES. (GEORGE D. BRUSH.)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON is the first Norwegian poet who can in any sense be called national. The national genius, with its limitations as well as its virtues, has found its living embodiment in him. Whenever he opens his mouth it is as if the nation itself were speaking. If he writes a little song, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people; composers compete for the honor of interpreting it in simple, Norse-sounding melodies, which gradually work their way from the drawing-room to the kitchen, the street, and thence out over the wide fields and highlands of Norway. His tales, romances and dramas express collectively the supreme result of the nation's experience, so that no one to-day can view Norwegian life or Norwegian history except through their medium. The bitterest opponent of the poet (for like every strong personality he has many enemies) is thus no

less his debtor than his warmest admirer. His speech has, in a measure, molded the common language and forced it to move in the channels that he has prescribed; his thoughts fill the air and have become the unconscious property of all who have grown into manhood and womanhood since the day when his titanic form first loomed up on the intellectual horizon of the North.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born in the parish of Quickne, in Northern Norway, December 8th, 1832. The wildness and solitude of these desolate mountain regions must have tinged with a pervading solemnity the earliest impressions of his childhood, and, no doubt, remain as something more than memories in the mind of the full-grown poet. Later, his father, who was a clergyman in the Lutheran Church, removed to Romsdal, a broad, magnificent mountain valley abounding in those violent contrasts which are so characteristic of the Norwegian coast scenery. At the age of twelve Björnson was sent to the State gymnasium at Molde, where, however, his progress was not very encouraging. He was one of those thoroughly healthy and unsentimental boys who are the despair of ambitious mothers, and whom fathers (when the futility of educational chastisement has been finally proved) are apt to regard with a resigned and half-humorous regret. His detestation of books was instinctive, hearty and uncompromising. His strong, half-savage boy-nature could brook no restraints, and looked longingly homeward to the wide mountain plains, the foaming rivers where the trout leaped in the summer night, and the calm, lucid fjord where you might drift blissfully onward, as it were, suspended in the midst of the vast, blue, ethereal space. And when the summer vacation came, with its glorious freedom and irresponsibility, he would roam at his own sweet will through forest and field, until hunger and fatigue forced him to return to his father's parsonage.

After several years of steadily unsuccessful study, Björnson at last passed the so-called *examen artium*, which admitted him to the University. He was now a youth of large, almost athletic frame, with a handsome, striking face, and a pair of blue eyes which no one is apt to forget who has ever looked into them. There was a certain grand simplicity and *naïveté* in his manner, and an exuberance of animal spirits which must have made him an object of curious interest among his town-bred fellow-students. But his University career was but of brief duration. All the dimly fermenting powers of his rich nature were now beginning to clear; the consciousness of his calling began to assert itself, and the demand for expression became imperative. His literary *début* was an historic drama entitled "Valborg," which was accepted for representation by the directors of the Royal Theater, and procured for its author a free ticket to all theatrical representations; it was, however, never brought on the stage, as Björnson, having had his eyes opened to its defects, withdrew it of his own accord.

At this time the Norwegian stage was almost entirely in the hands of the Danes, and all the more prominent actors were of Danish birth. Theatrical managers drew freely on the rich dramatic treasures of Danish literature, and occasionally, for variety's sake, introduced a French comedy or farce, whose epigrammatic pith and vigor were more than half spoiled in the translation. The drama was as yet merely an exotic in Norway; it had no root in the national soil and could accordingly in no respect represent the nation's own struggles and aspirations. The critics themselves, no doubt, looked upon it merely as a nobler form of amusement, a thing to be wondered and stared at, and to be dismissed from the mind as soon as the curtain dropped. Björnson, whose patriotic zeal could not endure the thought of this abject foreign dependence, ascribed all the existing abuses to the predominance of the Danish element, and in a series of violently rhetorical articles attacked the Danish actors, managers, and all who were in any way responsible for the unworthy condition of the national stage. In return he reaped, as might have been expected, an abundant harvest of abuse, but the discussion he had provoked furnished food for reflection, and the rapid development of the Norwegian drama during the next decade is, no doubt, directly traceable to his influence.

The freedom for which he had yearned so long, Björnson found at the International Students' Reunion of 1856. Then the students of the Norwegian and Danish Universities met in Upsala, where they were received with grand festivities by their Swedish brethren.* Here the poet caught the

* See a paper by the present writer in the "North American Review," for January, 1873, entitled "Björnstjerne Björnson as a Dramatist."

first glimpse of a greater and freer life than moved within the narrow horizon of the Norwegian capital. This gay and careless student-life, this cheerful abandonment of all the artificial shackles which burden one's feet in their daily walk through a half-aristocratic society, the temporary freedom which allows one without offense to toast a prince and hug a count to one's bosom—all this had its influence upon Björnson's sensitive nature; it filled his soul with a happy intoxication and with confidence in his own strength. And having once tasted a life like this he could no more return to what he had left behind him.

The next winter we find him in Copenhagen, laboring with an intensity and creative ardor which he had never known before. His striking appearance, the epigrammatic terseness of his speech, and a certain *naïve* self-assertion and impatience of social restraints, indicated a spirit of the Promethean type, a soul cast in a larger mold than nature is wont to employ in this democratic, all-leveling century. There was a general expectation at that time that a great poet was to come, and although Björnson had as yet published nothing to justify the expectation, he found the public of Copenhagen ready to recognize in him the man who was to rouse the North from its long intellectual torpor, and usher in a new era in its literature. It is needless to say that he did not discourage this belief; for he himself fervently believed that he should before long justify it. The first proof of his strength he gave in the tale "Synnöve Solbakken" (Synnöve Sunny-Hill), which he published first in an illustrated weekly, and afterward in book-form. It is a very unpretending little story, idyllic in tone, severely realistic in its coloring, and redolent with the fragrance of the pine and spruce and birch of the Norwegian highlands.

It had been the fashion in Norway since the nation gained its independence to interest oneself in a lofty, condescending way in the life of the peasantry. A few well-meaning persons, like the poet Wergeland, had labored zealously for their enlightenment and the improvement of their physical condition; but, except in the case of such single individuals, no real and vital sympathy and fellow-feeling had ever existed between the upper and the lower strata of Norwegian society. And as long as the fellow-feeling is wanting, this zeal for enlightenment, however laudable its motive, is not apt to produce lasting results; the peasants view with distrust and suspicion whatever comes to them from their social superiors, and the so-called "useful books," which were scattered broadcast over the land, were of a tediously didactic character, and, moreover, hardly adapted to the comprehension of those to whom they were ostensibly addressed. Wergeland himself, with all his self-sacrificing ardor, had but a vague conception of the real needs of the people, and wasted much of his valuable life in his efforts to improve, and edify and instruct them. It hardly occurred to him that the culture of which he and his colleagues were the representatives was itself a foreign importation, and could not by any violent process be ingrafted on the national trunk, which drew its strength from centuries of national life, history and tradition. That this peasantry, whom the *bourgeoisie* and the aristocracy of culture had been wont to regard with half-pitying condescension, were the real representatives of the Norse nation, that they had preserved through long years of tyranny and foreign oppression the historic characteristics of their Norse forefathers, while the upper classes had gone in search of strange gods, and bowed their necks to the foreign yoke; that in their veins the old strong Saga-life was still throbbing with vigorous pulse-beats — this was the lesson which Björnson undertook to teach his countrymen, and a very fruitful lesson it has proved to be. It has inspired the people with a renewed vitality, it has turned the national life into fresh channels, and it is at this day quietly revolutionizing the national politics.

To be sure, all this was not the result of the idyllic little tale which marked the beginning of his literary and political career. But this little tale, although no trace of what the Germans call "a tendency" is to be found in it, is still significant as being the poet's first indirect manifesto, and as such distinctly foreshadowing the path which he has since consistently followed.

First, in its purely literary aspect "Synnöve Solbakken" was a striking innovation. The author did not, as his predecessors had done, view the people from the exalted pedestal of superior culture; not as a subject for benevolent preaching and charitable condescension, but as a concrete historic phenomenon, whose *raison d'être* was as absolute and indisputable as that of the *bourgeoisie* or the aristocracy itself. He depicted their soul-struggles and the incidents of their daily life with a loving minuteness and a

vivid realism hitherto unequaled in the literature of the North. He did not, like Auerbach, construct his peasant figures through laborious reflection, nor did he attempt by anxious psychological analysis to initiate the reader into their processes of thought and emotion. He simply depicted them as he saw and knew them; their feelings and actions have their immediate, self-evident motives in the characters themselves, and the absence of reflection on the author's part gives an increased energy and movement to the story. A reader is never disposed to cavil with a poet who is himself so profoundly convinced of the reality of his narrative.

Björnson's style, as exhibited in "Synnöve Solbakken," was no less novel than his theme. It can hardly be said to have been consciously modeled after the Saga style, to which, however, it bears an obvious resemblance. In his early childhood, while he lived among the peasants, he, no doubt, became familiar with their mode of thought and speech, and it entered into his being, and became his own natural mode of expression. There is even in his common conversation a certain grim directness, and a laconic ponderosity, which give an air of importance and authority even to his simplest utterances. While listening to him the thought has often urged itself upon me that it was thus King Sverre and St. Olaf spoke, and it was not hard to comprehend how they swayed the turbulent souls of their Norsemen by the power of such speech.

In Björnson's tales and dramas this innate tendency to compression frequently has the effect of obscurity, not because his thought is obscure, but rather because this energetic brevity of expression has fallen into disuse, and even a Norse public, long accustomed to the wordy diffuseness of latter-day bards, have in part lost the faculty to comprehend the genius of their own language. The old scalds, even if translated into Danish, would hardly be plain reading to modern Norsemen. Before becoming personally acquainted with Björnson I admit that I was disposed to share the common error, believing his laconic sententiousness to be a mere literary artifice; but when, at a certain political meeting in Guldbrandsdale, in July, 1873, I heard him hurl forth a torrent of impassioned rhetoric, every word and phrase of which seemed bursting with a fullness of compressed meaning, I felt that here was a man of the old heroic mold, inspired with the greatness of his mission, wielding granite masses of words as if they had been light as feathers and pliable as clay. And such a man does not stoop to artifices. The thought burns at a white heat within him, melting the stubborn ore of language into liquid streams, and molding it powerfully so as to express the subtlest shades of meaning. If a style accomplishes this result, if it reproduces the genius of the thing it is to represent, what more do you want of it? What does it matter whence it comes, or after whom it is modeled? Björnson's style, moreover, abounds in strong, sensuous color, is at the same time warmly tinged by an all-pervading poetic tone; it is swiftly responsive to every shifting mood, and with all its ponderosity reflects faithfully the characteristic features of the national physiognomy. It has already conquered or is conquering the rising generation; or as a former fellow-student of mine remarked to me during my last visit to Norway: "Björnsonian is the language of the future."

"Synnöve Solbakken" has been translated into nearly all the European languages; in England it was published several years ago under the title "Love and Life in Norway." Singularly enough, no American edition has as yet appeared.

In 1858, Björnson assumed the directorship of the theater in Bergen, and there published his second tale, "Arne," which is too well known on this side of the Atlantic (though in a very poor translation) to require a detailed analysis. The same admirable self-restraint, the same implicit confidence in the intelligence of his reader, the same firm-handed decision and vigor in the character drawing, in fact, all the qualities which startled the public in "Synnöve Solbakken," were found here in an intensified degree.

In the meanwhile, Björnson had also made his *début* as a dramatist. In the year 1858 he had published two dramas, "Mellem Slagene" (Between the Battles) and "Halte Hulda" (Limping Hulda), both of which deal with national subjects, taken from the old Norse Sagas. As in his tales he had endeavored to concentrate into a few strongly defined types the modern folk-life of the North, so in his dramas the same innate love of his nationality leads him to seek the typical features of his people as they are revealed in the historic chieftains of the past. And in the Saga age Norway was still an historic arena where vast forces were wrestling, and whence strong spiritual

currents went forth to infuse fresh, uncorrupted life-blood into the drowsier civilizations of the south. Life then moved with full-throbbing, vigorous pulse-beats, the roving habits and indomitable valor of the Norseman extended his horizon over the whole known world, the liberal, though half-barbaric organization of the state, which placed the subject nearly on a level with the ruler, allowed the widest scope for individual development. In such an age one may confidently look for large types, strong antithesis of character and situations full of spontaneous dramatic vigor.

Again, as the creator of a national drama, Björnson, as well as his great rival Henrik Ibsen, had another advantage which is not to be lightly estimated. That he must have been conscious of it himself, his consistency in the selection of his themes is a sufficient proof. Only in a single instance (in his "Maria Stuart") has he strayed beyond the soil of his fatherland in search of his hero. It had been the fashion in Norway, as, unfortunately, it is in the United States at the present day, to measure the worth of a drama by the novelty and ingenuity of its situations, by its scenic effects, and its power to amuse or to move. The poet was required to invent, and the more startling his inventions the greater his meed of praise. That a national drama could never be founded on such purely subjective invention seemed never to have occurred to any one. Professors and scholars might praise the Attic drama and marvel at its wonderful effect upon the populace as an educational agency and a powerful stimulus to patriotism, but they would probably have denounced it as a wild theory, if any one had maintained that a similar or corresponding effect might be reproduced in Norway and in the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, this is, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly what Björnson has attempted to do. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides dramatized the national traditions; they represented upon the stage the deeds of Agamemnon, Orestes, Ajax —deeds and heroes which were familiar to every Athenian from his earliest childhood; they built upon a sure national basis, appealed to strong national instincts, and, if they violated no æsthetic law, were sure of a ready response. Tradition and history furnished their themes, which admitted of but few and slight variations; but in the dramatization of these long-established events, in the dialogue and characterization, in the introduction of choruses, in scenic effects and in all the dramatic accessories of the action, their genius had full scope, and in accordance with the amount of ability they displayed in the invention and disposition of these, the value of their work was estimated. In Norway, too, as in Athens, there are historic heroes and events which are deeply engraved in the hearts of every Norse man and woman. There is hardly a boy whose cheeks have not glowed with pride at the mention of the Fair-haired Harold's name, who has not fought at Svolder at Olaf Trygvesson's side, who has not stood on Kjölen's ridge with St. Olaf, gazing out over Norway's fair valleys, who has not mourned the death of the saintly king at Stiklestad, and followed Sverre Sigurdson through fair and foul weather while he roamed over the mountains with his hardy Birchlegs. Among the peasantry, tradition has long been busy with these names; ballads are sung and tales are told in which their deeds are praised and adorned with many fabulous accessories; and until this very day their names have a potent charm to the Norseman's ear. Here, then, is the historic and traditional basis upon which a great and enduring national drama can safely be built. Björnson, with all the warm Gothic strength of his nature, has set himself to his task, and the structure is now already well advanced.

The old Norse history, as related in the Heimskringla of the Icelander Snorre Sturlason, is an inexhaustible mine of treasure to the dramatic poet. It abounds in tragic themes, vivid character-drawing, and magnificent situations which leap and throb with intense dramatic life. Existence was a comparatively simple affair then, as long as one managed to keep it. Life was held cheap, and death in a good cause glorious. Men's motives were plain, strong, and sharply defined, and their actions prompt and decisive. The things that you must refrain from doing were easily counted on the fingers of one hand. No complicated social or moral machinery obstructed the hero's path toward the goal he had set himself. Strength of will then made the hero. There was no greatness without it—no virtue. And this must be kept steadily in mind while viewing Björnson's Sigurds and Sverres and Eyolfs. To take an instance, and evidently a favorite one with the poet:

Sigurd (afterward surnamed Slembe), a brave lad of eighteen, enters St. Olaf's Chapel, throws his cap on the floor, kneels before the altar and thus addresses the saint:

"Now only listen to me, saintly Olaf!
To-day I whipped young Beintein! Beintein was
The strongest man in Norway. Now am I!
Now I can walk from Lindesnas and on,
Up the northern boundary of the snow,
To no one step aside or lift my hat.
There where I am, no man hath leave to fight,
To make alarm, to threaten, or to swear—
Peace everywhere! And he who wrong hath suffered
Shall justice find, until the laws shall sing.
And as before the great have whipped the small,
So will I help the small to whip the great.
Now I can offer counsel at the Ting,*
Now to the King's board I can boldly walk
And sit beside him, saying 'Here am I!'"

Sigurd has a dim presentiment that he is born for something great. His foster-father, Adalbrekt, has in wrath betrayed that he is not his son, and the boy's restless fancy is fired by the possibilities which this knowledge opens up to him. In the next scene he compels his mother, in the presence of the chieftain Koll Saebjörnson, to reveal the secret of his birth, and on learning that he is the son of King Magnus Barefoot, he turns toward the image of the royal saint and cries:

"Then you and I are kinsmen!"

The ennobling or destroying power of a great mission is the central thought in nearly all of Björnson's dramas. To Sigurd the knowledge of his birth is a clue by the aid of which his whole past inner life grows clear to him. He is not Hamlet, who shuns the results of his own thoughts. He rather burns to shape them into actions that shall resound far and near over the land. It must be borne in mind that, according to Norwegian law, every son of a king, whether legitimate or not, was heir to the throne and entitled to his share of the kingdom. Illegitimacy was at that time hardly considered as a stain upon a man's honor. Sigurd therefore determines to go to the king and demand recognition, but Koll Saebjörnson convinces him of the utter hopelessness of such an errand, and induces him to give it up. But the fatal knowledge has come like a new power into his narrow life; it lifts the roof from his soul; it sends down sun-gleams of strange and high things, opens long, shining vistas of hope, and the thoughts rise on strong wings toward loftier goals than hitherto were dreamt of. It becomes an inspiration, an exalted mission in whose service tears, and sorrow, and suffering are as nought. The old cramped existence, with its small aims and its limited horizon, becomes too narrow for the soul that harbors the royal thought. By the aid of Koll he fits out a ship, takes the cross, and steers for southern lands.

In the second division of the trilogy, entitled "Sigurd's Second Flight," we find him eight years later in Scotland, where his ship has been wrecked and his crew scattered. He has served with distinction at the court of the Scottish king, and has gained great fame for prowess and daring. The king has now sent him to the farm Kataness, where Harold, the Earl of the Orkneys, lives, having been defeated and driven from his heritage by his brother Paul. After a brief love-affair with Audhild, a young kinswoman of the Earl's, he conquers the usurper, makes peace between the brothers, and starts once more for the Holy Land.

In this, as in the last division of the drama (Sigurd's Return), the gradual transformation of the hero's character is traced with marvelous minuteness and skill. Through all his long wanderings the ever-present thought that he is a king, the born heir to Norway's throne, pushes all mere considerations of prudence out of sight, and fills his whole soul. After another absence of eight years he arrives in Norway, and demands recognition of his brother, king Harold Gille. The king, who is a weak and vainglorious man and an unconscious tool in the hands of his chieftains, is at first disposed to receive him well, but in the end allows evil counsel to prevail. No one doubts the justice of Sigurd's claim, for he bears on his brow the mark of his royal birth. But the ambitious chiefs, who now rule the king as well as the land, fear him, knowing well that if he shall seize the rudder of the State, their power will end. They plan treachery against him, arrest him in the name of the king, and make an attempt against his life. Sigurd, however, escapes to the mountains, spends the winter among the Finns, and in the spring gathers flocks of discontented men about him. A long and bloody civil war commences, and Sigurd wreaks cruel vengeance on his enemies. The cold-blooded treachery of the king has hardened him, and he repays like for like. He lands in the night with a band of men at the wharves of Bergen and kills his brother. Many of those who have secretly or openly favored him now desert his cause, and after his last battle at Holmengraa he is captured and tortured to

* Assembly, parliament.

death. The drama closes with a beautiful scene between Sigurd and his mother during the battle, the result of which is distinctly foreshadowed.

The trilogy of Sigurd Slembe is not easy reading; the dialogue is ponderous, full of grave and weighty thoughts and moving with the heavy dignity of a steel-clad warrior. It is absolutely lacking in plastic grace, and has no superfluous rhetorical ornaments. Each thought fills its phrase as completely as if molded in liquid form within it. It is a play to be seen rather than read. The effects are everywhere massive, and the tragic problem is stated with a clear conciseness that leaves nothing to be desired. The moral atmosphere of the twelfth century is so artistically reproduced that we are unconsciously forced to judge the hero by the standards and ideals of his own age. Even though his path is strewn with misdeeds, he never loses our sympathy; we feel the tragic force that hurries him onward, and the psychological consistency of his development from a trustful, warm-hearted youth to a hard, reluctantly cruel, and withal nobly inspired man. It is no longer a mission he fights for, but a right; and in this single-handed battle against society the individual must succumb. Even though justice be on its side, this very justice, violated by questionable deeds in its own pursuit, demands a tragic *dénouement*; it is the iron force of the law, from which even the hero is not exempt.

This gradual deepening and intensifying of a life under the stress of a grand thought or passion is Björnson's favorite problem. The very grandeur of the hero's character places him in antagonism to the narrow, short-sighted interests of society which, on every side, hedge him in. His keenly felt right of self-determination clashes with the same right on the part of his neighbor, and, in the inevitable conflict that ensues, the weaker is sacrificed. Individually the neighbor may be the weaker, and individually he may accordingly succumb, but as representing the eternal right he will, in the end, prevail.

In another of Björnson's dramas ("Limping Hulda") the passion of love plays a rôle similar to that here assigned to the "royal thought." Eyolf Finnson, a warrior of the king's body-guard, loves Hulda, the wife of the chieftain Gudleik Aslakson. She returns his love, and they plot the death of Gudleik, whom Eyolf slays. Hulda has lived a bitter life of dependence, steeped in commonplace cares, and has been forced to smother all the high ideal yearnings of her heart. But at the sight of Eyolf they blaze up into a wild, devouring flame, all the depths of her strong nature are stirred, and she marches with a royal heedlessness toward her goal, thrusting down by her lover's arm every obstacle in her way. Measured by the standards of her own age, she appears grand and exalted; and the problem is so stated that, however much we may condemn each separate deed, the doer never becomes sordid, never loses our sympathy. The motive is overwhelmingly potent. The titanic passion, whether lawful or not, has a sublimity of its own which compels a breathless admiration and awe.* The poet's ethical conception of his problem is in no way confused; he sees himself the expiation which the guilt necessitates, and the vengeance which overtakes the lovers in the last act satisfies poetic as well as ethical justice, and reasserts the rights of society in its relation to the heroic transgressor. But apart from all ethical considerations a supreme passion has its æsthetic justification, and what the great Danish critic Brandes has said of the poet Ibsen would, no doubt, as correctly define Björnson's attitude toward the moral law in his capacity of dramatist: "Strength of will —this it is which to him is the really sublime."

Björnson has several times been the "artistic director" of the Norwegian stage, first in Bergen and later in Christiania, and has, no doubt, while in this position, made the discouraging discovery that the theatrical public are seldom apt to take a favorable view of any enterprise that savors, even remotely, of the didactic. The newspapers in Norway, as elsewhere, are fond of talking unctuously of the elevating influence of the stage, and the city of Christiania, and, if we are not mistaken, the Parliament itself, have frequently subsidized the principal theater when it seemed to be on the verge of financial ruin. The inhabitants of the Norwegian capital are justly proud of their excellent stage, which compares favorably with that of any European capital, exclusive of Paris and Vienna. But as the *repertoire* of national dramas is as yet very small, and Björnson's and Ibsen's historic tragedies have been played so often that half the pub-

* See "Björnstjerne Björnson as a Dramatist," "North American Review," January, 1873, where an analysis and extracts of this drama are given.

lic must by this time almost know them by heart, the managers have been forced to rely chiefly on translations of French comedies and *operas bouffes*, which are frequently anything but elevating. This state of things Björnson has tried to counteract by the publication of a series of short historic plays, the plots of which are invariably taken from the Sagas. In his preface to the first of these ("Sigurd the Crusader") he develops his plan as follows:

"'Sigurd the Crusader' is meant to be what is called a 'folk-play.' It is my intention to make several dramatic experiments with grand scenes from the Sagas, lifting them into a strong but not too heavy frame. By a 'folk-play' I mean a play which should appeal to every eye and every stage of culture, to each in its own way, and at the performance of which all, for the time being, would experience the joy of fellow-feeling. The common history of a people is best available for this purpose—nay, it ought dramatically never to be treated otherwise. The treatment must necessarily be simple and the emotions predominant; it should be accompanied with music, and the development should progress in clear groups. * * *

"The old as well as the new historic folk-literature will, with its corresponding comic element, as I think, be a great gain to the stage, and will preserve its connection with the people where this has not already been lost—so that it be no longer a mere institution for amusement, and that only to a single class. Unless we take this view of our stage, it will lose its right to be regarded as a national affair, and the best part of its purpose, to unite while it lifts and makes us free, will be gradually assumed by some other agency. Nor shall we ever get actors fit for anything but trifles, unless we abandon our foreign French tendency as a *leading* one and substitute the national needs of our own people in its place."

It would be interesting to note how the author has attempted to solve a problem so important and so difficult as this. In the first place, we find in the "Sigurd the Crusader" not a trace of a didactic purpose beyond that of familiarizing the people with its own history, and this, as he himself admits in the preface just quoted, is merely a secondary consideration. He wishes to make all, irrespective of age, culture, and social station, feel strongly the bond of their common nationality; and, with this in view, he proceeds to unroll to them a panorama of simple but strikingly dramatic situations, firmly knit together by a plot or story which, without the faintest tinge of sensationalism, is instinct with a certain emotional vigor, appealing to those broadly human and national sympathies which form the common mental basis of Norse ignorance and Norse learning. He seizes the point of the Saga where the long-smouldering hostility between the royal brothers, Sigurd the Crusader and Eystein, has broken into full blaze, and traces, in a series of vigorously sketched scenes, the intrigue and counter-intrigue which hurry the action onward toward its logically prepared climax—of a mutual reconciliation. The dialogue, it must be admitted, is almost glaringly destitute of poetical graces, but has, perhaps on that very account, a certain simple impressiveness which, no doubt, was the effect the author primarily designed.

In looking back upon the long series of monumental works which have come from Björnson's pen during the last twenty years, no one can escape a sense of wonder at the versatility and many-sidedness of his genius. His creative activity has found expression in almost all the more prominent branches of literature, and in each he has labored with originality and force, breaking his own path and refusing to follow the well-worn ruts of literary precedents. His tales and dramas penetrated into the hidden depths of Norse folk-life in the present and in the past, his lyrics have expressed, in striking words though in heavily moving rhythm, the deepest needs and yearnings of the Norseman's heart, and his epic ("Arnljot Gelline"), which in artistic merit falls considerably below his other productions, has a wild waywardness of thought and movement which we have called epic merely because it refuses to class itself under any other accepted species of literary expression. Whatever he writes is weighty and vital—fraught with the life-blood of his profoundest experience. He never condescends, like so many who now claim the name of poets, to make experiments for literary effect; and whatever may be the technical deficiencies of this or that work, this living, nervous, blood-veined vitality gives it an abiding value of which no amount of caviling criticism can ever deprive it. He is no "parlor poet," who stands aloof from life, retiring into the close-curtained privacy of his study to ponder upon some abstract, bloodless and sexless theme for the edification of a *blasé*, over-refined public, delighting in mere flimsy ingenuity because their diseased nerves can no longer relish the soul-stirring passions and emotions of a healthy and active humanity. Björnson's poetry is bound by strong organic chords to his life, and his life is his nation's life. If you sever the vital connection between the two, the former could no more live than the plant uprooted from its native soil. He walks with keen, wide-awake senses through

the thick of life, rejoicing, in the fullness of his great heart at every sign of his people's progress, burning with indignation at every public wrong, lifting his voice boldly for human right and freedom, and whoever comes but for a moment within the sphere of his mighty personality, feels himself lifted into loftier, more ideal views of existence—feels himself inspired with a brighter hope for the future of his race. Nothing small and mean and sordid can endure the light of his eye; and the purblind conservatives of Norway, soul-crippled by prosperity and gout, can only cry themselves hoarse through the newspapers, but seldom dare to meet him face to face to measure strength with him in open debate. They rather intrench themselves behind the formidable barricades of traditional and ancestral virtue and denounce the innovator with shrill indignation, though his arguments may still remain impregnable.

From this daily battle with political obscurantism and superstition, from his intimate association with people of all classes and ages, from his own manful struggles for the right, he has gained and is ever gaining a great fund of knowledge, which in time crystallizes in his mind and assumes the form of poetic utterance. It is the natural process of his mind, and to him the only process. The common notion that the poet must be a mere ideal thinker, unsoiled by the dust of vulgar life, he utterly scouts. It must be said in praise of the conservative majority which at that time ruled the Norwegian Parliament (Storthing), that it did not stop to cross-question him on his political convictions, before recognizing the worth of his poetic activity to the nation. To be sure, he had not then unfurled his political banner, and very likely many of those who then voted him an annual poet's salary for life, from the national treasury, may now heartily regret their own generosity. Since then, however, the power has passed into the hands of the more radical peasant-party, the majority of which were, until very recently, in cordial sympathy with the poet. How long will it be before our American Congress shall have arrived at the stage of development when it will of its own accord—and without any friendly lobbying on the part of anybody—thus frankly recognize a poet's claim to the nation's gratitude? How long before it will, in mere common justice, allow an author to reap the full profits of his own labor? In Norway there is now hardly a man of any distinction in literature who is not, without any direct stipulation to render anything in return, by the munificence of the Storthing enabled to pursue his vocation untroubled by the care for bread. Beside Björnson, Henrik Ibsen, Jonas Lie and Kristofer Janson, and possibly several more, receive such a "poet's salary," and all classes seem to be agreed that never has a state investment yielded a richer return. As regards Björnson, he has taught the Norsemen what their nationality means, and thereby transformed the vain patriotic boasting of former years into a deep and abiding love. He is laboring, in song and speech and action, to break down the feudal reminiscences of the Middle Ages which still linger on in Norwegian politics and society; and he is striving to make each forget his petty, accidental advantages of birth, or wealth, or culture, by uniting all under the broad, battle-scarred shield of natural fellow-feeling. And a man of such grand intellectual stature, a man of such fire of thought, and such valor in action, a man who has the strength to force a whole nation to follow in his path—how can we judge and measure him, how can we estimate his work? The poet is decried and overwhelmed with petty abuse by those who have reason to dread the results of his mighty and fearless thought; but he heeds little the raven-cry from the camp of frightened prudence, knowing well that he is strong and can afford to be generous. For the people's heart still beats in unison with his own—that people whose deepest emotions and thoughts he has interpreted, and whose secluded life he has lifted into a bright, far-seen niche in the great literature of the world.

Since the foregoing was written, Björnson has published several dramas and tales, dealing with the various social and political problems of modern life. Some of them, as, for instance, "The Editor," and "Bankruptcy," have had a well-deserved success on the stage at home and abroad, while others ("Leonarda" and the novel "Magnhild") have been a great disappointment to many of the author's sincerest admirers. In both, the social reformer seems to have run away with the poet. In "Magnhild," the characters are but vaguely sketched, and their language is exasperatingly enigmatical, unnatural and full of mannerisms. In a poem entitled "The King," Björnson declares monarchy to be, of necessity, a lie,

and, in the guise of the republican prince, he announces his own allegiance to the republic.

Singular as it may seem, his popularity in Norway has suffered severely by his refusal to believe in a personal devil. His political heterodoxy has long been tolerated, and he has had innumerable partisans, always ready to shout for him and to raise him upon their shoulders; but his disrespect for Satan has frightened the majority of these away, and the petty persecution of the reactionary press and the official Philistines has made his life at home during the last year very bitter to him. He has, therefore, resolved to sell his homestead in Guldbrandsdale and to live henceforth permanently abroad.

IN THE HEART OF THE CALIFORNIA ALPS.

EARLY one bright morning in the middle of Indian summer, while the glacier meadows were still crisp with frost crystals, I set out from the foot of Mount Lyell, on my way down to Yosemite Valley. I had spent the past summer, and many preceding ones, exploring the glaciers that lie on the head-waters of the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Merced, and Owen's rivers; measuring and studying their movements, trends, crevasses, moraines, etc., and the part they had played during the period of their greater extension in the creation and development of the landscapes of this Alpine wonderland. Having been cold and hungry so many times, and worked so hard, I was weary, and began to look forward with delight to the approaching winter, when I would be warmly snow-bound in my Yosemite cabin, with plenty of bread and books; but a tinge of regret came on when I considered that possibly I was now looking on all this fresh wilderness for the last time.

To describe these glorious Alps, with their thousand peaks and spires dipping far into the thin sky, the ice and snow and avalanches, glad torrents and lakes, woods and gardens, the bears in the groves, wild sheep on the dizzy heights—these would require the love-work of a whole life. The lessons and enjoyments of even a single day would probably weary most readers, however consumingly interested they might be if brought into actual contact with them. Therefore, I am only going to offer some characteristic pictures, drawn from the wildest places, and strung together on a strip of narrative.

Few portions of the California Alps are, strictly speaking, picturesque. The whole massive uplift of the range, four hundred and fifty miles long, by about seventy wide, is one grand picture, not clearly divisible into smaller ones; in this respect it differs greatly from the older and riper mountains of the Coast range. All the landscapes of the Sierra were born again—remodeled deep down to the roots of their granite foundations by the developing ice-floods of the last geological winter. But all were not brought forth simultaneously; and, in general, the younger the mountain landscapes, the less separable are they into artistic bits capable of being made into warm, sympathetic, lovable pictures.

Here, however, on the head-waters of the Tuolumne, is a group of wild Alps on which the geologist may say the sun has but just begun to shine, yet in a high degree picturesque, and in all its main features so regular and evenly balanced as almost to appear conventional—one somber cluster of snow-laden peaks with gray pine-fringed granite bosses braided around its base, the whole surging free into the sky from the head of a magnificent valley, whose lofty walls are beveled away on both sides so as to embrace it all without admitting anything not strictly belonging to it. The foreground was now all aflame with autumn colors, brown and purple and gold, ripe in the mellow sunshine; contrasting brightly with the deep, cobalt blue of the sky, and the black and gray, and pure, spiritual white of the rocks and glaciers. Down through the midst, the young Tuolumne was seen pouring from its crystal fountains, now resting in glassy pools as if changing back again into ice, now leaping in white cascades as if turning to snow; gliding right and left between the granite bosses, then sweeping on through the smooth, meadowy levels of the valley, swaying pensively from side to side with calm, stately gestures past dipping willows and sedges, and around groves of arrowy pine; and throughout its whole eventful course, flowing fast or slow, singing loud or low, ever filling the landscape with spiritual animation, and manifesting

the grandeur of its sources in every movement and tone.

Pursuing my lonely way down the valley, I turned again and again to gaze on the glorious picture, throwing up my arms to inclose it as in a frame. After long ages of growth in the darkness beneath the glaciers, through sunshine and storms, it seemed now to be ready and waiting for the elected artist, like yellow wheat for the reaper; and I could not help wishing that I were that artist. I had to be content, however, to take it into my soul. At length, after rounding a precipitous headland that puts out from the west wall of the valley, every peak vanished from sight, and I pushed rapidly along the frozen meadows, over the divide between the waters of the Merced and Tuolumne, and down through the lower forests that clothe the slopes of Cloud's Rest, arriving in Yosemite in due time—which, with me, is *any* time. And, strange to say, among the first human beings I met here were two artists who were awaiting my return. Handing me letters of introduction, they inquired whether in the course of my explorations in the adjacent mountains I had ever come upon a landscape suitable for a large painting; whereupon I began a description of the one that so lately excited my admiration. Then, as I went on further and further into details, their faces began to glow, and I offered to guide them to it, while they declared they would gladly follow, far or near, whithersoever I could spare the time to lead them.

Since storms might come breaking down through the fine weather at any time, burying the meadow colors in snow, and cutting off their retreat, I advised getting ready at once.

Our course lay out of the valley by the Vernal and Nevada Falls, thence over the main dividing ridge to the Big Tuolumne Meadows, by the old Mono trail, and thence along the river-bank to its head. This was my companions' first excursion into the High Sierra, and the way that the fresh beauty was reflected from their faces made for me a novel and interesting study. They naturally were affected most of all by the colors. The intense azure of the sky, the purplish grays of the granite, the red and browns of dry meadows, and the translucent purple and crimson of huckleberry bogs; the flaming yellow of aspen groves, the silvery flashing of the streams, and the bright green and blue of the glacier lakes. But the general expression of the scenery—rocky and savage—seemed sadly disappointing; and as they threaded the forest from ridge to ridge, eagerly scanning the landscapes as they were unfolded, they said: "All this is sublime, but we see nothing as yet at all available for effective pictures. Art is long, and art is limited, you know; and here are foregrounds, middle-grounds, back-grounds, all alike; bare rock-waves, woods, groves, diminutive flecks of meadow, and strips of glittering water." "Never mind," I replied, "only bide a wee." At length toward the end of the second day, the Sierra crown began to come into view, and when we had fairly rounded the projecting headland mentioned above, the whole picture stood revealed in the full flush of the alpen glow. Now their enthusiasm was excited beyond bounds, and the more impulsive of the two dashed ahead, shouting and gesticulating and tossing his arms in the air like a madman. Here, at last, was a typical Alpine landscape.

After feasting awhile, I proceeded to make camp in a sheltered grove a little way back from the meadow, where pine-boughs could be obtained for beds, while the artists ran here and there, along the river-bends and up the side of the cañon, choosing foregrounds for sketches. After dark, when our tea was made and a rousing fire kindled, we began to make our plans. They decided to remain here several days, at the least, while I concluded to make an excursion in the mean time to the untouched summit of Ritter.

It was now about the middle of October, the spring-time of snow-flowers. The fine winter clouds had bloomed, and the peaks were strewn with fresh crystals, without, however, affecting the climbing to any dangerous extent. And as the weather was still profoundly calm, and the distance to the foot of the mountain only a little more than a day, I felt that I was running no great risk of being storm-bound.

Ritter is king of our Alps, and had never been climbed. I had explored the adjacent peaks summer after summer, and, but for the tendency to reserve a grand masterpiece like this for a special attempt, it seemed strange that in all these years I had made no effort to reach its commanding summit. Its height above sea-level is about 13,300 feet, and is fenced round by steeply inclined glaciers, and cañons of tremendous depth and ruggedness rendering it comparatively inaccessible. But difficulties of this kind only exhilarate the mountaineer.

Next morning, the artists went heartily

their work and I to mine. Former experiences had given good reason to know what storm passion might be brooding, invisible as yet, in the calm sun-gold; therefore, before bidding farewell, I warned them not to be alarmed should I fail to appear before a week or ten days, and advised them, in case a snow-storm should set in, to keep up big fires and shelter themselves as best they could, and on no account to become frightened and attempt to seek their way back to Yosemite alone.

My general plan was simply this: to scale the cañon wall, cross over to the eastern flank of the range, and then make my way southward to the northern spurs of Mount Ritter, in compliance with the intervening topography; for to push on directly southward from camp through the innumerable peaks and pinnacles that adorn this position of the axis of the range is simply impossible.

All my first day was pure pleasure; crossing the dry pathways of the grand old glaciers, tracing happy streams, and learning the habits of the birds and marmots in the groves and rocks. Before I had gone a mile from camp, I came to the foot of a white cascade that beats its way down a rugged gorge in the cañon wall, from a height of about nine hundred feet, and pours its throbbing waters into the Tuolumne. I was acquainted with its fountains, which, fortunately, lay in my course. What a fine traveling companion it proved to be, what songs it sang, and how passionately it told the mountain's own joy! Gladly I climbed along its dashing border, absorbing its divine music, and bathing from time to time in waftings of irised spray. Climbing higher, higher, new beauty came streaming on the sight: painted meadows, late-blooming gardens, peaks of rare architecture, lakes here and there, shining like silver, and glimpses of the forested lowlands seen far in the west. Over the summit, I saw the so-called Mono desert lying dreamily silent in thick, purple light—a desert of heavy sun-glare beheld from a desert of ice-burnished granite. Here the mountain waters divide, flowing east to vanish in the volcanic sands and dry sky of the Great Basin; west, to flow through the Golden Gate to the sea.

Passing a little way down over the summit until I had reached an elevation of about ten thousand feet, I pushed on southward toward a group of savage peaks that stand guard around Ritter on the north and west, groping my way, and dealing instinctively with every obstacle as it presented itself. Here a huge gorge would be found cutting across my path, along the dizzy edge of which I scrambled until some less precipitous point was discovered where I might safely venture to the bottom and, selecting some feasible portion of the opposite wall, re-ascend with the same slow caution. Massive, flat-topped spurs alternate with the gorges, plunging abruptly from the shoulders of the snowy peaks, and planting their feet in the warm desert. These were everywhere marked and adorned with characteristic sculptures of the ancient glaciers that swept over this entire region like one vast ice-wind, and the polished surfaces produced by the ponderous flood are still so perfectly preserved that in many places the sunlight reflected from them is about as trying to the eyes as sheets of snow.

God's glacial-mills grind slowly, but they have been kept in motion long enough to grind sufficient soil for any Alpine crop, though most of the grist has been carried to the lowlands, leaving these high regions lean and bare; while the post-glacial agents of erosion have not yet furnished sufficient available food for more than a few tufts of the hardiest plants, chiefly carices and criogonæ. And it is interesting to learn in this connection that the sparseness and repressed character of the vegetation at this height is caused more by want of soil than by harshness of climate; for, here and there, in sheltered hollows countersunk beneath the general surface into which a few rods of well-ground moraine chips have been dumped, we find groves of spruce and pine thirty to forty feet high, trimmed around the edges with willow and huckleberry bushes, and oftentimes still further by an outer ring of tall grasses, bright with lupines, larkspurs, and showy columbines, suggesting a climate by no means repressingly severe. All the streams, too, and the pools at this elevation are furnished with little gardens, which, though making scarce any show at a distance, constitute charming surprises to the appreciative observer in their midst. In these bits of leafiness a few birds find grateful homes. Having no acquaintance with man, they fear no ill, and flock curiously around the stranger, almost allowing themselves to be taken in the hand. In so wild and so beautiful a region my first day was spent, every sight and sound novel and inspiring, leading one far out of oneself, yet feeding and building a strict individuality.

Now came the solemn, silent evening. Long, blue, spiky-edged shadows crept out across the snow-fields, while a rosy glow,

at first scarce discernible, gradually deepened and suffused every mountain-top, flushing the glaciers and the harsh crags above them. This was the alpenglow, to me the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God. At the touch of this divine light, the mountains seemed to kindle to a rapt, religious consciousness, and stood hushed like devout worshipers waiting to be blessed. Just before the alpenglow began to fade, two crimson clouds came streaming across the summit like wings of flame, rendering the sublime scene yet more intensely impressive; then came darkness and the stars.

Ritter was still miles away, but I could proceed no further that night. I found a good camp-ground on the rim of a glacier basin about 11,000 feet above the sea. A small lake nestles in the bottom of it, from which I got water for my tea, and a storm-beaten thicket near by furnished abundance of rousing fire-wood. Somber peaks, hacked and shattered, circled half-way around the horizon, wearing a most savage aspect in the gloaming, and a water-fall chanted solemnly across the lake on its way down from the foot of a glacier. The fall and the lake and the glacier were almost equally bare; while the scraggy pines anchored in the rock-fissures were so dwarfed and shorn by storm-winds you might walk over their tops. The scene was one of the most desolate in tone and aspect I ever beheld. But the darkest scriptures of the mountains are illumined with bright passages of love that never fail to make themselves felt when one is alone.

I made my bed in a nook of the pine-thicket, where the branches were pressed and crinkled overhead like a roof, and bent down around the sides. These are the best bed-chambers our Alps afford—snug as squirrel-nests, well ventilated, full of spicy odors, and with plenty of wind-played needles to sing one asleep. I little expected company, but, creeping in through a low side door, I found five or six birds nestling among the tassels. The night-wind began to blow soon after dark; at first, only a gentle breathing, but increasing toward midnight to a violent gale that fell upon my leafy roof in ragged surges, like a cascade, and bearing strange sounds from the crags overhead. The water-fall sang in chorus, filling the old ice-fountain with its solemn roar, and seeming to increase in power as the night advanced —fit voice for such a landscape. I had to creep out many times to the fire during the night; for it was biting cold and I had no blankets. Gladly I welcomed the morning star.

The dawn in the dry, wavering air of the desert was glorious. Everything encouraged my undertaking and betokened success. No cloud in the sky, no storm-tone in the wind. Breakfast of bread and tea was soon made. I fastened a hard, durable crust to my belt by way of provision, in case I should be compelled to pass a night on the mountain-top; then, securing the remainder of my little stock from wolves and wood-rats, I set forth free and hopeful.

How glorious a greeting the sun gives the mountains! To behold this alone is worth the pains of any excursion a thousand times over. The highest peaks burned like islands in a sea of liquid shade. Then the lower peaks and spires caught the glow, and long lances of light, streaming through many a notch and pass, fell thick on the frozen meadows. The majestic form of Ritter was full in sight, and I pushed rapidly on over rounded rock-bosses and pavements, my iron-shod shoes making a clanking sound as in walking a marble floor, but suddenly hushed now and then in rugs of bryanthus, and sedgy lake-margins soft as moss. Here, too, in this so-called "land of desolation," I met Cassiope, growing in fringes among the battered rocks. Her blossoms had faded long ago, but they were still clinging with happy memories to the evergreen sprays, and still so beautiful as to thrill every fiber of one's being. Winter and summer, you may hear her voice, the low, sweet melody of her purple bells. No evangel among all the mountain plants speaks Nature's love more plainly than Cassiope. Where she dwells, the redemption of the coldest solitude is complete. The very rocks and glaciers seem to feel her presence, and become imbued with her own fountain sweetness. All things were warming and awakening. Frozen rills began to flow, the marmots came out of their nests in bowlder-piles and climbed sunny rocks to bask. The lakes seen from every ridge-top were brilliantly rippled and spangled, shimmering like the needles of the low, dwarfy pines. The rocks, too, seemed responsive to the vital heat—rock-crystals and snow-crystals thrilling alike. I strode on exhilarated, as if never more to feel fatigue, limbs moving of themselves, every sense unfolding like the thawing flowers, to take part in the new day harmony.

All along my course, excepting when down

in the cañons, the landscapes were open to me, and expansive. On the left, the purple plains of Mono, reposing dreamily and warm; on the right, the near Alps springing keenly into the thin sky with more and more impressive sublimity. But these larger views were at length lost. Rugged spurs, and moraines, and huge, projecting buttresses began to shut me in. Every feature became more rigidly Alpine, without, however, producing any chilling effect; for going to the mountains is like going home. We find that the strangest objects in these fountain wilds are in some degree familiar, and we look upon them with a vague sense of having seen them before.

On the southern shore of a frozen lake, I encountered an extensive field of hard, granular snow, up which I scampered in fine tone, intending to follow it to its head, and cross the rocky spur against which it leans, hoping thus to come direct upon the base of the main Ritter peak. The surface was pitted with oval hollows, made by stones and drift pine-needles that had melted themselves into the mass by the radiation of absorbed sun-heat. These afforded good footholds, but the surface curved more and more steeply at the head, and the pits became shallower and less abundant, until I found myself in danger of being shed off like avalanching snow. I persisted, however, creeping on all fours, and shuffling up the smoothest places on my back, as I had often done on burnished granite, until, after slipping several times, I was compelled to retrace my course to the bottom, and make my way around the west end of the lake, and thence up to the summit of the divide between the head-waters of Rush Creek and the northernmost tributaries of the San Joaquin.

Arriving on the summit of this dividing crest, one of the most exciting pieces of pure wildness was disclosed that the eye of man ever beheld. There, immediately in front, loomed the majestic mass of Mount Ritter, with a glacier swooping down its face nearly to my feet, then curving westward and pouring its frozen flood into a dark blue lake, whose shores were bound with precipices of crystalline snow; while a deep chasm drawn between the divide and the glacier separated the massive picture from everything else. Only the one sublime mountain in sight, the one glacier, and one lake; the whole vailed with one blue shadow—rock, ice and water, without a single leaf. After gazing spell-bound, I began instinctively to scrutinize every notch and gorge and weathered buttress of the mountain, with reference to making the ascent. The entire front above the glacier appeared as one tremendous precipice, slightly receding at the top, and bristling with spires and pinnacles set above one another in formidable array. Massive lichen-stained battlements stood forward here and there, hacked at the top with angular notches, and separated by frosty gullies and recesses that have been vailed in shadow ever since their creation; while to right and left, as far as I could see, were huge, crumbling buttresses, offering no hope to the climber. The head of the glacier sends up a few finger-like branches through narrow *couloirs;* but these were too steep and short to be available, especially as I had no axe with which to cut steps, and the numerous narrow-throated gullies down which stones and snow are avalanched seemed hopelessly steep, besides being interrupted by vertical cliffs; while the whole front was rendered still more terribly forbidding by the chill shadow and the gloomy blackness of the rocks.

Descending the divide in a hesitating mood, I picked my way across the yawning chasm at the foot, and climbed out upon the glacier. There were no meadows now to cheer with their brave colors, nor could I hear the dun-headed sparrows, whose cheery notes so often relieve the silence of our highest Alps. The gurgling of small rills down in the veins and crevasses, and ever and anon the rattling report of falling stones, with the echoes they shot out into the crisp air,—these were the only sounds.

I could not distinctly hope to reach the summit from this side, yet I moved on across the glacier as if driven by fate. Contending with myself, the season is too far spent, I said, and even should I be successful, I might be storm-bound on the mountain; and in the cloud-darkness, with the cliffs and crevasses covered with snow, how would I escape? No. I must wait until next summer. I would only approach the mountain now, and inspect it, creep about its flanks, learn what I could of its history, holding myself ready to flee on the approach of the first storm-cloud. But we little know until tried how much of the uncontrollable there is in us, urging across glaciers and torrents, and up dangerous heights, let the judgment forbid as it may.

I succeeded in gaining the foot of the cliff on the eastern extremity of the glacier, and discovered the mouth of a narrow avalanche gully, through which I began to climb,

intending to follow it as far as possible, and at least obtain some fine wild views for my pains. Its general course is oblique to the plane of the mountain-face, and the metamorphic slates of which it is built are cut by cleavage planes in such a way that they weather off in angular blocks, giving rise to irregular steps that greatly facilitate climbing on the sheer places. I thus made my way into a wilderness of crumbling spires and battlements, built together in bewildering combinations, and glazed in many places with a thin coating of ice, which I had to hammer off with a stone. The situation was becoming gradually more perilous; but, having passed several dangerous spots, I dared not think of descending; for, so steep was the entire ascent, one would inevitably fall to the glacier in case a single misstep were made. Knowing, therefore, the tried danger beneath, I became all the more anxious concerning the developments to be made above, and began to be conscious of a vague foreboding of what actually befell; not that I was given to fear, but rather because my instincts, usually so positive and true, seemed vitiated in some way, and were leading me wrong. At length, after attaining an elevation of 12,800 feet, I found myself at the foot of a sheer drop in the bed of the avalanche channel I was tracing, which seemed absolutely to bar all further progress. It is only about forty-five or fifty feet high, and somewhat roughened by fissures and projections; but these seemed so slight and insecure, as footholds, that I tried hard to avoid the precipice altogether, by scaling the wall on either side. But, though less steep, the walls were smoother than the obstructing rock, and repeated efforts only showed that I must either go right ahead or turn back. The tried dangers beneath seemed even greater than that of the cliff in front; therefore, after scanning its face again and again, I commenced to scale it, picking my holds with intense caution. After gaining a point about half-way to the top, I was brought to a dead stop, with arms outspread, clinging close to the face of the rock, unable to move hand or foot either up or down. My doom appeared fixed. I *must* fall. There would be a moment of bewilderment, and then a lifeless rumble down the one general precipice to the glacier below.

When this final danger flashed in upon me, I became nerve-shaken for the first time since setting foot on the mountain, and my mind seemed to fill with a stifling smoke. But this terrible eclipse lasted only a moment, when life blazed forth again with preternatural clearness. I seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new sense. The other self—the ghost of by-gone experiences, Instinct, or Guardian Angel—call it what you will—came forward and assumed control. Then my trembling muscles became firm again, every rift and flaw in the rock was seen as through a microscope, and my limbs moved with a positiveness and precision with which I seemed to have nothing at all to do. Had I been borne aloft upon wings, my deliverance could not have been more complete.

Above this memorable spot, the face of the mountain is still more savagely hacked and torn. It is a maze of yawning chasms and gullies, in the angles of which rise beetling crags and piles of detached bowlders that seem to have been gotten ready to be launched below. But the strange influx of strength I had received seemed inexhaustible. I found a way without effort, and soon stood upon the topmost crag in the blessed light.

How truly glorious the landscape circled around this noble summit!—giant mountains, valleys innumerable, glaciers and meadows, rivers and lakes, with the wide blue sky bent tenderly over them all. But in my first hour of freedom from that terrible shadow, the sunlight in which I was laving seemed all in all.

Looking southward along the axis of the range, the eye is first caught by a row of exceedingly sharp and slender spires, which rise openly to a height of about a thousand feet, from a series of short, residual glaciers that lean back against their bases; their fantastic sculpture and the unrelieved sharpness with which they spring out of the ice rendering them peculiarly wild and striking. These are "The Minarets," and beyond them you behold a most sublime wilderness of mountains, their snowy summits crowded together in lavish abundance, peak beyond peak, swelling higher, higher as they sweep on southward, until the culminating point of the range is reached on Mount Whitney, near the head of the Kern River, at an elevation of nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Westward, the general flank of the range is seen flowing sublimely away from the sharp summits, in smooth undulations; a sea of gray granite waves dotted with lakes and meadows, and fluted with stupendous cañons that grow steadily deeper as they recede in the distance. Below this gray region lies the dark forest-zone, broken here and there by upswelling ridges and domes;

and yet beyond is a yellow, hazy belt, marking the broad plain of the San Joaquin, bounded on its further side by the blue mountains of the coast. Turning now to the northward, there in the immediate foreground is the glorious Sierra Crown, with Cathedral Peak a few miles to the left—a temple of marvelous architecture, hewn from the living rock; the gray, giant form of Mammoth Mountain, 13,000 feet high; Mounts Ord, Gibbs, Dana, Conness, Tower Peak, Castle Peak, and Silver Mountain, stretching away in the distance, with a host of noble companions that are as yet nameless.

Eastward, the whole region seems a land of pure desolation covered with beautiful light. The torrid volcanic basin of Mono, with its one bare lake fourteen miles long; Owen's Valley and the broad lava table-land at its head, dotted with craters, and the massive Inyo range, rivaling even the Sierra in height. These are spread, map-like, beneath you, with countless ranges beyond, passing and overlapping one another and fading on the glowing horizon.

At a distance of less than 3,000 feet below the summit of Mount Ritter you may find tributaries of the San Joaquin and Owen's rivers, bursting forth from the eternal ice and snow of the glaciers that load its flanks; while a little to the north of here are found the highest affluents of the Tuolumne and Merced. Thus, the fountains of four of the principal rivers of California are within a radius of four or five miles.

Lakes are seen gleaming in all sorts of places,—round, or oval, or square, like very mirrors; others narrow and sinuous, drawn close around the peaks like silver zones, the highest reflecting only rocks, snow and the sky. But neither these nor the glaciers, nor the bits of brown meadow and moorland that occur here and there, are large enough to make any marked impression upon the mighty wilderness of Alps. The eye roves around the vast expanse, rejoicing in so grand a freedom, yet returning again and again to the fountain peaks. Perhaps some one of the multitude excites special attention, some gigantic castle with turret and battlement, or Gothic cathedral more abundantly spired than Milan's. But, generally, when looking for the first time from an all-embracing standpoint like this, the inexperienced observer is oppressed by the incomprehensible grandeur of the peaks, and it is only after they have been studied one by one, long and lovingly, that their far-reaching harmonies become manifest. Then, penetrate the wilderness where you may, the main telling features to which all the topography is subordinate are quickly perceived, and the most ungovernable Alp-clusters stand revealed, regularly fashioned, and grouped like works of art,—eloquent monuments of the ancient ice-rivers that brought them into relief. The grand cañons are likewise recognized as the necessary effects of causes following one another in melodious sequence—Nature's poems, carved on tables of stone—the simplest and most emphatic of her glacial compositions.

Could we have been here to observe during the glacial period, we should have overlooked a wrinkled ocean of ice continuous as that now covering the landscapes of North Greenland; filling every valley and cañon, flowing deep above every ridge, with only the tops of the fountain peaks rising darkly above the rock-encumbered waves like islets in a stormy sea—these clustered islets the only hints of the glorious landscapes now smiling in the sun. Now, in the deep, brooding silence all seems motionless, as if the work of creation were done. But in the midst of this outer steadfastness we know there is incessant motion. Ever and anon, avalanches are falling from yonder peaks. These cliff-bound glaciers, seemingly wedged and immovable, are flowing like water and grinding the rocks beneath them. The lakes are lapping their granite shores and wearing them away, and every one of these rills and young rivers is fretting the air into music, and carrying the mountains to the plains. Here are the roots of all the life of the valleys, and here more simply than elsewhere is the eternal flux of nature manifested. Ice changing to water, lakes to meadows, and mountains to plains. And while we thus contemplate Nature's methods of landscape creation, and, reading the records she has carved on the rocks, reconstruct, however imperfectly, the landscapes of the past, we also learn that as these we now behold have succeeded those of the pre-glacial age, so they in turn are withering and vanishing to be succeeded by others yet unborn.

But in the midst of these fine lessons and landscapes, I had to remember that the sun was wheeling far to the west, while a new way had to be discovered, at least to some point on the timber-line where I could have a fire; for I had not even burdened myself with a coat. I first scanned the western spurs, hoping some way might appear through which I might reach the northern glacier, and cross its snout; or pass around the lake

into which it flows, and thus strike my morning track. This route was soon sufficiently unfolded to show that, if practicable at all, it would require so much time that reaching camp that night would be out of the question. I therefore scrambled back eastward, descending the southern slopes obliquely at the same time. Here the crags seemed less formidable, and the head of a glacier that flows north-east came in sight, which I determined to follow as far as possible, hoping thus to make my way to the foot of the peak on the east side, and thence across the intervening cañons and ridges to camp.

The inclination of the glacier is quite moderate at the head, and, as the sun had softened the *névé*, I made safe and rapid progress, running and sliding, and keeping up a sharp outlook for crevasses. About half a mile from the head, there was an ice-cascade, where the glacier pours over a sharp declivity, and is shattered into massive blocks separated by deep, blue fissures. To thread my way through the slippery mazes of this crevassed portion seemed impossible, and I endeavored to avoid it by climbing off to the shoulder of the mountain. But the slopes rapidly steepened and at length fell away in sheer precipices, compelling a return to the ice. Fortunately, the day had been warm enough to loosen the ice-crystals so as to admit of hollows being dug in the rotten portions of the blocks, thus enabling me to pick my way with far less difficulty than I had anticipated. To continue down over the snout, and along the left lateral moraine, was only a confident saunter. Though my eyes were free, I could afford but little time for observation. I noticed, however, that the lower end of the glacier was beautifully waved and barred by the outcropping edges of the bedded ice-layers, representing the annual snow accretions made at the head. Small rills were gliding and swirling over the melting surface with a smooth, oily appearance, in channels of pure ice—their quick, compliant movements contrasting most impressively with the rigid, invisible flow of the glacier itself, on whose back they all were riding.

Night drew near before I reached the eastern base of the mountain, and my camp lay many a rugged mile to the north; but ultimate success was assured. It was now only a matter of endurance and ordinary mountain-craft. The sunset was, if possible, yet more glorious than that of the day previous. The Mono landscape seemed to be fairly saturated with warm, purple light. The peaks marshaled along the summit were in shadow, but through every notch and pas streamed living sun-fire, soothing and irradiating their rough, black angles, while compa nies of small, luminous clouds hovered abov them like very angels of light.

Darkness came on, but I found my wa by the trends of the cañons and the peak projected against the sky. All excitemen died with the light, and then I was weary But the joyful sound of the water-fall acros the lake was heard at last, and soon th stars were seen reflected in the lake itsel Taking my bearings from these, I discovere the little pine thicket in which my nest wa and then I had a rest such as only a moun aineer may enjoy. Afterward, I made a sun rise fire, went down to the lake, dashe water on my head, and dipped a cupful fo tea. The revival brought about by brea and tea was as complete as the exhaustio from excessive enjoyment and toil had bee Then I crept beneath the pine-tassels t bed. The wind was frosty and the fi burned low, but my sleep was none the le sound, and the evening constellations ha swept far to the west before I awoke.

After warming and resting in the sun shine, I sauntered home,—that is, back to th Tuolumne camp,—bearing away toward cluster of peaks that hold the fountain snow of one of the north tributaries of Rus Creek. Here I discovered a group beautiful glacier lakes, nestled together in grand amphitheater. Toward evening, crossed the divide separating the Mon waters from those of the Tuolumne, an entered the glacier basin that now hol the fountain snows of the stream that form the upper Tuolumne cascades. This strea I traced down through its many dells an gorges, meadows and bogs, reaching th brink of the main Tuolumne at dusk.

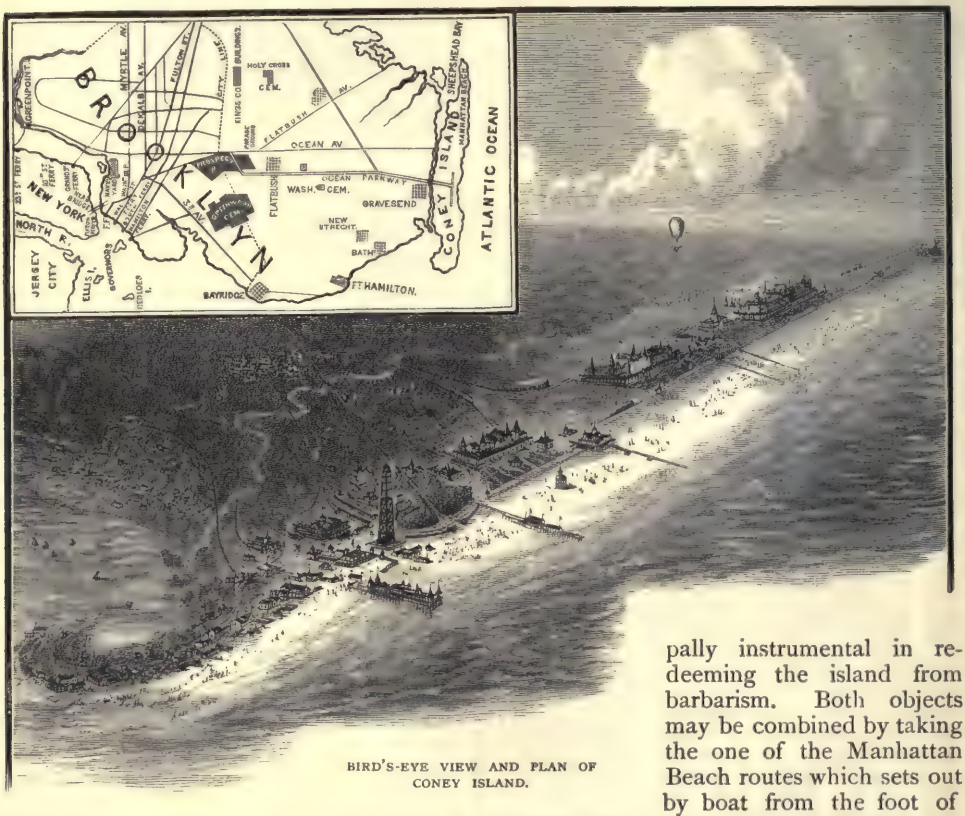
A loud whoop for the artists was answere again and again. Their camp-fire can in sight, and half an hour afterward I w with them. They seemed unreasonab glad to see me. I had been absent on three days; nevertheless, they had alrea been weighing chances as to whether would ever return, and trying to deci whether they should wait longer or beg to seek their way back to the lowland Now their curious troubles were ov They packed their precious sketches, an next morning we set out homeward boun and in two days entered the Yosemite Va ley from the north by way of Indian Cañ and our fine double excursion was done.

It is not quite the easy matter it might seem to decide how to go to Coney Island for the first time. Shall it be by the Manhattan Beach, the Sea Beach, the Long Island, the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island, the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island, the Prospect Park and Coney Island railway, or, if not, by which of the many lines of steamers plying direct to Locust Grove, to Norton's Point, or to the great tubular iron pier? There is absolutely nothing to fix the determination—unless, indeed, it be individual nearness to a particular terminus. By the railways, there is little that is prepossessing at the start about the roads beginning at Hunter's Point and Greenpoint, in close proximity to the odors with which, for its sins, in spite of injunctions, the metropolis is still allowed to be afflicted. The roads lie at first through squalid suburbs, then across black marshes, but afterward through a pleasanter country. The Brooklyn roads from near the city limits are much more interesting in themselves, but they, to be sure, have to be reached by long preliminary journeys in the horse-cars (from New York), and are only for the leisurely.

There are two of them that start from Greenwood Cemetery, one at each side.

Their fast excursion-trains, rushing, with their striped awnings flying, past the city of the dead, and scattering back wanton cinders over the passengers in their open cars, have a certain shock for the sensibilities. First it is the Prospect Park and Coney Island. Crossing then through the pensive Rose Paths, and Sumac Paths, and Twilight Dells, we come upon the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island. These lines are given to route which gives you so unusually intimate and amusing a view of the life of the country.

There is a certain fitness, however, in going to the sea-side, when it can be done, by boat, and beginning the enjoyment of its cooling breezes at once. There seems a fitness, too, in going first to the improvements (particularly as they are of the largest scale) of the shrewd, liberal, happily venturesome company which has been princi-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW AND PLAN OF CONEY ISLAND.

pally instrumental in redeeming the island from barbarism. Both objects may be combined by taking the one of the Manhattan Beach routes which sets out by boat from the foot of Twenty-third street, Hudson River, and continues by train from Bay Ridge to the company's hotel.

using a good half of the country road without any separation from its ordinary traffic. The disguised locomotive, or "dummy," mitigates in part the asperities of the situation, but the beasts of burden, its fellow travelers on the way, are not always reassured even so. We buzz close to front door-yard gates, among the red barns and gray houses, into the center of a quiet village, past the feed store, the blacksmith's, the post-office, and up to the old stone church and the flag-staff, where the engineer must needs pull the throttle valve and shriek. You blush at being so much a party to the desecration as to have paid your fare, and yet, when convenient, you take again a

The foot of West Twenty-third street is a place of departure for boats for numerous other points as well, and all have canvassers warmly devoted to their interests waiting on the docks. That one who takes the lunch-baskets of the Ferguson family, as they alight from the horse-car, and leads off the children by the hand, with an intuitive divination of their purpose and a kindliness of heart that seems charming, is embarking them for Poughkeepsie instead of Coney Island. But they discover his falseness and turn indignant faces upon him

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL.

and march away with another, through a file of rivals, one of whom protests: "Will you risk your life, madam, on a craft of that character, condemned by the boiler inspectors and without a sound plank in her frame, when the *Leonora* is the only luxurious new water-tight floating palace making unerring connections, and at twenty per cent. below the regular fare?"

The breeze is somewhat fresh on the sharp forward deck, and is likely to blow your hat off. At the same time it is the more favorable point from which to see how narrowly we escape a row-boat or a maladroit schooner now and then, and to view the crowded water-front of the city, the heights of Hoboken, with a Bremen steamer just gliding into port below them, and, farther down, the harbor forts and the blue, villa-covered slopes of Staten Island.

As the boat puts off, a trio of musicians, in velveteen jackets, prelude on a flute, a violin and a battered golden harp, and strike up "My Johanna lives in Harlem." In the little circle that closes in to listen to them are two maid-servants conveying the children of a wealthy family; a number of young men in tweed suits, carrying small sticks, the left hand of each in his trowsers-pocket, a young German matron and an unmarried sister gaudily dressed. Then there is a sinewy, stern, portly man, perhaps a prosperous mechanic from the interior, who has brought aboard an angular, poorly dressed, silent daughter, certainly very tall of her age, for half-price. One fears there may yet be trouble about this, and so there is. A scowl overspreads the otherwise adamantine face of the very next puncher of our tickets and, though powerless to prevent, he delivers his opinion audibly on the probabilities of the case. "That child was born on the 12th of October, 1867," the parent, who has passed through the stile, cries back in a quivering voice, and tries to make head against the surging crowd to engage in heated controversy. Failing in this, he can only launch back fierce denunciations at the total incapacity of the other in all questions requiring nice discernment.

We emerge from the train in a station forming part of the hotel itself. A Coney Island hotel of consequence has its railway station, and two or three special lines of land and water transportation, as another might have elevators or steam-heating. We pass through a wide corridor, wainscoted and ceiled up (as are all the interiors that meet the eye in the neighborhood) with cheerful, varnished pine, and out upon the enormous piazza. A multitude of people are dining at little tables on it, set with linen, glass and silver, and others are moving up and down in close procession.

Thalatta! thalatta! what a charming glimpse of the sea! A wide esplanade between is green with turf and gay with flowers—geranium, heliotrope, lobelia, coleus, the queenly, tropical leaves of the

Canna Indica—all growing finely out of the two feet of earth the careful gardeners have put down for their sustenance. They have a peculiar value from their situation; a lively fancy makes a species of jewels of them instead of flowers, in their setting of silvery white sand. In the center is a music stand shaped like a scallop shell. Benches are scattered profusely along;—the beach below is full of parasols and summer costumes bright against the water; pink-legged children with their skirts very much tucked up, are wading in it, reflected in the shallows; and an eccentric sloop, cruising lazily with some curious inscription in large letters on her mainsail, luffs up and goes about just in the edge of the surf. What in the name—? "Go to Gullmore's for Your Clothing." I for one shall never do so if there be another establishment in the town where clothing may be had. This was once an honest fishing-boat, and methinks the once honest fisherman has a shamefaced look even from here, as he sits sulkily at the tiller, under the shade of his weather-beaten mainsail, trimmed now to this sentiment-destroying traffic.

Turn and look back at the hotel. It is of wood, as the American hotel in the open country will probably be while our forests hold out, and is painted a pleasant shade of ocher, with "trimmings." It bristles with towers, turrets, dormers, "offsets,"—irregularities of every kind. As a dwelling, and this is true of those of the island generally, it is as uneasy as the crowds trooping through it, or the surf in front; something more restful here and there, some moderate space of untroubled surface, would be a relief from the universal movement. It is nearly an eighth of a mile in length, and its vast piazzas, running the entire length of the building, are rather to be regarded as great open pavilions. The fantastic island is not a spectacle to be reduced to tape-line and level, and I shall not do the guide-books the injury of vying with them in statistics, but here in a lump are a few of the most considerable. There are some sixty hotels, and five thousand separate bathing-rooms. The great tubular iron pier runs out a thousand feet into the sea, the tubular iron observatory three hundred feet into the air, and the captive balloon a thousand feet, carrying up fifteen persons at a time. The Brighton Beach hotel, the second in size, is five hundred and twenty feet long, and seats two thousand persons at dinner. The Manhattan Beach bathing-pavilion is five hundred feet long, has twenty-seven hundred separate rooms, and a capacity of sending away two thousand wet bathing-costumes an hour along an endless belt, to be washed in the laundry. The figures, in fact, however detailed, are quite idle. The coming season, if the rumors of the

ALONG THE BEACH.

HOTEL BRIGHTON.

piazzas be true, our acquaintance must be formed all over again, and our wonder excited anew. The size of the two principal hotels is to be doubled, the pavilion at the eastern end is to be erected into a great new hotel, and still another of the first magnitude is to be built on the long vacant stretch between. As it is, the face of things is altered at each successive visit. One recalls no such wholesale improvement since he went to school with pious Æneas at the building of Carthage. *Instant ardentes Tyrii;* the enthusiastic lessees ply the work. Some dump the white sand of the beach from the cars of miniature railways into the marsh, and extend the borders of the solid land; others fashion a new French roof to surpass all other French roofs hitherto conceived. Yesterday the Sea Beach road was completed, and its palace, once "Machinery Hall" of the Philadelphia Exhibition, was thrown open to the public. To-day the finishing touches are being put to the grand stand of the race course, and a spirited sight it is to see the horses, brought down for practice, run like the wind along the sands. As water always flows to the river, it is not unreasonable to suppose in time that the great mass of constructions already established will beget satellites and additions till the limits of the space under cover coincide with the boundaries of the island.

Four local subdivisions are to be borne in mind,—Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, West Brighton, and Norton's. Each has its peculiar characteristics, and there is something of a descending scale of fashion in them, in the order named. We alighted at the first mentioned, and may be supposed to begin from there a desultory stroll. Its bathing-pavilion is picturesque and has unheard-of conveniences in the way of security, privacy, foot-tubs and plate-glass mirrors. It has the novel feature of an amphitheater open to the water, in which spectators are supposed to sit and watch the bathers, and listen to the strains of a band perched up behind. But this does not prove to be quite all that could be desired. It appears that bathers were not found so ready to be made a formal spectacle of as the spectators may have wished, and so an interposed fence shuts them practically out of the field of vision, and leaves visitors but a feeble inducement to enter.

In a vast pavilion dining-hall near at hand, excursionists for the day may order from a restaurant below, or spread out freely on the tables the more frugal provision of their lunch-baskets. The man with the half-price daughter is here, disputing with a German waiter the quality of the clams they have eaten, and the Ferguson family, encompassed with fragments of egg-shells and plebeian gingerbread, drink cold coffee in tumblers from what was once a chow-chow bottle. The same kind of

THE SILHOUETTE ARTIST.

hospitality is afforded by most of the houses of entertainment on the beach. It is both kindly and politic, considering that out of all the great swarms that arrive daily the island as yet "sleeps," as the landlords say. These family groups lunching within their means, without shamefacedness or the troubled consciousness of extravagance which is too often the sub-accompaniment of the American day's pleasure, are one of the most honest and cheerful features of the place.

The captive balloon rises out of a mysterious-looking structure of white, with a green border round it, within which is an amphitheater for those who do not care to make the venture of an ascent in person. Further along, the Alexandra Exhibition Company, in a vast quadrangular inclosure, devoted at present to cabalistic frames and trellises prepared for a display of fireworks, has another amphitheater holding four thousand persons. As a rule, Coney Island amphitheaters, when they do not hold two thousand or three thousand persons, do hold four thousand.

A narrow-gauge "Marine Railway" extends to the eastern end. The long stretch of beach here is still agreeably unimproved and desolate. There is the wrecking station, it is true, but it is fast locked till the winter storms, when ice-cakes shall come to crackle in the surf. Here, and here only on this populous beach, you may cast yourself down undisturbed and interrogate the surf on those vague, melancholy subjects, fate, free-will, the affections and disappointments, on which surf and sea-coal fires remain imperturbably willing to be interrogated to the end of time. The passing steamers ride high on the water; the highlands of Navesink are cobalt blue, and the white sails of a brig are projected against them. To think that Captain Webb swam over from there, ten miles, while we mean to take the Marine Railway only to go back to Brighton Beach!

The Brighton Beach bathing-pavilion must be accounted one of the most original of the buildings in its form, as well as one of the most entertaining in the variety of life within and around it. It has a picturesque foot-bridge coming sinuously down from the upper story, in which the disrobing rooms are situated, to a wide terrace and thence to the beach, giving access to the waves. The interdict laid at Manhattan Beach on showmen and small merchants of the holiday order, is lifted here, though their really triumphant reign is yet further to the west. A fruit-seller has set up his richly colored booth in the veranda. Next to him is a dealer in sea-shell jewelry, an indigenous product to correspond in its modest way to the corals of Naples, the glass mosaics of

Venice, and the costumed fisher-dolls of the French watering-places. An elderly man, who professes his inability to draw a stroke in any other way, cuts excellent likenesses in black paper for a small consideration. The smallest midgets in the world give unceasing exhibitions, and their miniature coach drives gravely on the Concourse by way of advertisement. You can gratify any national prejudice you may happen to cherish, by knocking over Turks, Frenchmen, Highlanders and Prussians in the shooting-galleries; and one Crandall, who professes himself the especial patron of children, and has signs set up all over the place adjuring parents not to be bothered with the little folks but to let them come to him, sets innumerable small legs in striped stockings twinkling up and down a long, plank-floored rink in three-wheeled velocipedes.

Whoever has not had enough of bathing in the day-time, may bathe here at night by electric light. One could take many a long journey and never meet elsewhere with so strange, so truly weird a sight as this. The concentrated illumination falls on the formidable breakers plunging in against the foot of the bridge, and gives them spots of sickly green translucence below and sheets of dazzlingly white foam above. There is a startling spot of foreground and nothing more. A couple who are confident swimmers, possibly a man and his wife, come down the bridge and put off into the cold flood. The woman holds by the man's belt behind, and he disappears with her into the darkness. A circle disports with hobgoblin glee around a kind of May-pole in the water.

A multitude of coachmen solicit your beck and nod, at the last piazza of the Brighton, to convey you across the broad asphalt drive a mile long, known as the Concourse, to the next principal division. Hereabouts is the especial domain of the horsemen. They come jogging down the Ocean Parkway in a desultory cavalcade, with that air of subdued insolence, and those minor peculiarities of costume to which the control of horse-flesh gives rise. They throw their reins to hostlers, who bestow their "teams" in extensive court-yards of sheds. When the sheds are full they tie them in long rows to lines sustained by poles, and, regarding the tangled perspective of legs and wheels, you think of nothing so much as the battle chariots of old.

The great pier demanded increasing curiosity as we progressed toward it, and now we are in a position to observe it. How different it is from the formal, utilitarian idea one had conceived of it! It is not a clumsy jetty or breakwater. It is an interminable, dainty palace, pinnacled, gabled, arcaded, many-storied, raised on slender columns above the water, like a habitation of some charming race of lake-dwellers. The bottom story is full of bathing-rooms; the next is a grand open promenade, with Grafulla's

BATHING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A RIDE ON THE DONKEY.

band posted at the outer end to set a rhythmical pace to the movement upon it, and the third a mass of irregular roofs. The only visible tubular iron is the columns constituting its support. The sky shows through them and through the promenade. From afar, in a soft atmosphere, the whole is like a pattern of lace-work, a beautiful mirage, a veritable bit of such stuff as dreams are made of. It is an excellent place from which, sitting at a small table by the guard-rail, with refreshments upon it, to look down at the bathers. The view shoreward either way is one expanse of gay, coquettish, ephemeral forms and colors. They cannot be said to have mass, more than *meringue à la crême*. All is arcaded, festooned, floating, honey-combed, with the free air blowing through. Here, at the West Brighton Beach, is the very focus and white heat of the revelry. The central space filled and surrounded with minor hotels, kiosks, booths,

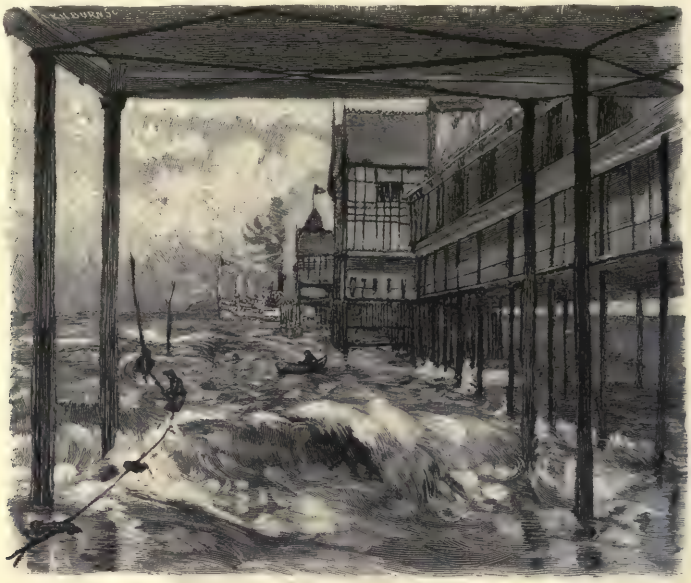
PUNCH AND JUDY.

pavilions, theaters, galleries, an aquarium, merry-go-rounds, restaurants, and music-stands, is floored with plank, and terminates at the beach in irregular terraces. Further up the shore, carpets of rushes are spread on the fatiguing loose sand.

Here is "Cable's," and "Bauer's," patronized by the sängerbunds and schützenverein of his German fellow-citizens. Once, of a midsummer night, Bauer had the Arion Society; and Arion himself, with Neptune and Aphrodite and all their court of Nereids and Tritons, came ashore out of the sea from a raft which they made the basis of their unique divertisement. See the square car mounting noiselessly in the lattice-work observatory, to the strains of "Lurline." Remark yonder monstrous effigy of a cow, with actual hide and horns and staring glass eyes, set up in a kiosk, and the people eagerly bowing down around her. It is not the worship of paganism revived, but the shrewd idea of a man who has bethought him to construct a reservoir of iced milk in this form and has set milk-maids to drawing it from the udders.

A little inland from this, in the midst of the levity, is found a bit of seriousness, an amiable charity—the Brooklyn sea-side home for invalid poor children. A fortunate few hundreds of them and their mothers, from

the tenement houses, here get their fill for a week at a time, in a domain of their own, of pure air, salt water, and digging in the sand. A photographer is making a general view of them. "Madam, will you keep your baby still?" he requests. "Troth, I will, sir! There'll be never a cry out of him," she replies, and she dandles the infant vigorously up and down.



UNDER THE IRON PIER.

Along the beach establishments of many sorts and a regiment of charlatans detain you, one after another. The *Hotel de Clam* sets forth its tempting bill of fare; the minor bathing establishments vie with one another in advertisements of the newness of their bathing-suits; children ride on donkeys; the pail-and-shovel tree springs numerously from the sand; the tin-type man is driven to distraction with business; the Punch-and-Judy shows give Americanized exhibitions, of which the ethnologist should take note, with negroes and so on in the companies; and I buy, for a dime, of two glass demons, worked by hydraulic pressure, called by the merry German-American, their proprietor, Solomon and Columbia, an envelope containing my fortune and a picture of the girl I shall marry. Pray heaven the decree of fate be not immutable, upon this showing! I am a person, for the rest, whose fortune lies in the east, south, and west, who is courageous, and understands well to speak. My good years will be twenty, twenty-five, twenty-seven, thirty-four, and so on up to eighty-one, which is certainly an allowance of life well worth the money; but I ought not to marry the young woman whose fascinating likeness is annexed before the age of twenty-four. Solomon and Columbia, do not give yourselves one second's uneasiness; it shall not be done.

It is a mile and a half yet to Norton's, at the extreme western end, if by railway, through sand dunes, some of which are white as hills of snow, and through a scenery not dissimilar to what we have noted. By the time it is compassed the sun is setting, throwing its mellow, level light against the fantastic encampment behind us and against the white sails scattered flower-like over the blue ocean field. The sunset should be seen once from the bare sands at the eastern end: the cobweb observatory is like the disembodied spirit of a campanile; the sharp-towered mass gathers solidity and dignity as the shadows fall into it, and might be of stone and be a German or Italian medieval city. Having all day been a dream of Venice, it might now, till the lamps are lit, be Vicenza. Some shallows of water stretch in between, and lie gleaming in the bare sand like the naked steel of halberd blades.

The sunset should be seen again from the observatory, among whose fascinating bird's-eye views a previous hour can well be passed. In the last subtile moments of

transition from day to evening, the patches of sand among the bunch-grass become indistinguishable from the patches of the creek ruffed by the wind; the green and blue, land and water, at the verges of the

UP IN THE TOWER.

island melt into each other. Then the gas jets come out, one by one, and sprinkle at last the whole expanse, defining its forms. The colored lanterns, yellow, red and green, are set along the pier, and the electric lights, suspended high from invisible wires, hang like celestial orbs in the midst. Celestial, did I say?—the poor, far-away constellations are faded by all this into the pettiest insignificance. Were such spectacles arranged for a day and night only, on the occasion of some important *fête*, they would pass into history; but here they are for every day and every night the whole summer long.

Coney Island is curiously like the Centennial; that is the only description that does it justice. It is a Centennial of pleasure, pure and simple, without any tiresome ulterior commercial purposes, held amid refreshing breezes, by the sea. There is the same gay architecture, the same waving flags, the same delightful, distracting whirl, the same enormous masses of staring, good-natured, perpetually marching and countermarching human beings. Its essential character is bound up with the crowd. Its virtues are those of a crowd, and so are its faults. Waiters and landlords in such circumstances are apt, like some philanthropists, to lose their interest in the individual in their devotion to the race. There are

FROM BRIGHTON PIER.

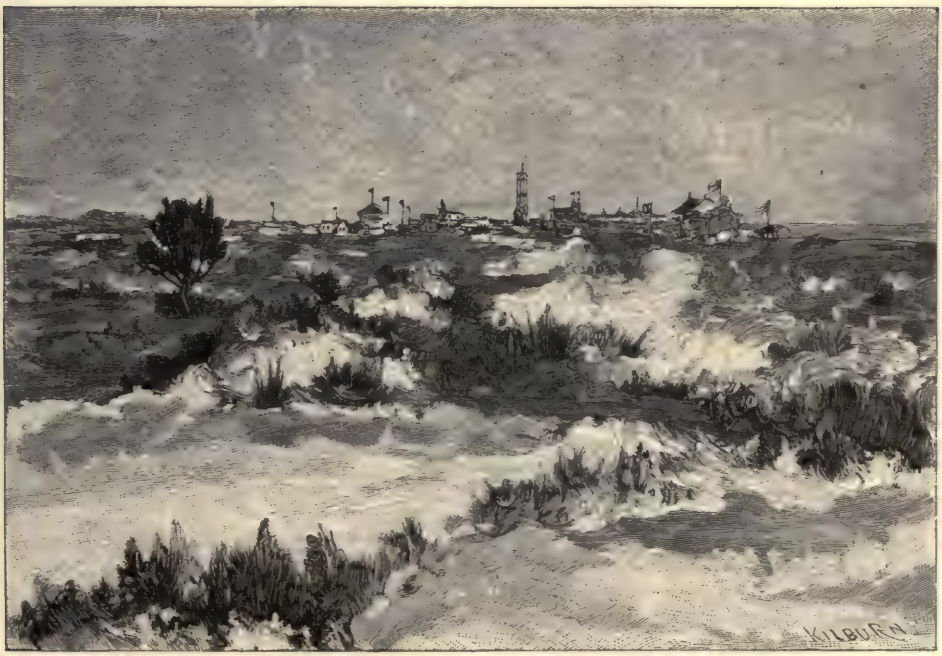
numerous minor failings which are no doubt to be looked after as things settle quietly into place.

There are permanent guests at the best hotels who have certain privileges which the mere excursionist cannot enjoy. For them are warm, misty mornings, when the light is mysterious, the sea white, and only a dark figure here and there on the distant bars at low tide occupies the shore, before the crowd has come down. For them are lonesome strolls, if they will, on the beach at night, when the crowd has gone and the initials and myriad footprints it has left look strange under a crescent moon; and, again, evenings of storm without, when they sit in pensive small groups on the piazza and look beyond the burning lights into the blackness. They have charming parlors and piazza promenades reserved to them and jealously guarded from intrusion, in an upper story. Still, even these permanent boarders

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

are not like permanent boarders elsewhere. There is no in-door life. They cross the dining-room at every meal to greet newly arrived friends, and hardly expect to see them again, and are not surprised to see those from the most remote States, for they have found that Coney Island is as cosmopolitan as Broadway. The crowd fascinates them, and they come down and mingle with it and make it their study and are possessed with its fever of arrival and departure. It is not a place to be very permanent in. One could imagine the merry-go-round becoming something of a dismal-go-round with too long continuance. It does not seem likely ever to be a restful place of the peaceful, meditative order. Of a summer resort so near to a metropolis that the metropolis can pour itself out in mass upon it with perfect ease, such a quality must not be demanded, and this may have been the secret reason preventing the development of Coney Island before. But another kind of entertainment takes its place. Instead of the saturnalia of vulgarity and discomfort that may have been dreaded, it happily turns out that the people, arriving in such unique bulk and so splendidly received, constitute a most interesting distraction in themselves. Even those who do not like crowds may be reconciled to this one. It is excellently behaved. It scarcely seems to need the vigilant special police enlisted for the island, and the justice who holds court every morning at the Manhattan Beach Hotel has rarely an offender to consign to his stout wooden Bastile in the basement. This crowd is clean and neatly dressed, of very respectable social grade, of great good-humor, and on honest pleasure bent, and the spirits are insensibly raised in moving with it.

A touch of patriotic pride really ought to mingle with our contemplation of Coney Island. It is quite original, distinctively American, and charming. There is nothing like it abroad, and its proximity and extraordinary ease of access seem to insure it against rivalry at home. Trouville is six hours by express from Paris; and Brighton and Margate and Ramsgate (all of which it is the habit to mention as in the season mere suburbs of their parent city) are fifty or sixty miles from London. Even were they nearer, and had they white sand and blue ocean for shingle beach and muddy Channel waves, there are not, in either metropolis, the fierce heats of a New York summer to drive the populace forth to seek their refreshment in anything like an equal degree. It is difficult to see why the strange new island which has all at once taken so considerable a place in the chart, should not permanently remain what it seems now to be—the greatest resort for a single day's pleasure in the world.



THE SAND DUNES, BACK FROM THE BEACH.

PETER THE GREAT. VI.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

RECEPTION OF A RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT VERSAILLES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMBASSIES TO VIENNA AND PARIS.

RUSSIA accepted in all seriousness, and lost no time in carrying out one part of the treaty of Eternal Peace with Poland, in endeavoring to induce the Christian powers of Europe to join them in a struggle against the Turks. Boris Sheremétief and Iván Tchaadáef, who took the treaty to King John Sobiésky for his ratification, headed an embassy to Vienna, to prevail upon the Emperor Leopold to join the Russian-Polish alliance. In the negotiations which took place at Vienna, the Russian embassadors set forth their treaty with Poland, their ancient friendship with Austria, the campaign which they had made against the Tartars in the previous year, which, without bringing any particular benefit to themselves, had kept the Tartars from Poland, and had left the hands of the Austrians and Venetians free, and which had, in reality, been in part the cause of their successes against the Turks. For this they now asked nothing more than that the Emperor should become a member of their league, that the title of "Majesty," and not "Serenity," should be given to the Tsars by the Austrian Court, and that the embassadors should receive their letters of farewell from the hand of His Majesty, and not from the Chancellor. On being asked what princes they intended to invite to join this league, they replied: "The greatest among the Christians: the King of France, the King of England, the King of Denmark, the Elector of Brandenburg; and that they also intended to send an embassy to the King of France and to the Duke of Baden." One of the Austrian negotiators replied that the Russians might do this if they thought it best, but that His Imperial Majesty had sufficient allies to ruin the Turk: the Holy Father, the King of Spain, the King of Sweden, the King of Poland, the Republics of Venice and Holland, the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria, and, in a word, all the Empire, which was capable enough of destroying the Ottoman if they went at it in good faith and with vigor. To the application for the title of "Majesty," and the threat to sever friendly relations until it should be given, they were told to say nothing more about it, or they would be sent away, but that the Emperor would grant the other points, would receive from their hands the letters from the Tsars, and would give them letters from his own hand, on condition that the Tsars would grant in their domains entire liberty to the Catholic religion. To this the Rus-

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sian embassadors replied that they had no instructions on this point; that it was as much as their heads were worth to listen to any propositions which would change the established order of things in Muscovy; that there could be no public exercise of other religions, but that mass could be said in private houses, and private schools could be established, and that the Tsars would protect the Catholic religion as well as all others as soon as quiet should be re-established. The Austrians said that if this were so, the Emperor would give them a reply by his own hand. At the last conference there was another of the interminable disputes about title, and the Austrian Commissioner blamed the embassadors for having, in the letter of credence, translated the Russian word for "autocrat" by the Latin word "*imperator*," and not "*dominator*," as they claimed it should be. After a full explanation of the three titles of the Russian Tsar, the great, the medium, and the small, the Austrians agreed to what they considered a considerable concession in granting that letters and decrees given by the chancellories and signed by the secretaries, should give the Tsars the title of Majesty, but that in letters signed by his own hand the Emperor would not confer this title, as he gave it to no one. So great was the fear of the embassadors at having overstepped their powers that at this conference they gave back the protocols and note which they had received, signed by the Secretary of the Chancellor, saying that they did not wish them; whereupon they were told that the substance of the negotiations would be inserted in the letter of re-credence. They begged that no details should be mentioned in this letter, as it was not customary, and especially urged that nothing should be said on the head of religion, as it might do them harm at home. Nevertheless, they were forced to take a protocol signed by the Secretary, under the threat of being sent back without any letter of reply. The tenor of this was that, as the Russians had desired that they should be treated like the other Christian princes, His Imperial Majesty wished the Tsars, in future, when they sent embassies, to pay their expenses, offering to do the same when he dispatched embassies to Russia. The Austrians, it seemed, claimed that their last Embassador, Baron

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSADORS AND THE FRENCH POLICE OFFICIALS. (FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT EDELFELT.)

LIFE IN THE UKRAINE. "THE RETURN FROM THE MARKET." (FROM THE PAINTING BY CHELMONSKI.)

Scherófsky, did not receive carts for the transportation of the presents to the Tsars, and had been obliged to keep at his own expense those which he had hired in Poland. This was the first attempt to put Russian embassies on a footing with other powers. Up to that time they had been treated in the Oriental manner,—that is, the expenses of foreign embassies sent to Russia had been defrayed by the Russian Government, and, in a similar way, the cost of Russian embassies abroad had been paid by the powers to whom they were sent. The total expenses of the Russian Embassy to Vienna were about one hundred thousand florins, including the presents; but the presents to the embassadors were reduced from thirty thousand florins, as originally proposed, to fourteen thousand florins, with presents amounting to two thousand florins more for the secretaries. The reason of this was, that it was reported to the Austrian Government that the Tsars had sent as presents furs to the amount of thirty thousand florins, while those the embassadors had actually given were worth only five or six thousand florins. The conduct, too, of the embassadors and of their numerous suite,—many of whom were frequently drunk and made disturbances in the street,—and the numerous complaints brought against them, made the Austrian Government anxious to get rid of them as soon as possible. After they had finished their negotiations and had had an interview with Prince Lubomirsky, the Grand Marshal of Poland, who had just come from Rome; and after they had been invited to the Imperial hunt at Aspern, and had been received by the Empress, who had just recovered from her *accouchement*, they were granted a farewell audience by the Emperor. In a letter which the Emperor handed them he said that he had learned, with much joy, of the resolution of the Tsars to make war against the common enemy of the Christian name, as well as of their treaty with Poland; that there was no need to make any special treaty between Austria and Russia:—"For," he added, "the treaty that your secretaries have just concluded with Poland is also sufficient to keep us in the same alliance, and when we shall come to the treaty of peace with the Turks we will inform you through the King of Poland or by letter. With regard to the title of 'Majesty,' the embassadors to your Serenities will inform you that it is not in the power of our Imperial Majesty to give it, since there has been no example that we have given it to any other power. Nevertheless, to show your Serenities our

fraternal friendship and cordiality, we have willed that our ministers and officers should give you the title of 'Majesty,' and we have received at the audience of leave your embassadors, and given our letters from our Imperial hand, which we shall do in future to all the embassadors and envoys who shall come from your Serenities. This is on the condition, however, that your Serenities shall take under their protection the Catholic and Roman religion which we profess, and, although we have spoken about it to your embassadors in several conferences, they have always protested their unwillingness to hear of it. Nevertheless, we find ourselves obliged to say to your Serenities that what we shall do in this matter according to our Imperial good pleasure shall be of no value in case your Serenities are unwilling to protect the Catholic and Roman religion—a case which, we think, will never arise on account of your great and fraternal friendship."

Volkóf, one of the Mission, went from Vienna to Venice with similar instructions. Through the kindness of the Austrian Government, he was provided with letters of introduction from the Emperor to the Chevalier Cornaro.

The same year, Prince Jacob Dolgorúky and Prince Jacob Myshétsky were sent on an embassy to Holland, France and Spain.

The choice of embassadors seems to have been unfortunate, for none of them spoke any other language than Russian, and they were unacquainted with the ways or even the manners of diplomacy. In Holland they were well received, and sent from there a courier to announce their arrival at Paris. Owing to ignorance of usage, the courier refused to deliver the letter with which he was charged to any one but the King in person. He could not be persuaded to communicate it to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his request for an audience was refused, and he was sent back without the actual contents of the letter being known. News, however, of the approaching embassy had been received by the Court of Versailles from its agents in Holland. When the Russian embassadors reached Dunkirk, they were met by M. de Torff, a gentleman in ordinary of the King's household, who was sent to compliment them, and to ascertain the object of their mission. They promised De Torff that they would fully explain the objects of their mission to Monseigneur de Croissy, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, before demanding audience of the King, and promised further that they would in all respects conform to the royal wishes. Not satisfied with verbal promises, De Torff insisted that they should be put in writing, which was done, and, at their dictation, he wrote a letter to that effect, which was signed by them, and which he sent to Versailles. On the return of the courier the Embassy set out for Paris (on the 22d of July), in carriages sent from the Court. All their luggage was sealed at the Custom House, and was not to be opened until they reached Paris. It was fully explained to the embassadors that there it would be examined and passed, and that in the meantime the royal seals must not be touched. In spite of this, and of their promise to comply with the royal wishes, they broke the seals of their luggage at St. Denis, where they exposed for sale the articles they brought with them. "Their house was thronged with merchants, and they made a public commerce of their stuffs and furs, forgetting, so to speak, their dignity as embassadors, that they might act as retail merchants, and preferring their profit and private interests to the honor of their masters." De Torff managed to put a stop to this proceeding, and the embassadors formally entered Paris in a great procession, on the 9th of August, and three days afterward had their first audience of the King at Versailles. In Paris there was another difficulty. The embassadors refused to allow their luggage to be examined by the customs officers; locksmiths were brought, and a police official, sent by the provost, undertook to search the luggage. He was reviled and insulted, and one of the embassadors actually drew a knife upon him. The affair was at once reported to the King, who sent to the embassadors the presents he had intended for the Tsars, and ordered them to leave the country at once; but the embassadors refused to accept the presents without an audience of the King. Louis XIV., indignant at this, sent back to the embassadors the presents they had brought him from the Tsars, and again ordered them to leave. They refused to budge, and De Torff was obliged to take all the furniture out of the house in which they were living, and forbid them anything to eat. Next day the embassadors were brought by hunger and discomfort to a sense of their position, and begged De Torff to intercede for them; for they feared, they said, that if the King should refuse the presents, or if they should go away without an audience of leave, they would

lose their heads on their return to Moscow. They even consented to allow their luggage to be examined, and to conduct negotiations with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and not with the King personally, which they had previously refused to do. Not receiving a favorable answer, they started, and it was not until they had reached St. Denis, where De Torff made a little delay,—though he sent on the luggage to show that no long stay must be thought of,—that the affair was arranged. The luggage was at last examined, the embassadors had a political interview with Monseigneur de Croissy, in which they explained the object of their mission, and two days afterward had a parting audience of King Louis XIV., dined at Court, and were shown the gardens and fountains of Versailles. By this time they had become so pleased with France that they did not wish to leave on the day fixed, and used every pretext to prolong their stay. They finally departed from St. Denis on the 10th of September, and reached Havre, with the speed of those times, in four days. Here, after a few days' detention from bad weather, they were put on board a French man-of-war, which was to take them to Spain, for, on account of the difficulties they had caused, permission was refused them to go overland. Before they sailed, De Torff made a request, in the name of the King, that thenceforth the Tsars should pay the expenses of their own embassies. The King promised to do the same. To please the embassadors, the request was put into writing.

This proposal, like the similar one made at Vienna, aimed at the assimilation of Russian embassies to those of European powers, and at the abolition of the Oriental method of mutual entertainment. No more Russian embassies came to France for a long time, and the matter seems to have been so far forgotten that no specific instructions on this subject were given to the French agents in Moscow. At least M. de Baluze, the French minister at Moscow, writes to the King in August, 1704, complaining that the hundred rubles (about four hundred French livres) which he received weekly from the Tsar's treasury, was not regularly paid, and saying that he thought he had a right to this money, as Russian embassies to France were paid for by the king. In the preliminary examination given to all dispatches at the Foreign Office, the Minister of Foreign Affairs has run his pencil through this passage, with the remark "skip," addressed to the secretary whose duty it was to read it aloud to the King.

With regard to the commerce which the Embassy appeared to have carried on in St. Denis and in Paris, it must be said that, owing to the very bad financial system prevailing in Russia, the salary of the embassadors was chiefly paid in furs, which they were to dispose of as they could, and unless they were allowed to sell them they might be unprovided with current funds. The history of this Embassy is as important as it is curious, because the embassadors, on their return, presented false reports to the Tsars as to the treatment which they had undergone. Those reports produced a strong impression at Moscow, and brought about great coolness, almost hostility, in the relations between the two countries. It was some time before the reason of this was ascertained at Paris. When it became known, a memorandum, giving a true account of what did pass, was sent to the French residents in Poland and Germany.

The sum and substance of the conference at St. Denis was this: The embassadors began by saying that Russia had made a league with Poland against the Turks, and they had come on behalf of their masters to His Majesty, as the greatest Prince in the world, to beg him to enter into this league, and to join his arms with theirs for the glory of the Christian name. De Croissy replied that His Majesty had much friendship for the Tsars, and had always approved and still approved of them turning their arms against the Turks; that he had also heard, with pleasure, of the treaty of alliance which they had concluded with Poland; that he had made known, on several occasions, the sincerity of his intention for the glory of the Christian name; that in reality he ought to go to war against the Emperor of Germany on his sister-in-law's account, in view of the oppression she had suffered in the Palatinate, but that he abstained because he did not wish to trouble the prosperity of the Christian arms. He could not declare war against Turkey without reason, for he had recently renewed the capitulations, and, besides, a war would injure the commerce of his subjects in the East, and, on account of the great distance, would be too expensive. The embassadors replied that the Tsars had also been at peace with the Turks when they declared war against him, and that, in acting for the glory of Jesus Christ, one ought not to have regard for treaties: that they had not

hesitated on that score to attack the Turk. As far as commerce was concerned, that could be carried on equally well, and possibly much better, with the successors of the Turks—the Christian nations of the East. But still, if the King would not enter the league, they hoped at least he would not trouble the prosperity of their arms by a declaration of war. De Croissy answered: "The King has no wish to disturb the Christians in their enterprise. Tell the Tsars that, so long as the allied princes do not give to His Majesty legitimate cause for complaint, he will always be very glad to see them continue to employ their arms in putting down the Infidels." The embassadors then set forth to the minister the great advantage which would accrue to France by entering into commerce with the Russians by way of Archangel, and promised French traders all the advantages then enjoyed by the English and the Dutch. This De Croissy said he would take into consideration, and then suggested that, as the King of France sent missionaries to China, and learned that caravans for Pekin left Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia, every six months, he would be glad if the Tsars would permit the passage through Siberia, with these caravans, of Jesuits and other missionaries, as the last named journey was much easier than that by the sea. The embassadors said they had no power to consent to this, but thought that no difficulty would be raised.

At this time there was prevalent at Moscow a sort of suspicion of everything French, similar in nature and effects to the Russophobia so prevalent in England at the present day. Sensible as the Dutch Resident was, he was afflicted with this disease, and saw everywhere French intrigues. It was plain to him that the Danish Resident, Von Horn, was acting in the interests, if not in the pay, of Louis XIV. He calls him, in one of his dispatches, "a better Turk than Christian"; and in another he says: "He makes such a show, and spends so much money, that it must necessarily come out of some other purse than his own." He even discovered a Frenchman in the Danish suite. He believed, and apparently succeeded in making the Russians believe, that Van Horn had come to Moscow for the purpose of putting a stop to a good understanding between Sweden and Russia. It also seemed plain to the Dutch Resident that the French had intrigued at Constantinople to incite the Turks to make war on Austria and invade Hungary, and that they intrigued, both at Warsaw and at Vienna, to prevent the triple alliance. It was for the interest of France that the German Empire should be humbled, and for that purpose it seemed to him natural that France should not desire Russia to enter into an alliance with Austria, or Sweden to be on friendly terms with its neighbor. I do not discuss the basis for these statements; I am only amused at the conviction with which they were made.

The negotiations, therefore, at Moscow were not always easy matters, and from time to time persons came there who were really nothing but adventurers, but to whom a fictitious importance was given, either from their own braggart airs or from the suspicion that they were French spies. Among these was a man calling himself sometimes M. de Sanis, sometimes Comte de Sanis, sometimes Sheikh Alibeg, but always a relative of the Shah of Persia, and a brother-in-law of the renowned traveler Tavernier. He made out that he had been baptized, and therefore could not at once go back to Persia, but at the same time he would set forth his great importance in that country, and wrote, or pretended to write, frequent letters to the Shah—at least some drafts of letters were subsequently found among his effects. He came with a certain amount of money, he spent more, and borrowed besides. He gave entertainments at which the grandees and the most notable foreign residents appeared; he was on good terms with the Danish Resident, and it was plain to all right-thinking Dutch and English that he was nothing less than a French spy. In hopes, perhaps, to worm out some secrets, they even lent him money. One night, however, he disappeared, leaving nothing but debts and cast-off clothing; he succeeded somehow in spiriting himself across the frontier, and was never heard of after, except through a small pamphlet published at Geneva in 1685, which purported to give his veracious history.

The prejudice against France lingered on for a long time, even until the visit of Peter to the Court of Versailles in 1716, and it was, perhaps, as much due to this prejudice as to any better reason that the government of Sophia, on the proposition of the Envoy from Brandenburg, gave full and free permission to all Protestants driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to settle in Russia, to establish themselves there, and to enter the public service.

XIX.

TROUBLES WITH TURKS AND TARTARS.

EVEN before the conclusion of the permanent peace with Poland, Russia had been brought into hostile relations with Turkey, through the intrigues of Doroshénko, the chief of the Zaporovian Cossacks on the lower Dnieper. Wishing to secure the independence of his band, Doroshénko had played, by turns, into the hands of Russia and Poland, and had even finally given in his submission to the Turks. He had extended his domain to the western side of the Dnieper, and had established his capital at Tchigirín, or Cehryn, a small fortified town on the river Tiasmín, near the Dnieper, and on the very frontiers of Turkey. Although the Turks insisted upon their supremacy, they rendered him no assistance, and Doroshénko, to insure himself against the Turks, swore allegiance to the Russian Tsar —an allegiance that was considered so lax that the Government felt it necessary to occupy Tchigirín with troops and send Doroshénko to private life in Little Russia. Up to this time there had never been any hostilities between the Russians and the Turks, for the capture of the town of Azof, in the early part of the reign of the Tsar Alexis, had been effected by the Cossacks of the Don, and their proceedings, after careful consideration in a grand council, were disapproved by the Russian Government, and the town was returned to the Turks. The relations between Russia and Turkey had been so friendly that the Russian embassadors at Constantinople were always treated with greater consideration than those of other powers, and they more generally succeeded in accomplishing their ends. Russia was at that time virtually an Oriental power; its embassadors understood the feelings and ways of Orientals, and its relations with the Turks were, therefore, simpler and more easily managed than those of the Western nations. The occasional incursions of the Crim Tartars into the Russian border provinces had produced disputes and disagreements, but these were readily settled. The troubles caused by the Cossacks of the Ukraine, since their separation from Poland and their first oath of allegiance to Russia, had lasted so long, and had been the cause of so many forays of the Tartars, that it was almost in an imperceptible manner that the friendly relations of Russia and Turkey became so far cooled as to produce an open war. On the representation of the Tartar Khan that Doroshénko had gone over to the Russians, the Sultan drew forth from the Seven Towers, in which he was imprisoned, Yúry Khmelnítsky, the son of old Bogdán, a fugitive Cossack Hetman, and proclaimed him Hetman and Prince of Little Russia. He declared his claim to the whole of the Ukraine and Little Russia, and his intention of taking possession of the country by force of arms. The efforts of the Russians to ward off the war were futile, as they could not consent to deliver up the whole of the Ukraine to the Turks. War with Turkey seemed to the Russians of that day a much more dangerous and terrible thing than it really proved to be. The Turks were then at the height of their success; they still held the greater part of Hungary, and their troops had not yet been defeated before Vienna. In point of fact, the whole war was reduced to two campaigns against Tchigirín. In August, 1677, the Seraskier Ibrahim Pasha, together with Khmelnítsky, appeared before Tchigirín, where they were to be met by the Tartar Khan. Prince Romodanófsky had command of the Russian forces, supported by the Hetman Samoílovitch and his Cossacks. The efforts of the Turks and Tartars to prevent the crossing of the Russians failed. The Pasha of Bosnia, with sixteen thousand troops, was routed, and on the seventh of September, only three weeks after his first appearance there, and on the anniversary of the evacuation of Corfu by the Turks, and the deliverance of Malta, Ibrahim Pasha was obliged to raise the siege and hastily retire, pursued by the whole garrison of Tchigirín. The Turks retreated in such haste that in three days they arrived at the river Bug, although they had taken thirteen to advance from there to Tchigirín. They lost all their artillery and all their baggage, and their loss in men was estimated by themselves at 10,000, and by the Russians at only 4,000,—a circumstance almost unique in military annals, where it is a received rule to undervalue your own losses and exaggerate those of the enemy. When the Turks had got out of reach, the Russians put Tchigirín into a state of defense and withdrew the great body of their troops to Little Russia, while they discussed whether it were better to abandon Tchigirín entirely, or to increase its garrison and hold it against the Turks. The latter alternative was considered preferable, for Samoílovitch represented that, if the town were destroyed, the Turks could easily

rebuild it, and would then have an open road into the heart of the Ukraine. As soon as the news of the Turkish disaster reached Constantinople, great preparations were made for a new campaign. Taxes were increased, and all persons in service were ordered to be ready før departure. The Seraskier Ibrahim Pasha was disgraced, and the Khan of the Crimea, Selim Ghirei, who was charged with the blame of the defeat, was deposed. A Russian embassador, Porosúkof, was sent to Constantinople to endeavor to make peace, as, in spite of their defeat, the Turks still insisted on the surrender of Tchigirín and the lower Dnieper, and the Russians were obliged to continue their preparations for a new campaign. About the middle of July, 1678, the Grand Vizier Kara Mustafa Pasha appeared before Tchigirín, and, after a solemn sacrifice to God, to implore his protection, the siege was begun. The investment progressed slowly, and the Turks were in such straits that they were about to abandon the siege, when, on the advice of Ahmed Pasha, they resolved to throw themselves between the Russians and the fortress on the other side of the river, and risk everything in a battle. They were signally defeated, and retreated with great loss. Nine days later they resolved to make one more attack, and while the Russians and Cossacks were celebrating, with an unusual amount of drunkenness, the feast of St. Matthew, which fell on a Sunday, they exploded two mines, which made a breach in the wall, and took the town by assault. Subsequently they succeeded in repelling a night attack on their camp by the Russians; but news having reached the Grand Vizier that the Russians contemplated another such attack, he thought it best to retire, and was subsequently worsted in an encounter with the troops of Romodanófsky, who followed him up. Although one aim of the Turkish campaign had been accomplished—the destruction of Tchigirín—no part of the Ukraine had been occupied, and barely a quarter of the Turkish army returned with the Grand Vizier to Adrianople.

The Turks made no further campaign, but the Russians were constantly agitated by the prospect of greater sacrifices and greater losses. Negotiations for peace were carried on, and were at last successful in 1680, when, by the advice of the Grand Vizier, these negotiations were continued with the Khan of the Crimea. By the peace thus concluded, which was ratified at Constantinople in 1681, a truce for twenty years was agreed upon with the Tartars and the Turks, the Turkish dominions were allowed to extend to the Dnieper, and even the Zaperovian Cossacks were for the moment given up to them, while Kiéf and all the Ukraine was recognized as belonging to Russia. Although the Russians were at first unwilling to consent to the surrender of the Zaporovians, yet the news of the treaty was received with great joy, not only at Moscow, but also through the whole of Little Russia, for it was thought that the relief from the dangers of war with Turkey were cheaply bought at the sacrifice of a bare steppe and a troublesome population. In spite of the treaty concluded in the reign of Theodore, the action of Turkey toward Russia was frequently very unfriendly. Contrary to the provisions of the treaty, the towns on the lower Dnieper were allowed to be again inhabited; more than that, the inhabitants of the eastern bank of the river were invited to cross and settle on the other side, and even Tchigirín was colonized by Wallachs. In addition to this, incendiaries were sent across the river to set fire to towns and farm-houses, in hopes that the population would thus be forced to emigrate to the western side.

The Government of Sophia was bound by the Treaty of Eternal Peace with Poland to make war upon the Turks, and was incited besides by the splendid success of the Austrians in recapturing Buda, and by the progress of the Venetians in the Morea, but it intended to direct the Russian arms not so much against the Turks themselves as against their dependents, the Tartars. The relations with the Tartars had become almost unendurable. Although the old lines of defensive walls through the country still existed, they were badly kept up, and in the early part of the seventeenth century, and even during the reign of Alexis, in the midst of peace, towns were surprised and their inhabitants all carried off to slavery. In 1662, the Tartars captured the town of Putívl, and carried off twenty thousand prisoners. There was not a harbor in the East, in Greece, Turkey, Syria or Egypt, where Russian slaves were not to be seen rowing in the galleys; the Khan of the Crimea sent at one time to the Sultan eighty Russian boys as a present. The Servian Krýzhanitch says that, so great was the crowd everywhere of Russian slaves, that the Turks asked in mockery whether any inhabitants still remained in Russia. For a while the Tartars were kept in some kind of order by the yearly payment of large sums, which the Russians called presents,

and the Tartars called tribute; but even during the regency of Sophia the Tartar incursions were renewed and the inhabitants of whole villages were carried away, although these forays were on a much smaller scale than before. In 1682, the Russian Envoy Tarakánof was seized by order of the Khan, taken into a stable and beaten with a cudgel, as well as tortured by fire, in order to extort his consent to the payment of a larger tribute. As a result of this, the Russians refused to send any more envoys, and insisted that all negotiations should be carried on at some place on the frontier. The Government at Moscow was influenced more and more by a feeling of national honor, but it was remote from the scene of hostilities. The Cossacks of the Ukraine, who would have to bear the burden of the campaign, and who would be exposed to reprisals in case of disaster, were not so inclined to engage in war, either against the Turks or the Tartars. If war must be, they preferred it against their old enemies, the Poles. For that reason the Hetman Samoílovitch constantly opposed the alliance with Poland, and deprecated any campaign against the Tartars. He thought the Tartars easy to manage—at the expense, to be sure, of a sum of money—and preferred the comfort and security of his subjects to the delicate feelings of honor of the regency at Moscow. Curiously enough, more advice against the war came from the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, in the name of the Eastern Christians, begged the Tsars to remain at peace with Turkey, as in case of war the Sultan would turn all his rage against them. "We beg and pray your Tsarish Majesty," wrote Dionysius, in January, 1687, "do not be guilty of shedding the blood of so many Christians; do not help the French and extirpate the orthodox Christians. This will be neither pleasing to God nor praiseworthy to men."

War, however, had been resolved upon, and, in the autumn of 1686, the order was given to prepare for a campaign against the Crimea. In the decree of the Tsars it was declared:

"The campaign is undertaken to free the Russian land from unendurable insults and humiliations. From no place do the Tartars carry away so many prisoners as from Russia; they sell Christians like cattle, and insult the orthodox faith. But this is little. The Russian Empire pays the Infidels a yearly tribute, for which it suffers shame and reproaches from neighboring states, and even this tribute does not at all protect its boundaries. The Khan takes money, dishonors Russian envoys, and destroys Russian towns, and the Turkish Sultan has no control whatever over him."

An army of 100,000 men was collected at the river Merlo, under the chief command of Prince Basil Galítsyn, and in May, 1687, he was joined on the Samára by Hetman Samoílovitch, with 50,000 Cossacks. Galítsyn, though a great statesman, was not a good general, and accepted the command much against his will. It was forced on him by his enemies; he himself would have preferred to remain at Moscow to counteract their schemes. This was the time when the aristocratic party was forming itself around Peter, and was using his name in their opposition to the regency of Sophia. Galítsyn was especially hated by that party. He had only one faithful adherent in Moscow on whom he could thoroughly depend, and their interests were closely bound together. That was Shaklovíty. Galítsyn had no sooner started on his campaign than he began to perceive the machinations of his enemies, not only in Moscow, but in the camp. From Moscow he heard that his old enemy Prince Michael Tcherkásky was rising in power, and was about to succeed to the place of the Boyár Stréshnéf. Galítsyn wrote to Shaklovíty, as he did constantly during the campaign, telling his griefs, and begging his assistance:

"We always have sorrow and little joy, not like those who are always joyful and have their own way. In all my affairs my only hope is in thee. Write me, pray, whether there are not any devilish obstacles coming from these people. For God's sake, keep a sleepless eye on Tcherkásky, and don't let him have that place, even if you have to use the influence of the Patriarch or of the Princess against him."

The reason why Galítsyn talked about using the influence of the Patriarch was because he found that the Patriarch was not entirely well disposed to him, and had taken various vestments from a church which he had built and decorated, and had prohibited their use. In the camp, the boyárs were disobedient and quarreled over their places, and did much to annoy him. At the outset of the campaign, Prince Boris Dolgorúky and Yúry Stcherbátof appeared, dressed in deep black, with all their retainers in mourning, and long black housings spread over their horses. This was not only a personal insult to Galítsyn, but also, owing to the superstition of the time, from which Galítsyn was not entirely free, exercised a powerful influence on the minds of the soldiery, as a presage of ill-luck. This presage was, to a great extent, justified by

the results of the campaign. The united army of the Russians and Cossacks advanced southward through the steppe till they reached a place called the Great Meadow, near the little stream of Karatchakrak, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Isthmus of Perekóp. Not a sign of any kind could be seen of the Tartars, but the Russians were met by a worse enemy—a fire on the steppe which destroyed all the grass and forage for miles around, threatened the loss of the baggage and provision trains, and at the most oppressive period of a southern summer, caused the army great suffering, from flame and smoke. A timely rain filled the streams, but still there was no forage, and the army was obliged to retreat without even having seen the enemy. Galítsyn encamped at the first suitable locality, proposed to send a force of 30,000 men to the lower Dnieper, and reported to Moscow for further orders. Meanwhile a rumor got into circulation in the camp that the steppe had been set on fire, not by the Tartars, but by the Cossacks, with the intention of relieving themselves from the burden of the further campaign. This story, in the highest degree improbable, found some credence, when connected with what was called the obstinacy of the Hetman Samoílovitch in originally opposing the war against the Tartars, and with the numerous complaints of oppression against him from his own subjects. The Government, after sending Shaklovíty to investigate the case, decided to remove Samoílovitch. Preparations were secretly made, and, on the 2d of August, he was arrested in the night, relieved of the post of hetman, and sent to Moscow. The ukase dismissing him said nothing about the accusation of setting fire to the steppes, but stated merely that, in order to prevent an outbreak, the interests of Little Russia required the removal of a hetman who had no longer the confidence of the population. This able, energetic and remarkable man was succeeded as hetman by the famous Mazeppa, then the Secretary General of the Cossack Government. Mazeppa's election, as well as the fall of Samoílovitch, was due in a very great measure to the personal influence of Galítsyn, who disliked Samoílovitch. Mazeppa showed his gratitude, not by words alone, but by a present of 10,000 rubles. This change was detrimental to Russian interests. Samoílovitch had been thoroughly devoted to his people and to the Russian Government, while Mazeppa began a policy of deceit which culminated in his rebellion against Russia during the Swedish invasion. Samoílovitch died in banishment in Siberia, and one of his sons was executed. His whole property was confiscated, and half of it given to Mazeppa.

Galítsyn returned to Moscow late in the evening of the 14th of September, and the next morning was admitted to kiss the hands of the Regent and the two Tsars. Although, according to the Swedish Envoy Kochen,

MEDAL GIVEN TO PRINCE GALITSYN FOR THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN. (DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD.)

forty or fifty thousand men had been lost in the campaign, yet Galítsyn was hailed as a victorious general, and speedily regained all his former power and prestige. He received a gold chain and three hundred ducats, and gold medals were struck and given to the officers and nobility, while smaller medals, all of them bearing the effigies of Sophia, Iván and Peter, as well as the initial letters of their names, were given to the soldiery. Money and land were bestowed lavishly, as never before after a Russian campaign, and even the troops who came too late were not left without reward. The proclamation of the Regent to the Russian people spoke of the campaign as a splendid victory, recounted the speedy and difficult march, the panic of the Tartar Khan, the horrors of the burning steppes, and the safe retreat. In order to keep up the credit of the Russian arms, equally glowing accounts of the success of the expedition were sent abroad, and printed in Dutch and German, and Baron Van

Keller himself saw that an apology for Galítsyn was properly printed in the Dutch newspapers.

XX.

THE SECOND CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.

THE Poles were no more lucky than the Russians in the campaign of 1687. They vainly besieged the fortress of Kamenétz, in Podolia, and were obliged to retire in disgust. Their allies, the Austrians and Venetians, were more fortunate. They beat the Turks in Hungary, Dalmatia and the Morea, and took possession of the chief frontier fortresses. It was in this campaign that Morosini took Athens, a conquest glorious to the Venetians, but regretted by posterity. An unfortunate bomb struck the Parthenon, and exploded the Turkish powder stored in it, and reduced this wonderful building to its present state. From the Piræus Morosini took the four marble lions which now decorate the front of the arsenal at Venice. The Turkish defeat and disasters resulted in a military rebellion, which cost the Grand Vizier his life, and the Sultan Mohammed IV. his throne. He was replaced by his elder brother, Suleiman II. Turkey had never been in such straits, and there seemed to the Christian inhabitants every chance of freeing themselves from the Turkish yoke. Dionysius, the former Patriarch of Constantinople, who had been deposed for the fourth time through the intrigues of rival bishops who paid higher bribes to the Divan, but according to his own account for having yielded in the matter of the metropolis of Kiéf, wrote to the Tsars from his refuge at Mount Athos, and in the name of the orthodox Christians besought the Russians to turn their arms once more against the Turks.

"All states and powers," he wrote, "all pious, orthodox kings and princes have together risen up against Anti-christ, and are warring with him by land and sea, while your empire sleeps. All pious people—Serbs, Bulgarians, Moldavians and Wallachians—are waiting for your holy rule. Rise; do not sleep; come to save us."

The same messenger, Isaiah, Archimandrite of the Monastery of St. Paul at Mount Athos, brought a letter from Stcherban Cantacuzene, the Hospodar of Wallachia, who also wrote that all orthodox people begged the Tsars to deliver them from the hands of the "Pharaoh in the flesh." A similar letter came from Arsenius, the Patriarch of Serbia. The Christians, however, prayed the Russians not so much against the Turks as against the Latins and Papists. They feared that if Turkey were subjugated by the Austrians and Venetians, without the intervention of Russia, the religious tyranny of the Romish Church would be worse than the oppression of the Sultan. The Regent replied to these demonstrations by urging the Wallachians to send the large Slavonic forces, of which they had boasted, to assist them in another campaign against the Tartars, saying that after the Crimea was conquered they would see to the freedom of the countries of the Danube and the Balkans. Panslavism had already been preached in Moscow, and especially by the Serb Yúry Krýzhanitch, the first great Slavophile, and it is interesting to see how, even in the earliest time of difficulty between Turkey and Russia, the Slavonic populations subject to the Sultan looked to Russia as their natural friend and protector.

There were many difficulties, however, in the way of a second campaign. The financial condition of Russia was very bad, the Russian Envoy Póstnikof had been unsuccessful in concluding a loan in England—if other reasons were wanting, the troubles of the last year of James II. were sufficient—and taxes were already most burdensome. Fears lest Poland and Austria might conclude a separate peace with the Turks which would be disadvantageous to Russia; the urgent demands of the Poles for assistance, and the fact that the Tartar Khan, in spite of strict orders from the Sultan, had himself taken the offensive and had ravaged the border provinces of Russia and Poland, advancing, in March, 1688, through Volhynia and Podolia nearly to Lemberg, and carrying off 60,000 of the inhabitants into slavery,—these were sufficient reasons for a new campaign.

In the autumn of 1688 the new campaign against the Crimea was proclaimed. All preparations were made for starting at an early period in the spring, and for guarding against the calamities which had frustrated the previous campaign, and the troops were ordered to be at their rendezvous no later than February, 1689. This time it was absolutely necessary for Galítsyn to defeat the Tartars, in order to frustrate the machinations of his political and personal enemies. Hatred to him went so far that it is said an assassin even attacked him in his sledge, and was arrested by

one of his servants. The assassin was tortured, but no publicity was given to the affair. Just as Galítsyn was starting out on the campaign, a coffin was found in front of the door of his palace, with a warning that if this campaign were as unfortunate as the preceding one, a coffin would be made ready for him. An example not only of the suspicions which Galítsyn entertained of those about him, but of the superstition in which he, as well as many other eminent and educated men of that time, believed, was that one of his servants, Iván Bunakóf, was subjected to torture for having "taken his trace"—that is, for having taken up the earth where Galítsyn's foot had left an imprint. Bunakóf explained it by saying that he took the earth in his handkerchief and tied it round him to cure the cramp, as this remedy had been recommended to him, and always, when any cramp seized him, he immediately took up some of the surrounding earth. The explanation was judged insufficient, and the man was punished.

By the end of February, Galítsyn had collected 112,000 men, and set out on his march. A month later, he reported that the expedition was greatly retarded by the snow and the extreme cold. He was soon joined by Mazeppa, with his Cossacks. About the middle of April, news reached Moscow that, although there had yet been no fires in the steppe, the Khan had announced his intention to set fire to it as soon as the Russians approached Perekóp, and orders were sent to Galítsyn to have the steppe burnt in advance of the Russian troops in order that they might find fresh grass springing up for them as they went on. No misadventure of any kind took place; there was plenty of water, and by the middle of May Galítsyn drew near to Perekóp, and first met the Tartar troops. The nomads, in great multitudes, attacked the Russians on all sides, and were beaten off with some difficulty, although they still continued to harass the Russian advance. We learn from the diary of General Gordon that the troops were engaged in several slight contests of this kind, but that there was no decisive battle. Galítsyn, however, reported to the Government that he had gained a great victory over the Tartars, and had inflicted enormous losses upon them. On the 30th of May, the Russians reached the famous Perekóp, a fort protected by a high wall and a deep ditch, running entirely across the isthmus. It had seemed that Perekóp was to be the end of the campaign, and Galítsyn had apparently thought that once they arrived there the Tartars would be frightened, and would immediately surrender. He found, however, that the fort of Perekóp was not to be easily taken, especially by troops that had already been two days without water; and that, even when Perekóp was taken, the steppes of the Crimea, being arid plains, destitute of water, and possessing only a little saltish vegetation, were even worse than the places he had already passed through. He therefore sent a message to the Khan, hoping to get from him a peace advantageous to Russia. The negotiations lingered, and it was impossible for Galítsyn to wait longer. He therefore began his retreat without having captured Perekóp, and without having secured peace. That Galítsyn should have returned at all, that he should have extricated his army from this uncomfortable position without losing the greater part of it, was interpreted by the Government at Moscow as a great success, and glowing bulletins were issued, and great rewards were promised to those who had taken part in the campaign. For reasons of state it was necessary to uphold Galítsyn, who was the ablest and strongest member of the Government. But Sophia had other excuses—her passionate affection for Galítsyn blinded her to his defects. She implicitly believed the exaggerated dispatches which he had sent home, in which defeat was skillfully converted into victory, and replied in letters which plainly indicate the relations which existed between them:

"My Light, Brother Vássenka:—Mayst thou be in good health, little father, for many years. Through the mercy of God and the Holy Virgin, and by thy own good sense and good fortune, thou hast been victorious over the children of Hagar, and may the Lord give thee in future to overcome our enemies. And yet, my love, I can scarcely believe that thou art returning to us; I shall only believe it when I see thee in my embrace. Thou hast asked me, love, to pray for you. In truth I am a sinner before God and unworthy, yet, even though a sinner, I dare to hope in his mercy. I always petition him to let me see my love again in joy."

When Galítsyn had written that he had begun to retire from Perekóp, Sophia answered:

"This day is mighty joyful to me because the Lord God has glorified his holy name, as also that of his mother, the Holy Virgin, for you, my love. Such a thing was never heard of, nor did our fathers see such mercy of God. Like the children of Israel has God led you from the land of Egypt—then by Moses, his disciple, now by you, my soul. Praise to our God, who has thus been merciful to us through thee. Oh! my little father, how shall I

ever pay you for these, your countless labors? Oh! my joy, light of my eyes, how can I believe my heart that I am going to see thee again, my love! That day will be great to me when thou, my soul, shalt come to me. If it were only possible for me, I would place thee before me in a single day. Thy letters, confided to God's care, have all reached me in safety. Thy letters from Perekóp came on Friday, the 11th. I was going on foot from Vozdvízhenskoe, and had just arrived at the monastery of the Miracle-Working Sergius, at the holy gates themselves, when your letter came about the battles. I do not know how I went in. I read as I walked. What thou has written, little father, about sending to the monasteries, that I have fulfilled. I have myself made pilgrimages to all the monasteries on foot. Thou writest that I should pray for thee. God, my love, knows how I wish to see thee, my soul, and I hope, in the mercy of God, that he will allow me to see thee, my hope. With regard to the troops, do just as thou hast written. I, my father, am well, through thy prayers, and we are all well. When God gives me to see thee, my love, I will tell thee about all I have done and passed through."

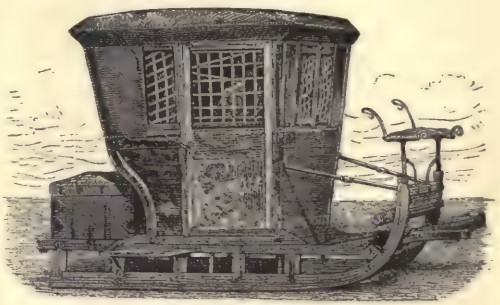
The official thanks sent to Galítsyn were in strong terms, though in somewhat different form. He himself was most anxious to magnify his victories, and sent messengers direct from the camp to the King of Poland, informing him of the defeat of 150,000 Tartars, of the flight of the Khan, and of the general panic. Employing a trick which is now so common as not to cause surprise, Galítsyn instructed the Resident at Warsaw to send extracts from his letter to Vienna, Venice and Rome, and to take measures that accounts of his victory, printed in all parts of Europe, should come back to Moscow.

Not all, however, took such a rosy view of the campaign as did Galítsyn. General Gordon, in a letter to his relative, the Earl of Errol, says: "The 20th wee came befor the Perecop, et lodged as wee marched, where wee were to enter into a treaty with the Tartars, which tooke no effect, our demands being too high, and they not condiscending to any other thing as to establish a peace of the former conditions, so that not being able to subsist here for want of water, grass et wood for such numbers as wee had, and finding no advantage by takeing the Perecop, the next day wee returned, and from midday till night we were hotly persued by the Tartars, the danger being great et fear greater, if the Chan with all his forces should persue us, so that I was commanded from the left wing with 7 Regiments of Foot, et some of horse (yet all on Foot), to guard the Rear. They persued us very eagerly 8 dayes together, yet gained but litle, haveing no such great numbers as wee suspected. Nothing troubled us et our horses et draught beasts so much in this march as the want of water, for albeit wee had so many great caskes with water along with yet was farr short of giveing relieffe to all, and had not God almighty send us rains more as ordinary in these places, wee had suffered great losses. On the 12th of June, we came to the River Samara, where wee were past danger, yet hold on our march circumspectly untill we came to the R. Merlo." And Lefort, who took part in the campaign, wrote to his family at Geneva: "The Muscovites lost 35,000 men—20,000 killed and 15,000 taken prisoners. Besides that, seventy cannon were abandoned, and all the war material." The remembrance of the loss of these cannon remained for a long time, and Manstein tells us that Münnich, in his campaign in the Crimea in the reign of the Empress Anne, recovered some of the cannon lost by Galítsyn.

Accusations were subsequently brought that Galítsyn had been bribed by the Tartar Khan to retreat from Perekóp, and there was a story that, before Perekóp, the Tartar emissaries brought secretly to Galítsyn's tent two barrels of gold pieces, which turned out afterward to be nothing but copper money slightly gilded. This story rests on the testimony of deserters and renegades, and scarcely deserves notice, except that it formed part of the charges of high treason preferred against Galítsyn. It was not, however, so much his imaginary treason as it was his carelessness, his incapacity, and his self-will in carrying on negotiations without consulting the other superior officers, that caused this disaster to the Russian arms.

Not by any means the best satisfied with the Crimean campaign was Peter. Apart from the severity with which the party of boyárs who surrounded him judged all the acts of the Government of Sophia, he himself had been pursuing so vigorously his military studies, and was so deeply impressed with the importance of putting an end to the Tartar domination, that he was a severe critic of Galítsyn's military operations. Galítsyn arrived at Moscow on the 8th of July, was received in great state at the banqueting-hall by Sophia and her brother Iván, and was publicly thanked; but the rewards promised to those who had taken part in the campaign could not then be published, because Peter refused his consent, as he was unwilling that they should receive so much as had been promised with-

out consulting him. It was not until the 5th of August that, after much entreaty, and with great difficulty, Peter was induced to allow the rewards of the campaign to be announced. On the next day they were read out to the boyárs and their comrades in the inner rooms of the Palace, and afterward to the general public on the Broad Staircase. Galítsyn received a large gold cup, a caftan of cloth of gold lined with sables, a large sum of money, and an estate in the district of Suzdal; while the other Russian officers received money, silver cups, stuff for caftans, and part of the estates which they already enjoyed as crown tenants were made hereditary with them. The foreign officers received each a month's wages, sables, cups and rich stuffs. Commemorative gold medals were given to every one, and it was ordered that the names of all who died in the campaign should be mentioned in the public prayers in the Cathedral. Etiquette then required that the officers who had been thus distinguished should go to Preobrazhénsky, to pay their respects to the Tsar Peter, and thank him for his grace. They went, but they were not received; "at which some were much troubled," says Gordon, "but others were not, because they thought that it was better to take the bitt and the buffet with it, for every one saw plainly and knew that the consent of the younger Tsar had not been extorted without the greatest difficulty, and that this merely made him more excited against the generalissimo and the most prominent counselors of the other party at court; for it was now seen that an open breach was imminent, which would probably result in the greatest bitterness. Meanwhile everything was, as far as possible, held secret in the great houses, but yet not with such silence and skill but that every one knew what was going on."



TRAVELING SLEDGE OF PETER.

POET AND ACTRESS.

When Avon's Bard his sweetest music scored,
A woman's vision with the numbers blent;
His weaving fancy robed the form adored,
And each the other equal beauty lent.

O Poet! didst thou haply see again
In living presence playful Rosalind,
Sweet Viola, and saintly Imogen,
Fair Juliet, swept by passion's withering wind?—

'Twas thine to give the music-mated lines,
But heaven alone empowers the counterpart
To walk in splendor where such genius shines.
Twice happy we, blest heirs of dual art:

To own as mother-tongue Will Shakspere's writ—
To live when kindling Neilson voices it.

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XLI.

TO COME TO THE POINT.

IT was equally a part of Honoré Grandissime's nature and of his art as a merchant to wear a look of serene leisure. With this look on his face he re-entered his counting-room after his morning visit to Frowenfeld's shop. He paused a moment outside the rail, gave the weak-eyed gentleman who presided there a quiet glance equivalent to a beckon, and, as that person came near, communicated two or three items of intelligence or instruction concerning office details, by which that invaluable diviner of business meanings understood that he wished to be let alone for an hour. Then M. Grandissime passed on into his private office, and, shutting the door behind him, walked briskly to his desk and sat down.

He dropped his elbows upon a broad paper containing some recently written, unfinished memoranda that included figures in column, cast his eyes quite around the apartment, and then covered his face with his palms—a gesture common enough for a tired man of business in a moment of seclusion; but just as the face disappeared in the hands, the look of serene leisure gave place to one of great mental distress. The paper under his elbows, to the consideration of which he seemed about to return, was in the handwriting of his manager, with additions by his own pen. Earlier in the day he had come to a pause in the making of these additions, and, after one or two vain efforts to proceed, had laid down his pen, taken his hat, and gone to see the unlucky apothecary. Now he took up the broken thread. To come to a decision; that was the task which forced from him his look of distress. He drew his face slowly through his palms, set his lips, cast up his eyes, knit his knuckles, and then opened and struck his palms together, as if to say: "Now, come; let me make up my mind."

There may be men who take every moral height at a dash; but to the most of us there must come moments when our wills can but just rise and walk in their sleep. Those who in such moments wait for clear views, find, when the issue is past, that they were only yielding to the devil's chloroform.

Honoré Grandissime bent his eyes upon the paper. But he saw neither its figures nor its words. The interrogation, "Surrender Fausse Rivière?" appeared to hang between his eyes and the paper, and when his resolution tried to answer "Yes," he saw red flags; he heard the auctioneer's drum; he saw his kinsmen handing housekeys to strangers; he saw the old servants of the great family standing in the marketplace; he saw kinswomen pawning their plate; he saw his clerks (Brahmins, Mandarins, Grandissimes) standing idle and shabby in the arcade of the Cabildo and on the banquette of Maspero's and the Veauqui-tête; he saw red-eyed young men in the Exchange denouncing a man who, they said, had, ostensibly for conscience's sake, but really for love, forced upon the woman he had hoped to marry a fortune filched from his own kindred. He saw the junto of doctors in Frowenfeld's door charitably deciding him insane; he saw the more vengeful of his family seeking him with half-concealed weapons; he saw himself shot at in the rue Royale, in the rue Toulouse, and in the Place d'Armes; and, worst of all, missed.

But he wiped his forehead, and the writing on the paper became, in a measure, visible. He read:

Total mortgages on the lands of all the Grandissimes	$—
Total present value of same, titles at buyers' risk	—
Cash, goods, and account	—
Fausse Rivière Plantation account	—

There were other items, but he took up the edge of the paper mechanically, pushed it slowly away from him, leaned back in his chair and again laid his hands upon his face.

"Suppose I retain Fausse Rivière," he said to himself, as if he had not said it many times before.

Then he saw memoranda that were not on any paper before him—such a mortgage to be met on such a date; so much from Fausse Rivière Plantation account retained to protect that mortgage from foreclosure; such

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another to be met on such a date—so much more of same account to protect it. He saw Aurora and Clotilde Nancanou, with anguished faces, offering woman's pleadings to deaf constables. He saw the remainder of Aurora's plantation account thrown to the lawyers to keep the question of Grandissime titles languishing in the courts. He saw the meanwhile-rallied fortunes of his clan coming to the rescue, himself and kindred growing independent of questionable titles, and even Fausse Rivière Plantation account restored, but Aurora and Clotilde nowhere to be found. And then he saw the grave, pale face of Joseph Frowenfeld.

He threw himself forward, drew the paper nervously toward him, and stared at the figures. He began at the first item and went over the whole paper, line by line, testing every extension, proving every addition, noting if possibly any transposition of figures had been made and overlooked, if something was added that should have been subtracted, or subtracted that should have been added. It was like a prisoner trying the bars of his cell.

Was there no way to make things happen differently? Had he not overlooked some expedient? Was not some financial maneuver possible which might compass both desired ends? He left his chair and walked up and down, as Joseph at that very moment was doing in the room where he had left him, came back, looked at the paper, and again walked up and down. He murmured now and then to himself: "*Self*-denial—that is not the hard word. Penniless myself—*that* is play," and so on. He turned by and by and stood looking up at that picture of the man in the cuirass which Aurora had once noticed. He looked at it, but he did not see it. He was thinking—"Her rent is due to-morrow. She will never believe I am not her landlord. She will never go to my half-brother." He turned once more and mentally beat his breast as he muttered: "Why do I not decide?"

Somebody touched the door-knob. Honoré stepped forward and opened it. It was a mortgager.

"*Ah! entrhez, Monsieur.*"

He retained the visitor's hand, leading him in and talking pleasantly in French until both had found chairs. The conversation continued in that tongue through such pointless commercial gossip as this:

"So the brig *Equinox* is aground at the head of the Passes," said M. Grandissime.

"I have just heard she is off again."

"Aha?"

"Yes; the Fort Plaquemine canoe is just up from below. I understand John McDonough has bought the entire cargo of the schooner *Freedom*."

"No, not all; Blanque et Fils bought some twenty boys and women out of the lot. Where is she lying?"

"Right at the head of the Basin."

And much more like this; but by and by the mortgager came to the point with the casual remark:

"The excitement concerning land-titles seems to increase rather than subside."

"They must have *something* to be excited about, I suppose," said M. Grandissime, crossing his legs and smiling. It was tradesman's talk.

"Yes," replied the other; "there seems to be an idea current to-day that all holders under Spanish titles are to be immediately dispossessed, without even process of court. I believe a very slight indiscretion on the part of the Governor-General would precipitate a riot."

"He will not commit any," said M. Grandissime with a quiet gravity, changing his manner to that of one who draws upon a reserve of private information. "There will be no outbreak."

"I suppose not. We do not know, really, that the American Congress will throw any question upon titles; but still——"

"What are some of the shrewdest Americans among us doing?" asked M. Grandissime.

"Yes," replied the mortgager, "it is true they are buying these very titles; but they may be making a mistake?"

Unfortunately for the speaker, he allowed his face an expression of argumentative shrewdness as he completed this sentence, and M. Grandissime, the merchant, caught an instantaneous full view of his motive; he wanted to buy. He was a man whose known speculative policy was to "go in" in moments of panic.

M. Grandissime was again face to face with the question of the morning. To commence selling must be to go on selling. This, as a plan, included restitution to Aurora; but it meant also dissolution to the Grandissimes, for should their *sold* titles be pronounced bad, then the titles of other lands would be bad; many an asset among M. Grandissime's memoranda would shrink into nothing, and the meager proceeds of the Grandissime estates, left to meet the strain

without the aid of Aurora's accumulated fortune, would founder in a sea of liabilities; while should these titles, after being parted with, turn out good, his incensed kindred, shutting their eyes to his memoranda and despising his exhibits, would see in him only the family traitor, and he would go about the streets of his town the subject of their implacable denunciation, the community's obloquy, and Aurora's cold evasion. So much, should he sell. On the other hand, to decline to sell was to enter upon that disingenuous scheme of delays which would enable him to avail himself and his people of that favorable wind and tide of fortune which the Cession had brought. Thus the estates would be lost, if lost at all, only when the family could afford to lose them, and Honoré Grandissime would continue to be Honoré the Magnificent, the admiration of the city and the idol of his clan. But Aurora—and Clotilde—would have to eat the crust of poverty, while their fortunes, even in his hands, must bear all the jeopardy of the scheme. That was all. Retain Fausse Rivière and its wealth, and save the Grandissimes; surrender Fausse Rivière, let the Grandissime estates go, and save the Nancanous. That was the whole dilemma.

"Let me see," said M. Grandissime. "You have a mortgage on one of our Golden Coast plantations. Well, to be frank with you, I was thinking of that when you came in. You know I am partial to prompt transactions—I thought of offering you either to take up that mortgage or to sell you the plantation, as you may prefer. I have ventured to guess that it would suit you to own it."

And the speaker felt within him a secret exultation in the idea that he had succeeded in throwing the issue off upon a Providence that could control this mortgager's choice.

"I would prefer to leave that choice with you," said the coy would-be purchaser; and then the two went coquetting again for another moment:

"I understand that Nicholas Girod is proposing to erect a four-story brick building on the corner of Royale and St. Pierre. Do you think it practicable? Do you think our soil will support such a structure?"

"Pitot thinks it will. Boré says it is perfectly feasible."

So they dallied.

"Well," said the mortgager, presently rising, "you will make up your mind and let me know, will you?"

The chance repetition of those words "make up your mind" touched Honoré Grandissime like a hot iron. He rose with the visitor.

"Well, sir, what would you give us for our title in case we should decide to part with it?"

The two men moved slowly, side by side, toward the door, and in the half-opened door-way, after a little further trifling, the title was sold.

"Well, good-day," said M. Grandissime. "M. de Brahmin will arrange the papers for us to-morrow."

He turned back toward his private desk.

"And now," thought he, "I am acting without resolving. No merit; no strength of will; no clearness of purpose; no emphatic decision; nothing but a yielding to temptation."

And M. Grandissime spoke true; but it is only whole men who so yield—yielding to the temptation to do right.

He passed into the counting-room, to M. De Brahmin, and standing there talked in an inaudible tone, leaning over the upturned spectacles of his manager, for nearly an hour. Then, saying he would go to dinner, he went out. He did not dine at home nor at the Veau-qui-tête nor at any of the clubs; so much is known; he merely disappeared for two or three hours and was not seen again until late in the afternoon, when two or three Brahmins and Grandissimes, wandering about in search of him, met him on the levee near the head of the rue Bienville, and with an exclamation of wonder and a look of surprise at his dusty shoes, demanded to know where he had hid himself while they had been ransacking the town in search of him.

"We want you to tell us what you will do about our titles."

He smiled pleasantly, the picture of serenity, and replied:

"I have not fully made up my mind yet; as soon as I do so I will let you know."

There was a word or two more exchanged, and then, after a moment of silence, with a gentle "Eh, bien" and a gesture to which they were accustomed, he stepped away backward, they resumed their hurried walk and talk, and he turned into the rue Bienville.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN INHERITANCE OF WRONG.

"I TELL you," Doctor Keene used to say, "that old woman's a thinker." His allusion

was to Clemence, the *marchande des calas*. Her mental activity was evinced not more in the cunning aptness of her songs than in the droll wisdom of her sayings. Not the melody only, but the often audacious, epigrammatic philosophy of her tongue as well, sold her *calas* and gingercakes.

But in one direction her wisdom proved scant. She presumed too much on her insignificance. She was a "study," the gossiping circle at Frowenfeld's used to say; and any observant hearer of her odd aphorisms could see that she herself had made a life-study of herself and her conditions; but she little thought that others—some with wits and some with none—young hair-brained Grandissimes, Mandarins and the like—were silently, and for her most unluckily, charging their memories with her knowing speeches; and that of every one of those speeches she would ultimately have to give account.

Doctor Keene, in the old days of his health, used to enjoy an occasional skirmish with her. Once, in the course of chaffering over the price of *calas*, he enounced an old current conviction which is not without holders even to this day; for we may still hear it said by those who will not be decoyed down from the mountain fastnesses of the old Southern doctrines, that their slaves were "the happiest people under the sun." Clemence had made bold to deny this with argumentative indignation, and was courteously informed in retort that she had promulgated a falsehood of magnitude.

"W'y, Mawse Chawlie," she replied, "does you s'pose one po' nigga kin tell a big lie? No, sah! But w'en de whole people tell w'at ain' so—if dey know it, aw if dey don' know it—den dat *is* a big lie!" And she laughed to contortion.

"What is that you say?" he demanded, with mock ferocity. "You charge white people with lying?"

"Oh, sakes, Mawse Chawlie, no! De people don't mek up dat ah; de debble pass it on 'em. Don' you know de debble ah de grett cyounte'feiteh? Ev'y piece o' money he mek he tek an' put some debblemen' on de under side, an' one o' his pootiess lies on top; an' 'e gilt dat lie, an' 'e rub dat lie on 'is elbow, an' 'e shine dat lie, an' 'e put 'is bess licks on dat lie; entel ev'ybody say: 'Oh, how pooty!' An' dey tek it fo' good money, yass—and pass it! Dey b'lieb it!"

"Oh," said some one at Doctor Keene's side, disposed to quiz, "you niggers don't know when you are happy."

"Dass so, Mawse—*c'est vrai, oui!*" she answered quickly; "we donno no mo'n white folks!"

The laugh was against him.

"Mawse Chawlie," she said again, "w'a's dis I yeh 'bout dat Eu'ope country? 's dat true de niggas is all free in Eu'ope?"

Doctor Keene replied that something like that was true.

"Well, now, Mawse Chawlie, I gwan t' ass you a riddle. If dat is *so*, den fo' w'y I yeh folks bragg'n' 'bout de 'stayt o' s'iety in Eu'ope'?"

The mincing drollery with which she used this fine phrase brought another peal of laughter. Nobody tried to guess.

"I gwan tell you," said the *marchande*; "'tis becyaze dey got a 'fixed wuckin' class.'" She sputtered and giggled with the general ha, ha. "Oh, ole Clemence kin talk proctah, yass!"

She made a gesture for attention.

"D'y' ebber yeh w'at de cya'ge-hoss say w'en 'e see de cyaht-hoss tu'n loose in de sem pawstu'e wid he, an' knowed dat some'ow de cyaht gotteh be haul'? W'y 'e jiz snawt an' kick up 'is heel'"—she suited the action to the word—"an' tah' roun' de fiel' an' prance up to de fence an' say: 'Whoopy! shoo! shoo! dis yeh country gittin' *too* free!'"

"Oh," she resumed, as soon as she could be heard, "white folks is werry kine. Dey wants us to b'lieb we happy—dey *wants to b'lieb* we is. W'y, you know, dey 'bleeged to b'lieb it—fo' dey own cyumfut. 'Tis de sem weh wid de preache's; dey buil' we ow own sep'ate meet'n-houses; dey b'leebs us lak it de bess, an' dey *knows* dey lak it de bess."

The laugh at this was mostly her own. It is not a laughable sight to see the comfortable fractions of Christian communities everywhere striving, with sincere, pious, well-meant, criminal benevolence, to make their poor brethren contented with the ditch. Nor does it become so to see these efforts meet, or seem to meet, some degree of success. Happily man cannot so place his brother that his misery will continue unmitigated. You may dwarf a man to the mere stump of what he ought to be, and yet he will put out green leaves. "Free from care," we benignly observe of the dwarfed classes of society; but we forget, or have never thought, what a crime we commit when we rob men and women of their cares.

To Clemence the order of society was nothing. No upheaval could reach to the depth to which she was sunk. It is true,

she was one of the population. She had certain affections toward people and places; but they were not of a consuming sort.

As for us, our feelings, our sentiments, affections, etc., are fine and keen, delicate and many; what we call refined. Why? Because we get them as we get our old swords and gems and laces—from our grandsires, mothers, and all. Refined they are—after centuries of refining. But the feelings handed down to Clemence had come through ages of African savagery; through fires that do not refine, but that blunt and blast and blacken and char; starvation, gluttony, drunkenness, thirst, drowning, nakedness, dirt, fetichism, debauchery, slaughter, pestilence and the rest—she was their heiress; they left her the cinders of human feelings. She remembered her mother. They had been separated in her childhood, in Virginia when it was a province. She remembered, with pride, the price her mother had brought at auction, and remarked, as an additional interesting item, that she had never seen or heard of her since. She had had children, assorted colors—had one with her now, the black boy that brought the basilic to Joseph; the others were here and there, some in the Grandissime households or field-gangs, some elsewhere within occasional sight, some dead, some not accounted for. Husbands—like the Samaritan woman's. We know she was a constant singer and laugher.

And so on that day, when Honoré Grandissime had advised the Governor-General of Louisiana to be very careful to avoid demonstration of any sort if he wished to avert a street war in his little capital, Clemence went up one street and down another, singing her song and laughing her professional merry laugh. How could it be otherwise? Let events take any possible turn, how could it make any difference to Clemence? What could she hope to gain? What could she fear to lose? She sold some of her goods to Casa Calvo's Spanish guard and sang them a Spanish song; some to Claiborne's soldiers and sang them Yankee Doodle with unclean words of her own inspiration, which evoked true soldiers' laughter; some to a priest at his window, exchanging with him a pious comment or two upon the wickedness of the times generally and their Américain-Protestant-poisoned community in particular; and (after going home to dinner and coming out newly furnished) she sold some more of her wares to the excited groups of Creoles to which we have had occasion to allude, and from whom, insensible as she was to ribaldry, she was glad to escape. The day now drawing to a close, she turned her steps toward her wonted crouching place, the willow avenue on the levee, near the Place d'Armes. But she had hardly defined this decision clearly in her mind, and had but just turned out of the rue St. Louis, when her song attracted an ear in a second-story room under whose window she was passing. As usual it was fitted to the passing event:

> "*Apportez moi mo' sabre,*
> *Ba boum, ba boum, boum, boum.*"

"Run, fetch that girl here," said Dr. Keene to the slave woman who had just entered his room with a pitcher of water.

"Well, old eaves-dropper," he said, as Clemence came, "what is the scandal to-day?"

Clemence laughed.

"You know, Mawse Chawlie, I dunno noth'n' 'tall 'bout nobody. I'se a nigga w'at mine my own business."

"Sit down there on that stool, and tell me what is going on outside."

"I d'no noth'n' 'bout no goin's on; got no time fo' sit down, me; got sell my cakes. I don't goin' git mix' in wid no white folks's doin's."

"Hush, you old hypocrite; I will buy all your cakes. Put them out there on the table."

The invalid, sitting up in bed, drew a purse from behind his pillow and tossed her a large price. She tittered, courtesied and received the money.

"Well, well, Mawse Chawlie, 'f you ain' de funni'st gen'leman I knows, to be sho!"

"Have you seen Joseph Frowenfeld to-day?" he asked.

"He, he, he! W'at I got do wid Mawse Frowenfel'? I goes on de off side o' sich folks—folks w'at cann' 'have deyself no bette'n dat—he, he, he! At de same time I did happen, jis chancin' by accident, to see 'im."

"How is he?"

Dr. Keene made plain by his manner that any sensational account would receive his instantaneous contempt, and she answered within bounds.

"Well, now, tellin' the simple trufe, he ain' much hurt."

The doctor turned slowly and cautiously in bed.

"Have you seen Honoré Grandissime?"

"W'y—das funny you ass me dat. I jis now see 'im dis werry minnit."

"Where?"

"Jis gwine into de house wah dat laydy live w'at 'e runned over dat ah time."

"Now, you old hag," cried the sick man, his weak, husky voice trembling with passion, "you know you're telling me a lie."

"No, Mawse Chawlie," she protested with a coward's frown, "I swah I tellin' you de God's trufe!"

"Hand me my clothes off that chair."

"Oh! but, Mawse Chawlie——"

The little doctor cursed her. She did as she was bid, and made as if to leave the room.

"Don't you go away."

"But Mawse Chawlie, you' undress'—he, he!"

She was really abashed and half frightened.

"I know that; and you have got to help me put my clothes on."

"You gwan kill yo'se'f, Mawse Chawlie," she said, handling a garment.

"Hold your black tongue."

She dressed him hastily, and he went down the stairs of his lodging-house and out into the street. Clemence went in search of her master.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EAGLE VISITS THE DOVES IN THEIR NEST.

ALPHONSINA—only living property of Aurora and Clotilde—was called upon to light a fire in the little parlor. Elsewhere, although the day was declining, few persons felt such a need; but in No. 19 rue Bienville there were two chilling influences combined requiring an artificial offset. One was the ground under the floor, which was only three inches distant, and permanently saturated with water; the other was despair.

Before this fire the two ladies sat down together like watchers, in that silence and vacuity of mind which come after an exhaustive struggle ending in the recognition of the inevitable; a torpor of thought, a stupefaction of feeling, a purely negative state of joylessness sequent to the positive state of anguish. They were now both hungry, but in want of some present friend acquainted with the motions of mental distress who could guess this fact and press them to eat. By their eyes it was plain they had been weeping much; by the subdued tone, too, of their short and infrequent speeches.

Alphonsina, having made the fire, went out with a bundle. It was Aurora's last good dress. She was going to try to sell it.

"It ought not to be so hard," began Clotilde, in a quiet manner of contemplating some one else's difficulty, but paused with the saying uncompleted, and sighed under her breath.

"But it *is* so hard," responded Aurora.

"No, it ought not to be so hard——"

"How, not so hard?"

"It is not so hard to live," said Clotilde; "but it is hard to be ladies. You understand——" she knit her fingers, dropped them into her lap and turned her eyes toward Aurora, who responded with the same motions, adding the crossing of her silk-stockinged ankles before the fire.

"No," said Aurora, with a scintillation of irrepressible mischief in her eyes.

"After all," pursued Clotilde, "what troubles us is not how to make a living, but how to get a living without making it."

"Ah! that would be magnificent!" said Aurora, and then added, more soberly: "but we are compelled to make a living."

"No."

"No-o? Ah! what do you mean with your no?"

"I mean it is just the contrary; we are compelled not to make a living. Look at me: I can cook, but I must not cook; I am skillful with the needle, but I must not take in sewing; I could keep accounts; I could nurse the sick; but I must not. I could be a confectioner, a milliner, a dressmaker, a vest-maker, a cleaner of gloves and laces, a dyer, a bird-seller, a mattress-maker, an upholsterer, a dancing-teacher, a florist—— "

"Oh!" softly exclaimed Aurora, in English, "you could be—you know w'ad?—an egcellen' drug-cl'—ah, ha, ha!"

"Now——"

But the threatened irruption was averted by a look of tender apology from Aurora, in reply to one of martyrdom from Clotilde.

"My angel daughter," said Aurora, "if society has decreed that ladies must be ladies, then that is our first duty; our second is to live. Do you not see why it is that this practical world does not permit ladies to make a living? Because if they could, none of them would ever consent to be married. Ha! women talk about marrying for love; but society is too sharp to trust them, yes! It makes it *necessary* to marry. I will tell you

the honest truth; some days when I get very, very hungry, and we have nothing but rice—all because we are ladies without male protectors—I think society could drive even me to marriage!—for your sake, though, darling; of course, only for your sake!"

"Never!" replied Clotilde; "for my sake, never; for your own sake if you choose. I should not care. I should be glad to see you do so if it would make you happy; but never for my sake and never for hunger's sake; but for love's sake, yes; and God bless thee, pretty maman."

"Clotilde, dear," said the unconscionable widow, "let me assure you, once for all,—starvation is preferable. I mean for me, you understand, simply for me; that is my feeling on the subject."

Clotilde turned her saddened eyes with a steady scrutiny upon her deceiver, who gazed upward in apparently unconscious reverie, and sighed softly as she laid her head upon the high chair-back and stretched out her feet.

"I wish Alphonsina would come back," she said. "Ah!" she added, hearing a footfall on the step outside the street-door, "there she is."

She arose and drew the bolt. Unseen to her, the person whose footsteps she had heard stood upon the doorstep with a hand lifted to knock, but pausing to "make up his mind." He heard the bolt shoot back, recognized the nature of the mistake, and, feeling that here again he was robbed of volition, rapped.

"That is not Alphonsina!"

The two ladies looked at each other and turned pale.

"But you must open it," whispered Clotilde, half rising.

Aurora opened the door, and changed from white to crimson. Clotilde rose up quickly. The gentleman lifted his hat.

"Madame Nancanou."

"M. Grandissime?"

"Oui, Madame."

For once, Aurora was in an uncontrollable flutter. She stammered, lost her breath, and even spoke worse French than she needed to have done.

"Be pl—pleased, sir—to enter. Clotilde, my daughter—Monsieur Grandissime. P–please be seated, sir. Monsieur Grandissime,"—she dropped into a chair with an air of vivacity pitiful to behold,—"I suppose you have come for the rent." She blushed even more violently than before, and her hand stole upward upon her heart to stay its violent beating. "Clotilde, dear, I should be glad if you would put the fire before the screen; it is so much too warm." She pushed her chair back and shaded her face with her hand. "I think the warmer is growing weather outside, is it—is it not?"

The struggles of a wounded bird could not have been more piteous. Monsieur Grandissime sought to speak. Clotilde, too, nerved by the sight of her mother's embarrassment, came to her support, and she and the visitor spoke in one breath.

"Maman, if Monsieur—pardon——"

"Madame Nancanou, the—pardon, Mademoiselle."

"I have presumed to call upon you," resumed M. Grandissime, addressing himself now to both ladies at once, "to see if I may enlist you in a purely benevolent undertaking in the interest of one who has been unfortunate—a common acquaintance ——"

"Common acquaint—" interrupted Aurora, with a hostile lighting of her eyes.

"I believe so—Professor Frowenfeld." M. Grandissime saw Clotilde start, and in her turn falsely accuse the fire by shading her face; but it was no time to stop. "Ladies," he continued, "please allow me, for the sake of the good it may effect, to speak plainly and to the point."

The ladies expressed acquiescence by settling themselves to hear.

"Professor Frowenfeld had the extraordinary misfortune this morning to incur the suspicion of having entered a house for the purpose of—at least, for a bad design——"

"He is innocent!" came from Clotilde, against her intention; Aurora covertly put out a hand, and Clotilde clutched it nervously.

"As, for example, robbery," said the self-recovered Aurora, ignoring Clotilde's look of protestation.

"Call it so," responded M. Grandissime. "Have you heard at whose house this was?"

"No, sir."

"It was at the house of Palmyre Philosophe."

"Palmyre Philosophe!" exclaimed Aurora in low astonishment. Clotilde let slip, in a tone of indignant incredulity, a soft "Ah!" Aurora turned, and with some hope that M. Grandissime would not understand, ventured to say in Spanish, quietly:

"Come, this will never do."

And Clotilde replied, in the same tongue:

"I know it, but he is innocent."

"Let us understand each other," said their visitor. "There is not the faintest idea in the mind of one of us that Professor Frowenfeld is guilty of even an intention of wrong; otherwise I should not be here. He is a man simply incapable of anything ignoble."

Clotilde was silent. Aurora answered promptly, with the air of one not to be excelled in generosity:

"Certainly, he is very incapabl'."

"Still," resumed the visitor, turning especially to Clotilde, "the known facts are these, according to his own statement: he was in the house of Palmyre on some legitimate business which, unhappily, he considers himself on some account bound not to disclose, and by some mistake of Palmyre's old Congo woman, was set upon by her and wounded, barely escaping with a whole skull into the street, an object of public scandal. Laying aside the consideration of his feelings, his reputation is at stake and likely to be ruined unless the affair can be explained clearly and satisfactorily, and at once, by his friends."

"And you undertake——" began Aurora.

"Madame Nancanou," said Honoré Grandissime, leaning toward her earnestly, "you know—I must beg leave to appeal to your candor and confidence—you know everything concerning Palmyre that I know. You know me, and who I am; you know it is not for me to undertake to confer with Palmyre. I know, too, her old affection for you; she lives but a little way down this street upon which you live; there is still daylight enough at your disposal; if you will, you can go to see her, and get from her a full and complete exoneration of this young man. She cannot come to you; she is not fit to leave her room."

"Cannot leave her room?"

"I am, possibly, violating confidence in this disclosure, but it is unavoidable—you have to know: she is not fully recovered from a pistol-shot wound received between two and three weeks ago."

"Pistol-shot wound!"

Both ladies started forward with open lips and exclamations of amazement.

"Received from a third person—not myself and not Professor Frowenfeld—in a desperate attempt made by her to avenge the wrongs which she has suffered, as you, Madame, as well as I, are aware, at the hands of——"

Aurora rose up with a majestic motion for the speaker to desist.

"If it is to mention the person of whom your allusion reminds me, that you have honored us with a call this evening, Monsieur——"

Her eyes were flashing as he had seen them flash in front of the Place d'Armes.

"I beg you not to suspect me of meanness," he answered, gently, and with a remonstrative smile. "I have been trying all day, in a way unnecessary to explain, to be generous."

"I suppose you are incapabl'," said Aurora, following her double meaning with that combination of mischievous eyes and unsmiling face of which she was master. She resumed her seat, adding: "It is generous for you to admit that Palmyre has suffered wrongs."

"It *would* be," he replied, "to attempt to repair them, seeing that I am not responsible for them, but this I cannot claim yet to have done. I have asked of you, Madame, a generous act. I might ask another of you both, jointly. It is to permit me to say, without offense, that there is one man, at least, of the name of Grandissime who views with regret and mortification the yet deeper wrongs which you are even now suffering."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aurora, inwardly ready for fierce tears, but with no outward betrayal save a trifle too much grace and an over-bright smile, "Monsieur is much mistaken; we are quite comfortable and happy, wanting nothing, eh, Clotilde?—not even our rights, ha, ha!"

She rose and let Alphonsina in. The bundle was still in the negress's arms, and she passed through the room and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

"Oh! no, sir, not at all," repeated Aurora, as she once more sat down.

"You ought to want your rights," said M. Grandissime. "You ought to have them."

"You think so?"

Aurora was really finding it hard to conceal her growing excitement, and turned, with a faint hope of relief, toward Clotilde.

Clotilde, looking only at their visitor, but feeling her mother's glance, with a tremulous and half-choked voice, said eagerly:

"Then why do you not give them to us?"

"Ah!" interposed Aurora, "we shall get them to-morrow, when the sheriff comes."

And, thereupon, what did Clotilde do but sit bolt upright, with her hands in her lap, and let the tears roll, tear after tear, down her cheeks.

"Yes, Monsieur," said Aurora, smiling still, "those that you see are really tears. Ha, ha, ha!—excuse me, I really have to laugh; for I just happened to remember our meeting at the masked ball last September. We had such a pleasant evening and were so much indebted to you for our enjoyment,—particularly myself,—little thinking, you know, that you were one of that great family which believes we ought to have our rights, you know. There are many people who ought to have their rights. There was Bras-Coupé; indeed he got them—found them in the swamp. Maybe Clotilde and I shall find ours in the street. When we unmasked in the theater, you know, I did not know you were my landlord, and you did not know that I could not pay a few picayunes of rent. But you must excuse those tears; Clotilde is generally a brave little woman, and would not be so rude as to weep before a stranger; but she is weak to-day—we are both weak to-day, from the fact that we have eaten nothing since early morning, although we have abundance of food—for want of appetite, you understand. You must sometimes be affected the same way, having the care of so much wealth, *of all sorts*."

Honoré Grandissime had risen to his feet and was standing with one hand on the edge of the lofty mantel, his hat in the other dropped at his side and his eye fixed upon Aurora's beautiful face, whence her small nervous hand kept dashing aside the tears through which she defiantly talked and smiled. Clotilde sat with clenched hands buried in her lap, looking at Aurora and still weeping.

And M. Grandissime was saying to himself:

"If I do this thing now—if I do it here—I do it on an impulse; I do it under constraint of woman's tears; I do it because I love this woman; I do it to get out of a corner; I do it in weakness, not in strength; I do it without having made up my mind whether or not it is the best thing to do."

And then without intention, with scarcely more consciousness of movement than belongs to the undermined tree which settles, roots and all, into the swollen stream he turned and moved toward the door.

Clotilde rose.

"Monsieur Grandissime."

He stopped and looked back.

"We will see Palmyre at once, according to your request."

He turned his eyes toward Aurora.

"Yes," said she, and she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud.

She heard his footstep again; it reached the door; the door opened—closed; she heard his footstep again; was he gone?

He was gone.

The two women threw themselves into each other's arms and wept. Presently Clotilde left the room. She came back in a moment from the rear apartment, with a bonnet and veil in her hands.

"No," said Aurora, rising quickly, "I must do it."

"There is no time to lose," said Clotilde. "It will soon be dark."

It was hardly a minute before Aurora was ready to start. A kiss, a sorrowful look of love exchanged, the veil dropped over the swollen eyes, and Aurora was gone.

A minute passed, hardly more, and—what was this?—the soft patter of Aurora's knuckles on the door.

"Just here at the corner I saw Palmyre leaving her house and walking down the rue Royale. We must wait until morn——"

Again a footfall on the doorstep, and the door, which was standing ajar, was pushed slightly by the force of the masculine knock which followed.

"Allow me," said the voice of Honoré Grandissime, as Aurora bowed at the door. "I should have handed you this; good-day."

She received a missive. It was long, like an official document; it bore evidence of having been carried for some hours in a coat pocket, and was folded in one of those old, troublesome ways in use before the days of envelopes. Aurora pulled it open.

"It is all figures; light a candle."

The candle was lighted by Clotilde and held over Aurora's shoulder; they saw a heading and footing more conspicuous than the rest of the writing.

The heading read:

"*Aurora and Clotilde Nancanou, owners of Fausse Rivière Plantation, in account with Honoré Grandissime.*"

The footing read:

"*Balance at credit, subject to order of Aurora and Clotilde Nancanou, $105,000.00.*"

The date followed:

"*Mar. 9, 1804,*"

and the signature:

"*H. Grandissime.*"

A small piece of torn white paper slipped from the account to the floor. Clotilde'

eye followed it, but Aurora, without any acknowledgment of having seen it, covered it with her foot.

In the morning Aurora awoke first. She drew from under her pillow this slip of paper. She had not dared look at it until now. The writing on it had been roughly scratched down with a pencil. It read:

"*Not for love of woman, but in the name of justice and the fear of God.*"

"And I was so cruel," she whispered.

Ah! Honoré Grandissime, she was kind to that little writing! She did not put it back under her pillow; she *kept it warm*, Honoré Grandissime, from that time forth.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BAD FOR CHARLIE KEENE.

On the same evening of which we have been telling, about the time that Aurora and Clotilde were dropping their last tear of joy over the document of restitution, a noticeable figure stood alone at the corner of the rue du Canal and the rue Chartres. He had reached there and paused, just as the brighter glare of the set sun was growing dim above the tops of the cypresses. After walking with some rapidity of step, he had stopped aimlessly, and laid his hand with an air of weariness upon a rotting China-tree that leaned over the ditch at the edge of the unpaved walk.

"Setting in cypress," he murmured in Creole French. We need not concern ourselves as to his meaning.

One could think aloud there with impunity. In 1804, Canal street was the upper boundary of New Orleans. Beyond it, to southward, the open plain was dotted with country houses, brick-kilns, clumps of live-oak and groves of pecan. At the hour mentioned the outlines of these objects were already darkening. At one or two points the sky was reflected from marshy ponds. Out to westward rose conspicuously the old house and willow-copse of Jean-Poquelin. Down the empty street or road, which stretched with arrow-like straightness toward the north-west, the draining-canal that gave it its name tapered away between occasional overhanging willows and beside broken ranks of rotting palisades, its foul, crawling waters blushing and gilding and purpling under the swiftly waning light, and ending suddenly in the black shadow of the swamp. The observer of this dismal prospect leaned heavily on his arm, and cast his glance out along the beautified corruption of the canal. His eye seemed quickened to detect the smallest repellant details of the scene; every cypress stump that stood in or overhung the slimy water; every ruined indigo vat or blasted tree, every broken thing, every bleached bone of ox or horse—and they were many—for roods around. As his eye passed them slowly over and swept back again around the dreary view, he sighed heavily and said: "Dissolution," and then again—"Dissolution! order of the day ——"

A secret overhearer might have followed, by these occasional exclamatory utterances, the course of a devouring trouble prowling up and down through his thought, as one's eye tracks the shark by the occasional cutting of his fin above the water.

He spoke again:

"It is in such moods as this that fools drown themselves."

His speech was French. He straightened up, smote the tree softly with his palm, and breathed a long, deep sigh—such a sigh, if the very truth be told, as belongs by right to a lover. And yet his mind did not dwell on love.

He turned and left the place; but the trouble that was plowing hither and thither through the deep of his meditations went with him. As he turned into the rue Chartres it showed itself thus:

"Right; it is but right;" he shook his head slowly—"it is but right."

In the rue Douane he spoke again:

"Ah! Frowenfeld"—and smiled unpleasantly, with his head down.

And as he made yet another turn, and took his meditative way down the city's front, along the blacksmith-shops in the street afterward called Old Levee, he resumed, in English, and with a distinctness that made a staggering sailor halt and look after him:

"There-h ah but two steps to civilization, the first easy, the second diffycult; to constrhuct—to rheconstrhuct—ah! there-h it is! the tearhing down! The tear ——"

He was still, but repeated the thought with a gesture of distress turned into a slow stroke of the forehead.

"Monsieur Honoré Grandissime," said a voice just ahead.

"*Eh, bien?*"

At the mouth of an alley, in the dim light of the street lamp, stood the dark figure of Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c., holding up

the loosely hanging form of a small man, the whole front of whose clothing was saturated with blood.

"Why, Chahlie Keene! Let him down again, quickly—quickly; do not hold him so!"

"Hands off," came in a ghastly whisper from the shape.

"Oh, Chahlie, my boy——"

"Go and finish your courtship," whispered the doctor.

"Oh, Chahlie, I have just made it forhever impossible!"

"Then help me back to my bed; I don't care to die in the street."

CHAPTER XLV.

MORE REPARATION.

"THAT is all," said the fairer Honoré, outside Doctor Keene's sick-room about ten o'clock at night. He was speaking to the black son of Clemence, who had been serving as errand boy for some hours. He spoke in a low tone just without the half-open door, folding again a paper which the lad had lately borne to the apothecary of the rue Royale, and had now brought back with Joseph's answer written under Honoré's inquiry.

"That is all," said the other Honoré, standing partly behind the first, as the eyes of his little menial turned upon him that deprecatory glance of inquiry so common to slave children. The lad went a little way down the corridor, curled up upon the floor against the wall, and was soon asleep. The fairer Honoré handed the darker the slip of paper; it was received and returned in silence; the question was:

"Can you state anything positive concerning the duel?"

And the reply:

"Positively there will be none. Sylvestre my sworn friend for life."

The half-brothers sat down under a dim hanging lamp in the corridor, and except that every now and then one or the other stepped noiselessly to the door to look in upon the sleeping sick man, or in the opposite direction to moderate by a push with the foot the snoring of Clemence's "boy," they sat the whole night through in whispered counsel.

The one, at the request of the other, explained how he had come to be with the little doctor in such extremity.

It seems that Clemence, seeing and understanding the doctor's imprudence, had sallied out with the resolve to set some person on his track. We have said that she went in search of her master. Him she met, and though she could not really count him one of the doctor's friends, yet, rightly believing in his humanity, she told him the matter. He set off in what was for him a quick pace in search of the rash invalid, was misdirected by a too confident child and had given up the hope of finding him, when a faint sound of distress just at hand drew him into an alley, where, close down against a wall, with his face to the earth, lay Doctor Keene. The f. m. c. had just raised him and borne him out of the alley when Honoré came up.

"And you say that, when you would have inquired for him at Frowenfeld's, you saw Palmyre there, standing and talking with Frowenfeld? Tell me more exactly."

And the other, with that grave and gentle economy of words which made his speech so unique, recounted:

Palmyre had needed no pleading to induce her to exonerate Joseph. The doctors were present at Frowenfeld's in more than usual number. There was unusualness, too, in their manner and their talk. They were not entirely free from the excitement of the day, and as they talked, with an air of superiority, of Creole inflammability, and with some contempt, concerning Camille Brahmin's and Charlie Mandarin's efforts to precipitate a war, they were yet visibly in a state of expectation. Frowenfeld, they softly said, had in his odd way been indiscreet among these inflammables at Maspero's just when he could least afford to be so, and there was no telling what they might take the notion to do to him before bedtime. All that over and above the independent, unexplained scandal of the early morning. So Joseph and his friends this evening, like Aurora and Clotilde in the morning, were, as we nowadays say of buyers and sellers, "apart," when suddenly and unannounced, Palmyre presented herself among them. When the f. m. c. saw her, she had already handed Joseph his hat and with much sober grace was apologizing for her slave's mistake. All evidence of her being wounded was concealed. The extraordinary excitement of the morning had not hurt her, and she seemed in perfect health. The doctors sat or stood around and gave rapt attention to

her patois, one or two translating it for Joseph, and he blushing to the hair, but standing erect and receiving it at second-hand with silent bows. The f. m. c. had gazed on her for a moment, and then forced himself away. He was among the few who had not heard the morning scandal, and he did not comprehend the evening scene. He now asked Honoré concerning it, and quietly showed great relief when it was explained.

Then Honoré, breaking a silence, called the attention of the f. m. c. to the fact that the latter had two tenants at No. 19 rue Bienville. Honoré became the narrator now and told all, finally stating that the die was cast—the restitution made.

And then the darker Honoré made a proposition to the other, which, it is little to say, was startling. They discussed it for hours.

"So just a condition," said the merchant, raising his whisper so much that the rentier laid a hand in his elbow,—"such mere justice," he said, more softly, "ought to be an easy condition. God knows"—he lifted his glance reverently—"my very right to exist comes after yours. You are the elder."

The solemn man offered no disclaimer.

What could the proposition be which involved so grave an issue, and to which M. Grandissime's final answer was "I will do it"?

It was that Honoré f. m. c. should become a member of the mercantile house of H. Grandissime, enlisting in its capital all his wealth. And the one condition was that the new style should be *Grandissime Brothers.*

(To be continued.)

DOES VIVISECTION PAY?

THE question of vivisection is again pushing itself to the front. A distinguished American physiologist has lately come forward in defense of the French experimenter, Magendie, and, parenthetically, of his methods of investigation in the study of vital phenomena. On the other hand, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made an unsuccessful attempt, in the New York Legislature last winter, to secure the passage of a law which would entirely abolish the practice as now in vogue in our medical schools, or cause it to be secretly carried on, in defiance of legal enactments. In support of this bill it was claimed that physiologists, for the sake of "demonstrating to medical students certain physiological phenomena connected with the functions of life, are constantly and habitually in the practice of cutting up alive, torturing and tormenting divers of the unoffending brute creation to illustrate their theories and lectures, but without any practical or beneficial result either to themselves or to the students, which practice is demoralizing to both and engenders in the future medical practitioners a want of humanity and sympathy for physical pain and suffering." How far these statements are true will be hereafter discussed; but one assertion is so evidently erroneous that it may be at once indicated. *No* experiment, however atrocious, cruel and, therefore, on the whole, unjustifiable, if performed to illustrate some scientific point, was ever without "any beneficial result." The benefit may have been infinitesimal, but every scientific fact is of some value. To assert the contrary is to weaken one's case by overstatement.

Leaving out the brute creation, there are three parties interested in this discussion. In the first place, there are the professors and teachers of physiology in the medical colleges. Naturally, these desire no interference with either their work or their methods. They point out the fact that were the knowledge acquired by experiments upon living organisms swept out of existence, in many respects the science of physiology would be little more than guesswork to-day. The subject of vivisection, they declare, is one which does not concern the general public, but belongs exclusively to scientists and especially to physiologists, and, in the present century, to permit sentimentalists to interfere with scientific investigations is preposterous.

Behind these stand the majority of men belonging to the medical profession. Holding, as they do, the most important and intimate relations to society, it is manifestly desirable that they should enjoy the best facilities for the acquirement of knowledge necessary to their art. To most, the ques-

tion is merely one of professional privilege against sentiment, and they cannot hesitate which side to prefer. In this, as in other professions or trades, the feeling of *esprit de corps* is exceedingly strong; and no class of men like interference on the part of outsiders. To most physicians it is wholly a scientific question. It is a matter, they think, with which the public has no concern; if society can trust to the profession its sick and dying, they surely can leave to its feeling of humanity a few worthless brutes.

The opinion of the general public is, therefore, divided and confused. On the one hand, it is profoundly desirous to make systematic and needless cruelty impossible; yet, on the other, it cannot but hesitate to take any step which shall hinder medical education, impede scientific discovery, or restrict search for new methods of treating disease. What are the sufferings of an animal, however acute or prolonged, compared with the gain to humanity which would result from the knowledge thereby acquired of a single curative agent? Public opinion hesitates. A leading newspaper, commenting on the introduction of the Bergh bill, doubtless expressed the sentiment of most people when it deprecated prevention of experiments "by which original investigators seek to establish or verify conclusions which may be of priceless value to the preservation of life and health among human beings."

The question nevertheless confronts society,—and in such shape, too, that society cannot escape, even if it would, the responsibility of a decision. Either by action or inaction the State must decide whether the practice of vivisection shall be wholly abolished, as desired by some; whether it shall be restricted by law within certain limits and for certain definite objects, as in Great Britain; or whether we are to continue in this country to follow the example of France and Germany, in permitting the practice of physiological experimentation to any extent devised or desired by the experimentalist himself. Any information tending to indicate which of these courses is best cannot be inopportune. Having witnessed experiments by some of the most distinguished European physiologists, such as Claude Bernard (the successor of Magendie), Milne-Edwards and Brown-Sequard; and, still better (or worse, as the reader may think), having performed some experiments in this direction for purposes of investigation and for the instruction of others, the present writer believes himself justified in holding and stating a pronounced opinion on this subject, even if it seem, to some extent, opposed to the one prevailing in the profession. Suppose, therefore, we review briefly the arguments to be adduced both in favor of the practice and against it.

Two principal arguments may be advanced in its favor.

I. It is undeniable that to the practice of vivisection we are indebted for nearly all our present knowledge of physiology. This is the fortress of the advocates of vivisection, and a certain refuge when other arguments are of no avail. However questionable it may be whether from future experiments—and especially from that class of experiments in which the infliction of pain is a necessity—any additions to our present knowledge are likely to be acquired, it is certain that about all we have we owe to this source.

II. As a means of teaching physiological facts, vivisection is unsurpassed. No teacher of science needs to be told the vast superiority of demonstration over affirmation. Take, for instance, the circulation of the blood. The student who displays but a languid interest in statements of fact, or even in the best delineations and charts obtainable, will be thoroughly aroused by seeing the process actually before his eyes. A week's study upon the book will less certainly be retained in his memory than a single view of the opened thorax of a frog or dog. There before him is the throbbing heart; he sees its relations to adjoining structures, and marks, with a wonder he never before knew, that mystery of life by which the heart, even though excised from the body, does not cease for a time its rhythmic beat. To imagine, then, that teachers of physiology find mere amusement in these operations is the greatest of ignorant mistakes. They deem it desirable that certain facts be accurately fixed in memory, and they know that no system of mnemonics equals for such purpose the demonstration of the function itself.

Just here, however, arises a very important question. Admitting the benefit of the demonstration of scientific facts, *how far may one justifiably subject an animal to pain for the purpose of illustrating a point already known?* It is merely a question of cost. For instance, it is an undisputed statement in physical science that the diamond is nothing more than a form of crystallized carbon, and, like other forms of carbon, under certain conditions, may be made to

burn. Now most of us are entirely willing to accept this, as we do the majority of truths, upon the testimony of scientific men, without making demonstration a requisite of assent. In a certain private school, however, it has long been the custom, once a year, to burn in oxygen a small diamond, worth perhaps $30, so as actually to prove to the pupils the assertion of their text-books. The experiment is a brilliant one; no one can doubt its entire success. Nevertheless, we do not furnish diamonds to our public schools for this purpose. Exactly similar to this is one aspect of vivisection—it is a question of cost. Granting all the advantages which follow demonstration of certain physiological facts, the cost is pain—pain sometimes amounting to prolonged and excruciating torture. Is the gain worth this?

Let me mention an instance. Not long ago, in a certain medical college in the State of New York, I saw what Doctor Sharpey, for thirty years the professor of physiology in the University Medical College, London, once characterized by antithesis as "Magendie's *in-famous* experiment," it having been first performed by that eminent physiologist. It was designed to prove that the stomach, although supplied with muscular coats, is during the act of vomiting for the most part passive; and that expulsion of its contents is due to the action of the diaphragm and the larger abdominal muscles. The professor to whom I refer did not propose to have even Magendie's word accepted as an authority on the subject: the fact should be demonstrated again. So an incision in the abdomen of a dog was made; its stomach was cut out; a pig's bladder containing colored water was inserted in its place, an emetic was injected into the veins,—and vomiting ensued. Long before the conclusion of the experiment the animal became conscious, and its cries of suffering were exceedingly painful to hear. Now, granting that this experiment impressed an abstract scientific fact upon the memories of all who saw it, nevertheless it remains significantly true that the fact thus demonstrated had no conceivable relation to the treatment of disease. It is not to-day regarded as conclusive of the theory which, after nearly two hundred repetitions of his experiment, was doubtless considered by Magendie as established beyond question. Doctor Sharpey, a strong advocate of vivisection, by the way, condemned it as a perfectly unjustifiable experiment, since "besides its atrocity, it was really purposeless." Was this repetition of the experiment which I have described worth its cost? was the gain worth the pain?

Let me instance another and more recent case. Being in Paris a year ago, I went one morning to the College de France, to hear Brown-Sequard, the most eminent experimenter in vivisection now living—one who, Doctor Carpenter tells us, has probably inflicted more animal suffering than any other man in his time. The lecturer stated that injury to certain nervous centers near the base of the brain would produce peculiar and curious phenomena in the animal operated upon, causing it, for example, to keep turning to one side in a circular manner, instead of walking in a straight-forward direction. A Guinea-pig was produced—a little creature, about the size of a half-grown kitten—and the operation was effected, accompanied by a series of piercing little squeaks. As foretold, the creature thus injured did immediately perform a "circular" movement. A rabbit was then operated upon with similar results. Lastly, an unfortunate poodle was introduced, its muzzle tied with stout whip-cord, wound round and round so tightly that it must necessarily have caused severe pain. It was forced to walk back and forth on the long table, during which it cast looks on every side, as though seeking a possible avenue of escape. Being fastened in the operating trough, an incision was made to the bone, flaps turned back, an opening made in the skull, and enlarged by breaking away some portions with forceps. During these various processes no attempt whatever was made to cause unconsciousness by means of anæsthetics, and the half-articulate, half-smothered cries of the creature in its agony were terrible to hear, even to one not unaccustomed to vivisections. The experiment was a "success"; the animal after its mutilation *did* describe certain circular movements. But I cannot help questioning in regard to these demonstrations, *did they pay?* This experiment had not the slightest relation whatever to the cure of disease. More than this: it teaches us little or nothing in physiology. The most eminent physiologist in this country, Doctor Austin Flint, Jr., admits that experiments of this kind "do not seem to have advanced our positive knowledge of the functions of the nerve centers," and that similar experiments "have been very indefinite in their results." On this occasion, therefore, three animals were subjected to torture to demonstrate an

abstract fact, which probably not a single one of the two dozen spectators would have hesitated to take for granted on the word of so great a pathologist as Doctor Brown-Sequard. Was the gain worth the cost?

This, then, is the great question that must eventually be decided by the public. Do humanity and science here indicate diverging roads? On the contrary, I believe it to be an undeniable fact that *the highest scientific and medical opinion is against the repetition of painful experiments for class teaching.* In 1875, a Royal Commission was appointed in Great Britain to investigate the subject of vivisection, with a view to subsequent legislation. The interests of science were represented by the appointment of Professor Huxley as a member of this commission. Its meetings continued over several months, and the report constitutes a large volume of valuable testimony. The opinions of many of these witnesses are worthy of special attention, from the eminent position of the men who hold them. The physician to the Queen, Sir Thomas Watson, with whose "Lectures on Physic" every medical practitioner in this country is familiar, says: "I hold that no teacher or man of science who, by his own previous experiments, * * * has thoroughly satisfied himself of the solution of any physiological problem, is justified in repeating the experiments, however mercifully, to appease the natural curiosity of a class of students or of scientific friends." Sir George Burroughs, President of the Royal College of Physicians, says: "I do not think that an experiment should be repeated over and over again in our medical schools to illustrate what is already established." * Sir James Paget, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen, said before the commission that "experiments for the purpose of repeating anything already ascertained ought never to be shown to classes." [363.] Sir William Fergusson, F. R. S., also Surgeon to her Majesty, asserted that "sufferings incidental to such operations are protracted in a very shocking manner"; that of such experiments there is "useless repetition," and that "when once a fact which involves cruelty to animals has been fairly recognized and accepted, there is no necessity for a continued repetition." [1019.] Even physiologists—some of them practical experimenters in vivisection—join in condemning these class demonstrations. Dr. William Sharpey, before referred to as a teacher of physiology for over thirty years in University College, says: "Once such facts fully established, I do not think it justifiable to repeat experiments causing pain to animals." [405.] Dr. Rolleston, Professor of Physiology at Oxford, said that "for class demonstrations limitations should undoubtedly be imposed, and *those limitations should render illegal painful experiments before classes.*" [1291.] Charles Darwin, the greatest of living naturalists, stated that he had never either directly or indirectly experimented on animals, and that he regarded a painful experiment without anæsthetics which might be made with anæsthetics as deserving "detestation and abhorrence." [4672.] And finally the report of this commission, to which is attached the name of Professor Huxley, says: "With respect to medical schools, we accept the resolution of the British Association in 1871, that experimentation without the use of anæsthetics is not a fitting exhibition for teaching purposes."

It must be noted that hardly any of these opinions touch the question of vivisection so far as it is done without the infliction of pain, nor object to it as a method of original research; they relate simply to the practice of repeating painful experiments for purposes of physiological teaching. We cannot dismiss them as sentimental or unimportant. If painful experiments are necessary for the education of the young physician, how happens it that Watson and Burroughs are ignorant of the fact? If indispensable to the proper training of the surgeon, why are they condemned by Fergusson and Paget? If requisite even to physiology, why denounced by the physiologists of Oxford and London? If necessary to science, why viewed with abhorrence by the greatest of modern scientists?

Another objection to vivisection, when practiced as at present without supervision or control, is the undeniable fact that habitual familiarity with the infliction of pain upon animals has a decided tendency to engender a sort of careless indifference regarding suffering. "Vivisection," says Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, "is very liable to abuse. * * * It is specially liable to tempt a man into certain carelessnesses; the passive impressions produced by the sight of suffer-

* "Report of the Royal Commission on the Practice of Subjecting Live Animals to Experiments for Scientific Purposes." Question No. 175. Reference to this volume will hereafter be made in this article by inserting in brackets, immediately after the authority quoted, the number of the question in this report from which the extract is made.

ing growing weaker, while the habit and pleasure of experimenting grows stronger by repetition." [1287.] Says Doctor Elliotson: "I cannot refrain from expressing my horror at the amount of torture which Doctor Brachet inflicted. I hardly think knowledge is worth having at such a purchase." * A very striking example of this tendency was brought out in the testimony of a witness before the Royal Commission,—Doctor Klein, a practical physiologist. He admitted frankly that as an investigator he held as entirely indifferent the sufferings of animals subjected to his experiments; that, except for teaching purposes, he never used anæsthetics unless necessary for his own convenience. Some members of the Commission could hardly realize the possibility of such a confession.

"Do you mean you have no regard at all to the sufferings of the lower animals?"

"*No regard at all*," was the strange reply; and, after a little further questioning, the witness explained:

"I think that, with regard to an experimenter—a man who conducts special research and performs an experiment—he has *no time, so to speak, for thinking what the animal will feel or suffer*"! [3540.]

Of Magendie's cruel disposition there seems only too abundant evidence. Says Doctor Elliotson: "Doctor Magendie, * * * in one of his barbarous experiments, which I am ashamed to say I witnessed, * * began by coolly cutting out a large round piece from the back of a beautiful little puppy, as he would from an apple dumpling!" "It is not to be doubted that inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists. *We have seen that it was so in Magendie.*" This is the language of the report on vivisection, to which is attached the name of Professor Huxley.

But the fact which, in my own mind, constitutes by far the strongest objection to unrestrained experiments in pain, is their general worthlessness in relation to therapeutics. Probably most readers are aware that physiology is that science which treats of the various functions of life, such as digestion, respiration and the circulation of the blood, while therapeutics is that department of medicine which relates to the discovery and application of remedies for disease. Now I venture to assert that, during the last quarter of a century, infliction of intense torture upon unknown myriads of sentient, living creatures, *has not resulted in the discovery of a single remedy of acknowledged and generally accepted value in the cure of disease.* This is not known to the general public, but it is a fact essential to any just decision regarding the expediency of unrestrained liberty of vivisection. It is by no means intended to deny the value to therapeutics of well-known physiological facts acquired thus in the past—such, for instance, as the more complete knowledge we possess regarding the circulation of the blood, or the distinction between motor and sensory nerves, nor can original investigation be pronounced absolutely valueless as respects remote possibility of future gain. What the public has a right to ask of those who would indefinitely prolong these experiments without State supervision or control is, "What good have your painful experiments accomplished during the past thirty years—not in ascertaining facts in physiology, or causes of rare or incurable complaints, but in the discovery of improved methods for ameliorating human suffering, and for the cure of disease?" If pain could be estimated in money, no corporation ever existed which would be satisfied with such waste of capital in experiments so futile; no mining company would permit a quarter-century of "prospecting" in such barren regions. The usual answer to this inquiry is to bring forward facts in physiology thus acquired in the past, in place of facts in therapeutics. Thus, in a recent article on Magendie to which reference has been made, we are furnished with a long list of such additions to our knowledge. It may be questioned, however, whether the writer is quite scientifically accurate in asserting that, were our past experience in vivisection abolished, "it would blot out *all* that we know to-day in regard to the circulation of the blood, * * the growth and regeneration of bone, * * * the origin of many parasitic diseases, * * * the communicability of certain contagious and infectious diseases, and, to make the list complete, it would be requisite * * to take *a wide range in addition through the domains of pathology and therapeutics.*" Surely somewhat about these subjects has been acquired otherwise than by experiments upon animals? For example, an inquiring critic might wish to know a few of the "many parasitic diseases" thus dis-

* "Human Physiology," by John Elliotson, M. D., F. R. S. (page 448).

covered; or what contagious and infectious diseases, whose communicability was previously unknown, have had this quality demonstrated solely by experiments on animals? And what, too, prevented that "wide range into therapeutics" necessary to make complete the list of benefits due to vivisection? In urging the utility of a practice so fraught with danger, the utmost precaution against the slightest error of overstatement becomes an imperative duty. Even so distinguished a scientist as Sir John Lubbock once rashly asserted in Parliament that, "without experiments on living animals, we should never have had the use of ether"! Nearly every American school-boy knows that the contrary is true—that the use of ether as an anæsthetic—the grandest discovery of modern times—had no origin in the torture of animals.

I confess that, until very recently, I shared the common impression regarding the utility of vivisection in therapeutics. It is a belief still widely prevalent in the medical profession. Nevertheless, it is a mistake. The therapeutical results of nearly half a century of painful experiments—we seek them in vain. Do we ask surgery? Sir William Fergusson, surgeon to the Queen, tells us: "In surgery I am not aware of any of these experiments on the lower animals having led to the mitigation of pain or to improvement as regards surgical details." [1049]. Have antidotes to poisons been discovered thereby? Says Doctor Taylor, lecturer on Toxicology for nearly half a century in the chief London Medical School (a writer whose work on Poisons is a recognized authority): "I do not know that we have as yet learned anything, so far as treatment is concerned, from our experiments with them (*i. e.* poisons) on animals." [1204.] Doctor Anthony, speaking of Magendie's experiments, says: "I never gained one single fact by seeing these cruel experiments in Paris. I know nothing more from them than I could have read." [2450.] Even physiologists admit the paucity of therapeutic results. Doctor Sharpey says: "I should lay less stress on the direct application of the results of vivisection to improvement in the art of healing, than upon the value of these experiments in the promotion of physiology." [394.] The Oxford professor of Physiology admitted that Etiology, the science which treats of the causes of disease, had, by these experiments, been the gainer, rather than therapeutics. [1302.] "Experiments on animals," says Doctor Thorowgood, "already extensive and numerous, cannot be said to have advanced therapeutics much."* Sir William Gull, M. D., was questioned before the commission whether he could enumerate any therapeutic remedies which have been discovered by vivisection, and he replied, with fervor: "The cases bristle around us everywhere!" Yet, excepting Hall's experiments on the nervous system, he could enumerate only various forms of disease, our knowledge of which is due to Harvey's discovery, two hundred and fifty years ago! The question was pushed closer, and so, brought to the necessity of a definite reply, he answered: "I do not say at present our therapeutics are much, but there are lines of experiment which *seem to promise* great help in therapeutics." [5529.] The results of two centuries of experiments, so far as therapeutics are concerned, reduced to a seeming promise!

On two points, then, the evidence of the highest scientific authorities in Great Britain seems conclusive—first, that experiments upon living animals conduce chiefly to the benefit of the science of physiology, and little, if at all, at the present day to the treatment of disease or the amelioration of human suffering; and, secondly, that repetition of painful experiments for class-teaching in medical schools is both unnecessary and unjustifiable. Do these conclusions affect the practice of vivisection in this country? Is it true that experiments are habitually performed in some of our medical schools, often causing extreme pain, to illustrate well-known and accepted facts—experiments which English physiologists pronounce "infamous" and "atrocious," which English physicians and surgeons stigmatize as purposeless cruelty and unjustifiable—which even Huxley regards as unfitting for teaching purposes, and Darwin denounces as worthy of detestation and abhorrence? I confess I see no occasion for any over-delicate reticence in this matter. Science needs no secrecy either for her methods or results; her function is to reveal, not to hide, facts. The reply to these questions must be in the affirmative. In this country our physiologists are rather followers of Magendie and Bernard, after the methods in vogue at Paris and Leipsic, than governed by the cautious and sensitive conservatism in this respect which generally

* "Medical Times and Gazette," October 5, 1872.

characterizes the physiological teaching of London and Oxford. In making this statement, no criticism is intended on the motives of those responsible for ingrafting continental methods upon our medical schools. If any opprobrium shall be inferred for the past performance of experiments herein condemned, the present writer asks a share in it. It is the future that we hope to change. Now, what are the facts? A recent contributor to the "International Review," referring to Mr. Bergh, says that "he assails physiological experiments with the same blind extravagance of denunciation as if they were still performed without anæsthetics, as in the time of Magendie." In the interests of scientific accuracy one would wish more care had been given to the construction of this sentence, for it implies that experiments are not now performed except with anæsthetics—a meaning its author never could have intended to convey. Every medical student in New York knows that experiments involving pain are repeatedly performed to illustrate teaching. It is no secret; one need not go beyond the frank admissions of our later text-books on physiology for abundant proof, not only of this, but of the extent to which experimentation is now carried in this country. "We have long been in the habit, in class demonstrations, of removing the optic lobe on one side from a pigeon," says Professor Flint, of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, in his excellent work on Physiology.* "The experiment of dividing the sympathetic in the neck, especially in rabbits, is so easily performed that the phenomena observed by Bernard and Brown-Sequard have been repeatedly verified. *We have often done this in class demonstrations.*" † "The cerebral lobes were removed from a young pigeon in the usual way, an operation * * *which we practice yearly as a class demonstration.*" ‡ Referring to the removal of the cerebellum, the same authority states: "Our own experiments, which have been very numerous during the last fifteen years, are *simply repetitions of those of Flourens, and the results have been the same without exception.*" § "*We have frequently removed both kidneys* from dogs, and when the operation is carefully performed the animals live for from three to five days. * * Death always takes place with symptoms of blood poisoning."* In the same work we are given precise details for making a pancreatic fistula, after the method of Claude Bernard—"one we have repeatedly employed with success." "In performing the above experiment it is generally better *not* to employ an anæsthetic," † but ether is sometimes used. In the same work is given a picture of a dog, muzzled and with a biliary fistula, as it appeared the fourteenth day after the operation, which, with details of the experiment, is quite suggestive. ‡ Bernard was the first to succeed in following the spinal accessory nerve back to the jugular foramen, seizing it here with a strong pair of forceps and drawing it out by the roots. This experiment is practiced in our own country. "We have found this result (loss of voice) to follow in the cat after the spinal accessory nerves have been torn out by the roots," says Professor John C. Dalton, in his Treatise on Human Physiology. § "This operation is difficult," writes Professor Flint, "but we have several times performed it with entire success"; ‖ and his assistant at Bellevue Medical College has succeeded "in extirpating these nerves for class demonstrations." In withdrawal of blood from the hepatic veins of a dog, "avoiding the administration of an anæsthetic" is one of the steps recommended. ¶ The curious experiment of Bernard, in which artificial diabetes is produced by irritating the floor of the fourth ventricle of the brain, is carefully described, and illustrations afforded both of the instrument and the animal undergoing the operation. The inexperienced experimenter is here taught to hold the head of the rabbit "firmly in the left hand," and to bore through its skull "by a few lateral movements of the instrument." It is not a difficult operation; it is one which the author has "often repeated." He tells us "*it is not desirable to administer an anæsthetic*," as it would prevent success; and a little further we are told that "we should avoid the administration of anæsthetics in all accurate experiments on the glycogenic function." [1] It is true the pleasing assurance is given that "this experiment is almost painless"; but on this point could the rabbit speak during the operation, its opinion might not accord with that of the physiologist.

There is one experiment in regard to which the severe characterization of Eng-

* A Text-book of Human Physiology, designed for the use of Practitioners and Students of Medicine, by Austin Flint, Jr., M. D. D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1876 (page 722).
† Page 738. ‡ Page 585. § Page 710.

* Page 403. † Pages 269–70. ‡ Page 282. § Page 489. ‖ Page 629. ¶ Page 463. [1] Pages 470–71.

lish scientists is especially applicable, from the pain necessarily attending it. Numerous investigators have long established the fact that the great sensory nerve of the head and face is endowed with an exquisite degree of sensibility. More than half a century ago, both Magendie and Sir Charles Bell pointed out that merely exposing and touching this fifth nerve gave signs of most acute pain. "All who have divided this root in living animals must have recognized, not only that it is sensitive, but that its sensibility is far more acute than that of any other nervous trunk in the body." * "The fifth pair," says Professor John C. Dalton, "is the most acutely sensitive nerve in the whole body. Its irritation by mechanical means *always causes intense pain*, and even though the animal be nearly unconscious from the influence of ether, any severe injury to its large root is almost invariably followed by cries." † Testimony on this point is uniform and abundant. If science speaks anywhere with assurance, it is in regard to the properties of this nerve. Yet every year the experiment is repeated before medical classes, simply to demonstrate accepted facts. "This is an operation," says Professor Flint, referring to the division of this nerve, "that we have frequently performed with success." He adds that "it is difficult from the fact that one is working in the dark, and it requires a certain amount of dexterity, *to be acquired only by practice*." Minute directions are therefore laid down for the operative procedure, and illustrations given both of the instrument to be used and of the head of a rabbit with the blade of the instrument in its cranial cavity. ‡ Holding the head of our rabbit firmly in the left hand, we are directed to penetrate the cranium in a particular manner. "Soon the operator feels at a certain depth that the bony resistance ceases; he is then on the fifth pair, and the cries of the animal give evidence that the nerve is pressed upon." This is one of Magendie's celebrated experiments; perhaps the reader fancies that in its modern repetitions the animal suffers nothing, being rendered insensible by anæsthetics? "*It is much more satisfactory to divide the nerve without etherizing the animal, as the evidence of pain is an important guide in this delicate operation.*" Anæsthetics, however, are sometimes used, but not so as wholly to overcome the pain.

Testimony of individuals, indicating the extent to which vivisection is at present practiced in this State might be given; but it seems better to submit proof within the reach of every reader, and the accuracy of which is beyond cavil. No legal restrictions whatever exist, preventing the performance of any experiment desired. Indeed, I think it may safely be asserted that, in the city of New York, in a single medical school, more pain is inflicted upon living animals as a means of teaching well-known facts, than is permitted to be done for the same purpose in all the medical schools of Great Britain and Ireland. And *cui bono?* "I can truly say," writes a physician who has seen all these experiments, "that not only have I never seen any results at all commensurate with the suffering inflicted, but I cannot recall a single experiment which, in the slightest degree, has increased my ability to relieve pain, or in any way fitted me to cope better with disease."

In respect to this practice, therefore, evidence abounds indicating the necessity for that State supervision which obtains in Great Britain. We cannot abolish it any more than we can repress dissection; to attempt it would be equally unwise. Within certain limitations, dictated both by a regard for the interest of science and by that sympathy for everything that lives and suffers which is the highest attribute of humanity, the practice of vivisection should be allowed. What are these restrictions?

The following conclusions are suggested as a basis for future discussion:

I. Any experiment or operation whatever upon a living animal, during which by recognized anæsthetics it is made completely insensible to pain, should be permitted.

This does not necessarily imply the taking of life. Should a surgeon, for example, desire to cause a fracture or tie an artery, and then permit the animal to recover so as to note subsequent effects, there is no reason why the privilege should be refused. The discomfort following such an operation would be inconsiderable. This permission should not extend to experiments purely physiological and having no definite relation to surgery; nor to mutilation from which recovery is impossible, and prolonged pain certain as a sequence.

II. Any experiment performed thus, under complete anæsthesia, though involving any degree of mutilation, if concluded by the extinc-

* Flint: "Text Book on Human Physiology" (page 641).

† Dalton's "Human Physiology" (page 466).

‡ Flint (pages 639-40).

tion of life before consciousness is regained, should also be permitted.

To object to killing animals for scientific purposes while we continue to demand their sacrifice for food, is to seek for the appetite a privilege we refuse the mind. It is equally absurd to object to vivisection because it dissects, or "cuts up." If no pain be felt, why is it worse to cut up a dog than a sheep or an ox? Such experiments as the foregoing might be permitted to any extent desired in our medical schools. Far more difficult is the question of painful experimentation. Unfortunately, it so happens that the most attractive physiological investigations are largely upon the nervous system, involving the consciousness of pain as a requisite to success. Toward this class of experiments the State should act with caution and firmness. It seems to me that the following restrictions are only just:

III. In view of the great cost in suffering, as compared with the slight profit gained by the student, the repetition, for purposes of class instruction, of any experiment involving pain to a vertebrate animal should be forbidden by law, and made hereafter a penal offense.

IV. In view of the slight gain to practical medicine resulting from innumerable past experiments of this kind, a painful experiment upon a living vertebrate animal should be permitted by law solely for purposes of original investigation, and then only under the most rigid surveillance, and preceded by the strictest precautions. For every experiment of this kind the physiologist should be required to obtain special permission from a State board, specifying on application (1) the object of the proposed investigation, (2) the nature and method of the operation, (3) the species of animal to be sacrificed, and (4) the shortest period during which pain will probably be felt. An officer of the State should be given an opportunity to be present; and a report made, both of the length of time occupied, and the knowledge, if any, gained thereby. If these restrictions are made obligatory by statute, and their violation made punishable by a heavy fine, such experiments will be generally performed only when absolutely necessary for purposes of scientific research.

In few matters is there greater necessity for careful discrimination than in everything pertaining to this subject. The attempt has been made in this paper to indicate how far the State—leaning to mercy's side—may sanction a practice often so necessary and useful, always so dangerous in its tendencies. That is a worthy ideal of conduct which seeks

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Is not this a sentiment in which even science may fitly share? Are we justified in neglecting the evidence she offers, purchased in the past at such immeasurable agonies, and in demanding that year after year new victims shall be subjected to torture, only to demonstrate what none of us doubt? That is the chief question. For, if all compromise be persistently rejected by physiologists, there is danger that some day, impelled by the advancing growth of humane sentiment, society may confound in one common condemnation all experiments of this nature, and make the whole practice impossible, except in secret and as a crime.

THE LOVER AND THE ROSE.

Rose, you were at the feast,—
The feast I could not share;
Rose, your charms increased
The charms most lovely there.

As on her breast you lay
And watched her red lips move—
Was there any, pray,
To whom they spoke of love?

Rose, you could see her eye
Of soft and star-like beam—
On any one near by
Cast it a loving gleam?

As on her breast you lay,
And heard her beating heart,—
Came there any nigh
Who made it quicker start?

"No," breathed the rose, "I vow.
But had there been—I wis
His I had been now,
Nor known your loving kiss."

FROM PALERMO TO SYRACUSE.

It is difficult to decide in what part of Sicily lies the chief interest of this most richly endowed of islands. In point of scenery, one can imagine nothing more charming than many of the views in the vicinity of Palermo, Termini, Messina, Taormina, Catania and Syracuse. In the way of ruins, Segeste, Girgenti, Selinunte, Taormina and Syracuse offer attractions not easily excelled. In regard to historical associations, few areas of similar extent have been the scene of such important and interesting dramas as those wrought out on this island, for whose wealth the Phœnician, the Carthaginian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen and the Norman struggled in succession for nearly two thousand years. On these shores the power of Athens was wrecked, when Nicias, with the shattered remnant of the proudest armament that ever sailed from the Piræus, surrendered to the Spartan Gylippus; here Timoleon conquered, using his victories, as few conquerors have ever done, for the benefit of liberty and of his fellow-men, without one thought for his own interests; here Gelon, Dionysius, Agathocles, Himilcon, Hannibal, and Marcellus appeared upon the world's stage, as statesmen or as soldiers; here Archimedes lived and died; here the arts and sciences flourished to an extent not surpassed in the mother land of Greece; here was the largest and most beautiful of all the Grecian cities. There is something in Sicily to gratify every taste; and as the prosaic march of modern improvement has not yet fairly commenced in that smiling land, it will be to many not the least of its attractions that men and things appear there very much as they did long years ago. The island can now be approached from almost

any point, as steamers ply along its entire shore-line; and on the eastern side a railway extends from Messina to Syracuse, while from this, at Catania, a branch is in operation some fifty miles to Leonforte; and from Palermo another railway skirts the shore some twenty-five miles to Termini, and then strikes inland about as much further to Lecara. These lines mark the limits within which one can travel with perfect safety and reasonable comfort. To reach the interior, it is not literally necessary to take one's life in hand, but one must be prepared for a total absence of anything approaching to civilized comfort, and must not be surprised if, traveling in the western or central portions of the island without escort, or in small parties, he is politely requested to hand over such articles of value as may be on hand, and convenient. The eastern part of the island is perfectly safe for travelers; and even in the other portions we believe there are not such regularly organized bands of brigands as those which formerly infested

PALERMO.

Southern Italy, but simply occasional robbers, who rarely interfere with foreigners, and confine their operations almost entirely to their fellow countrymen. The escort of a gendarme is quite enough to protect the foreigner from these gentry, and even this precaution is seldom necessary.

We went to Palermo from Marseilles—a very pleasant trip of nearly forty-eight hours, for during the daylight hours land is constantly in sight. When darkness falls, on the day of leaving Marseilles, the coast of Hyères and the Golden Isles are quite near, and upon rising next morning you are off the bold coasts of Corsica and Sardinia, and spend most of the forenoon in threading the narrow straits of La Bonifaccia. During this operation you have a good view of Garibaldi's home, and ample time to wonder what odd freak of the fancy ever drew to such a place a man who had mixed much in the stirring affairs of the world, unless he was utterly disgusted with mankind. Garibaldi's Island—Caprera—is perhaps two miles long; its most elevated point may be 700 or 800 feet high; it is quite rocky, and presents few signs of verdure as you pass it on a steamer; a small village exists there, and the island impresses one as desirable only for its pure sea air, its fisheries, and fine views of the bright blue water. The shores of Corsica and Sardinia are remarkably bold and beautiful, but, as seen from the steamer passing between the

PORTA NUOVA, PALERMO. RESIDENCE OF GARIBALDI.

islands, very few indications of cultivation or habitation are visible, and the effect produced is that of the almost complete absence of population. Next morning, soon after daybreak, you pass by the little island of Ustica, and, if the day is clear, the mountains of Sicily are already in sight. About 10 o'clock you are fairly entering the famous Bay of Palermo, and find a semi-circle of splendid mountains terminating abruptly in the sea in Pellegrino on the right hand, and Catalfano on the left—with the plain of Palermo, the far famed "Conca d'Oro" at their feet. The sweep of the mountains around Palermo is certainly superb, but it really seems an exaggeration to say, as some have said, that the bay with its surroundings is superior to that of Naples. The city itself, although inferior in beauty and interest to the great cities of the Italian main-land, is yet a fine one, and possesses many attractions well worth a visit.

No sooner is the steamer moored within the port than it is surrounded by a fleet of small boats, the boatmen gesticulating, shrieking, and offering to do all sorts of things, in the most unintelligible Sicilian. After some little delay you get your luggage into one of their boats, and follow it in person; a long detour is made to the custom house, and, having complied with the very unexacting formalities, you are at liberty to seek rest within the comfortable precincts of the "Trinacria," which is an excellent hotel, situated directly upon the shore of the bay, of which it commands a charming view. The interest of Palermo consists in its present surroundings, and in the remains of the comparatively recent period of the Saracens and early Normans. The ancient Palermo—Panormos—was a Phœnician and Carthagenian and afterward a Roman city; although it was wealthy and powerful, there is nothing left to recall those early days, except the unchanged mountains and the lovely plain upon which they have looked down since Sicily rose from the seas. So far as art and architecture are concerned, Palermo possesses only some fragments of palaces of Moorish Emirs, some glorious churches and convents of the early Norman rulers, and the impressive private palaces of a century or two ago. Of pictures she has few to show; but among them some very good ones by Pietro Novelli, a native artist called Monrealese, from the suburb in which he was born; these are certainly good—some of them especially so; and there is a gem in the museum, in the shape of a little tryptich (about as large as that in the room

of the Holbein Madonna at Dresden) by an unknown artist.

Modern Palermo occupies only a portion of the ground covered by its more ancient and populous predecessor. It is divided into four nearly equal parts by two broad, straight streets, which cross each other at right angles in the very heart of the city. The cut opposite presents a view of the Porta Nuova as seen from the outside, the Corso being visible through the gate. The Palermitans believe that the lower portion of the structure was designed by Michael Angelo, and the upper by Pietro Novelli. Be this as it may, the effect is imposing, and the mass forms a fine termination for the long street which ends there. The upper portion is of historical interest, for it was there that the liberator Garibaldi made his residence while virtually Dictator of Sicily, in 1860, and again when preparing for his ill-starred expedition which terminated so sadly on the heights of Aspramonte. It is highly characteristic of Garibaldi's simplicity of life that, with the great palace close at hand, fully prepared for occupation and entirely in his power, he preferred the simple pavilion over the Porta Nuova. At the other extremity, the Corso terminates in the Porta Felice, which is shown in the above illustration, taken from within. On the right is seen the pretty little square of the Spirito Santo. Outside the gate, running along the shore, and at right angles to the Corso, is the Marina, one of the favorite drives. It is on the Marina that all Palermo congregates, on summer nights, to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and to listen to the bands which play until midnight. During the winter it is much frequented in the afternoon. From the Marina the view is very beautiful; toward the north the most prominent and the finest feature is the grand, bare, rocky mass of Pellegrino, bounded on all sides by lofty precipices, save for a small space toward the city, where a zig-zag road leads to the summit. Although not quite 2,000 feet high, this mountain is very imposing from its isolated position, its bold, massive shape, and the color of its rock—for it is almost entirely devoid of vegetation. In ancient times it more than once played a prominent part, for it was on Pellegrino that the Carthagenians made almost their last effort to drive Pyrrhus back; and it was here that Himilcon for some three years offered a successful opposition to the Romans. In more recent times, independent of the superb views to be had from its summit and the prominent place it holds in views of Palermo, its chief interest lies in its connection with Santa Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo, who for many years lived, and at length died, in a grotto of the mountain. More than half of the base of

PORTA FELICE, PALERMO.

LA ZIZA, PALERMO.

Pellegrino is washed by the sea, whose waves come sheer up to the foot of the cliffs. Beyond it, to the north and west and between it and Monte Gallo, is the lovely little Bay of Mondello. More than once have we loitered lazily on the shores of this little bay, awaiting the orders of a certain pair of little people busily engaged in digging in the sand, and called away now and then to tell the name of some new wonder they have found, or to share their delight in the discovery of some especially brilliant treasure; but, in the main, thinking only of the strange things this now lonely bay has seen in the last 2,500 years. The little fishing village is so far away that no sound from it strikes the ear; no voice is to be heard but those of the two busy little explorers; no living thing is in sight but them and the carriage horses, with the silent driver, awaiting our pleasure on the road. Yet the time once was when this smooth beach was furrowed by Carthagenian keels and trodden down by the feet of African and Spanish mercenaries; or, again, when the soldiers of Pyrrhus or of Rome stalked by, while the rocky heights of Pellegrino were crowded with the dense masses of Carthagenian troops, and the now still air resounded with the sounds of strife.

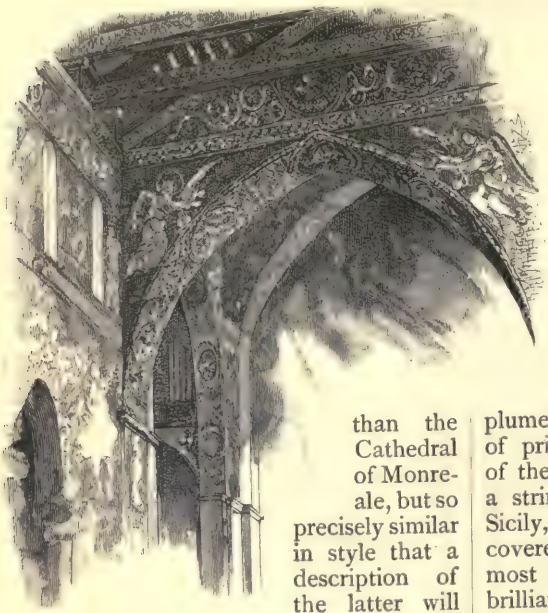
From Belmonte, and from the Marina as well, one sees beyond Bagaria the Madonian mountains—the highest save Ætna in the island—crowned with snow in winter and spring; and, in a clear day, grand old Ætna itself, towering among the clouds beyond. Between our point of view and the semi-circle of mountains lies the Conca d'Oro, that famous and fruitful plain of Palermo, so often celebrated in story and in song. We look down upon it from Belmonte and see it dotted with villas, with domes and spires, orange and olive groves, green fields and straggling villages.

But we must leave this enchanting spot, and return for a time to the interior of the city. We have already said that the most interesting features of Palermo date back only to the Saracenic and Norman times. Of the former class, the most characteristic and the best preserved specimen is probably the Ziza, shown in the accompanying cut. It was originally a country palace or villa of the Emirs, situated in the outskirts of the city, and surrounded by gardens, artificial lakes and fountains, in the fashion the Moors loved so well. It is now a palace, the interior so changed as to preserve few of its original features, save in the entrance hall. The only important change in the exterior is that the large old pointed windows have been partially walled up, and replaced by square windows, smaller, and of a very prosaic pattern. Whether the grand old umbrella pine, that tree so characteristic of Southern Italian landscapes, stood there in the time of the Moslem, we know not, but

ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

doubtless in those days many others quite as beautiful formed a main feature in the gardens of delight, when the luxurious Emirs rested here from the toils and cares of government. A portion of the Royal Palace dates also from the Saracenic period, and is quite similar in style to the Ziza.

The Cuba, the Cubala, and an old building on the banks of the Oreto, at the crossing of the Santa Maria di Gesu road, are the other most noticeable relics of Saracenic rule. One of the earliest and most extensive of the Norman structures is the Cathedral, on the Corso, not far within the Porta Nuova. We give an illustration of the portion adjoining the main side entrance. In this will be seen some of the features of the Siculo-Norman style, marred in effect, however, by an Italian dome added long after the erection of the building, and entirely out of keeping with it. The most interesting objects in the interior are the tombs of the earliest Norman kings. But the two gems of the city are the Cappella Palatina and the Martorana, both similar in the style of internal decoration to the unrivaled Cathedral of Monreale, but on a much smaller scale. The Cappella Palatina—or Palace Chapel—is so literally buried in the mass of the royal palace that it has no exterior, save the mosaic-covered entrance from a piazza in one of the palace courts. It is much smaller



FRAGMENT OF MOSAICS IN CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

than the Cathedral of Monreale, but so precisely similar in style that a description of the latter will answer for it; except perhaps that the drawing of many of the mosaics is of a rather better style, and more graceful than at Monreale, and that the dimensions of the chapel are such that every detail is readily seized by the eye. It is certainly one of the most charming and perfect little churches in the world. The palace, of which the chapel forms a part, is one of those buildings which has gradually grown up in the course of ages from small beginnings, until from its very size and situation it has become imposing.

The road to Monreale leaves the city by the Porta Nuova, and is bordered by a long and compact suburb, extending nearly to the base of Monte Caputo, and containing several large and impressive buildings. The Cuba now forms part of a cavalry barrack on the left of the road; the Cubala is in a garden on the right—both simple Saracenic structures of some interest. The immense Almshouse is on this road; also the great "Young Ladies' Boarding School," so closely barred and grated to the very parapet of the roof that it more resembles a prison for the most dangerous and desperate criminals. The Garden of Acclimation and Count Tasco's villa are also on this road, and should be visited.

We made this trip on a bright and pleasant day, with a most charming guide and cicerone in the person of one of our friends among the old residents of Palermo. We did not find the drive especially interesting until we reached the foot of Monte Caputo, and commenced the long, gentle ascent leading to our destination. With every foot of the ascent new beauties were revealed. Soon the whole plain was stretched before us in all its beauty of rich vegetation, while the eye was distracted almost every moment from the view by the picturesque and striking living groups constantly encountered. Now it would be a group of *Bersaglieri*, swinging along, with their peculiar and rapid step—their long cocks' plumes waving in the air. Now a group of priests, generally jolly enough in spite of their huge hats and black gowns. Now a string of the high carts so peculiar to Sicily,—painted with bright yellow ground, covered with arabesques or pictures, of the most primitive drawing but in the most brilliant colors. On one would be seen the history and achievements of Orlando, or of Tancred, on another some holy subject—a madonna, a martyrdom, or a miracle. Very wonderful are these quaint Sicilian carts, with perhaps a dozen peasant men and women—not counting children and an occasional priest, tucked away in the corners—the whole drawn by a mite of a pony, or a very small donkey, fairly gorgeous in harness of extreme brilliancy. Sometimes these astonishing vehicles travel along soberly enough, but the chances are that they will pass you at a frantic gallop, which the diminutive beasts seem to enjoy quite as much as their drivers. Groups of smiling, gaily dressed peasants on the road have a pleasant nod for you, and seem really delighted to see you. They appear to be a good-humored set, these Sicilian peasants, and it is delightful to see on what terms of perfect intimacy they live with their four-footed companions. The chances are that the few chairs they possess are occupied by the cats and dogs, while the masters sit on the ground; and as these chairs often have little of the seat left save the frame, it is very funny to see the efforts and twists and turns of the animals to make a comfortable resting-place of them. The pigs walk into the houses with as much self-possession and complacency as the owners; root about under beds, chairs and tables, and are perfectly at home. Chickens, goats and donkeys follow their example.

But we are forgetting Monreale, the object of our expedition. The beauty of this Cathedral is altogether in the interior, the outside being entirely unattractive except the main portal, which is finely proportioned and presents some very striking and attractive details, characteristic of the Siculo-Norman architecture in its early period. Its ancient bronze doors also possess great merit. But, on the other hand, the interior is very beautiful. The opposite illustration will give only a very faint idea of a portion of this interior, showing parts of one side-aisle and of the nave. The walls, up to the sills of the windows in the aisles and nearly to the height of the capitals of the columns in the nave, are lined with slabs of white marble, separated by narrow bands of mosaics in the Saracenic style, and having continuous horizontal borders of the same workmanship. These mosaics are of the most exquisite beauty and delicacy, and the variety of patterns is something almost incredible. The pavement of the altar and of the church is of the so-called Opus Alexandrinum,—that is, it is made up of bands of mosaics forming a great variety of geometrical figures, filled in with pieces of porphyry, serpentine, etc. The Bishop's chair and the old royal throne are of white marble, also very richly ornamented with Saracenic mosaics. Above the white marble lining of the lower portion of the walls, every square inch of the church, up to the roof, is covered with mosaics of the richest and most varied description. Here are depicted the most striking scenes from the Old and New Testaments, angels, prophets, saints, kings and judges. The roof, the interior of which is of wood, is richly carved and is a mass of gilding and rich coloring, in perfect keeping with the unequaled mosaics that adorn the walls. No description can convey the faintest conception of the exquisite beauty of this building. After having seen most of the great churches of Europe, from Saint Sophia and the Great Isaacs, on the one hand, to Rouen, Tours and Westminster on the other, we remember no interior so beautiful as those of Monreale and the Cappella Palatina. They alone are worth a much longer voyage than that to Palermo. The fatigue of the somewhat long climb to the roof of the Cathedral is amply repaid by the glorious view gained from the summit.

A custom prevails in Palermo which is quite peculiar to that city—preserving the mummies of the dead of the better classes in the convent vaults. This custom is not at all confined to the monks, as is the case with the Cappuccini at Rome, but extends to the laity as well. We give a view of a small part of the extensive catacombs of the Cappuccini at Palermo. Here are to be seen the mortal remains of men, women and children (of course in the better walks in life, for the privilege of being a mummy is not accorded for nothing) fully attired, even down to white kid gloves; some recumbent, some erect, some in chairs, all ghastly, and all duly ticketed with names and date. Some —more retiring in disposition—are modestly put away in the boxes which appear in the sketch. Every year or two the gloves, and less frequently the clothes, are renewed by the affectionate survivors, who go out on feast days to gladden their eyes by the sight of their family mummies, in which it is said they actually find much consolation and no little amusement.

We were fortunate in being in Palermo during a portion of the Carnival, so that we witnessed the so-called "*Battaglia dei Fiori*" —battle of the flowers. The field of battle is the Marina, bouquets being the weapons. On the eventful day, usually Sunday, about three in the afternoon, the drive of the Marina is completely filled with carriages, and the wide side-walks packed with pedestrians of all classes of life. Some of the regimental bands are stationed on the Marina, playing in turn. The carriages drive up and down in several lines, and the air is filled with bouquets thrown from carriage to carriage, amidst laughing and shouts of merriment. Sometimes, toward evening, the sport becomes a little rough, for some of the lower order of pedestrians will occasionally throw a stone; but this is the exception to the rule, for there are no people in the world of a more kindly disposition than the Italians of all ranks, and generally the most reprehensible thing done is the smashing down of "high hats," which, all Italy over, are fair game in Carnival times.

We should tire out our readers completely did we attempt a description of a tithe of the charming excursions that can be made from Palermo,—such as the ancient city of Selinunte, Bagaria, Termini, Segeste, etc.,—and will content ourselves with presenting a sketch of the lovely unfinished temple of Segeste, as an indication of the reward in store for the traveler who undertakes this trip.

In spite of much bad weather—for the winter months are sometimes very unpleasant there—we left Palermo with much

regret, partly for the charming surroundings of the place itself, and, to a great extent, for the kind friends who did so much to make our visit pleasant.

The trip from Palermo to Messina would, no doubt, be very charming if made in a comfortable boat and on a smooth sea, but such was not our fortune. The uncomfortable night, however, at length came to an end, and, upon waking in the morning, we were not a little gratified to find ourselves in still waters, and, on looking out of the narrow ports, to see the coast close abeam. By eight o'clock we were at anchor in the busy and crowded harbor, and, after a long and very unnecessary detour to the custom house, reached the hotel at an early hour. The situation of Messina is very beautiful, and is entirely different from that of Palermo. It is built upon the lower slopes of the mountains, which here border directly upon the sea and usually leave only sufficient space for one narrow road along the shore. The city itself, without being at all grand, is bright and attractive, and full of life and activity. It is not rich in remarkable buildings, and the limited time at our disposal permitted us to see only the cathedral, a fine Norman structure of the eleventh century, and the very remarkable church of San Gregorio; for we preferred spending our time in driving through the city and on the road to the Faro. Toward the east of the city the view is bounded by the flat-topped mountains of Calabria, whose slopes are generally bare and steep, while at the base numberless white villages are scattered along the shore, from Nicotera, on the one hand, to distant Reggio on the other. To the left, close under the Calabrian coast, is distinctly seen the well-known Scylla—a bold, square mass of rock projecting into the sea, crowned by a ruined castle, which serves to mark it readily to the eye. Charybdis is not so easily pointed out; in truth, there is not now any such terrible whirlpool as that which the ancients professed to dread, and, among the numerous eddies produced by the currents and counter-currents along the Sicilian shore, one may give full play to the imagination and place Charybdis where the fancy wills. It was at Cape Pelorus that the Corinthian cavalry of Timoleon passed the straits, about three centuries and a half before the Christian era; and it was here, also, that Count Roger, with his handful of Normans, crossed, some fourteen centuries later, to make the conquest of the island.

THE CATACOMBS, PALERMO.

Early in the afternoon of the day we

TEMPLE OF SEGESTE.

reached Messina, we took the train for Taormina. The road generally passes close to the sea, and, throughout its whole extent, commands most charming views of water, of mountain, and of valley. Every turn of the road, every moment, brings to the eye some new delight—now a glimpse of the blue sea, through orange or olive groves; now a quiet village, with quaint church and dingy houses, in the midst of bright gardens and luxuriant vegetation; now mountain spurs crowned by ruined castles, or strange old villages; now a distant view, up some broader valley, of the high, snow-crowned mountains, with villages, or perhaps a monastery, on the slopes; all these under the clear sunlight give a succession of pictures so enchanting and so varied that you are almost wearied by the constant change and excitement. A ride of about an hour and a half brings us to Giardini, the station for Taormina. Here the carriage of the Hotel Bella Veduta is waiting, and we are soon rapidly ascending the excellent road that winds up the mountain side to our destination, some 800 or 900 feet above the sea. Exquisite, indeed, are the views that gladden the eye at every turn of the road. At one moment you see the whole coast-line to Messina and the opposite Calabrian shore; then the coast to the southward, with Ætna in the background, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun; now you pass by a series of ancient tombs, almost under the foundations of a convent; now you see the ruins of the

A PAPYRUS THICKET.

Roman theater above you, and pass by other relics of the Greeks and Romans. At length you enter the gate of the Saracenic walls, and, after a short drive through the narrow and dingy streets, reach the hotel. Knowing that the accommodations were limited in extent, we had telegraphed two or three days in advance for "rooms with fire and sun," for the weather was still cold. The polite old Cavaliere who, strange to say, is the master of the establishment, escorted us to the rooms assigned us. We passed through a corridor precisely like that of a convent, and found our rooms quite like convent cells, with bare brick floors and whitewashed walls, and furnished quite in convent style—small iron bedsteads, and the scantiest supply of chairs and washing arrangements. The evening was by this time well advanced and the air was biting, so we naturally directed our first glances at the walls for the fire-places, but in vain. In reply to our pressing and emphatic inquiries, the Cavaliere pointed out a solitary "scaldino"—a bronze brazier for charcoal—in one of the rooms, and asked imploringly if that was not a very good fire! To cut a long story short, we found that fire-places are unknown in Taormina, and that scaldini are the only substitutes. The Cavaliere was so good-natured, so ready to provide another scaldino, so earnest in his assurances that we would find plenty of sun on our terrace and in our rooms during those hours when it is a proper and legitimate thing for the sun to show himself, and regretted so keenly that he could not keep the sun on duty for us all night, that we were fain to be good-natured too.

In explanation of the peculiarities of the Bella Veduta it is but just to say that the Cavaliere—who is a kind and charming old gentleman—is not by any means a hotel-keeper by profession or by training. He is one of the wealthiest and most influential of the resident gentlemen of the vicinity. Two or three years ago he was so unfortunate as to lose his wife, and, being very depressed and lonely, was persuaded by an English gentleman, recently established in a neighboring convent-building as a successful maker of wines, to convert his palace into a hotel, and to relieve his solitude and inaction by supplying to tourists that which did not before exist in Taormina—a clean and decent abiding-place. It thus happens that the ideas of comfort prevailing in the Bella Veduta are rather Sicilian than American. Our first dinner was quite amusing, for it happened that the guests were more numerous that day than ever before in the history of the hotel, so that there was some uncertainty as to whether the supplies would hold out. The laughing Italian man and woman who waited on the table interchanged the funniest running comments as each dish progressed toward emptiness. If one guest helped himself too bountifully, the bearer's face would fall, and a despairing remark be made to the companion; if another guest were moderate in his demands, or, still better, passed the dish altogether, there would be a laugh and a shout of triumph. The whole thing was so natural, so childlike, and so thoroughly good-natured, that we were all convulsed with laughter throughout the meal. But we did better afterward, and finally left the Bella Veduta with the kindest feelings toward the good old Cavaliere, and not unpleasant recollections of the hotel; no doubt if we had been so fortunate as to have had some of the rooms which were carpeted, etc., our first impressions would have been more agreeable.

The situation of Taormina is singularly happy, for it is built upon a long and narrow plateau, on the steep mountain side, some 800 feet above the sea. So precipitous is the slope below, that the Mediterranean is literally at your feet; while high above rise the peaks and crests of the bold mountains which form the background. The modern town—scarce worthy of the name—occupies a portion only of the area covered by the ancient Tauromenium; it is dirty, stagnant and dilapidated, and contains nothing interesting of a more recent date than its churches and palaces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the truly modern constructions are unusually devoid of interest for an Italian town. The ancient city was founded about 400 B. C., by the native tribe to whom Dionysius made over the territory of the neighboring Naxos after its destruction. Some fifty years later, the remnants of the Naxians and their descendants established themselves here, and made it a Greek city. This site was no doubt preferred to that of the elder Naxos, founded nearly 350 years earlier, as affording greater facilities for defense against the hostile Syracusans. It became rich and prosperous, and underwent many vicissitudes of fortune, passing at long intervals into the possession of the Syracusans, the Romans, the Saracens and the Normans. It contains remains belonging to each of these periods, some of

them of great interest. The chief treasure of Taormina, the crowning glory of its attractions, is the Roman Theater, and the unrivaled view therefrom.

This theater is built upon the foundations of an older Greek structure, and, so far as the "scena" is concerned, is in better preservation than any ancient theater save one. Enough of the scena remains to give a correct idea of the whole, so that it is easy to reconstruct, ideally, the entire edifice. But, unless one is a most enthusiastic antiquary, he no sooner reaches that summit of the structure most remote from the stage than he forgets all questions of construction, turns a deaf ear to the babbling of the custode, and abandons himself to the delights of the most noble view that ever greeted the eyes of man,—the same prospect that gladdened the hearts of so many generations of Greeks and Romans, who, year after year, century after century, stood just where you now stand, gazed upon the same wonderful works of God, and listened withal to the strains of the sweetest bards and grandest tragic poets of the Greek and Latin races. Few things bring more closely home to the mind the vast difference between those ancient races and ourselves, between their civilization and habits and our own, than the contrast between such a theater as that of Taormina and one of our modern places of amusement. We, at unnatural hours, by hot and unhealthy gaslights, with tawdry scenery, listen, seldom to the good, often to the worst productions of our language. They, in the pure air of heaven, under the bright light of the southern sun, listened to the noblest poems of the noblest languages,—and with what a background! Towering high above theater and intervening hills, reaching almost to heaven in its pure garment of snow, stands Ætna, the grandest and most beautiful of European volcanoes. A wreath of smoke almost always rests upon its summit, to show that the fires beneath are slumbering, not extinct. Following, with the eye, down the long slope of snow, you see first thick forests of oak and chestnut; lower down farms and villas, and finally the superb plain of Piedimonte and the Cantara, so vividly and richly green that it really rivals the emerald in brilliancy. Almost at your feet is the low green-and-black promontory on which once stood Naxos, the earliest of the Greek colonies in Sicily. To the left of all, the glorious Mediterranean, with its rich hues of blue and green; its shores stretching in graceful curves as far as the eye can reach, to Catania and beyond. To the right, mountain peaks, far inferior, it is true, to Ætna, yet very bold and beautiful in themselves; one crowned—now, as when this theater was new—by a village and castle, that of Mola; another now topped by the ruined Saracenic citadel, occupying no doubt the site of some much older building. At the foot of these the old city itself, with its steep slopes covered with orange and mandarin, olive and almond, countless vines and flowers. Such was the view that greeted the old Greek or Roman as he looked toward the stage. If he turned toward the north, he saw the whole coast line to Messina, with its infinite variety, and in the distance the coast of the mainland of Calabria. Such is the view that greets the traveler to-day as he rests among the ruins of buildings erected by nations long ago no more.

It does not fall within our purpose to do more than mention some few of the objects of interest in and near Taormina, such as the battlemented Saracenic walls; the mediæval churches and palaces; that most charming ruin known as the Badia Vecchia, with its exquisite Gothic windows; the Piscina Mirabile, the Naumachia, and various other fragments of ancient structures. Some of these are well enough to occupy an occasional spare hour, but the theater and the various views are sufficient in themselves to satisfy the most exacting traveler, and it is enough to say that no one traveling in Sicily should omit Taormina.

Quite reluctantly we left the bracing air and clear sky of Taormina to take the rail for Catania. A ride of a little more than an hour and a half, through a beautiful and highly cultivated region, abounding in villages, farms and villas, with occasionally a Spanish fort or a Moorish castle, brought us to the city, and to that comfortable haven known as the Grand Hotel of Catania. Opinions appear to differ much in relation to Catania. Before we reached it, some persons described it to us as very black and gloomy—not only the city itself, but also the environs; others held a different view. As usual, much depends upon the temperament of the visitor, the weather, etc. We found bright sunlight, and failed to perceive anything gloomy about the place. It is true that, were it in America, we should, with our habit of conferring descriptive epithets upon cities, probably call it the "Lava City," for

there is lava to the right and left of it, lava behind and below it, and occasionally lava above it. The streets are paved, and the houses often built, of lava, the cellars excavated in it, the port nearly choked up with it, portions of the old city buried beneath lava, most of the modern city built upon it; the railway enters the city through lava cuts, and leaves it by a tunnel through lava. It is also true that the lava hereabouts is of a very dark color, usually black. But the two most recent volcanic streams which have approached the city are respectively a little more than 200 and 1000 years old, so that a good deal of disintegration and accumulation of soil has taken place, and, after all, the black masses only form a setting for the spots of brilliant vegetation which in every direction meet the eye. To us it seemed that the contrast heightened the richness of the vegetation, and afforded some of the most exquisite pictures imaginable.

From what we saw and heard, the impression was derived that, away from the mountain ranges, the interior of the island consists chiefly of undulating plains covered with grass or grain, without trees, with very few detached farm-houses, but occasional villages, in which the agricultural laborers gather. That they go long distances to their work is shown by the frequent straw huts, not unlike wigwams, erected for their use in the fields. Near Leonforte the country becomes bolder and more picturesque, because the main range of the Madonian mountains is closer at hand, and one has from the railroad terminus a distant view of one or two large villages perched on commanding summits. Very little has been done toward the extension of this railroad for several years, but it now seems probable that within a few years the very important connection between Catania and Palermo will be completed, as well as the branch to Girgenti. With the development of railroads in the interior of the island a new future will soon open for Sicily. While we were at Catania there was a trifling break in the railroad to Syracuse, sufficient, however, to derange matters so completely as to render it advisable to go there by the weekly steamer, rather than by land. One bright Monday morning, then, we took the Florio boat for Syracuse.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

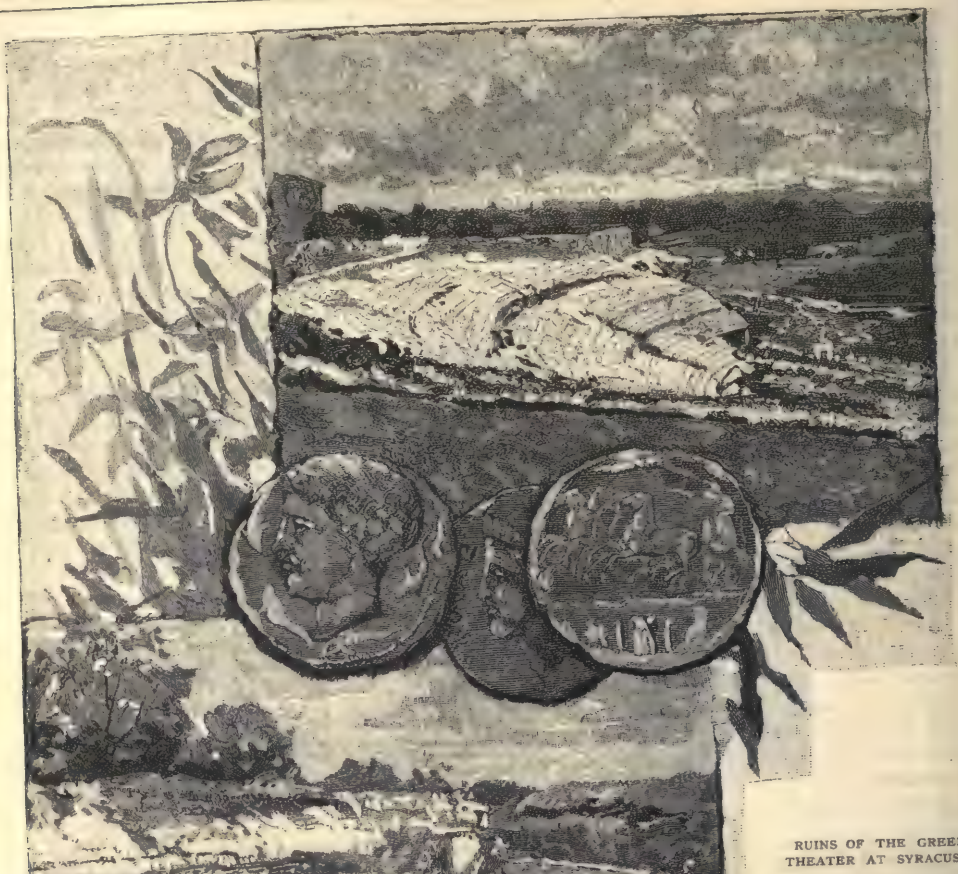
It need hardly be said that we had now reached the most interesting, although not the most beautiful city of Sicily—indeed, there are few cities in Europe so replete with classical interest as the once great Syracuse. Sadly shrunken is the Syracuse of to-day; for the modern city just covers the area of the old Ortygia, the first settlement of the Corinthian adventurers who established themselves here in 734 B. C.—only one year later than the Chalcidians and Ionians founded Naxos. The four great suburbs which belonged to the city in its prime, and which covered an area more than twenty times greater than that of Ortygia, are now abandoned, and mostly desolate; here and there a farm dots the surface, but over the greater part of the expanse you search in vain for any traces of the hand of man. So pronounced are the topographical features of the

environs of Syracuse that, with Thucydides in hand, it is easy to follow the movements of the Athenian siege, to locate the most important points, and to follow the principal movements of the campaign. We have no intention of repeating the story of that famous and ill-advised siege, which, partly through the errors of the brave, able and virtuous Athenian commander Nicias, and partly through the ability and vigor of the Lacedæmonian Gylippus, resulted in the complete destruction of the most powerful armament that Athens had ever sent forth, in the loss of her prestige, and thus prepared the way for her downfall. He who sympathizes with the Athenians will regret that the first landing and victory near Dascon, the great harbor, was not at once followed up, as it would doubtless have resulted in the capture of the city. The re-embarkation and postponement of the attack for several months gave the Syracusans and their allies ample time to prepare, while the Athenians had nothing to gain by delay.

As already stated, modern Syracuse occupies the island of Ortygia, where the first Greek colonists established themselves a little more than 2,600 years ago. The modern city is inclosed within massive fortifications, chiefly of the time of Charles V. These are now of interest only in a historical point of view, for they are of little use under the conditions of modern war. They occupy the site of the old walls of Dionysius, of which nothing now remains save here and there a huge stone. But there are in Ortygia other relics of ancient days not without interest. The first place to which the steps will naturally be directed is the famous fountain of Arethusa, no longer pure as of old, and shorn of much of its pristine glory, yet, with all drawbacks, still an attractive spot. The illustration opposite will give something of an idea of the quiet pool, with its tufts of papyrus, and will show how it is separated from the waters of the great harbor by the massive city walls, precisely as in classical times. Long, long ago, an earthquake shook the foundation of the earth just here, and allowed the salt water of the harbor to mingle with the pure water of the fountain.

Recent excavations have laid bare numerous columns of the temple of Diana, until lately quite concealed by houses of the modern city; they present no special beauty, and are of interest chiefly for the reason that their details prove that they are some 2,400 or 2,500 years old. The most satisfactory remnant of Ortygia is the far-famed temple of Minerva, which had on its roof the great golden shield so well known to ancient mariners. The columns and much of the architecture and frieze still remain, for very fortunately the temple was early converted into a Christian church, and the columns of the peristyle and the walls of the Cella were retained as portions of the sacred edifice, so that, as the diameter of the columns is much greater than the thickness of the walls filling the intervals between them, you see the columns very satisfactorily. This temple was erected in the sixth century before our era, and was renowned for the richness of its decorations and the value of its treasures.

The Greek theater is a noble monument of the energy and skill of the old Syracusans. It is hewn out of the solid rock nearly at the top of the steep slope of Epipolæ, and is so large that it could accommodate 25,000 auditors. The seats are well preserved, notwithstanding that for some centuries a water-course made its way over them, and on the face of one of the corridor walls can still be traced, in Greek characters, the designations of the wedge-shaped subdivisions into which the auditorium was divided—such as "Queen Philistia," "King Hieron," etc. Some little of the scena and of the dressing-rooms remain, but nothing of the stage. Here, as usual, the theater commanded a lovely view, in this case over the great harbor and out to sea. This building is at least 2,300 years old. Not far from here, and also mostly in excavation, is the Roman amphitheater, dating from about the time of Augustus. An interesting feature in this amphitheater is the podium, or masonry wall surrounding the arena. In some parts this is well preserved, and on its cornice may be read some of the inscriptions (in Latin), giving the titles of the officials who occupied seats on the platform just above. This amphitheater is larger than that of Verona. The Latomie, or ancient quarries, form one of the most marked and interesting features of Syracuse. They are usually somewhat below the clift and cut deeply into its sides, although sometimes they are cut sheer down into the mass of the plateau, directly from the surface. It was from these that the materials were obtained for the construction of the ancient Ortygia, its extensions and defenses, so that they are of great antiquity, very numerous, and of vast dimensions. Originally they were to a considerable extent excavated under the plateau, with a roof left over portions; but



RUINS OF THE GREEK THEATER AT SYRACUSE.

RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATER AT SYRACUSE.

the frequent and violent shocks of earthquake have thrown down the most of the roofing, so that they are for the greater part now uncovered. But in some cases, as, for instance, in the Latomia del Paradiso, which contains the "Ear of Dionysius," there still remain vast and lofty chambers in the solid rock, some of which are used for the manufacture of saltpeter, for rope-walks, etc., etc. Some of these quarries cover many acres in extent, and have vertical sides a hundred or more feet in height. The marks made by the tools used in getting out the stone still can be plainly perceived. The form and dimensions of the blocks can be traced, and the holes may still be seen in which were inserted the bars employed by the quarrymen as substitutes for ladders. Often the walls are covered with a thick curtain of vines and the floor overgrown with the most luxuriant vegetation. Some of the Latomie have been laid out with the greatest taste and with all the arts of landscape gardening, as

for example, the Latomie dei Cappuccini, di Casale and di Venere, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more picturesque than these charming spots. It must be understood that the quarry is not a single large chamber excavated throughout its entire area, but that it is divided into many compartments by masses of fallen roof, and huge walls never cut away, and that you pass from one portion to another by winding passages and by tunnels, unexpectedly finding new and still more beautiful chambers opening out before you. Orange groves, lemon trees, olives, palms, pepper trees, the cypress, the pine,—all the trees that flourish in this climate,—are to be found in these quarries, with the pomegranate, the oleander, flowers innumerable and of all hues, and the graceful acanthus; add to these the thick vines festooning the walls, and clinging to the fallen masses of rock. Imagine all these most picturesquely arranged, and in the greatest profusion, and you may form some conception of the beauties of the Syracusan Latomie, which are certainly unique. But their interest is not limited by their beauty. In one is the "Ear of Dionysius"; in another the famous prison of the ill-fated Athenians and their allies, who survived the final defeat on the banks of the Asinarus. The accompanying sketch shows the entrance of the "Ear of Dionysius," a long, narrow and lofty excavation, extending in a winding direction some 200 feet into the mass of the hill. It will be seen that its outline is not unlike a horse's ear in shape. It is about seventy feet high, and varies in width from about ten to nearly forty feet. Whatever may have been the purpose for which it was originally intended, it certainly possesses singular acoustic properties in the way of producing repeated echoes, and in greatly magnifying slight noises. At the inner end, near the roof, is a chamber which the guides point out as the place where Dionysius was in the habit of posting himself when he desired to listen to the conversation of his prisoners; we did not test the peculiar acoustic qualities of this position, and will be content to allow the guides to have their way in regard to it. It is worthy of notice that in the Latomia di Casale there is another unfinished ear similar to that of Dionysius; there is nothing to indicate the purpose it was intended to serve, and its construction was left incomplete because a layer of soft and dangerous rock was encountered. The Latomia dei Cappuccini bears now no traces of the sufferings of the 7,000 wretches, survivors of the Athenian host, who nearly 2,300 years ago were confined within it; for the probabilities are that this is the quarry described by Thucydides. With its absolutely vertical walls of solid rock, never less than about eighty feet high, it forms the most secure prison possible. Looking down now into its wide expanse of luxuriant tropical vegetation, it is difficult to realize the scenes of abject misery of which it was once the theater; 7,000 brave men, of the most enlightened and civilized race of the age, allowed to die from hunger and thirst, disease and squalor, in the hands of men of the same race, and inhabitants of a city rivaling their own in refinement and devotion to the arts. The theater of Taormina presents one side of the high heathen civilization; the quarries of Syracuse show the obverse of the medal.

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

The old walls of Dionysius, and of subsequent times, encircled the entire plateau of Epipolæ, from Ortygia and the sea to Fort Euryalus. They may be traced throughout almost the whole extent, and enough of the structure remains to indicate quite clearly what it was when perfect, and to show that, although the walls of Dionysius were built in great haste, the work was well and solidly done. To reach Fort Euryalus, a distance of more than four miles from the modern city, you can go by carriage to within a few

hundred yards of your destination. So much of this fort is excavated in the solid rock that it is admirably preserved; it affords, perhaps, the best existing example of Greek military architecture.

At length the time had come for our departure from Sicily; so, one Saturday morning, we left Catania, reaching Messina in season to dine ashore before taking the three o'clock steamer for Naples. As long as daylight lasted the beautiful coasts of Sicily and the main-land were in sight, with the Lipari Islands gradually coming more clearly into view. In the evening, the bright moonlight was enlivened by the singing of the Italian officers. As we approached Stromboli, faint glows of red light were from time to time perceptible. Gradually they grew more distinct, until, when we had passed a little beyond the island and were in full view of the crater, the puffs of light became very brilliant and distinct. Altogether it was one of the most charming experiences imaginable, and, although at a later hour the sea became very rough, it was by that time so late that we were glad to retire to our state-rooms. The first thing that greeted our eyes in the morning was the bold mass of Capri rising from the sea close to us; soon we passed by the Cape of Sorrento, and before the morning was over were landed on the quays of Naples.

THE SORCERY OF MADJOON.

INTERIOR OF AN OPIUM DEN.

At night, fable returns from the shelter of ruined antiquity and broods over the city where, during the hours of sunlight, we have walked with such confidence in the order, the reasonableness and the enlightenment of our century. Circe, the Sirens, Werewolves and Basilisks—all the more cruel forms of mystic life—do they not come back in the darkness, to hover along the confines of modern life and reassert their old dominion?

We stand in a dusk-encircled, barren spot, a cold wind blowing into our eyes, almost seeming to whirl dizzily hither and thither the scattered lights of the desolate street. Do you wish to know where we are? In

the squalid quarters of a cosmopolis, at night, you may fancy yourself—but for the cold wind—in almost any part of the world. Pekin, Vienna, Paris, London, New York—what does it matter which one of these it is, when you have left behind the distinctions that belong to higher society, and have descended to that stratum of poverty, vice and dirt which encircles the globe, and is found where the distinctions are not found? Fortunately we have a guide to carry us through the sullen labyrinth—a man in plain, unofficial clothes, but armed with a secret, undemonstrative power against any snares or monsters we may encounter, among the many that infest this neighborhood. The guide says we are close by the Five Points, a region understood to be reformed, and certainly changed by a marvel from what it was; but, as the world is at present, it does not take one long to pass the limits of reform, and in a minute or two we have plunged away easterly from the edge of the Five Points, and again follow our friend, who, being by habit as a detective averse to telling beforehand what he is going to do, moves on briskly, and suddenly halts at a narrow doorway.

"In here," he says.

It proves to be the entrance to a Chinese gambling-room, where a picture of His Excellency the Grasping Cash Tiger hangs on the wall, with a votive light in front, and men are gathered in impassive absorption around a table where they are shuffling counters, or lounge about, drinking tea out of little cups. Passing out as we have entered, quite unnoticed, we proceed on our way, and halt at another door, not far beyond. Through a corridor piercing the house we have entered, we emerge upon a dark and unaccountable alley of some sort—a narrow, dismal alley running between two board fences, and distinguished as the scene of several murders. It is by no means picturesquely horrible; on the contrary, very plain and practical in appearance; but one shudders all the more at the thought of the business-like criminal waiting here patiently for his victim, or of the miserably intoxicated slayer who has wrought his deed of double ruin in this coarse obscurity, with nothing about him to relieve its hideousness by a touch of bewildering romance. At the gambling-rooms, just now, we were practically in China; here, we are once more in our own fortunate country. But a low door in another building, close at hand, admits us to a dark and noisome den, where that strangest and most destructive of intoxicating witchcraft is practiced—the sorcery of *madjoon*, the dreary rite of opium smoking.

At the back of the room is an opening into another blind apartment, where we can dimly make out certain bunks placed one over the other around the walls, for the convenience of confirmed and thoroughly stupefied debauchees. From one of these a lean, wan face, belonging to a creature who is just arousing himself from his drugged sleep, stares out upon us with terrible eyes—eyes that dilate with some strange interior light; ferocious yet unaggressive eyes; fixed full upon us, yet absolutely devoid of that unconscious response for which we look in human eyes as distinguishing them from those of brutes. This is the gaze of what is called an "opium devil,"—one who is supremely possessed by the power of the deadly narcotic on which he has leaned so long. Without opium he cannot live; though human blood runs in his veins, it is little better than poppy-juice; he is no longer really a man, but a malignant essence informing a cadaverous human shape. No one notices him, however, in this close, sordid atmosphere, and in the minds of these miserable devotees there is no space for compassion or reflection. All are seeking oblivion, and neither observe nor apparently are observed by one another.

Nearer at hand, in the outer chamber, are a stove and a low wooden platform—the only furniture, excepting a broken chair or two. The stove is probably not meant so much for warmth as for other purposes; for in so confined a place the air is suitably Asiatic, poisoned by too many Chinese lungs and the laudanum-scented fumes from the pipes. No; the stove supplies heat for the boiling of the smokers' material, and the low platform is for the smokers themselves to rest upon. Curious as it may seem to those accustomed, as most persons are, to thinking of opium-smoking as akin to the use of tobacco in pipes, this is the mode of preparing the narcotic. Crude opium is the evaporated juice of the white poppy *(Papaver somniferum)* molded into cakes that remain moist and malleable, and in which the strength is unevenly distributed. For medicinal use it has to be dried, powdered, and then prepared in the various approved forms; for smoking, it is reduced by boiling to a fluid somewhat thicker than molasses. Of this a small particle is taken on the end of a pointed instrument, and

held by the half-reclining smoker close to the flame of an open lamp, or a candle. He turns and twirls it dexterously, to equalize the heat, and the little point of glutinous brown stuff begins to melt and swell like sealing-wax. When, by this process, the opium has been distended to the right degree, it is hastily transferred to the pipe. That implement differs totally from the one used for tobacco. It has on the flat upper side of its hemispherical bowl a small opening, or several minute perforations, over which the heated opium is smeared. This is then ignited by a flame and the suction of the smoker's breath; but three or four short whiffs suffice to both kindle and consume the small allowance rated as "a smoke." The whole proceeding, which occupies a trifle more time than the filling and emptying of a glass of liquor, costs, I think, about the same number of cents as indulgence in the latter form of stimulation; and the slaves of *madjoon* repeat the act as often as individual endurance, taste or length of habit may determine.

As we enter, the keeper of this loathsome haunt, the purveyor to "opium devils" and for a time their master, appears to be in an unpleasant mood. Shuffling along in his bamboo-woven slippers, with one hand holding the kettle he has just lifted from the stove, he pauses, crouching in a rather tigerish way, and shaking his other skinny hand with a satirical out-stretching of the fingers at a long-boned fellow, who, having finished his dissipation, has risen yawning. This partaker of the pleasures and pains of opium, it appears, has had several "smokes" and cannot pay for them all; but he is indifferent to the hissing and chattering sarcasms of the tigerish little proprietor. What does such a man care for the petty passions aroused by a question of money?—he who is the possessor of two worlds, the world of reality and the world of illusion stronger than the actual, yet sits amid his empire shattered and powerless, without strength of limb or will, wasted in mind and purse? Besides, has not this snarling keeper helped to rob him of his manhood, and why should he hesitate to steal a few grains of opium in retaliation? After Coleridge's example, no further proof is needed to establish the fact that as to the mode of procuring his only solace, the opium-taker has no moral sense. There is a wide interval between the mind of Coleridge and that of this miserable candy-dealer, whose pennies, slowly gathered by day at the street corner, are vaporized at night; but, quite without plagiarism, the Chinaman has arrived at the same moral condition as that of the poor bewitched poet.

The proprietor looks around as we enter. He is a horrible little man, with an insidious expression; bald on the top of his head (which is shaped like a cartridge and has a dangerous look), but making up for the scarcity there by an amazingly long pigtail. Although plainly disgusted on recognizing his old friend the police-officer, and seeing a couple of strangers with him, he instantly subdues the visage puckered by contempt for the defaulter, and, concealing the new annoyance, comes forward with an ingratiating mien. But as he is not an agreeable companion, and can speak only a few words of English, we have not much more conversation with him than can be maintained with an unusually shrewd monkey. So he goes crawling about his work again, with a suspicious indirect glance at us now and then; and the long-boned candy-man goes on yawning and stretching, and gradually freeing himself from the cramped position in which he had slept, until in the dim light of the place he seems to develop an unnatural height, and almost to be growing momently taller. What most impresses us, now, is the silence of the scene. The proprietor's harangue being over, not a word is spoken; everything proceeds in a wicked, ominous hush, which becomes oppressive. How unlike the prodigal gas of the bar-rooms, with their silver-mounted taps, their glittering, vari-colored bottles, their seductive air of social re-union, are the hesitating dusk of this gloomy interior, the motionless forms and the silence! In the bar-room there is bewildering brilliance; here, no concealment or palliation is attempted—everything is in harmony with the work of death that is being done, and the repulsion we feel is not much unlike that which comes with passing through the murderers' alley, just outside. The frequenters of either resort detest the other; yet it is only a choice of stations on the same highway. But that tall fellow! Will he never stop growing? Has his habituation to opium-smoke gifted him with some incredible capacity for self-extension, an elasticity resembling that of the thin blue vapor itself that is even now curling up behind him? Or is he nothing more than an apparition, a phantasm evolved from a brain touched by the misleading potency that has left its trace in the air we are breathing? Come, guide, let us get out of this place! We cannot endure the hideousness of it any

longer. And there is the wan creature with the dehumanized eyes, advancing from the further room. Come!

We waste no time in leave-takings, but hurriedly go out, closing the door on that woe-begone picture. It is a relief to inhale the air of the murderers' alley. It is a relief to be threading the cold streets again. No matter where we go—anywhere, so that we get other impressions for the eye, and try to persuade ourselves that what we have just seen is not real, but merely the dark record of some deadly thing that once had an existence, but is passed away now and has faded into the improbability of superstition. There are, in fact, people so cheerfully confident in their own limited knowledge that, although they have heard of this thing, they do not believe it exists. But even they, I fear, could not obliterate our recollection just now. Such glimpses of unutterably ruined life pursue one long after the eyes have turned away from them and found refreshment in the beauty of health, and hope, and noble action. For when we have once tracked a particular vice to its lair and seen it in its basest form, it is almost inevitable that we should begin to discern its less obvious workings in other phases, and to trace with apprehension its relations toward the whole of society. This handful of yellow-faced foreigners, whom we have left in their wretched den, represent a disorder not less dreadful than insanity or the disease of inebriety. Indeed, to remember them is to think of a parcel of maniacs, struck with dumbness and sudden lassitude, but not the less mad, severed from the sane activity which holds things together. If the vice could be shut up within that space, or any similar retirement, it would be less terrible; but it cannot be. Perhaps the spread of this particular habit is not alarmingly rapid; but there are more secret ways of taking opium that thrive apace, and these are encouraged in the neighborhoods where the Mongolian has introduced his pipe and kettle. Good example filters down from high places into the lower levels of humanity; but bad example sends up its poisonous gases to the upper levels also.

The smoking of opium is chiefly practiced by the Chinese. It is only within a century that they have used it for other than medical ends. Yet so completely have they now associated opium-intoxication with their national name, that the two things suggest each other, and one seldom hears the Turkish name for the drug, *madjoon*, or associates it with the Turks as more than a mildly enervating influence exerted by means of confections which contain it. It is an odd circumstance that, while opium has gained so strong a hold upon the Chinese nature, with which it seems in mysterious accord, the famous English eater of opium and laudanum-drinker, Thomas De Quincey, in his essay on his own habit, should write thus of China:

> "I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England and live in China and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. In China I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals."

Fitzhugh Ludlow maintains that hasheesh (Indian hemp) has wrought itself into the genius of the Eastern peoples, developing the rich and strange and changeful imagery of their romances, as in the Arabian Nights; and De Quincey attributed to opium great cogency in the stimulation of dreams. But his recently published life—and other testimony on the general subject—shows that it has not this power. As for the suggestion of Ludlow, however it may at first strike the fancy, its acceptance would force us to admit that the literature of a people is colored by its stimulants. This idea cannot be borne out by anything more than a mere fanciful and humorous construction of the facts. We might better assume that peoples select their stimulants and their modes of imagination quite independently, by an instinct or tendency of that almost indefinable thing, their race character. But I do not see any room for a theory among these anfractuosities. The simple fact remains that Coleridge and De Quincey were fascinated by the same dangerous sap of the sleep-giving poppy, which is carrying desolation and anguish into the empire of the "Anglo-Saxons of Asia," for whom one of the European Anglo-Saxons had such an abhorence. In the surrender to a common vice, these opposites meet. We know how the two chief English expositors of its effects first happened to have recourse to the drug, in order to relieve pain, and we know from them also what is the pleasure that allures to a continuance of its use, until the dependent upon it is morally manacled, and thrust into a torture chamber from which there is small chance of his ever escaping. From the confession of

William Blair,* who exemplified the danger of De Quincey's ecstatic praises by reading only "The Pleasures" and not "The Pains of Opium" (thus being led on into a fatal bondage), we get the most vivid idea of the worse than mortal sufferings that the constant use of large doses at last inflicts. In what degree the attraction is the same for the Chinese, we do not seem to be informed. There is authority for supposing that after injuries and surgical operations the Chinese suffer little from nervous irritation, and show much less sensitiveness than Europeans to affections of the spine.† Their comparative insensibility to pain may diminish the first exhilarating effect of opium, but it does not seem to lessen the destructive physical anguish that attends any omission of the doses after the habit is once formed. I do not learn whether the custom of smoking is more immediately injurious than that of taking opium in pills, or in the form of laudanum; but as the Chinese are less sensitive physically than Europeans, it may be that they are led into taking larger quantities. Why they succumb to the temptation in such great numbers may be partly owing to their willingness to throw away their lives in other more violent modes, and to a reaction from the restrictive pressure of their institutions and manners. There is a popular inclination among us to believe those writers who have attributed all manner of vileness to the Chinese; but plenty of evidence is offered, by equally good authorities, to show that these views are often superficial and unjust. In respect of opium, to go no further, trustworthy writers have but one thing to say, and this is that the majority of the Chinese are strenuously opposed to its importation or sale, and that the Imperial Government has striven most earnestly to exclude it.

It is barely twenty years since the second "opium war," ending with the barbarous destruction of the Hundred Palaces by the "civilized" allies, and the final legalization of the opium trade for which humane England, the mother of slave emancipators, had taken up arms. But the wrongs then and in 1840 inflicted on China are remembered by few. Few know how vigorously the Chinese Government sought to prevent the introduction of opium by the Portuguese East India Company, and afterwards by the British East India Company; how the directors of the latter declared that they "would gladly have put an end to the consumption of opium if they could, out of compassion to mankind, so repugnant to their feelings was the trade," and then continued to corrupt customs officers and assist smugglers till, in 1833, half the British import trade in China was in opium. At last "compassion to mankind" led to the making a breach with cannon for the more commodious passage of the contraband article. "I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison," said the Emperor Tan Kuang to Sir Henry Pottinger, in 1842. "Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people." But this nobly humane voice was drowned in the noises of another war in 1858; the pestilent practice is even said, by that time, after spreading among thousands of the best homes, to have been taken up by Tan Kuang's son, who came to the throne in 1851; and opium is now carried into China from India at the rate of from 5000 to 6000 tons yearly. Pumpelly says* that a considerable quantity is raised also in China (contrary to law); and when it is remembered that one pound of this makes 7000 troy grains, and that forty or fifty grains is a large supply for a day's consumption, one has a better conception of the damage that can be done by the importation of over 115,000,000 grains a day. And for this gigantic piece of devil's work the Christian merchants of England have thus far received a clear profit of $350,000,000.

The medicinal offices of opium are, of course, not to be confounded with its abuse. There is a case on record of a physician who took opium for many years, to counteract a consumptive tendency, and, when his health became established, abandoned it by slow stages extending over two years. He lived to be ninety. The London "Spectator," arguing from the analogy that whisky has a different effect on different races, professes to believe that East Indian opium does not permanently injure the Chinese of the Delta, "who may find in it a protection against fatigue and malaria, such as the Peruvians find in coca." But the differences in the effect of whisky are not of kind, but of degree; and any palliation of opium from an English source is to be read, in the light

* See "The Opium Habit." Harper & Brothers, 1865.

† "Oriental Religions, China" (page 41). By Samuel Johnson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

* "Across America and Asia."

of "compassion to mankind," with distrust. Of the merciful interposition of this agent in the celebrated instance of De Quincey there seems to be little doubt;* but his ill-regulated exhibition of the medicine entailed upon him prodigious suffering which he might have been spared; and in general it is impossible to trust in the beneficial character of opium where the consumption of it is left to the ungoverned appetite.

On the other hand, its insidious character, even when it is first taken into the system with moderation under the advice of physicians, is indisputable. In 1877, some criminal trials in Berkshire county, western Massachusetts, revealed the fact that great quantities of opium in the form of morphine are consumed by the inhabitants of the lonely hills of that region; and that more recently laudanum had come into general favor among hard drinkers there, to quiet the tremors caused by excess in liquor. One man earning small wages swore that he bought from two to three dollars' worth of laudanum every week. Cases were not rare, it was found, in which the habit had become fixed by medical prescription. Similar discoveries are made at intervals in different parts of the country, exciting little interest because the public does not know their significance. The injection of morphia under the skin, to quiet certain disorders, has become one of the most prolific sources of continued and destructive resort to its use; the patients being tempted, by the soothing effect of this process, to procure morphia and inject it without medical sanction. This desire becomes a frightful disease, almost incurable.

Dr. Edward Levinstein, principal medical officer of the insane asylum at Schöneberg, Berlin, describes various cases of persons, mostly of high social position, who came voluntarily to him to be treated for this morbid inclination.† After being deprived of morphia for a short time, they became violent and suicidal; some of them, although people of character and culture, secreted the necessary materials and took the morphia subcutaneously, even while professing a desire to be cured of the habit, and while denying that they had morphia at hand. Dr. Levinstein places these instances under the head of a new phase of insanity, *morphomania*, and records that, out of a large number of patients, only twenty-five per cent. fully recovered. All the rest relapsed after leaving the institution.

That physicians do not sufficiently consider the risk to which they expose patients in placing them under this spell, is hardly to be doubted by any one who has had experience or made observation of the subject. Opium, in some one of its forms, is often employed by them without the knowledge of the victim, shall we call him? In the city where this article was written, a case came to my notice where a man, who had first been given opium for inflammatory rheumatism, without knowing the nature of the remedy, became dependent on it; used great quantities of laudanum for several years, and suffered most excruciating pangs before he could succeed in breaking away from its sorcery by a powerful effort of the will. In "The Opium Habit" a man is mentioned who was habituated to morphine in the same way, took it for seven years, and, becoming utterly broken down in health, abandoned the treacherous remedy after a struggle of sixty-five days. So thoroughly had it mastered him that, in ten months after leaving it off, he had only just begun to obtain a little sleep. And even where this specific is wittingly taken up, I have yet to hear of one instance where, if continued, it has not brought on some form of ill-health, incapacity, or agony quite as intolerable as that which it was meant to remove. One of the most pathetic illustrations of this was the fate of the Rev. G. W. Brush, of Ohio, who, having been advised to take morphine to relieve a dormant cancer in the tongue, relied on it for sixteen years, when, attempting to do without it, he relapsed under the necessity of stimulating himself to preach a sermon, and committed suicide a few days afterward in despair. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says that alcohol in western countries kills ten persons to one that opium kills in China; but the Rev. Mr. Brush's attending physician remarks that, in a long practice, he has "known of more deaths from the use of opium in some of its forms than from all the forms of alcoholic drinks." One morphine-taker who has published his story* suggests whisky as an antidote; but his evidence is not conclusive. David Hatch Barlow, on the other hand, who for years preached under the influence of opium, had recourse

* See the paper on "Some Aspects of De Quincey," "Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1877. (Vol. XL., page 573.)

† "London Medical Record," Feb. 15, 1876.

* James Coulter Layard, "Atlantic Monthly," June, 1874.

to that drug in order to free himself from the dominion of liquor, under which he had fallen through the influence of the general custom of drinking practiced among clergymen in his youth. He became the slave of both alcohol and opium, besides using to excess strong tea, and coffee and tobacco. Opium suppresses the lower propensities which alcohol excites, and for a time intensifies thought, or enlarges the capacity for emotion, while debilitating "hardihood, manliness, resolution, enterprise, ambition,—whatever the original degree of these qualities." Otherwise, there is not much room for choice between them; and to play off one against the other is to run the risk of forging a double chain of captivity instead of escaping into freedom.

The curse which England forced upon China at the point of the bayonet, in a war which our John Quincy Adams approved, is silently and surely returning upon the mother country and upon us. Intelligent observers, despite the concealment that accompanies it, see the habit of opium-eating spreading through all classes of our social system, secretly assisted, no doubt, by the quack nostrums in which it forms a chief ingredient, and by the opium-tinctured cigarettes with which our young collegians constantly perfume the still air of their delightful studies. It is a noiseless enchantment, against which there will be great difficulty in proceeding. But shall nothing be done? A writer in the "New York Times" once published an estimate, based on the importations of 1876, fixing the number of opium habituates in the United States at about 200,000. It is probably unsafe to trust to such a calculation, for a large portion of the imports must be devoted to occasional medical purposes; and it is to be observed that only 286,137 pounds were imported in 1876, against 319,134 pounds in 1873—a falling off of over 30,000 pounds. Still, there is foundation enough for the writer's sensible and humane suggestion that an asylum should be established for the cure of opium-eaters. Better still would it be if, in addition to this, the requirements for medical practitioners should be elevated, and the sale of "patent medicines" be overhauled and restricted in this country. The Rev. Joseph Edkins, D. D., a British missionary, has, in his lately republished work on "Religion in China," reiterated emphatically the statement that the English connection with opium has raised a formidable barrier to the progress of Christian teaching in China; and Johnson asserts that, if the British advocacy of a legalized opium trade were withdrawn, the whole empire would be opened freely to commerce. But even these arguments have not thus far availed to rouse the apathy of public opinion against the traffic. When, however, it becomes fully known that we ourselves are in danger of fostering by neglect an evil in our midst that may some day assume vast proportions, public sentiment may perhaps be enlisted in the right way. First, an asylum should be established for the patient treatment of the disease; then the too free use of the drug, even among good physicians, should be discountenanced and the present nefarious sales of the disguised poison be stopped; at last, a true civilization may bring its weight to bear upon the East Indian cultivation of opium. Print and picture supply, to-day, the best exorcism against evil spirits. They should have power to banish the horrible fetich of whose dominion only a glimpse has here been given.

IN THE M. E. AFRICAN.

"De African church? You doesn't mean go to de M. E. African you'self! Have to make ready to hear mighty big noise ef you goes dere. De Mefdis' church got big mouf enough, but de African got bigger!" And a low ripple of amusement broke from the well-cut lips of our mulatto waitress, Scylla. Her imagination was seating us among the swaying forms and soulful cries of the "seekers," in the little palmetto-guarded structure bearing "M. E. African" above its door.

But the ripple died away and a dusky stillness returned to the olive face, as silence gathers again over a lonely shore after a plash has broken its twilight rest. Where had she learned that stately solitude? Had grief bestowed it on her, for a wrapping, in heavy days gone by?

We waited, and another gleam broke the shadowy repose. Was this the first day of March? Scylla would like to know.

We started, and turned over a leaf in our mental almanac. This sudden, scathing

wind, that whistled under orange boughs, stripped banana leaves into ribbons, and dared the skies of Florida with threats of frost—was this a "lion" promise, for a month to come?

"No, Scylla, it is not. It is the last day of February," interposed Flit, who had brought her name upon herself by dipping from one discovery to another with a butterfly sweep, as we traveled on.

"De las' of Febuerry? Thank you, Miss Flit. I'm glad o' dat. I thought may be March coming in vexed!"

And with her bandana-crowned head well poised upon her slender neck, Scylla turned to go.

"But, Scylla—wait a moment! What is the matter with the African church? They have a minister of their own color, haven't they?"

"Yes, indeed—African church and every other church! Can't persuade de colored people to have any odder, since de war. Dat's de very trouble of it, too——"

"The trouble of it? Why, wouldn't you rather hear your own people preach?"

Scylla turned, and her pathetic almond eyes lifted for quite a Cleopatra flash.

"I radder when dey knows what dey got to say! But when dey done waste all deir time, or spend it drivin' mule, and den, some day, think dey'll be minister all at once, I got no use for such preacher work as dat! An' dere's so much of 'em, too! It all *minister, minister,*—never see so much minister since I was bawn!"

Scylla was certainly discouraging, but no matter—we would go to the African church for all that.

We stepped through the open window to the balcony outside; the wind could only strike there in spent little puffs that scattered the fragrance of jessamine over us like a bath. The road wound away toward the town, bordered with great fan-like leaves of scrub palmetto in a heavy fringe, while here and there the boughs of a water-oak glistened against the sky. The dim murmur of voices floated toward us, and a gleam of gorgeous hats betokened a party of colored sisters returning from the "big-mouffed" church. On they came, with their finery and their loose-jointed limbs, their gurgle of childlike laughter, and their rolling, shambling gait; but one tall figure towered in their midst, her ebony head, turbaned like an October maple, held erect against the sky, and her long black arm gesticulating with commanding force as she strode along, the Miriam of the thronging group. "Tell ye, chillen,"—and her voice rang with a clear, high-pitched thrill on the emphasized words,—"tell ye, ye *can't* do ev'ything in a day. *God say* 'love me little, love me long,' but *doan't* love me *all in a day!*" The palmetto scrub rustled, the shambling feet shuffled away, and Miriam and her troop were gone.

"Come along, sinner, if you're coming!" Flit's voice was heard calling at the door. Not that the words conveyed the slightest personal reflection—they were only a snatch from the first installment of "colored hymns" she had succeeded in picking up:

> "You come now, *ef* you comin'!
> Ole Satan is a-loose an' a-bummin'!
> De wheels o' destruction am a-hummin'!
> Oh, come along, sinner, ef you comin'!"

Not through the palmetto scrub, however, but round by the Fort Crass road—one long, bowered avenue of two miles in stretch, with oak, magnolia and bay trees embracing each other overhead, sunset sky gleaming through their glistening leaves, ferns nodding along their crossing boughs, and rose-pink lichens dotting their gnarled and leaning trunks. We should hear the sea murmuring on our right all the way, and come round by the beach and the old mill, and so into town, by the time the first lamp glimmered in the "African."

The old sexton, March, had just lighted it as we approached, and bobbed his crown of white wool deferentially as he led us in. A "dim, religious light" it was, certainly, but March added one gleam after another till the rows of pine pews came clearly into sight, and then he retired to set the bell clanging over our heads with a wild, discordant crash. The crash seemed an electric summons to "Brudder Brockus's" flock, and saints and "seekers" came hurrying in, the brethren ranging into an army of brawny charcoal sketches on one side, while on the other, shawls, handkerchiefs and head-gear swayed and fluttered like a garden of poppies all abroad—and there was Miriam, with the same prophetic glamour about her striding form!

The younger women gathered themselves together and made way until she should choose her seat, but she pressed on; the little cluster of pews standing endwise on either side the desk was evidently a nucleus for "pillars" and "'ficial members," gathered in their strength.

But where was "Brudder Brockus"? The

church was full, not a vacant seat could reproach him, and only the pulpit looked spiritless and cold. Fervor was beginning to stir in the pews—low murmurs and stifled sounds pulsated from seat to seat as meditation roused here and there a quickened throb. Between the murmurs the hush grew deeper and deeper still—we could almost hear the communings of the souls about us with hidden things. We could see Aunt Miriam's broad, gaunt chest rising and falling with the out-reachings of her soul. Suddenly a voice, clear, resonant and rich, broke upon the silence with a thrill. It was Uncle Remus, one of the "pillars" under the pulpit eaves, striking up a "spirityubble song." The thrill fell into the audience like sparks among rustling autumn leaves, their glow broke into flame, and swept in a burning chorus upon Uncle Remus's lines:

"Feel *like* I'm on my journey home!
Feel *like* I'm on my journey home!
Feel *like* I'm on my journey home!
Jesus! He meet me at de do'!"

The harmony swelled pure, sweet and triumphant, the gay wrappings of the sisters gleamed as their broad shoulders swayed under the fervor that was too much for their song, and then silence fell again, and the kindled faces dropped back into their mournful, expectant gaze.

But hark! Uncle Remus breaks forth once more, and this time his "linings" are like vivid Ætna flashes, alternated by the deep, rolling outbreak of upheaving souls.

The "spirityubble" song dies out in a wild, triumphant strain, expectant eyes glow as if they saw the promise dawn before them, but the day is not yet! Even Brudder Brockus tarries, and Uncle Remus sways restlessly in his seat. His great eyeballs gleam as they roll over the assembled flock, as if separating sheep from goats and counting up the odds. The odds seem disheartening, and this time a rich, rolling solo breaks reproachfully forth:

"'Zekiel saw a valley!
Roley! Roley!
Full of bones as dry as dust!
Roley! Roley!
* * * * * *
"He gib de bones a mighty shake!
Roley! Roley!
Fin' de ole sinner too dry to quake!
Roley! Roley!"
* * * * * *

His eyes rolled and gleamed, his body rocked to and fro, his No. 12 boot beat time wildly on the floor, his mouth, like a red-tipped cavern, yawned wide as line followed line, and his hands clapped the measure with a hollow clang.

The reproach seemed to be falling like arrows among the flock, and "amens," swayings and cries thickened across the church. "N'ha!" "N'ho!" "N'ha!" broke out in unearthly nasal tones, and Uncle Remus's soul took hope, and his No. 12 broke into a more inspiring beat:

"*Now* de bones begin to move!
De *dry-y* bones begin to move!"

The wind flapped in through a broken pane, and shook its green cambric curtain with a hollow gust, the lamps flickered restlessly, the murmurs thickened, and a stir rustled over the room. Should we see a ghostly army rattling itself into shape with the next refrain?

"Yes! Look! There is the first one!" whispered Flit, with eyes fixed on a little window at the side of the desk, just at the end of Uncle Remus's seat. It was black as Egypt outside there, but a figure muffled in some huddled wrapping had stepped close to the pane, and the outline of a face was pressed against it with a swift and eager look. In another instant a side-door opened and "Brudder Brockus," throwing his cloak upon a chair, stood, immaculate white necktie and all, on the pulpit floor.

There were no dry bones about Brother Brockus; that was plain. He gave his hands a quick, inspiring rub, a blessing was invoked and a "hymn-tune" read, in a clear, well-modulated voice that scattered the spectral fancies of Uncle Remus's song; the choir followed the organ steadily through the six verses "given out," and a gentle rustle settled the hearers down for Brudder Brockus's "text."

A broad, white handkerchief laid elaborately on the desk took the place of manuscript, and Brother Brockus was ready.

"Sisters and bredren, I ask your 'tentions dis evenin' to a few words in de life of de celebrated character history call King David. Probably dere's very few present in dis congregation but what sometime—somewhere in dere life—hasn't been very apt to hear some anecdote, of one nature or another, mention about King David. When de great gettin'-up mornin' come, and de everlastin' church, slumberin' dese millions of years, wake up and rise wid healin's in her wings, one o' de firs' spectacles glissen in her dazzlin' eyes will mos' proba-

bly be dis same King David, done wrap in glory and shakin' de golden tambourine! But when he pass through dis howlin' wilderness, wid de res' of us, he was a *man dat had his puffections*, and also his *impuffections* at de same time. I doesn't intend to ask your attentions to de impuffections. I don' believe in it—dere's jus' one thing I wants you to recollec', and dat's all. *De failures of de great men of de Bible wasn't recorded for us to patronize!* Doan' make believe you can go do one thing an' anoder 'cause King David done done it once. Jus' remember dat, I say, an' go 'long an' let de res' alone—an' so we comes back to see what his puffections was.

"In de firs' place, King David was de king o' de Hebrew men—I wont ask your 'tentions to de much provokin' question whether dere was any *women* in de Hebrew flock. It's one dere's been disputin' about, I might say, since de firs' pulpit built, an' I believe preachers is got better business to do dan cussin' an' discussin', when de question can't make a single pavin' stone, help dere people through de wilderness to glory. I jus' got one thing to mention, as I goes along. When I finds a hard question in de way, I goes to de good Book wid it, an' I took dis one dere, an' I got my mind settled, once for all. If dere had 'a' been any Shebrew women among King David's flock, wouldn' de good Book said so? Wouldn' de good Book said 'Shebrew women'? But jus' let any one o' you take ten years an' learn to read, den hunt dat book fo' de res' you lifetime, an' you'll fin' Hebrews in de story an' no other sect mention, as far as you mind to go.

"So we'll jus' look back, peacefully, to see what a few mo' de puffections was. Dere's one mo' illustration King David set fo' our minds, good for po' stumblin' sinners, dat find dey done some little t'ing dey wish dey hadn't, once in a while. Doan' lie in de dus' an' cry, all you lifes, 'cause you happen stub you' toe! Get up, an' go long 'bout you' business!

"Now you all knows enough to know I doan' mean you's apt to fall in de street where de mule-cart run. I'se only usin' what's called a *metafore*, an' it's one many of you's met up with, fore now, times enough, too—don' talk to me! So when you come across it again, jus' remember King David, an' get up an' go on nex' time with a walk dat'll leave *foot-prints on de walls o' time!* Dat's another metafore, but doan' think I'm a tryin' tickle yo' ear wid a fine philosophy! I means to leave foot-prints on dose walls myself, an' King David lef' 'em, when he feed de flock, long ago! An' every minister, like King David, to-day, for he feed de flock of God. Dere's some flock have mighty po' leaders, an' some leaders feed improper food to de flock, an' dere's different flocks to feed, but dey's all makin' foot-prints on de walls. Dere's de flock of infidells. Tom Paine done lead dat flock, but he's gone to his reward. I wont say jus' zactly where he gone, but it's some place o' trouble, I promise you about dat. An' dere's de flock of Universalers. I don' jus' precisely agree wid them in all points. Dey say, dere's a plan for all. Dat's true enough, but if de sick man wont take his medicine, he got to die, dat's all.

"And dere's de flock dat says dey once start for heaven dey get dere shore—but tell you ef any lamb fall back, and de wolf happen to be about, somebody very likely to get hurt! So I'm not tryin' furnish you philosophy, I'm tryin' to wake up dese sinners here to-night! When de great Wesley break de Mefodis' church out from the 'Piscopal church, he say, de 'Piscopal church all asleep, and I see heaps of po' sinners sleepin' here to-night. *Sinners!*"—and Brudder Brockus's voice, which had been gradually rising higher and higher through the quick, undulating sentences that seemed almost rubbed together with the deep, African smoothness of his tone, burst into a wild trumpet-like call that might almost have startled the dry bones themselves—"*Sinners!* Awake! Arise from where yo' are, an' come in de porch of de church, an' join de holy family what's marchin' through de howlin' wilderness to de glorious lan' above, and you'll never do a better t'ing in yo' lifes."

"*N'ha!*" "*N'ho!*" flew back from the sleepers as if a few sparks had fallen on the tinder, and Brudder Brockus went on—

"When de thunders roll, and de lightnin' play nimble games in de sky, mos' people, 'specially de ladies, shake and quake and feel like dey mus' get hold o' some man or 'nother, but dere'll be a heap more reason when de great and fearful day of wrath come! Tell you, sinners, dere's a wakin' up time comin', whether youse ready for it or not, and God'll be there to help dese saints pull off mortality and fix 'em up in heavenly robes, and where'll be *your* ever-dyin' souls?"

The last cry hissed through the air, and fell among the listeners with an explosive crash, and a *débris* of fragmentary cries flew

scattering back. But Brudder Brockus had dropped his voice suddenly to the deep and steady roll of the surf upon the shore, and its low, regular beat seemed to strike more mercilessly than before.

"Tell you, sinners," he continued, "where de great sea of Time swim back and fo', dere done stan' a little island dey call *Potmash*, and de great 'postle to de Gentiles get lock up dere fo' to stay awhile, and he see mighty strange sights, an' de whisper of a thousand men. He see a pale horse ride forth, conquering unto conquer, an' oh-h, what a terrible horse! It wasn't Satan ride dis terrible horse! *Satan* can't kill nobody. He plague 'em till dey mos' wish dey was dead a hundred times, but he *can't* kill. It's the rider of this terrible horse, and his name is Death! He can overtake all, for Death wasn' walkin', Death was *ridin'. Ridin'!* An' when he strike he change all de general 'pearance of mortality,—dere's only de mangle form of a corpse. De man given up de ghos' an' *gone*. We don't know where, but he gone. Ever since Cain lif' up his mallet an' slay his brudder, history tell us, de Bible tell us man mus' die. Leave his occupation—can't walk no mo'—lie down and cover up wid de cold sod!" The cries were thickening into a wild, unearthly din, but Brudder Brockus pressed relentlessly on, with only a slight upward swell in the undulation of his steady beat. "De terrible horse go on, but one mo' rider come swif' behind. He ride out on a black horse, an' he say, 'He dat believe in me shall never die,' an' Death lif' up his arm an' say he conquer all, an' de rider o' de black horse shall fall! An' de pale horse ride away to a lonely hill an' wait, an' de rider o' de black horse go on. But he come to de lonely hill at las', and find it a garden where olives grow, and he go in, an' Death cry, 'Aha! I fin' him now!' and he wrastle, and de rider o' de black horse cry out!

"An' who is dis dear rider o' de black horse, in de lonely garden now? Ah, is dere any seeker here say he doan' know?" And a sudden crash of inquiry broke through the speaker's voice and thrilled shivering through every soul.

"It de dear Son of Heaven, God send down for you! An' he wrastle again, but de rider o' de pale horse *terrible!* Ah-h! Has he conquer him now? Mus' de dear Son of Heaven *die?*"

"No! No!" came stifled cries from every side. Brudder Brockus had left the desk, and, with wild gestures and full, unshackled voice, was striding back and forth in sympathy with the strife.

"No! De rider o' de pale horse force from de garden, and go to another hill to wait once mo'. Dere no olives dere, but he haven't long to wait, an' he cry 'Aha! Now! Dis time!' An' he wrastle again. Oh, shall he die? Shall de dear rider o' de black horse die *dis time?*"

Piercing sobs broke from every side. Aunt Miriam's breast heaved wildly, and her long black arms were stretched entreatingly forth. "Oh, *doan'* die! *Doan'* die!" rose in bitter cries from different corners of the room, and Brother Brockus went on:

"Oh, sinner, de rider o' de pale horse wrastle hard! De hour terrible an' he wrastle for you! Shall de dear rider o' de black horse die dis time? Ah, can't hold out no mo'! All turn pale, and Death shout, 'I conquer all!' and he ride away proud, an' all done!

"But *wait!*" and the moans hushed before the sudden piercing lift of the speaker's cry. "Wait three days with me! De rider o' de black horse leap forth glorious from sleep, and cry, 'I lif' immortality to life!' And Death feel de arrow pierce into his flesh, an' he flee away an' lie down to die, and we shout, 'Oh, Death, where is thy victory? oh, Grave, you got no sting!' De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!"

Panting, breathless and trembling, Brudder Brockus stood still. The strife was ended, his wild imaginary share in the contest ceased, and he stretched forth his hands to his people in mute appeal.

Suddenly he withdrew them, caught the handkerchief from the desk, cooled his heated face in its broad folds and stepped down to a chair beside a little table, where mysterious cups of water and fragments of bread were placed. "Church" was over; it was "love-feast" now. Brother Brockus was transformed into audience and sat, receptive and still, on the back legs of his chair, waiting for the testimony of his saints.

A moment's hush ensued, and Uncle Remus's thoughts floated on from the last ringing words of the sermon to the uprising of the "promise day," and another spirityubble song burst forth:

"Oh, who all dem come dress' in white?
CHO. (De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!)
Mus' be de chillen de Isyalites.
CHO. (De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!)
CHORUS. "Oh, what you say, John?*
Oh, what you say, John?

* St. John.

Oh, *what* you say?
De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!

"Oh, who all dem come dress in red?
De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!
Mus' be de people dat Moses led—
'*N*' de *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!
CHO. Oh, what you say, John? etc.

"Oh, who all dem come dress in black?
'N' de *ris*urrection drawin' nigh?
Mus' be de mohners a-turnin' back—
'N' de *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!

"The devil is a liar and a cungiour, too!
'N' de *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!
You don't look out, he cungiour you!
'N' de *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!

"I heard a voice in de promise' land,
De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!
Make me t'ink my time at hand—
De *ris*urrection drawin' nigh!"

The song rose and fell in strange, weird cadences, with subtle inflections almost impossible to catch, and the harmony swelled melting and rich with the rare melody of the African voice; but triumph by and by seemed more inspiring than struggles by the way, and another "pillar," in the seat behind Uncle Remus, lifted his voice and began the beating of his boot:

"Oh, look *at* de Moses!
Look *at* de Moses!
Oh-h Lord!
Jus' look at de Moses,
Smotin' on de water!
Chillens! we's all a-gwine home!

CHO. "Oh, de ole ferry-boat stan' a-waitin' at de landin'—
Oh-h Lord!
Oh, de ole ferry-boat stan' a-waitin' at de landin'—
Chillens! we's all a-gwine home!

"Moses smote de water, and de sea gabe way!
Oh-h Lord!
De Is'lites ate de fishes, an' de sea gabe way!
Chillens, we's all a-gwine home!

CHO. "Oh, de ole ferry-boat stan' a-waitin' at de landin'!
Oh-h Lord!
Oh, de ole ferry-boat stan' a waitin' at de landin'!
Chillens! we's all a-gwine home!"

On went the verses—the pillars were evidently improvisators as well—the choruses came in fervid and wild, and the trembling legs of Brudder Brockus's chair swayed backward and forward, while Brudder Brockus himself broke in here and there with staccato bursts of the "holy laugh"—"Ha!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "Ha! ha!" while a spiritual ecstasy brought his palms together and wrung his hands. It was time for the flock to draw together for the feast.

One by one the "members" rose and pressed to the forward seats. They were ready, but feasters must prove their claim as guests before the feast begins. Had they "kep' de fast,—come all right—all straight?" Brudder Brockus wished to know, and a charcoal sketch rose suddenly to its feet, against the wall.

"Bredren! I done kep' de fas'! I feel all right—all straight—an' I's gwine to heaven, I determined! Clar!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Brudder Brockus, and another arose, and another voice, low, deep and clear, confessed:

"Brudder, I hasn't been always marchin' on, in days gone by! I *have* camped on de road, and I *have* slep' in my tent, but I done burn dat now! I's gwine on! Gwine on, bredren! *On*, de res' de way!"

"Ha! ha!" came the holy laugh, ecstatically, and a gay plaid shawl and swinging arm arose in another seat.

"Sisters and bredren! I got nothin' in my heart 'gainst any here to-night. My enemies or my frien's, dey all alike, and I's gwine to heaven! Sisters! I's determined! I's gwine dere!"

She sank down, and March's woolly crown arose:

"Bredren! I got nothin' in my heart 'gainst any here to-night! Ef I had, I should rung dat bell and sot dat table, an' gone *home!* I's gwine to heaven! I's determined on dat!"

"Ef you want to catch de heavenly breeze,
Get down in de valley on yo' knees!"

rose a wild, shouting voice, and testimonies and determinations followed from one and another saint, till the round was gone, and Brudder Brockus brought his chair slowly down to rest upon four legs.

"Now, bredren," he said, in a lively voice, "de time whiskin' on. We mus' be brief, for we want to get dat basket pass roun' fo' de frien's I see here to-night gets tired and goes out. I'd like to have a prayer from some of you, one or two, as you's moved, but I doan' want no *dry prayer!* De Lord doan' want any! Suppose one of you come to me an' say, 'Brother Brockus, I's in a heap of trouble; I *mus'* have a little help! Can't you—someway—make out, and let me have a few dollars to-night?' An' I look in you' face and see de tears streamin' down, and distress shore 'nough, an' I say, quick an' brisk, 'Yes, I reckon I can!' I jus' han' it out, right now! But you come along 'nother time an' say de same thing,

an' I looks up, see all calm—all dry—no trouble runnin' over de eyelids—none at all—an' I say, 'Go 'long about your business. I got nothin' for you.' An' so, bredren—so, I tell you—*de Lord want tears!* De Lord *want tears!*"

A nod to Brother Jackson in one of the "eave" pews, and the latter dropped on his knees, his monstrous shoulders and uplifted arms seeming bulwarks, indeed, for weaker souls to look to.

"We has assembled dis evenin', oh Lord, for de purpose of washin' up! Oh-h, help, dis evenin', to washup in spirit and in truf! Thou has' promise, if we come axin' for faith, thou'll give it out to us. Oh-h, give it out to us dis evenin', and be our rock and our shelter in a mighty storm! Oh-h-h Lord, unloose de shackles dis evenin'! Ef any mohner try to get out o' prison dis evenin', unloose de prison do'! Oh-h-h, save right now! Fight de battles for us! Oh-h, walk up an' down dis little place till de wicked men an' dyin' women, los' in de desert, gets save from shipwreck, and sail safe in de vineyard forever mo'! Oh-h! help 'em make dere 'scape dis evenin'! Help thy mouf-piece in de pulpit to hol' up de blood-stain' banner King Emmanull! Oh-h, help wake up these sleepers here, but show mercy, too! *Give dese sinners an almighty shake over hell,* BUT DEFER DE DREADFUL DROP!"

The prayer went on, but, as one appeal followed another, Brudder Jackson's entreaty strengthened into a shout, his voice into a roar, and the roar deepened into the bellowing of the beasts of the woods. Would he tear himself limb from limb with these wild contortions, those frantic, tossing gestures, that wrenching of the breath from the depths of quivering lungs? Could Heaven's ear itself gather one wish whole out of the deafening confusion of indescribable cries, shrieks, wails, amens, "n'ha's" and "n'ho's" that shot up like rockets from every side, and followed in the train of the prayer, a hideous din?

Horror, and a sense of the inexpressibly absurd, strove for the mastery in poor Flit's face, and she stretched out a dainty hand with a quivering grasp—but the prayer came to an end and the saints in the forward seats began to stir.

"Are they going away? Have they finished?" whispered Flit. But no! The brethren were forming along the chancel in two open lines, like a picket fence with a lane between, and the sisters, headed by Aunt Miriam, were sailing down the middle in single file, shaking hands "in love" with every brother as they went. On they moved, one following the other, slowly at first, but with a quicker and quicker step, and the clasp must have proved sweeter with every touch, for there was no stopping when the round of the lines was made. It was only to begin again, this time backward, forward, or round about, no one could tell how, for, as hearts grew warm, shoulders began to sway and feet to spring. Springs quickened into leaps, the leaps rocked to one side and then to the other of the charcoal file. The brethren could not withstand that, and inspiration also seized their limbs, till the whole array melted and broke into a wild confusion of swinging, leaping and plunging forms, with gay shawls, black faces, shoulders, head-handkerchiefs and grasping hands, mingled in one mad dance.

Brudder Brockus had stood at the head of the line, getting the first "shake" from every sister as she made her start, but he was lost now, though still alive somewhere in the war-dance, for his holy "ha! ha!" came ringing up from among the "n'ha's," "n'ho's," snatches of song and deafening shouts that completed the *mêlée.* On it went; Flit was snatching at us for another grasp, and the cloud of dust from the stamping, plunging feet was thickening till the saints seemed vanishing out of sight. But either breath failed, or Brother Brockus cried "enough!" at last. The storm lulled away to a gale of wind, then to half a gale; the half-gale rocked slowly down to a calm, and the panting lovers stole one by one exhausted to their seats.

"Yes! There he is! He's alive!" gasped Flit, as Brother Brockus, with protruding eyeballs and trembling hand, emerged from the cloud; but the eyeballs fell on the contribution-basket, and he sprang once more to work. The bread and water were quickly passed to each participant in the dance, and the love-feast was complete.

"Now, bredren!" and the white necktie, miraculously preserved, looked over the edge of the desk once more. "We's got to have a little contribution taken up here to-night. Ef dese frien's have de kindness to wait while de basket pass roun', we'll entertain 'em wid a few songs, which I hopes will also wake up some po' sinner an' bring him home to res'. A pretty good collection we want 'is time, too. Our dear presiding elder done gone home to glory dis week, and we's called on to help his 'flicted

family lef' behin', *lef' behin'*, bredren! Never took 'em wid him. How dey's gwine to get along now?" And Brother Jackson and another pillar stepped forward to the basket.

"What are they doing? Aren't they going round with it?" asked Flit, who already had her "two bits" pinched between her fingers. Evidently they were not. The table was cleared, the basket placed upon it, while Brother Brockus, leaning over the desk, started a "spirityubble" song, with a hawk's eye fixed on the receptacle below:

"Oh, what you reckon de debbil say?
CHO. (Keep inchin' along! Keep inchin' along!)
De Lord's asleep an' your God gone away!
(Keep inchin' along! Keep inchin' along!)

"Stan' right still an' study you'self,
(Keep inchin' along! Keep inchin' along!)
God's gwine to move dis ark himself.
(Keep inchin' along! Keep inchin' along!)"

The song was caught up in full chorus, Brudder Brockus beat time with an excited sweep, and one by one his flock arose and, marching to the table, dropped in their offering, while the "pillars" watched that no pilfering finger found anything sticking to it as it came away, and the hawk-eye glance from the desk watched pillars and all.

"But aren't they coming to us?" whispered Miss Flit once more.

She need not have been anxious. The arm of Brother Brockus that was not needed for beating time had slipped under the desk, and, without disturbing a ripple of the song, had whisked out a basket of extra gorgeousness, and passed it to a "light man," who, almost as pale and straight-featured as the "visitors" to whose seats he brought it, was still evidently one and the same with the blackest of his "color." Flit dropped in her two bits, the rest of the company followed, and the rounds seemed complete. Brother Brockus struck up another song, the flock joined in wild accord, cries of "Come, sinner! Aint you coming?" crashed discordantly in, and the dust began to fly again, but Brother Jackson and his mate were steadily counting up the returns, and piling bits and quarters in separate heaps—with Brother Brockus's unswerving eye still sharp upon them.

"How you make it?" he caught a breath to ask.

The answer was whispered back, and the song came to an end.

"I's obliged to say, bredren, I doesn't feel satisfied with dis collection, so far. I make up my mind I want 'bout ten dollars to-night—dere's some other little 'spenses of de church, besides de family I mention—an' it's only six an' a quarter yet! We have to try once mo'. Don't be backward, bredren. 'Bout ten dollars what I like to have to-night, 'fo' we part. And de anxious seat waiting! De kingdom all open! Hope dere'll be one po' sinner come to-night!" and once more Brudder Brockus's arm beat wildly the measure of his song.

"Wise man! Wise man! Don't delay!
Foolish lady! Foolish lady! Come!"

The cries and shouts rose louder than before, mingled with the boots of saints beating time to the song, and the shoes of sinners moving one by one toward the door. Flit turned with a beseeching look of distress.

"Oh, this is dreadful! Can't we get away? See! Some of them are beginning to go!"

We needed no second appeal. We had gasped for every flap of the green window-curtain for an hour, and the sense of suffocation was growing equally strong on heart and soul. In another moment we were at the door, and sprang toward the open air. Black figures were pressing in and out and the chant from the inside followed us; it was but a step to our hotel, but we glanced hesitatingly out under the low, shadowing branches of the water-oaks.

"See you 'cross de way, ladies?" asked a respectful voice at our side, and, starting, we beheld Robert, the faithful porter of the drawing-room car in which we had come. He had come "home" to take charge of a young orange grove for a former master.

"A very good thing dey made no noise to-night," Robert quietly observed.

"Made no noise!" we repeated, in excited tones.

"Not quite yet. 'Bout de middle o' next week dey'll begin, when Brudder Brockus commence on his revival. He like better defer a little longer till de hotel close, but he been here three months now, an' de church gettin' restless fo' him to show what him can do."

LA SONNAMBULA.

UNDER the great pine-tree, with its wind-harps sounding in my ears through the quiet noonday, I am trying to read Motley, though I would rather wear it. It is my duty to read, to prepare myself for my essay on "Race and Climate." But it seems to me that, like Bottom, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me"; and as for climate, this delicious June day was not made for philosophizing upon, but for feeling and drinking in at every pore. The little white clouds are blinking at me through the branches, and the birds are considering me curiously, with sidelong glances of their sparkling eyes, and the hammock is swinging, yes, swinging, to–and–fro–swinging, yes, swinging to and — — — But what is this? the wildest of rocky gorges, at the foot of Mt. Ventour? We have just dined—have we not?—on eels and raisins, trout, chicken, and nougat, at the odd little inn of "Petrarch et Laure," in the brick-paved, rough dining-room, adorned with wooden portraits of those ancient lovers. If Laura looked like that, wonderful was the love of Petrarch! The green sparkling waters of the Sorgues are rushing past us down the ravine, which every moment grows more savage and lonely, as if it were winding into the very roots of the mountains. As we climb up the rocky path, between wild broken cliffs, where, far up above, the gloomy castle frowns in which Laura dwelt, lo! a weird little dwarf, deformed and grimacing and unpleasant, begins to gibber at us strangely. He is surely the right man in the right place for picturesque effect, as he starts from behind an angle of rock. But our guide does not seem to think so, for she answers him in her singular patois, jabbering in return, and indignantly waves him away. We think he is a rival guide, but we can understand but one of her words, "Ivrogne!"

How the strong little river darts and swirls along among the rocks that are tumbled upon it, and finds its way, as we all do, to light and freedom among obstacles that would seem insurmountable: under, over, leaping, sliding, waiting, till it reaches the wider valley below! Now the precipices close in on us on all sides, and rise higher in front, and there seems no egress from this *cul de sac*. How did Petrarch ever reach that inaccessible castle, perched on the crags so high? But below the great wall of rock that fronts us is an emerald pool that bubbles up in wavering light from the white sand below. It is the fountain of Vaucluse!

No! what was I saying? what did you say? We are in the pretty theater at Weimar; the good-natured duke and dumpy duchess sit on high in their box, with sons and daughters, but their eyes, and all other eyes, are fixed upon one man. The house rings with his name, and with shouts and cries; the bouquets and wreaths fly about him like rain, and Liszt stands in his Abbé's coat, quiet and happy, and crowns with his wreaths the bust of Beethoven, for it is *his* fête that Liszt has honored with his presence, and we are still reeling and spinning with the intoxication of the Ninth Symphony.

Did I say a theater? Surely it is a field full of orchis, and purple sage, and golden globe ranunculus, and we are knee-deep in grass and flowers, beside *such* a lazy little stream. But as the May sunshine falls on the rippling grasses, they turn to waves, and I hear them dashing over the sternest, loneliest coast in the world. It is the eleventh of November, a true summer's day of St. Martin, that sweet saint, who divided his cloak with a beggar, and could even pity the devil and hope for his salvation. Far and near the sun flashes on the blue and green and purple of the sea. We look down the great cliffs, a dizzy height, and hear the wild cries of the choughs and gulls, and the long waves, as they roll in from the Atlantic, breaking in foam and spray upon the rocks far below, and rushing into the dark clefts and fantastic sea caves. Bowlders and islet rocks, of strange forms and still stranger Cornish names, stand boldly off the shore. We gather speedwell, daisies, and wild pansies on the downs, near to a little cabin, "the last house in England," from whence issue forth a little man and woman, like those in Cowper's "weather house, that useful toy," and they offer us photographs and minerals to buy, for a memorial of Land's End. It is a strange place. Far away the Scilly Isles, those outposts of England, are dimly seen; landward, on the hills, the tall creaking machinery of the miners looms against the sky, like great instruments of torture; little birds they call "tinners" flit pass me, and my eyes wander off to sea as if to cross it, thinking of absent ones of home, home—and we are no longer here!

It is a lonely, grass-grown square, so calm, so pensive! the sun shines as if he never wished to shine in any other spot. The wonderful creamy white buildings, unchanged in that gentle sunshine and sweet air, stand in their quiet glory, as they have stood so long; the leaning tower flings its long shadow across the old grass-grown pavement. It is dreamlike, tender, and delicious, like no other spot on earth. We climb the white tower and look down over the bright plains of Lombardy and trace the windings of the Po; we enter the sacred cloister and look upon its mystic pictures and its hallowed grass-plot; we hear the grand echoes in the Baptistery that have sounded there so many centuries, and—

How strange! we are gazing down upon the sea again, over a foreground of gorse and a tangle of ferns, brambles, and broom. The sun floods the sea and the cliffs. Below, the tiny village of Lynmouth is huddled beside the stream, that loses itself on a stony beach, where the queer little lighthouse stands. Behind us from among the majestic hills of Exmoor, twin glens come sweeping down, each with its wild mountain stream; grand headlands inclose the bay, and the lonely enchanted Valley of Rocks winds away behind the shores, overhung with fantastic forms of cliff and bowlder.

But this is surely Paris! Yes! the long rows of closed magazines tell that the siege is near, and so do the little shops, with their shopkeepers, men and women, without customers, asleep behind their counters. The Bois de Boulogne is filled with a sea of tossing heads and horns of cattle, and great flocks of sheep as far as the eye can see, graze under the trees, and the sun shines upon the yellow dust that their hoofs are raising. A regiment of soldiers passes through the street, singing the Marsellaise with their hoarse voices.

"*Dieu merci! Il-y-a des veterans!*" screams a shop girl, running forward.

Her scream changes to a long musical shout, and we are back again in Cornwall, standing upon those great downs that overlook the sea. Away near the horizon the water is strangely agitated and shining with short ripples. The great shoals of fish, the pilchards, are coming in! The "Huers" stand on the hills watching, and giving notice of their motions, by clear ringing cries. Below is the queer little town of St. Ives, with its picturesque headlands, and all is buzzing and humming, for there has been one great haul of fish, and there will soon be another. More than "seven wives" are there, and all the cats; women in short petticoats are running about, and the streets are slippery with fish-scales. Below the promontory and the fort swarms the fish-market with crowds of fishermen and sailors in their sea-going rig, and there the little vessels lie making ready and mending nets and sails. There is a great excitement at St. Ives.

I pass from the market-place, but it is not that one, but another, and the fishermen have changed to market-women in high Norman caps, and they are chattering over bright heaps of peaches and grapes. It is night-fall as I enter the dark, solemn cathedral; vespers are over, and all is empty and quiet. One priest is gliding about, saying mass at a distant altar, whose candles shed long shadows across the pillared aisles. The last faint rays of twilight glimmer through the rose window,—not a sound breaks the stillness. I cannot but kneel there, and pray for the distant and the dear. Thank God, I can do that anywhere,—in cathedral or forest aisle.

How did I come to be upon this lofty mountain in Switzerland? The cathedral was lonely and still, but here is solitude inexpressible; depths of stillness, heights of quiet and calm, as on a mount of Transfiguration. A girl lies near me asleep upon the short, flowery grass, wrapped in a scarlet cloak. Eight grand glaciers, not far away, pour their icy streams into one, so vast, so pure, that words cannot express its fiery glow, its penciled shadows, its sparkling pinnacles, its green depths. One of them seems to stop suddenly, a frozen Niagara; the rest, in exquisite grace, slope and wave and splinter into the lovely manifold forms that ice alone has learned to seek. Beyond are the beautiful, the terrible mountains, the snow-peaks gleaming against the blue, where clouds and glory flying across, now shroud and now reveal, and make every moment splendid with a new creation. There they stand, Monte Rosa, the Twins, Lyskamm, and the rest of those great, still forms, that hardly seem to belong to this world. To the right, the weird and witchlike Matterhorn, strangest and most uncanny of mountains, plays hide and seek through the hooded mists, and seems so near that one might touch it. Near by a lakelet glitters, and nearer a patch of pure snow, and all around the short grass is covered with the tiny, brilliant, alpine flowers. Never are such colors seen elsewhere,

nor can our fields and gardens show such intensity of pink and blue, of crimson and gold. They glow and glisten like metals and gems, the true jewels of the mountain-tops, and show such hues in the pure air and light as others alone display under the rays of the setting sun, while each tiny creature is as perfect as if it were the only one in the world, the specimen upon which all the art of Nature, all the love of God had been lavished. To be thus alone upon the heights is most solemn and sweet, for one seems to be in the secret, and to see that He hath done all things well.

One figure moves slowly about in the distance (he must be a mile away, though he looks so near), and taps the rocks with a hammer, then disappears over a hillock. Perhaps it is Mr. Tyndall himself! Cow-bells tinkle below, and now the soft gray creatures come slowly along, followed by a cowherd, who stops to talk with our guide. He is a ragged fellow, rustic and simple, with stockings inconceivably coarse. The girl awakes, no longer tired, and we share with these simple boys our bread and wine. They dilute it with water,—the thin, sour liquid,—to make it go farther, and enjoy it highly. Then the boy milks a cow, and gives us a drink, while the gentle, large-eyed animals gaze on us with curiosity. He goes off, calling, Blo! blo! blo!

"What does that mean?"

"It is a country word to call the cows," says our guide.

Quick as lightning I have seen and felt all these details, and now the scene changes to a narrow, cool cleft in a rocky coast of Massachusetts. Beyond, at the end of the long aisle, the sea shines in with living green, crossed with purple shadows from the flying clouds. The tide beats slowly to and fro, with a gentle plash upon the pebbly bottom, and dashes louder upon the rocks without, and the gulls rise and fall upon the waves, and whistle their strange, wild call, as they fly across the opening with white flapping wings. The girl in the red cloak is here, too, and we are reading Spenser,—for what else could we be reading then and there?—of the fair garden of Adonis, and of the birth of Belphœbe, and Amoret, and yet—

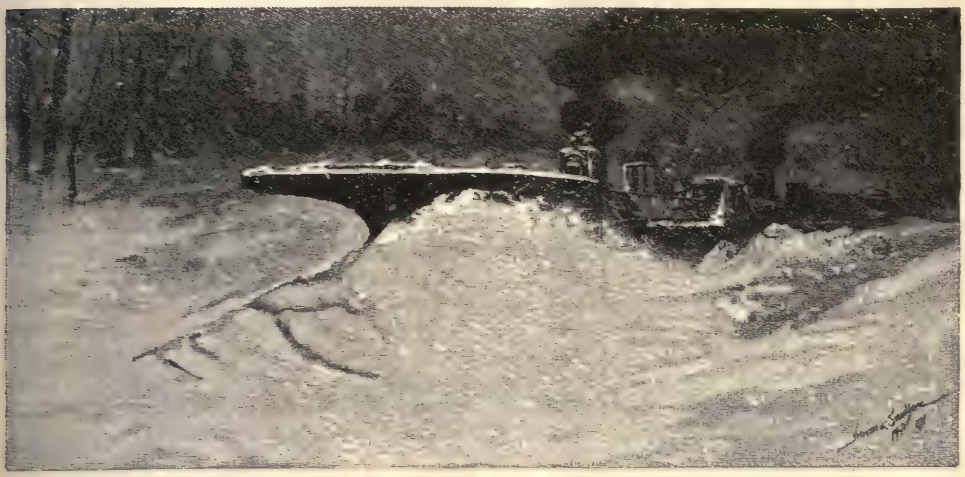
I stand at sunrise on the highest point of the most wonderful cathedral of the world and see hosts of snowy statues shining with the same rosy, alpine glow that is lighting the snow mountains upon the horizon. Suddenly, a shower glitters around us that quickly passing away, leaves across Monte Rosa a divine rainbow, glory upon glory, light upon light. The rich plains, the lakes the city spread out below us, are all variously beautiful; but I can look at nothing but the mountain and the bow, for such a vision is seldom vouchsafed to us here.

The great roof and its silent population is gone, and, from the brow of Overlook, I see lovely valleys spread out as on a map, and the Hudson winds through them, gleaming. On all sides the mountains rise and interlock together, shining in all the softest shades of blue, like flowers,—campanula, forget-me-not, violet, and periwinkle. On one side of the great glen in front the noonday pours and deep shadow lies on the other; white villages gleam in winding vales; there is no fairer view in all the land.

Ah! what a change! In Seven Dials, in the heart of London, I am surrounded by the stolid, dull faces of the poor, that make my heart sick with their utter vacuity and ignorant patience; and yet, is it not in our own city of New York that I am, among the eager faces of these sharp, ragged street children, crowding round me from their school benches to ask for flowers? Alas how little do they know of flowers! But all things seem to be waving and changing before my eyes. We land upon St. Michael's Mount, under the fine old castle, and the devil whispers to the boatman, "Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee," and he does it willingly, for we are green. And Hilda's tower stands at the head of the narrow Roman street, but some one calls it the Monkey's tower, and the castle of Heidelberg looks down upon the quaint streets and houses of Nuremberg, and Oxford's fairest colleges, and—where am I? I have *not* been asleep! "strange countries for to see!" I have only been thinking a little, and trying to read here, under the pine-tree, and swinging, swinging, swing—No! I am *not* going to sleep again! I am NOT!

THE DOMINION OF CANADA. III.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.



A SNOW-STORM IN THE MATAPEDIAC VALLEY.

In 1867, the old British North American Provinces became confederated into a Dominion—whatever that word may mean. Previously neither Upper nor Lower Canada had access to the sea during winter, except through the United States. Then they got a frontage on the Atlantic, with the harbors of St. John, Halifax and a few score more, and a maritime element in virtue of which the Dominion takes rank as the fifth maritime power in the world. True, the connection between the Provinces on the sea and the inland Provinces is by rather a roundabout and rocky strip of country. "Union is strength," urged the advocates of confederation; "for example, look at separate sticks bound into a fagot." "Very good," was the answer, "but will the argument hold if you tie a number of fishing-rods together by their ends?" The State

JUNCTION OF MATAPEDIAC AND RESTIGOUCHE RIVERS.

of Maine runs up like a huge wedge, all but splitting asunder the Province of New Brunswick from Quebec, approaching so near the St. Lawrence that, for a considerable distance, the international boundary is only from twenty-six to thirty miles distant from the river. The Inter-colonial Railway that now links the maritime with the inland Provinces has, in consequence, to sweep round to the north shore of New Brunswick, and find its way to Quebec by the Restigouche and the gorges of the Matapediac. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this almost semi-circular sweep of the railway has proved convenient for the gentlemen who whip the Matapediac in the salmon season. The Matapediac and Cascapedia are magnificent rivers for tourists and fishermen. Their pools, deep, cool and clear, lying under the shadows of enfolding mountains, ravish the sportsman's heart. And, if you are un-British enough not to think killing some of God's beautiful creatures the greatest delight possible to man, it may be enjoyment sufficient to wander over the hills, or by the river banks the long summer day, and "no think lang" as, from the shore or a canoe, you watch the great thumping forty-pounders taking their ease at the bottom of the pools, scarcely deigning to move when you disturb them, or only flashing for a moment in and out among their fellows. Accessibility to the best sporting grounds is, however, rather a slim financial return to the Dominion for two hundred miles of additional railway, as the Minister of Railways has found out by this time.

In spite of the narrowness of the ribbon of land by which Central Canada connects with the Atlantic, Upper Canadians hailed with rapture the confederation that gave them an ocean front. The creation of the new Dominion was accompanied with an uprising of national sentiment, instructive as showing that the colonists felt that they were getting out of the merely colonial position. "Canada first" societies sprang into existence all over the west. Though these could not last, for they had no definite political aim or work, and mere "testifying" is apt to become monotonous, their formation revealed the deepest sentiments of young Canadians. Canada had got to the Atlantic on one side. Every one felt that the next step must be to the Pacific on the other side. On a small map that next step did not appear so very ambitious, but —as Lord Salisbury advised with reference to Asia—take a big map, and look at the size of the old Provinces of Canada compared with the size of the rest of British America, and you get some notion of what it involved. It meant that the Dominion aimed at annexing nearly half a continent, a region about eight times as big as itself, and of which it knew next to nothing. If a good appetite is a sign of health, confederation had made Canada surprisingly healthy. This vast and almost unknown region—if it belonged to any one but the Indians, half-breeds and buffaloes—belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company as far west as the summit of the Rocky Mountains. There, where the fountains and streamlets trickle toward the Pacific instead of to the Arctic and Atlantic, begins the Province of British Columbia, which extends over multitudinous and interlaced snow-clad mountains down the slope to the Pacific, and there reaches across the Gulf of Georgia to include the island that last century was thought worthy to bear the name of that stout navigator, Captain Vancouver. With great lightness of heart, Canada bought up the Hudson's Bay Company's rights in the North-west; then a bargain was lightly made with British Columbia, which induced her to cast in her lot with the new Dominion. From that day to this, the question in Canada has been, how shall we carry out the bargain with British Columbia? That question has made and unmade our ministries. It lies at the bottom of our tariff questions, and throws its shadow over our future. It is our Gordian knot, and the harder we try to unloose or cut it, the worse it gets. The fact is, that the bargain turned out to be impossible of fulfillment. One of its terms—the principal term—was that Canada should construct a railway in ten years from her existing railways to the Pacific. Though the terms were afterward modified and the time extended, the bargain is still so completely beyond our means that, if pressed, there can be only the one issue of Dominion bankruptcy. It might be supposed that the British Columbians, being partners in the confederacy, would dislike such a fate as much as other Canadians. "For," as one of their own commissioners put it, "not even Shylock would have demanded his pound of flesh if it had to be cut from his own body." But no; they, or the gentlemen who undertake to represent them, are fearless. Their cry is, let justice be done, though the heavens should fall; and to them justice means immediate expenditures of money within their own borders, and the

purchase by Government of lands secured by gentlemen with a view to the railway terminus and track. Canada is doing her best to carry out the spirit of the bargain. From one point of view, she is doing more than she undertook. The truth is, that the original covenant contained mutually inconsistent clauses. The railway was to be commenced at both ends in two and to be completed in ten years, but our taxation was not to be increased in order to build it. In other words, we undertook to learn to swim, and undertook, at the same time, not to go into the water. The land-holders and their friends on the Pacific resolutely look only at the first part of the covenant; and what makes the situation irresistibly comical is that these same gentlemen urge the Dominion Parliament to exclude Chinamen from British Columbia, though without Chinese labor the railway could not be built through the Cascades and Rocky Mountains during this century or the next. Inquiring minds may ask: How came Canadian public men to pledge themselves so lightly to a physical and financial impossibility? Lord Dufferin made answer in British Columbia somewhat as follows: At the time, the finances of Canada were flourishing, her revenue was expanding, and the discovery of her great North-west had inflamed her imagination. It had come to be considered that a railway could be flung across the Rocky Mountains as readily as across a hay-field. Difficulties were overlooked. Men apparently forgot that a boiled-up-sea of rugged Laurentian rocks extended for a thousand miles between the Ottawa River and the plains of the North-west; that nobody lived in the North-west; and, worst of all, that no one knew anything to speak of about the mountain-ranges and the passes which intervened between the plains and the Pacific, or about the harbors supposed to be at the head of every fjord on the Pacific coast. The mistake Canada made was in being too sanguine in her calculations; but remember, his Lordship significantly added to the British Columbians, "the blame for concluding a bargain impossible of fulfillment cannot be confined to only one of the parties to it. The mountains which have proved our stumbling-block were your own mountains, and within your own territory, and it is impossible to forget that yourselves are by no means without responsibility for the miscarriage of the time terms of the compact." The force of every part of this answer is undoubted, but convincing reasons are poor substitutes for fat contracts, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that some of the British Columbians loudly threaten secession.

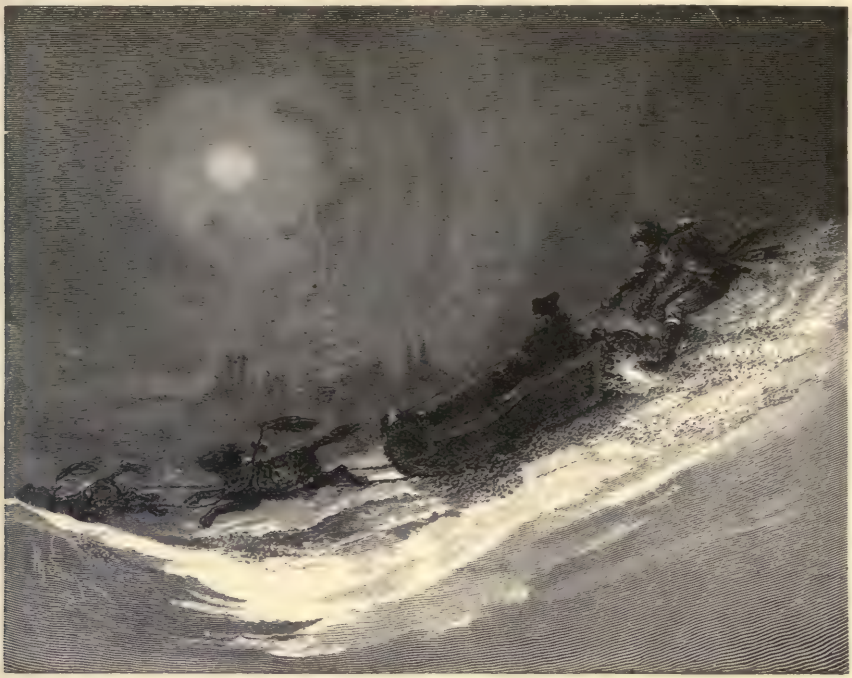
VALLEY OF THE MATAPEDIAC.

We are committed to a Canada Pacific Railway. Our various provinces must be bound together by iron. No one wants to escape from the bond, but we object to committing suicide in attempting the impossible. Authorities are not clear as to the best terminus. The engineers are not clear as to the best passes, though the mountains have been crowded with their mule-trains and theodolites for years. But the greatest difficulty is in the background. If our North-west, the country north of our boundary line, between

the ninety-fifth and the hundred and fifteenth degrees of longitude, is not capable of sustaining a large population and is not to be peopled speedily, it would be a thousand times better to let the mountain and island Province on the Pacific depart in peace and at once. On the fitness of the North-west on this side of the Rocky Mountains for being the abode of millions depends our future. The experiment is now being tried, successive governments doing their utmost, and the people seconding their efforts with a heartiness inexplicable to those who do not understand the power of national sentiment. Only gamblers, however, risk everything on an untried experiment, and the Dominion cannot afford to stake its existence even on the North-west. It is the key to the position, and there must be no doubt that it can open the lock.

In the two preceding articles I sketched the military, social and political history of the older Provinces of Canada. This article deals with new Canada, those vast regions to the north-west that have no history. Long inaccessible to all but the hardy explorers who pushed into its virgin solitudes to hunt buffalo and trap beaver, it is now thrown wide open. My only qualification for attempting a description is that seven years ago I traveled across it, getting a bird's-eye view from the saddle that enables me to read intelligently the writings of others.

Captain Butler gave the name of "The Great Lone Land" to the country that drains by the Red and Saskatchewan rivers into Lake Winnipeg, and thence by the Nelson River into Hudson's Bay, and eventually into the Atlantic. Away to the farther north-west again is another region equally vast, draining by the Peace and Mackenzie rivers into the Arctic Ocean, that he calls "The Wild North Land." Those two regions constitute our North-west. For 200 years they were popularly known in England as "Rupert's Land," from that Prince Rupert of the Rhine who dashed his fiery Cavaliers into useless spray on Cromwell's Ironsides. To him, and a company of associates called "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," Charles II. gave a charter that constituted them proprietors of territories of wonderfully mis-defined extent, on condition that they paid to the King "two elks and two black beavers, whensoever and as often as we, our heirs and successors, shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories and regions hereby granted." The King of England claimed those wildernesses, though unable to define their boundaries, on the grounds that Cabot, Grand Pilot to King Henry VII., first discovered Hudson's Bay; that Martin Frobisher and Captain Davis made voyages there; and that Henry Hudson "took possession of them in the name of the King of England, traded with the salvages, and gave English names" to coasts and bays and headlands nameless before. All those famous old-world sailors made these discoveries while seeking for a north-west passage to China and Cathay. But while the King of England claimed the North-west on such grounds, the King of France claimed the whole of North America, from the St. Lawrence to the Pole, by reason of the actual possession of Canada. Looking on the English as intruders, even when they confined themselves to the coast line of Hudson's Bay, French Canadians fell upon them, and broke up the forts and factories that the company had established for trading with the Indians. These stations were, indeed, restored to Britain at the Peace of Utrecht. The company re-occupied them, but did not penetrate far into the interior. They hung about the Albany, Nelson and Churchill rivers on the frozen shores of James and Hudson's Bays. The discoverers of the great lone land watered by the Red and Saskatchewan rivers were not the agents of the company, but the gallant Verendryes, unaided by country or company. Peter Gaultier de Varenne, Sieur de la Verendrye, is one of those heroic figures that well deserve to be rescued from obscurity and hung up in our national gallery. He fought at Malplaquet, and, according to the testimony of the Marshal de Contades, among comrades "who themselves did wonders," his valor shone conspicuously. Left for dead on the field where France suffered a glorious defeat, he recovered, and his lieutenancy was given him as a reward for bravery. Allured, like other cadets of noble families, by the distant enchantments of an unexplored continent, he found his way out to Canada. While in command of a trading post on the north of Lake Superior, he hears from Indians of a river that flowed to the west. He leaps to the conclusion that this must be the long-desired *Rivière du Couchant* that would lead the explorer to that *Grand Ocean* of the West on the other side of which was China. He laid the matter before the Governor, but France, bleeding at every pore after her long wars on the Rhine and the Low



MANITOBA DOG TRAIN.—DOWN BRAKES!

Countries, could give no money, even to further an enterprise that promised to lift the veil from the ends of the earth. Verendrye thereupon girded himself for the glorious undertaking. He had four sons and a nephew inspired with his own spirit. They built forts on Rainy Lake, and the Lake of the Woods—the beautiful sheet of water memorable as the starting-point for a boundary line in every treaty between Britain and the States, and which divides the thousand miles of rugged Laurentian rocks to the east from the thousand miles of fertile alluvial that extends westerly to the Rocky Mountains. From this point they extended their forts along the Winnipeg, Red and Assineboine rivers, and traded all over the Winnipeg basin. What they gained by trading they devoted to further explorations. To extend the dominion and commerce of France to the Grand Ocean was their aim. Inspired by the heroic lieutenant who, a quarter of a century before, had been left on the terrible field of Malplaquet covered with nine wounds, they patiently endured privations and dared dangers that few can imagine except those who know something of the climate and the distances of the North-west. All five were heroes, and they obeyed the greatest hero. He was their brain and soul. He taught them how to prepare maps, when to march, and what to do in emergencies. He led the advance and secured their base; made friends with powerful and warlike Indian tribes, opened trails, stimulated the zeal of faint-hearted *engagés*, and superintended the whole enterprise. One son with his party of twenty-one men, including the inevitable Jesuit, was massacred by the Sioux on an island of the Lake of the Woods. At the same time that the news of this disaster reached the father, he heard also of the death of the nephew who had been his right hand from the beginning. But neither delays nor disasters could break the spirit of Verendrye. He sent his remaining sons on new and more adventurous expeditions. As they said, "He marched and made us march in such a way that we should have reached our goal, wherever it might be found, had we been better aided." They penetrated south-westerly to the Upper Missouri and its tributaries, reaching the Mandan Indians whom Catlin has made so familiar to us; and on a subsequent expedition the Chevalier and his brother, accompanied by two other Frenchmen, pushed on by the Yellowstone to the Rocky Mountains, being the first to discover the country that Lewis and

Clark, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, with a numerous troop in the pay of the United States Government (and Fremont afterward), became celebrated all over America for rediscovering. They actually saw rising in the far distance the long, silver-tipped range of the Rocky Mountains, from the tops of which they believed the western sea could be beheld; but, just as they felt success within their grasp, their Indian allies forced them to return. Still actuated by the hope of solving the problem of this long-desired western sea, they penetrated north-westerly to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca.

While Verendrye and his sons were wearing their lives out in far distant wildernesses for the glory of the King and the welfare of the colony, enemies at Quebec ceased not to insinuate that their sole aim was to make a great fortune from the beaver trade, and scouted their discoveries as travelers' tales. Wearied with sacrificing his own fortune and his children's lives, pressed by sickness and creditors, he gave up the contest, and, returning, resigned his charge into the hands of the Governor. His poverty, and the subsequent failures of others who tried to bend his bow, silenced his enemies. The ministry at length became convinced that "discoveries cause greater expenses, and expose to greater fatigues and greater dangers, than do open wars"; but as they began to give scant measures of justice to the old hero, and as he began to prepare for the renewal of the enterprise on which his heart was set, death came and took from New France the last of her great explorers, one worthy to rank with Champlain and La Salle. Eleven years after his death, Quebec ceased to belong to France. The transfer of Canada to Britain struck a severe blow at the trade of the North-west. For a time those far distant plains were forgotten. Many of the old French commandants retired from their posts. Adventurous *coureurs des bois* took the place of the regular organization that Verendrye had established. But the trade was too tempting to be left long in such hands. The North-west Company, consisting of Canadian merchants with their head-quarters in Montreal, took it up, and prosecuted both trade and discovery with astonishing vigor. Their voyageurs and surveyors spread themselves over the northern half of the Continent, from Minnesota to Oregon, from Lake Superior to the two Saskatchewans, and thence north to the Arctic and north-west to Alaska. The names of Alexander Henry, David Thompson and Sir Alexander Mackenzie still live in the rivers, passes and posts of the North-west and their journals show that they were worthy successors of the Verendryes. During all this time, the Hudson's Bay Company had confined their operations pretty much to their original field around the frozen coast, but the success of the new company forced them to push into the interior. They claimed the whole North-west as theirs under the charter given to Prince Rupert and denounced the Canadian company as poachers. For years, competition was carried on between the two companies, to the apparent benefit but real loss of the red man. Rival traders sought him out by lake and river side; planted posts to suit his convenience; coaxed and bribed or bullied him not to take his peltries to the opposition shop; gave him his own price for them and, what he liked still better, paid the price in rum. The companies armed their servants and voyageurs, and many a time the quarrel was fought out in the old-fashioned way, in remote wildernesses, where no courts could interfere. The contest meant eventual destruction to the Indians and the companies, and so, in 1821, the rivals wisely agreed to shake hands and amalgamate into the present Hudson's Bay Company. At the period of coalition the British company had thirty-six stations and the Canadian had ninety-seven—a pretty good illustration of the energy with which the latter had pushed business. After the amalgamation the Hudson's Bay Company became the sole representative of civilization and Christianity over nearly half a continent, and sole monarch, too. Whether judged as a mercantile company or a semi-sovereign power, it challenges our admiration as much as the East Indian, or any other of those great proprietary companies to which Britain formerly owed the extension of her commerce and dominion. It paid good dividends to the shareholders, and proved that the best way of doing so in the long run was by benefiting the Indians. The discipline and etiquette maintained among the officials were of the strictest kind, and an *esprit de corps* existed between its three thousand commissioned and non-commissioned officers, voyageurs and servants such as you find only in the army, or in connection with an ancient and honorable service. They treated Indians—even Indian prejudices—with respect, and this from policy as much as from

common justice. I have yet to see the man—red-skin, yellow-skin, black-skin, or white-skin—whom it is safe to treat with injustice or contempt. Besides, every Indian in the savage state has the dignity and self-respect of a gentleman, almost as much so as the Scottish Highlander. There will be fewer Indian wars and atrocities when frontier-men and Government agents have imagination if not Christianity sufficient to understand this.

The Hudson's Bay Company did well; but the fertile plains along the Red River and the two Saskatchewans could not be kept forever as a preserve for fur-bearing animals. The company allowed its agents to say little or nothing about the pastoral and agricultural capabilities of the country. The facts about remote stations that chiefly circulated—such as mercury remaining solid for months, trees so ice-bound to the heart that the woodman's axe splintered on them like glass, the ground frozen so deep that the warmest summer thawed only the surface—the popular mind applied to the whole of the North-west. In 1857, a Parliamentary Committee examined the subject, but found it difficult to get at all the facts. Among other witnesses, Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the company, gave unfavorable evidence about the country. A member of the committee, who had dipped into current literature, called his attention to the fact that he had described Rainy River in a very different strain "in his very interesting work entitled 'A Journey around the World.'" Sir George appearing somewhat confused, a friendly member interposed with, "It is too glowing a description, you think?" "Exactly so," answered Sir George, no doubt sincerely regretting that he had ever allowed himself to write a book. In 1869, after long negotiations, Canada bought up the company's territorial rights for a sum of money, and perquisites and considerations that proved that the company had not forgotten how to trade. As a monopoly and semi-sovereign power it then ceased to exist, though for many a day to come it will be a great commercial and political power in the North-west.

When the Dominion acquired the country, the only district with a population other than Indian was around Fort Garry, at the confluence of the Red and Assineboine rivers. On these rivers some ten thousand half-breeds, English, Scotch and French, had settled, a hardy, horse-riding, adventure-loving race, who maintained themselves by a little farming and a good deal of buffalo-hunting. These swarthy sons of the soil felt that the country was theirs by right of possession. The Indians believed that they had a prior claim. Recent immigrants from Ontario acted as if it was theirs. When the company, after a bargain made in London, transferred it to Canada, the *bois-brulés* broke out into rebellion and murdered a man. On the appearance of Colonel—now Sir Garnet—Wolseley, with a body of regulars and Canadian militia, the rebellion collapsed. The partially inhabited district—a mere corner at the door of the North-west, one hundred and thirty-five miles long by one hundred and five broad—was formed into the Province of Manitoba with all the elaborate apparatus of Parliamentary institutions; a Governor with $9000 a year, a Chief Justice, nearly equal in dignity and salary, local Houses, representation at Ottawa, and all the rest of it, regardless of expense. We Canadians are not rich: the mass of us have to live very economically to make both ends meet; but we can boast that we are the most governed and the most expensively governed people in the world. No wonder that almost every one is a politician, and aspires to a position "in the Government."

I have sketched the history of the North-west. The next question is, how to get into or out of it? This would have been hard to answer ten years ago, when no one but a trapper or well-equipped tourist could have taken the road. Now, the ordinary emigrant with his household gods and goods has no difficulty. There are three routes—the American, the Canadian and the British. The first is all rail. The railway has been completed through Minnesota to the boundary line, and thence to Winnipeg. Winnipeg the other day was only a sort of back-yard to Fort Garry, where the Hudson Bay factor or commissioner lived and reigned in state. Now, the glory has departed from the company, and Winnipeg is stretching across the prairie with the strides of a giant. The second route is "the Dawson road," from the north shore of Lake Superior to the Winnipeg basin. This was the old route of the North-west Company. To the main depot at Fort William, on Lake Superior, came its great canoes from Montreal. At this distributing point they discharged freight, and loaded with furs to take back to Montreal; while the merchandise was transferred to rather smaller canoes, that moved into the interior in brigades of from four to eight. The height of land dividing the

LOW TIDE, ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, N. B.

streams that run into Lake Superior from those running Winnipeg-way is only about forty miles north of Superior. Here a wilderness of interlaced lakes or tarns, in granite basins fringed with dark forest, extends far to the north, east and west. Canoeing westward on these lakelets and lacustrine rivers, and portaging between, we come to the Lake of the Woods. Out of it flows the river Winnipeg, winding among green islets and dashing over primeval rocks in an interminable series of rapids and cataracts till it reaches Lake Winnipeg. The railway line now being constructed along this route is 414 miles long. It will be open about two years hence, at a cost to the Dominion of eighteen millions of dollars, and will afford the shortest and best line between the prairie region and the navigation of Lake Superior. The third route is the Nelson River, by which the Hudson's Bay Company formerly entered the North-west. A recent number of the "Nineteenth Century" review gives a rose-colored description of the Red River and Saskatchewan plain, and of the possibility of Britain being supplied with cereals by this ancient route. For the last two hundred years vessels have sailed from London past the Orkney Islands through Hudson's Straits to York Factory or Port Nelson, with British goods, returning with peltries.

According to the descriptions of those who have been privileged to dwell in the neighborhood for a few years, Siberia would be a pleasant exchange for York Factory. Mr. Ballantyne describes it as

> "A monstrous blot
> On a swampy spot,
> Within sight of the frozen sea."

Sanguine men expect it to rival Montreal or even New York some day, because it is eighty miles nearer Liverpool than New York is, and not far from vast wheat fields that are to be. There may be "millions in it," but I am inclined to think that the chances are not such as to warrant any immediate expenditure of money. "Hypothetical geography," says Major Emory, of the United States Frontier Commission, "is pushed sufficiently far in the United States." The remark applies equally well to some British and Canadian descriptions of unknown regions.

There is no difficulty, then, in getting into or sending produce out of the North-west. The people have railway communication, and will soon be in a position to choose between competing routes. The wrappings in which the fair unknown was long swathed have been removed, and we now can look upon her open face and gigantic limbs, and speculate as to her probable future and influence upon the Dominion. I entered the North-west by the second or Canadian route. Coming suddenly in midsummer upon the Red River prairie on this side of Fort Garry, I saw an unbroken floral garden extending like the sea all around to the horizon. No one is likely to forget his first sight of the prairie any more that his first sight of the ocean. My feelings were probably intensified by having traveled across a rugged granite country, and by an uncomfortable journey the previous night through dark woods under rainy skies. At any rate, I sympathized with the trapper who, in similar circumstances, could only express his feelings by exclaiming: "Jack, hold my horse till I get off and roll!" An immense profusion of prairie roses, and an apparently endless variety of asters and other compositæ thickly bedded among the rich green grass, formed a carpet rolled out by Nature from her looms richer, fairer, softer than those of the Gobelins or the Indies. We rode onward, across miles of meadow, with intervening marshes full of tall, coarse grasses. Here and there, islets of aspens, or an oak-covered ridge, or a line of wood betraying the course of a hidden stream or "creek," rose out of the sea of green and gold. We reveled in the beauty of this new world, where everything was soft and sweet without a suspicion of enervating influence; for the flower-scented atmosphere is wondrously bracing, and every plant and grass looks fresh and full of vigorous life. But the supreme thought to the colonist is not of the panorama of beautiful scenes spread out before him, but of the farms so easily made and so easily worked under such conditions. No chopping, logging, grubbing, rooting, burning and waiting for long years here for a first crop; in with the plow at once, and run your furrow from one end of your farm to the other. Here is the country for steam-plows, mowers, horse-rakes, and every other labor-saving implement. "This sort of thing extends to the Rocky Mountains," exclaimed an enthusiastic friend. His geography was slightly "hypothetical," but pardonable because of his genuine enthusiasm.

HALF-BREED NETTING SALMON. HELL GATE, FRASER RIVER.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the fertility of the Red River, and much of the

Assineboine Valley. A heavy mat of the richest loam covers a tenacious white clay, which rests on limestone. Its productive power seems exhaustless. Year after year the same field yields wheat, without asking for rest or change. Tickling the soil brings fair crops, while care or skill insures an extraordinary yield. Of course, there are drawbacks, and Winnipeg, like every other western town, is filled with disappointed emigrants, who would be glad to get home again. There is not a State nor Province on the continent in which this has not been the experience of thousands. They went in, and remained because they could not get out. At the best, the ordinary emigrant's lot for the first few years is a hard one. No sensible man will "go West" who is fairly well off East; and should he go to Manitoba he need not expect a fool's paradise. A formidable list of horrors can be drawn up at a moment's notice; severe winters, ferocious mosquitoes, scarcity of wood and water in some places, destructive summer storms, and, worst of all, probable visits from the "hopper." This last is the most dreaded enemy. The Minnesota or Red River farmer welcomes the maddest buffalo bull, and is not afraid of Indians; tolerates the prairie wolf and the mosquito; takes precautions against "blizzards," and laughs at frozen mercury; but all his courage leaves him at the sight of a grasshopper. But, notwithstanding difficulties and drawbacks, the tide of emigration rolls onward over the prairie lands. Overflowing Minnesota and Manitoba, it has now reached nearly to the Saskatchewan. Twenty-five years ago the population of Minnesota was somewhere about five thousand; now it must be mounting up to a million. Previous to 1857, enough wheat was not raised in the State to supply the wants of the few thousand lumbermen—its first settlers. The crop last year amounted to nearly forty millions of bushels. In Manitoba the same history is repeating itself. The half-breeds are selling their lands and scrip, moving west, and establishing themselves on the Qu'Appelle, the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, and as far away as the Great Peace River. These hardy *bois-brulés* will always be the advance guard of the army of regular emigrants. Good farmers with large families, chiefly from Ontario and the maritime provinces of Canada, and Canadians who had previously settled in Wisconsin and southern Minnesota, are taking their places and following in their footsteps. It is a stirring sight to contemplate this quiet, resistless flow of the people to possess the waste spaces, to substitute Durhams for buffalo, and to found an empire where formerly a few scattered bands of Indians gained a precarious existence. When shall King Nature say with prevailing voice to this advancing human tide, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." Can the tide first overflow the "Great Lone Land" and the "Wild North Land"? If so, the North-west must eventually control the old Provinces of Canada. The question cannot be answered yet, "with the dogmatism of a God," except by students of "hypothetical geography," but the signs are promising.

In 1872, accompanying the Chief Engineer of the Canada Pacific Railway, I rode across the North-west from Fort Garry to Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan; thence through the woods to the Rocky Mountains, and by the Yellow Head Pass to the Pacific. All the way to Fort Edmonton—a distance of nine hundred miles—Red River carts carrying our luggage accompanied us, easily keeping up with the saddles, doing an average forty miles a day on the trail across the plains. This one fact speaks volumes as to the open character of the country. It leads travelers who confine themselves to the trail to fancy that there is little or no wood anywhere—a natural conclusion, for do we not all judge other people by ourselves, and the world by what we have seen of it? The Red River cart was rather a curiosity to us at first, but we soon found that it was the right thing in the right place. Fancy a clumsy-looking but really light box cart, with wheels six or seven feet in diameter and without an ounce of iron, and you have it. The small bodies and high wheels of these primitive conveyances enable them to cross the miry creeks partially borne up by the grass roots, where ordinary vehicles would stick hopelessly. Rivers are no more impediments than marshes. Whip off the wheels, put them and the body on a buffalo skin, and your cart is metamorphosed into a coracle on which you float across, your horses swimming beside you. Should any part break in the course of a thousand-mile journey, shaganappi, or buffalo raw-hide thong, is in requisition. On the plains, shaganappi does all that leather, cloth, rope, nails, glue, strap, cord, tape and sundry other articles are used for elsewhere. More than the potato to the Irishman, or the date-palm to the Arab, is the buffalo to Indians and half-breeds. By "provisions,"

in the North-west everybody means pemmican, or buffalo meat preserved in a pounded and triturated state. The best tents are made of the hides; good robes are better than coats or blankets; and no one thinks of traveling without abundant supplies of shaganappi. A buffalo hunt is the great excitement and joy of the Indian's life, and the dead buffalo is house, food, clothing and leather to him. A land without buffalo means utter hopelessness. The Indian does not understand what brings the white man, possessed as he is of all wealth and wonders, to his poor country, till he learns that there are no buffaloes where he comes from. That explanation is perfectly satisfactory. But the buffalo is getting "crowded out" of the North-west. This is the dark cloud that the Indian sees coming over his sky. He is enraged at anything that drives away the buffalo, or makes the supply scanty. He has no more idea of allowing other tribes to come to his old hunting-grounds than we would allow strangers to use our pastures, or fishing-waters, or shooting-grounds without permission. Crees and Blackfeet in our North-west would have united against Sitting Bull and his Sioux, when they crossed the boundary line two or three years ago, had it not been for the interference of the Canadian Government. They felt aggrieved when permission was given to thousands of strangers to live on their buffalo. And now, when buffaloes are becoming scarce! Hungry men are apt to be unreasonable, and though the cost of feeding them till they are taught to farm is considerable, anything is better than breaking our long, honorable peace and crushing them with brute force. The Indians deserve well of us. Some of their virtues I cannot admire too much. In an age when Christians think it legitimate to pay their creditors from fifty to five cents on the dollar, it may not be amiss to call attention to their honesty. Here is an extract from Alexander Henry's journal in 1768. "On May 20th the Indians came in from their winter's hunt. Out of two thousand 'skins,' which was the amount of my outstanding debts, not thirty remained unpaid; and even the trivial loss which I did suffer was occasioned by the death of one of the Indians, for whom his family brought, as they said, all the skins

RED RIVER OX-CART IN WATER.

of which he died possessed, and offered to pay the rest from among themselves. His manes, they observed, would not be able to enjoy peace while his name remained in my books, and his debts were left unsatisfied." What would our wholesale merchants give if such an article of faith became current with their customers! That is a creed to do business with! And the same spirit remains to this day. In remote posts on the Mackenzie River, and wherever it does not pay the Hudson's Bay Company to keep an agent all the time, the Indian enters the store, deposits his furs, takes the exact equivalent in goods from the shelves, and departs, leaving the door securely fastened against wild beasts. During the last eight years, the Canada Pacific surveyors and engineers have lived among and employed men, women and children from twenty or thirty tribes between the Ottawa River and the Pacific Ocean, and I have heard the Chief Engineer say that he had yet to hear of the first quarrel, or of an ounce of pork stolen by an Indian!

The secret of our success in dealing with the Indians can be told in a few words. We acknowledge their original title to the land. Billowy prairies rolling on to an unknown horizon, wooded slope and broken hill, sparkling lakes covered with wild fowl, are theirs by inheritance and possession. Who can question the title? True, they did not, after the manner of white men, divide the vast property up into separate estates, and keep registers of deeds. Had they done so, no one would have questioned their title. Their law is that the tribe holds land and wood and water for the common use of the tribe. But that the country which has always yielded them support is theirs, and not ours, they believe as firmly as any English squire or American farmer believes concerning his land. We recognize, then, that it is our first duty to meet each Indian tribe in friendly council, buy its rights, and extinguish its title. A treaty once made with them, we keep it as sacredly as we would any other treaty. I am not aware that Indians ever broke a treaty fairly and solemnly made. They believe in the sanctity of an oath.

So much for the old lords and sons of the soil. What of the country itself? It slopes upward to the west and downward to the north, so that the rivers run northerly or north-easterly. When we came to the Red River, it seemed to us—accustomed to see rivers flowing to the south—to be running up hill. Winnipeg is 700 feet above the sea level, and a rise of 2300 feet is spread over the thousand miles between it and the base of the Rocky Mountains—not a uniform rise, but defined by three distinct steppes. Each steppe is marked by changes in the composition of the soil and the character of the vegetation, though soil and flora are really very much the same all the way from east to west, and as far north as Peace River. Prairie roses, gentians, asters, castilias, anemones, golden-rods, accompanied us from the eastern verge of the prairie to Fort Edmonton. We traveled in the month of August. The air during the days was all that man could wish—fresh, flower-scented and generally breezy; and at nights so cool that blankets and in the early morning a cup of hot tea were always welcome. Instead of being a dead level of monotonous prairie all the time, the scene varied from day to day. After a treeless, waterless plain from five to twenty miles wide, we would come upon a beautiful country broken into fields by rounded hillocks and ridges covered with clumps of aspens, or a succession of shallow basins inclosed in a larger basin. Then the road would lead over a rich, undulating country, or among hills, with pools fringed with willows glistening in the hollows at every turn. About the little Touchwood Hills is a country of unequaled beauty and fertility, of swelling uplands inclosing in their hollows lakelets, the homes of snipe, plover and duck, fringed with tall reeds, and surrounded with a belt of soft woods; long reaches of rich lowlands, with hill-sides spreading gently away, on which we easily imagined the houses of contented owners; avenues of whispering trees, through which we rode on without ever coming to lodge or gate. Here is my note of a day's ride along the North Saskatchewan, good horses under us, a cloudless sky and bright sun above, and an atmosphere exhilarating as the purest champagne: "A country of varied beauty, rich in soil, grasses, flowers, wood and water; infinitely diversified in color and outline. In the forenoon, we rode up two or three hill-sides to get wider views. With all the beauty of former days, there was now what we had often craved,—variety of wood. Clumps and groves of tall white spruce in the gullies and valleys and along lake-sides, branching poplars with occasional white birch and tamarack, mingled with the still prevailing aspen. In the afternoon, we crossed plateaus extending between the streams that meander southward to join the Saskatchewan. Here

the trail ran by what looked like old cultivated clearings, hemmed in at varying distances by graceful trees, through the branches of which gleamed the waters of a lake or the rough back of a hill. As we crossed the last plateau, a glorious view of rivers, valleys, plains and mountains opened out in the glowing twilight. We camped here, and enjoyed our mighty supper of buffalo steak, with limitless pemmican for our Cree visitors, before the twilight had forsaken the west." So the North-west appeared to us who rode rapidly across it in the golden summer. Bishop Taché, who has traversed it in all directions during his twenty-three years' residence, gives the other side. "I am not surprised," he says, "at the impression produced on the tourist while he experiences the real delights of a summer excursion over these plains. * * * But here comes the end of August. Already cold is threatening; severe frosts prevent the ripening of cereals and expose them to complete destruction. At other times, a similar result may follow drought. * * * Winter has arrived in the beginning of November, and continues, more or less, in April, and, great God! what winter! I have noted a common centigrade spirit thermometer every day during ten years. Thrice during that period it has recorded 40° below zero, and it has also thrice marked 40° above, and on one occasion 43°. Often mercury is frozen during entire weeks." But the Bishop notwithstanding, and in spite of the terrible winter cold and the summer frosts, droughts and hail-storms, I have faith in the future of the Saskatchewan. It invites only hardy emigrants, and it promises to rear a hardy race.

INDIAN SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan is one of the objective points of the Canada Pacific Railway. Here it must strike west through thick woods, and cross the Rocky Mountains by the Yellow Head

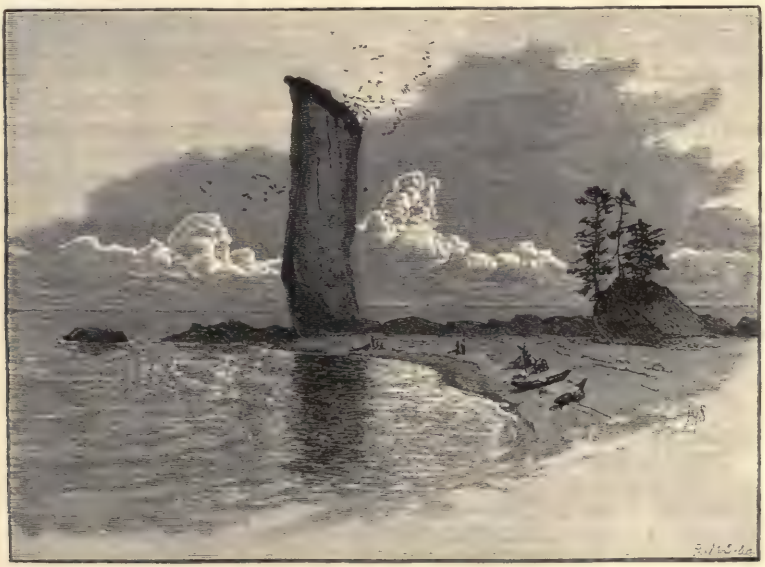
GLACIER MOUNTAIN, JUNCTION OF MUDDY AND NORTH THOMPSON RIVERS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Pass, or strike north-west to tap the boundless prairies of the Great Peace River, and then cross the mountains by the Pine River Pass. Recent testimony regarding Peace River recalls stories of the Arabian Nights. It would seem that, in the North-west, the farther north we go the better the country becomes, and the milder the climate. Bishop Taché told me that at Lac la Biche, 100 miles north of the North Saskatchewan, his missionaries had their favorite wheat ground, where the wheat crop could always be depended on. A reliable Hudson Bay officer assured us that he had never seen better wheat or root crops than are raised regularly at Fort Liard, on the Liard River, in latitude 60°. At Fort Dunvegan the winters are milder than at Fort Garry, more than 400 miles farther south. Two of our fellow-travelers left us at Fort Edmonton for Peace River. They struck the mighty stream below Dunvegan, and sailed on it up into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, through a country rich in soil, wood, water, coal, bituminous fountains and salt that can be gathered from the sides of springs, fit for the table. A scientific expedition that visited this far-north land in 1875 asserts that Peace River is the richest part of Canada;—that an area of 250,000,000 acres is as suitable for the cultivation of grain as Ontario; that coal, coal oil, and coal inter-stratified with iron ore abound; that there are thousands of acres of pure crystallized salt, and that miles and miles of the purest gypsum beds crop out of the river banks. No wonder that the Canadian Government should strain every nerve to open its North-west, and seek to guide to it the great tidal wave of emigration from the old world!

At Fort Edmonton, the objective points of our party were Jasper House, an old Hudson's Bay station in the valley of the Athabasca, and then the Yellow Head Pass. Necessarily discarding wheels at Edmonton, each of us driving a pack-horse, we struggled for 200 miles through woods and muskegs, which often threatened to ingulf horse and man in bottomless depths of oozy swamp. At the western verge of the plains, where their elevation is three thousand feet, the "Rockies" rise boldly in naked grandeur five or six thousand feet higher, and form in unbroken line across our onward path, save where cleft in the center of the line down to their feet by the chasm that the Athabasca long ago forced or found for itself. The mingled beauty and grandeur of the scenery at this portal can hardly be exaggerated. On the left, the mighty shoulder of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up the giant sides clearly revealed. Beyond, Roche à Myette, the characteristic mountain of the Jasper valley, upreared the great cubical block—two thousand feet high—which forms

its imposing sphinx-like head. Only those who readily accept tradition will believe that the daring French hunter whose name it bears ever ascended that apparently scarped and chiseled cube. On our right, Roche Ronde was reflected in a beautiful lakelet that showed not only every color of its sides,—the grey and blue of the limestone, and the red and green shales that separate the strata,—but the wavings and windings of the stratification as distinctly as leaves of a half-opened book. Our trail led up a wooded hill that nearly filled the mouth of the valley; and then down the other side, among tall, dark green spruces, over rose bushes and vetches that covered little bits of lawn, the soft blue of the mountains everywhere gleaming through the woods, and sometimes reflected in quiet, rush-bordered lakelets. A little cultivation would make the Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains—with all the stern and savage grandeur hard by—as dainty and beautiful as an English gentleman's park.

The passage from the east through the Rocky Mountains by the Yellow Head Pass is wonderfully easy. But once in British Columbia and on the Pacific slope, difficulties commence enough to daunt the most stout-hearted. A sea of snow-clad mountains, often connected by huge glaciers,—each range requiring a long detour,—extends in every direction for hundred of miles, and the nearer we get to the coast, the more inhospitable the country becomes. It may be necessary to explain that no reflection on the hospitality of the people is meant by this adjective. When Mr. Blake used it in the House of Commons, vehement was the indignation excited in the breast of one of the people's representatives. "To accuse us of want of hospitality!" Such a charge justified anger and vigorous vernacular! British Columbians are open-handed to a fault. But the cañons of the Fraser River are close. And the Cascade or Coast Mountains are inhospitable. They have been pierced by at least twelve lines of survey, terminating on the Pacific at seven distinct harbors, but, on every line, construction involves enormous outlay. If the line goes by the Yellow Head Pass, and the North Thompson and Fraser rivers, the terminus must be Burrard Inlet—a harbor with its best approach guarded by the island of San Juan, which the Emperor of Germany's decision gave to the United States. Should it go by Peace River and the Pine River Pass—as perhaps it should—the terminus must be Port Simpson, 450 miles further north, and 450 miles nearer the Asiatic coast. No matter which route is taken, the Dominion should not spend millions among the western mountains while the North-west is unpeopled. The western end will cost an enormous sum, and when built there is no population to furnish local traffic. The China trade is talked of, but how could we trade with pagans who live



NATURE'S MONUMENT, CANADIAN PACIFIC COAST.

INDIAN MONUMENTS, CANADA PACIFIC COAST.

cheaply, and, like Joseph, desire their bones to be buried in their own country? The total white population is about 10,000!

Vancouver's Island has been called the Great Britain of the Pacific by students of "hypothetical geography." It has coal, building-stone, harbors, and a delightful climate. The main-land boasts, and with reason, of exhaustless supplies of lumber, notably the Douglas pine. Its gold mines have again and again attracted armies of gold-hunters. Its rivers are at times choked with fish. But the amount of good farming land accessible to cultivation is so limited that the Province does not feed its handful of people. The rivers wind to the sea, or rather to the head of the long, narrow fjords with which the iron coast is everywhere pierced, round gloomy, snow-clad mountains, through granite or trap rocks against which they chafe uselessly. They cannot overflow their banks, and so there are no bottom lands to speak of. They are confined to deep gorges instead of expanding over open valleys. Towering rocks, with cataracts gleaming amid dark pines, and leaping from point to point, mountain sides curtained with glaciers rising in the background into the region of eternal snow, are the characteristic features of British Columbian scenery. It is a paradise for artists and engineers rather than for ordinary emigrants. The Indians greatly outnumber the whites, and promise to be a permanent element of the population. Journeying along the great wagon-road of the Province, the principal pictures we get of them are their elaborate grave-yards by the road-sides, and down in the gorges in which the Fraser is hemmed, the half-naked savage, perched like a bird of prey in a red blanket upon a rock, or clinging to his fragile platform on the face of the cliff, and scooping up salmon from the raging torrent, while his wife, with a creel full of fish on her back, toils homeward up the precipice. But go into the saw-mills, the logging camp, the field or the store, and you find them working well and earning good wages. In no other part of America known to me are the Indians as a class so self-reliant. But even should the 30,000 Indians be raised to our level, and the resources of British Columbia fully developed, the future of the Dominion depends not on its Pacific Province, but on its North-west.

I have taken my readers over a wide field, but I could not otherwise give them an intelligent idea of the component parts of the

new Dominion, and the work that lies immediately to our hands. Canada has been called "raw, rough and democratic," and the more frankly the impeachment is acknowledged the better. How could it be otherwise? We are in our raw youth, have rough work to do, and can do it only by each man putting his shoulder to the wheel. We cannot afford an aristocracy, still less can we afford to ape one. We can hardly afford literature or art. We have half a continent—a stern and rugged half—to reclaim, to people, to animate with a common spirit. That is the work of to-day, and it is enough to task all our energies. The previously isolated conditions and independent histories of the Provinces make it all the more difficult. Grattan's remark, "England is not one country; it will take a century before she becomes so," applies with greater truth to Canada. Half of the people do not understand yet the meaning of the name their own country bears. "How do you like Canada?" I am asked when I visit Halifax, as if I came from some foreign land. "*We* are English," said a lady to me in Quebec, not many years ago; "these," pointing the least mite disdainfully to *habitans* streaming out of church, "are Canadians." Not long since, the anger of Manitobans, burning against all the world, burned hottest against "Canadians." And in British Columbia, where gold-dust once so abounded that every one considered economy worse than vice, we were popularly known as "North American Chinamen." All this is changing. Young men are beginning to feel that there is a future for their country. A national spirit is being formed, which, in due time, will bear distinctive fruit. But for many years the men who can do rough work best will be and ought to be our kings.

All the way across, from ocean to ocean, from the bleak, rugged Atlantic shores to where the long rollers of the Pacific break at the feet of the Cascades, or eat far into the core of the range in fjords too deep for lead or anchor, a geographical line separates us from the United States. Nature has decreed that in all matters of intercourse we must be one with you, and if our common Christianity be worth anything, friends as well as neighbors we must ever be. We started in the race long after you. We have neither your wealth nor your resources. The rude boats of our fishermen on the Atlantic make a poor show beside the trim craft that hail from the Massachusetts coast; and on the Pacific, the barbaric columns, with their strange devices and fantastic figures, that adorn the ancient Hydah villages, are almost all that we can set off against the glories of the Golden Gate. But, rich or poor, this wild, cold north-land is all that we have, and we intend to make the most of it. We are content to take a back seat now, but give us time and we may come to the front.

DE ROSIS HIBERNIS.

AMBITIOUS Nile, thy banks deplore
Their Flavian patron's deep decay;
Thy Memphian pilot laughs no more
To see the flower-boat float away;
Thy winter roses once were twined
Across the gala streets of Rome,
And thou, like Omphale, couldst bind
The vanquished victor in his home.

But if the barge that brought thy store
Had foundered in the Lybian deep,
It had not slain thy glory more
Nor plunged thy rose in salter sleep;
Not gods nor Cæsars wait thee now,
No jealous Pæstum dreads thy spring,
Thy flower enfolds no augur's brow,
And gives no poet strength to sing.

Yet, surely, when the winds are low,
And heaven is all alive with stars,
Thy conscious roses still must glow
Above thy dreaming nenuphars;
They recollect their high estate,
The Roman honors they have known,
And while they ponder Cæsar's fate
They cease to marvel at their own.

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

AFTER READING HIS ESSAY ON POE.

WHO but a poet knows a poet's heart?
O tender critic! weaving such sweet woof
Of pity with your warp of sad dispraise,—
Unvailing a dead brow to lay on it
At last the crown of justice! Not too soon
Your generous words for one who needs them all,
Your passionate "O friends, instead of sneers,
With your protection gently hedge him round!"
Then, bravely, like a mother for her child,
You plead his strange environments, his weird
And fitful fancies, his sick, wayward brain,
His fatal birth-gift, a weak, wavering will,—
Owning him wrong with such sweet skill of words
That in our pity we forget our blame.

Oh, if his hunted spirit, held at bay
This side of death, has covert found at last,
How restful must the change be, and how sweet!
And if he heeds our censure or our praise,
As once, how glad he must be now to know—
If know he does—that in some generous hearts
The balances are just that measure him,
And that some lips are pitiful and kind,
Saying, "He might have been, and but for this,
And this,—dead weights that circumstance
Threw in the scale—he *would* have been, a man,
A hero, worthy of his poet-soul!"

JAPANESE AND CHINESE STUDENTS IN AMERICA.

FOR a score of years, the Japanese government has been accustomed to send a few of its young citizens to the schools of foreign nations. The first delegation entered Holland in 1859, and engaged in the study of law, navigation and ship-building. Before the year 1873, about two hundred Japanese students had studied, under the care of the home government, in Germany, Russia, Austria, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. At the present time the number of government students residing in European countries hardly exceeds a dozen. The majority of this number have already been graduated at college or university; and some of them are now engaged in the study of the military arts. Several private students are connected with the schools of England, France, Italy and Germany.

The first delegation of Japanese students that entered the United States landed at Boston, in 1868. In the course of the succeeding five years, at least one hundred pursued courses of study either under private tutors or in the schools of the Eastern States, of Pennsylvania and of the city of Washington. In the present year, about seventy are members of American schools and colleges. A third of the number are connected with institutions of the Western and Pacific States; and the remainder are enrolled in Eastern schools. Six-seventhis of the entire body, however, are private students, and, as such, bear no direct relation to the home government. Only nine are under the care of the educational department of the empire. The extent and the variety of the past and of the present work of the ordinary Japanese student in

American institutions are succinctly indicated in the following extract from a letter of Tanetaro Megata, the Japanese Commissioner of Education in this country, in reference to his government students:

"Two of them were graduated at Boston Law School, and are studying the practice of law. One of them was graduated at Cambridge Law School, and is also studying the practice in New York. One of them was graduated at Columbia Law School, and got another degree from the Yale Law School, where he is studying now. Three of them were graduated at Columbia School of Mines, and they are studying the branch by practical investigation there. Two of them were graduated at the Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and are studying now practically."

The Chinese students in America are more in number than the Japanese, and, as a body, they are under the supervision of native officers residing in this country. Near the beginning of the decade just closed, —August, 1871,—the Chinese government determined to educate a corps of its young citizens for its service. In the foreigners employed in conducting its international relations, in collecting its customs, in commanding its armies and ships of war, it had failed to find public servants of that efficiency it desired. It also realized the propriety of employing its own subjects for the performance of its official work. By the persuasion, therefore, of Yung Wing,* at present the associate Chinese minister in this country, it decided to educate its own citizens for those pursuits which it had hitherto been obliged to intrust to Americans and Englishmen. A million and a half dollars was appropriated to the execution of the scheme. Advertisements were placed in the Chinese papers, requesting all boys who wished to go to America to spend fifteen years in study, and, on returning home, to enter the service of the government, to assemble at Shanghai. About a hundred complied with the request. For several months they pursued the study of the English and Chinese languages; and at the conclusion of the allotted period, the thirty who had made the most rapid advance were selected. They at once embarked for America. The selection of this country was founded on the preference of Yung Wing. He could have procured the establishment of the mission in either England, France or Germany; but his regard for America and American colleges and schools persuaded him to establish it in this country. In each of the three years succeeding the departure of the first body of students, thirty additional students embarked; and at the close of the year 1876, one hundred and twenty Chinese students had landed on American shores. A large mansion was erected at Hartford, Connecticut, intended to serve both as a home and as a school building; but after a brief residence, either in this home or in families, the young students were placed in the different academies and schools of New England to prepare for college. In the last school year, one was a member of Yale College, two of its Scientific School, two of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, eight of each of the academies at Andover and Easthampton, several of the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, of the Norwich Academy, and the others are scattered through the schools of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Owing to sickness, lack of interest in study or similar causes, twelve have returned to China; and at present one hundred and eight are in this country.

In the selection of his studies, great liberty is allowed each student. Intending to enter one of the five professions of law, engineering, mining, the navy, or the military, he chooses those studies which are best fitted to prepare him for that work which he designs to adopt. If he intends to become an engineer, he selects scientific studies, and enters a scientific school. If he intends to become a lawyer, he pursues the regular course preparatory for college,

* As the head of the Chinese educational mission in the United States, a brief sketch of the life of Yung Wing should be presented. Born in Southern China, in 1828, he spent several years of his boyhood in the schools conducted by Christian missionaries. In 1847, under the charge of Rev. S. R. Brown, an American missionary, he came to this country, entered an academy at Monson, Mass., and, after two and a half years spent in preparation, was admitted to Yale College in 1850. Repeatedly during his college course he won prizes for English composition, and also contributed several papers to the press which attracted much attention. At this time he conceived the idea of the educational mission which is now in process of realization. Soon after graduation he sailed for China. For sixteen years he was engaged in work both public and private, but throughout this time he nursed his scheme, and was constantly watching for an opportunity to forward it. This opportunity occurred in 1870. In June of that year the notorious Tientsin massacre took place. The disadvantages under which the Chinese commissioners labored, in settling the sad affair with foreign powers whose subjects had been murdered, allowed Yung Wing to press his scheme very forcibly upon the attention of the government. At last he was successful. He was at once appointed the chief commissioner of the mission, an office which he still holds, notwithstanding his recent promotion to the position of associate minister, with Chin Lan Pin, in the United States.

and enters Yale, Harvard, or a similar institution.

Comparing the Japanese and Chinese students now enrolled in American schools and colleges, several marked contrasts and likenesses are made evident. The most prominent difference in respect to external characteristics is the greater readiness with which the former adopt the dress and manners of the Western world. The Japanese dresses *à la Européen*, and in excellent taste; the Chinaman still braids his cue, and wears his loose trowsers and blouse. The Japanese is more easily denationalized; the Chinaman is constantly impressed with the duty of loving and serving the land that gave him birth and is giving him education. The latter learns the English language with greater ease, and uses it with greater facility; the former, after a residence of even five or six years, experiences, in the case of not a few individuals, difficulty in conducting an ordinary conversation. Both manifest much deference to authority, and are models of decorum and politeness. The Japanese belong relatively to a higher caste; the majority of the Chinese students are from the middle class of the empire.

In mental characteristics, the contrasts are less marked than in physical. The excellences and the defects of the two types of mind are similar. In each the memory is developed to a degree not commonly attained by an American school-boy; and the Chinese draw forms and figures which they have once seen with marvelous accuracy. The superior development of the memory seems to weaken the growth of the logical faculties; and a difficulty in conducting processes of thought of ordinary intricacy is one of the first defects which a teacher notices in their mental constitution. Intellectually, both are clear-sighted rather than far-sighted; and are distinguished for exactness in thought and statement. Considered as a whole, the Chinese make more rapid progress in linguistic, and the Japanese in mathematical studies. The former are by temperament the more passive, the latter the more impulsive. Both are hard students, and, though seldom ranking first, maintain a creditable stand in their classes. In respect to moral character, also, as well as intellectual, a high degree of similarity is obvious. Neither, as a body, is addicted to the use of liquors, or of tobacco, and both are free from the vices to which American college youth are somewhat subject.

In regard to their adoption of Christianity both classes of students are allowed ful liberty of choice by their respective gov ernments. During the first years of th residence of the Chinese in America, con siderable opposition was made to their com ing under distinctively Christian influences at present, however, this opposition is re moved. They attend the religious service of the church and of the school as thei brother students; and should any of then desire to adopt Christianity, as several o them have already done, the governmen would not refuse them the privilege. I fact, Yung Wing is recognized as a mos devout Christian, and would be glad, it i said, to adopt more aggressive measures fo the conversion of all his young countrymer than his government might approve. O the Japanese students, a few are Christians and one, Joseph Neesima, formerly a stu dent at Amherst and the Andover Theo logical Seminary, is now doing a grea religious and educational work in his nativ island. Several of the students of bot nationalities manifest a high degree of fond ness for theological discussion; their voice are frequently heard in the prayer-meeting of the schools to which they belong; an for the conversion of their friends an nation to the religion of Christ, many o them are exceedingly eager.

Numerous are the results which will flow t their native lands from the education of thi large body of Japanese and Chinese youtl in the United States; but the precise nat ure of these results it is not easy to antici pate. It is certain, however, that they wi prove to be wide and permanent. I developing the material resources of th country, and in aiding the government i the management of its various department its citizens thus trained will be of muc service. Their influence in educational an intellectual movements will be pervasive Japan is adopting modern methods o education with greater facility than China and graduates of Harvard, Yale, Bowdoi and other colleges are professors in he great university. But the presence i China of a hundred young men, educate during the most susceptible period of thei lives, from the age of twelve to twenty five, in American schools and colleges will rapidly develop the public schoo system of that enormous empire. Thei influence, moreover, in sustaining a hig type of personal morality and in favoring o opposing Christianity will be great. Th

verdict of a single Chinese or Japanese educated in America, regarding a system of religion, will be of greater weight with his countrymen than the testimony of a dozen missionaries of the American Board. Precisely how far the Chinese may, on his return in 1887, be allowed to proselyte his countrymen without incurring the censure of his government, is uncertain; yet, in general, upon the material, intellectual, moral and religious condition of these two vast empires, the influence of their youth, now being educated in American schools and colleges, will of necessity be great and enduring.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THAT gold existed in the Rocky Mountains has certainly been known since the earliest exploration of them; it is one of the most curious facts about the whole matter, indeed, that the utilization of this wealth did not begin sooner. About 1803, for instance, a Kentuckian named James Pursley, while traveling with a band of Indians "into the mountains which give birth to the La Platte, Arkansaw, etc., etc." (the locality seems to have been near Mt. Lincoln), found gold there and "carried some of the virgin mineral in his shot-pouch for months." Other wanderers at various times reported it, according to tradition, but no publicity was given to the fact, so that the real history of the mining excitement in the lofty mid-continent ranges, and the annals of Denver, their metropolis, begin with the summer of 1858.

These early annals are intimately associated with the name of W. Green Russell. This gentleman was a Georgian who had learned the delights of gold-digging where the gentle Etowah rolls its enticing sands through charming gorges of the Blue Ridge. When the gold excitement of the Pacific coast aroused the country he started West, and, taking his course up the Arkansas, passed along the eastern base of Pike's Peak, and so northward to the emigrant trail. He observed at that time what seemed to him indications of gold-gravel, but did not pause to verify them. When, therefore, a few years later, he retraced his steps, he halted long enough in Colorado to assure himself of the richness of its bars, and then proceeded homeward to organize a party to return with him to this point. Two brothers, some friends and a few Cherokee Indians joined him.* Following up the Arkansas River, they were joined by adventurers until finally the party numbered thirty or forty; these reached the base of the mountains early in the summer. Finding nothing in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak, they followed northward up Squirrel Creek and then across to Cherry Creek, where they built a village fifty miles southeast of Denver. Their sluicing was of small consequence, however, and finally they worked down to this point, where Cherry Creek empties into the South Platte. Here, building a permanent camp, they prepared to spend the winter. Exaggerated reports of their success having gone back to the border States, recruits came steadily until, by the time cold weather really set in, three or four hundred persons (only three of them women) were gathered in the camp. The settlement was christened Auraria, after the mining town of that name near Dahlonega, Georgia, and the straggling immigration brought in, during the winter, many merchants and artisans as well as gold-seekers.

Meanwhile, the story of the new discoveries of gold in Pike's Peak (for all the mountain region was known by that name, though the peak itself was seventy-five miles from the diggings) hastened eastward, gathering marvels as it ran, and was attested by sundry goose-quills full of dust. Just following the financial distresses of '57, thousands of men were ready for anything, and the spring of 1859 witnessed the beginning of such an emigration across the plains as had only been equaled by the

* The Cherokees had previously been through here, searching for a promised land for their tribe, and had themselves reported gold. They concluded to remain in the Indian Territory, but left their name attached to several springs, mountains, etc., as a memento of their visit of inspection.

wildest hours of the rush to California a decade before. Council Bluffs, Atchison, Kansas City and all the other outposts of civilization became filled with excited crowds hastily preparing for the two-months' journey across the plains, and an almost continuous procession of wagons of every description filed out from their streets to undergo the hardships and perils of that eager race to be first at the gold-fields. He who could not pay for the swift stage became driver or escort of a freight wagon, or followed along with his ambulance; while thousands rode on horseback, or walked, trundling their luggage in a hand-cart or wheelbarrow, or slung upon their backs. *Those* were the storied days when the motto "Pike's Peak or Bust" was inscribed on many a wagon-sheet by jubilant owners, and those also the days when the same wagons, hopelessly bogged in some treacherous fording of the Arkansas, or broken down among the rocks of a stony bit of butte-road, were grimly labeled "Busted, by Thunder!"

The van-guard of this exodus reached the Platte in April, and it is estimated that nearly a hundred thousand persons followed during the summer. We are told that they were in the main from the better classes of men at home, but that nineteen-twentieths were entirely ignorant of gold-mining. Thousands were disappointed, of course, and a thin returning stream met but failed to discourage the new comers, who pressed across the weary, bone-marked plains, sure that their lot would be an exception to all the misfortunes described.

As soon as the snows were sufficiently melted, the Russells and others pushed into the mountains, reasoning that if these outer streams contained a sediment of drifted gold, the source of the riches must yet remain in the rocks whence the waters came. One party, under the leadership of J. H. Gregory, started up Clear Creek, to a point just above where Black Hawk now is, and began prospecting in the gulch. "He climbed the hill," says a written account of the incident, "where he believed the wash or gold-dirt would naturally come from, scraped away the grass and leaves and filled his gold-pan with dirt, and took it down to the gulch. Upon panning (washing) it down, there was about four dollars' worth of gold in it! He dropped his pan and immediately summoned all the gods of the universe to witness his astounding triumph. That night he could not sleep."

Whether any immortals obeyed the summons the record fails to inform us, but it is certain that it was a very few days only before the rugged trails, slippery with ice and gagged with snow, became thronged with eager, though disheartened emigrants fired with a new hope. Almost simultaneously, discoveries of rich bars and veins were made at Idaho Springs, Boulder, Golden, and elsewhere, and the mountains from Estes Park to the Sangre de Cristo began to be overrun with prospectors, while gold and silver ledges and placers were discovered so rapidly that no one could keep track of them, and thousands of claims were taken up on both sides and among the very summits of the Snowy Range,* under laws and regulations framed by the miners themselves. Valleys hitherto undisturbed, except by the light tread of the moccasin and the hardly timid game it followed; cliffs that had echoed to no other sound than the noise of the elements or the voices of bird and beast, now resounded with human energy and were despoiled by the ruthless shovel and axe. The sage-brush yielded place to wagon-tracks, and the splendid spruces were felled to lie docile in the walls of log cities that sprang into shape with the startled swiftness and decision of magic.

When the Georgians built their cabins for winter quarters among the lofty cotton-woods between the Platte and Cherry Creek, they thought "Indian Row" a good enough name; but when a settlement grew up around them and more men kept coming, they surveyed a town-site and named it "Auraria," as already stated. At the same time, a few persons crossed to the east side of Cherry Creek and built a group of cabins, which they called "St. Charles," and a few others "located" on a bench northward under the name of the "Highlands." These last two were abortive attempts at city-making, however, and during the winter of 1858–9 a party with General Larimer at its head came to St. Charles, "jumped" the now deserted settlement, laid out a 960-acre town-site of their own and christened it Denver City, in honor of the Governor of Kansas, of which territory all this region soon became a county known as Arapahoe.

* Fine mines of silver, which are still worked, were opened a few years later on the brow of Mount Lincoln, at an elevation considerably over 14,000 feet, in the midst of perpetual snow.

This last deliberate movement was a direct recognition of the advantages which this point offered as a town-site. It lay midway between the routes of travel to the Pacific coast along the North Platte, and by the way of Santa Fé. It was at the junction of two water-courses, along which grew abundant timber and unlimited pasturage. It was a situation central to the half-dozen passes and cañons which then, as now, constituted the gateways through the mountain-barrier into the interior valleys and parks. Lastly, it had priority, and was fast getting the advertising which has ever since been so liberally accorded to it, and to which it owes, in no small degree, its present success.

Each of the forty-one shareholders was required to erect a cabin at once, and General Larimer was the first man to put up his roof. Denver thus sprang at one bound into rivalry with Auraria, but the strife for supremacy was brief, and resulted in a consolidation by which the older sister of the twain lost her name and became simply West Denver, or, when spoken of with contumely (as, until lately, she frequently deserved to be), simply, "'cross the creek."

Those were wild days in the young city's history. Thousands of excited people thronged her streets, living in tents, in wagons, in dug-outs and in the rudest of log huts and shanties,—the best way they could. All the provisions had to be brought across the plains, except game and some cattle that Mexicans would drive up from Santa Fé. Yet there was no great scarcity, and though prices were almost uniformly ten times as high as at present, gold-dust and coin were abundant, and wages in proportion. If a man thought it cheap to be able to buy a sack of flour at ten dollars, he felt outraged if he was not getting fifteen or twenty dollars a day for his labor.

The fall of '59 saw Denver very city-like and busy. Machinery poured in, and with it every appliance of civilization possible at such a distance from even the frontier of the Western States. All kinds of business enterprises were projected, and among others a newspaper. The late Hon. William N. Byers, a gentleman who has been identified with the best interests of Colorado, was the moving spirit in this latter venture, and its history is a good illustration of ways and means in "Pike's Peak" twenty years ago. At Belleview, near Omaha, Mr. Byers and his associates heard that there was lying idle such a printing-office as they wanted,—a relic of a starved-out journal. Mr. Byers went there and secured the property, leaving Omaha with it on the 8th of March, 1859. The streams were all flooded, snow and rain storms were frequent, and the third day out the trains waded through a frozen sheet of water, three feet deep and two miles wide, breaking the ice as they progressed. The wagon carrying the press had a variety of disheartening mishaps, and at the end of the month had only reached Fort Kearney, 185 miles from Omaha. Beyond there, however, the roads were firm and faster time was made, so that on the 20th of April the precious press and types entered Denver. The name of this fair-sized and nicely printed weekly was the "Rocky Mountain News." To-day it is an eight-page daily, and owned by a different company, but the name remains, and is widely known. Its salutatory is worth quoting as a piece of brave crowing, for that very week was the time of the remarkable stampede which carried back in a panic four-fifths of the emigrants who had set out for the promised land,—scared by a cry of fraud and certain starvation:

> "We make our *début* in the far West, where the snowy mountains look down upon us in the hottest summer day as well as in the winter's cold; here, where a few months ago the wild beasts and wilder Indians held undisturbed possession—where now surges the advancing wave of Anglo-Saxon enterprise and civilization, where soon, we proudly hope, will be erected a great and powerful State, another empire in the sisterhood of empires."

This was plucky and partook of the character of "bluff," for the stoutest-hearted really had intelligent doubts about the truth of the boast; but the journal can take to itself much credit for staying the stampede, and bringing capital and brains to the development of the new camp.

It was not long before rivals sprang up, and, in May of the following year, a daily edition was begun, to which a second daily, "The Herald," opposed itself within a few weeks. At first the nearest post-office was at Fort Laramie, 220 miles northward, and the mail reached there from the East only once or twice a month. About the 1st of May, 1859, a messenger was induced to go to this post-office, and through an utter wilderness he brought a mule-load of letters and newspapers, which were delivered on payment of twenty-five cents each for the former, and fifty cents for the latter. Nor did affairs speedily improve. More than two years passed before Denver had its own post-office, all mails being carried from the East

on the overland coaches, which came regularly after June, 1859, and letters were charged for as express matter, at twenty-five cents apiece.* The war of the rebellion was raging in the East, and a general Indian war harassed the plains. In 1863, mails were so irregular that weeks would elapse without one, and what was received came by the way of Panama and San Francisco. The freighting business was so demoralized that many a hundred pounds of paper cost a hundred dollars for its transportation alone, and wrapping, tissue and even letter paper were used to keep up the daily issues of the "News," which often shrunk to a mere bulletin of military orders, etc., for lack of something to print upon. In 1861, the telegraph reached Fort Kearney, where it rested two years. Then the Denver journals began taking news dispatches, which were printed here only four days after their origin in New York. This increased the competition between the papers, and the most bitter personalities were indulged in through the editorial columns. It is great fun to read these old files; it is like witnessing a battle between men of straw. Both offices established pony-express lines to the principal mining camps in the mountains, and their daily editions were delivered in Black Hawk, Central City and other neighborhoods, forty or fifty miles away, more quickly than the steam-cars now manage to do it. Under these circumstances, twenty-five dollars a year was not a high subscription rate, the retail price being twenty-five cents a copy in gold, which, at that time, was worth twice as much as currency. There was no lack of local news, of course, in so wide-awake a community, and these journals were more successful than is usual in manufacturing "items" for themselves.

In 1859, the town became overrun with gamblers and cut-throats, who thought themselves too far from authority and too strong in numbers to be interfered with; but one night several of them were hanged, and the next night others. Rumors of a Vigilance Committee got abroad, and the leading desperadoes found it to their advantage to "skip." As a consequence, the reign of terror which forms a part of the early history of all the Pacific railroad towns never amounted to much in Denver. Still there were plenty of bad men, and the carrying of fire-arms was a universal custom. Gambling too, was as open and prevalent as it is now in Leadville, Cañon City or Cheyenne, and tanglefoot whisky, at two bits a drink, was to be had on every corner, and two or three times between. As a natural result, quarreling and bloodshed were of so frequent occurrence as to excite no notice; and when anybody was killed "they piled the stiff outside the door," and went on with the game under the impression that it served the dead man right for not being quick enough to "get the drop" on the other fellow.

Although Auraria had long before lost its identity, yet the west side remained the business part of Denver until 1864; and one circumstance which caused a change of base was the memorable flood of that spring, one of the events from which Denver people date. For several days a mixture of rain and snow had fallen over the whole region in an almost continuous storm, and Cherry Creek, ordinarily an insignificant, civil stream was full to the top of its banks. At last there came an unprecedented fall of hail, followed by an hour or two of warmth, and then by a thunder-storm. Hundreds of small reservoirs up on the divide were thus unlocked at a stroke, and in pitchy darkness, rain thunder and lightning their loosened contents swept down the valley of Cherry Creek and struck the town in a series of prodigious waves. Uprooted trees, drifting houses and barns, and floating *débris* of every sort were borne along upon the swift water, and the inhabitants of half the city, particularly on the west side, were driven from their swaying houses by this unexpected black and icy flood. It was a night of destruction of property and horror to mankind throughout the whole region, for Cherry Creek was only one of many streams that rose into majestic proportions and asserted themselves as the channels of awful power. Yet less than a score of persons lost their lives, and it was all over in a few hours. The most serious loss sustained was that of the county's safe, wherein were deposited a large number of deeds, leases, mining records and other important documents, the destruction of which has been the source of a vast deal of litigation. Shrewd ones suspect that the safe was found long ago, and that those who prefer

* There is a whole book to be written some day—and a book of thrilling interest—on the overland coach lines, the pony express and the fast freight arrangement, which preceded the trans-continental railways. Their histories might properly come in here, but would take up so much space that I prefer passing them by altogether to making an unsatisfactory mention. Denver owed much in its infancy to the enterprise and pluck of its stage and express managers.

it should never turn up have paid so much more highly to have it buried again than the public authorities offered for its production, that it never will be seen until exhumed by some future antiquary.

Cherry Creek has "boomed" without warning three or four times since then, and will do so in future; but the guards along its banks and channel are such as, it is hoped, will ward off disaster. When the water is heard and seen coming down, in a mighty flood, crested with great waves and spreading from one trembling bank to another, the fire-bells ring and the creek-side becomes thronged with spectators, and men with ropes, grapnels and hooks. As night advances they build great bonfires at the end of each street that touches the creek, and the angry, chocolate-colored, swift-racing waters run this long gauntlet of fires, that throw their rays far across the turbid waste, and lend new vividness to what is always an exciting picture.

Meanwhile, Denver had grown to possess fifteen hundred or two thousand people, more and more persons had gone into the mountains, and every available point near the town had been preëmpted for ranching. The Arapahoes of the plains and the Utes of the mountains, seeing this inroad of white men, were far from pleased, and by the spring of 1864 their depredations had culminated in united war over the whole length and breadth of the plains. The transportation of merchandise from the East became impossible except in great companies under armed escort, and even then hundreds of men lost their lives. My memory teems with thrilling incidents as I write. The mail-service along the Platte became broken up, and Colorado was practically cut off from the Atlantic coast. Even the city itself was fearful of attack and massacre. Knowing this, it is not strange that so complete a panic should have occurred as happened one memorable night early in June, when the report that an army of Arapahoes were about to sack the town spread through the streets. It was a wonderfully propitious moment for the savages. Most of the able-bodied men of the town were away in the mountains, with teams on the plains, or doing service in the three regiments that Colorado sent into the Union army. After a night of scouting and patrolling, waiting and watching, praying and cursing, fear and fury, morning dawned and no trace of Indians was discovered. The whole scare had originated with a nervous old couple who were surprised at milking-time by the advent of a band of horses. Never stopping to see that they were unsaddled and driven by only a Mexican boy or two, they had leaped into their wagon and rushed off to tell Denver that three thousand Arapahoes were coming. The outcome of all this excitement was the proclamation of martial law, and the sudden organization of a regiment for Indian fighting. The "Sand Creek" campaign followed, and secured instant peace to the harassed settlers and miners, over whose heads a tomahawk had been suspended for months.

The flood and the Indian scares lost to West Denver its pre-eminence, and business moved to the east side, building up Blake, Holliday, Larimer and Fifteenth streets. Its expansion since has been eastward and northward. A walk through these scores of solid blocks of salesrooms and factories exhibits at once the fact that it is as the commercial center of the mountainous interior that Denver thrives, and congratulates herself upon the promise of a continually prosperous future. Her assertion that she is to be the largest city between Chicago and San Francisco is likely to be realized. Most of her leading business men came here at the beginning, but, when every article had to be hauled six hundred miles across the plains by teams, their energies were limited. It frequently used to happen that merchants would sell their goods completely out, put up their shutters and go a-fishing for weeks before the new semi-yearly supplies arrived. Everybody therefore looked forward with good reason to railway communication as the beginning of a new era of prosperity and growth, and watched with keen interest the approach of the iron track. In 1868, the Union Pacific company was running trains to Cheyenne, directly north of Denver, and about 100 miles away; to which point the Denver Pacific railway was being pushed, being completed in the spring of 1869. In the following August, the Kansas Pacific's tracks connected Denver with Kansas City and St. Louis. Thus, the young city found itself removed in a single year from total isolation to a central point on two through lines of railway east and west. Later, it was given a third line by the way of Atchison.

Now followed the season of business prosperity which sagacious eyes had foreseen. When the railways were finished the town had less than four thousand inhabitants. A year from that time her population was

nearly fifteen thousand, and her tax-valuation had increased from three to ten millions of dollars. It was a time of happy investment, of incessant building and improvement, and of great speculation. Mines flourished, crops were abundant, cattle and sheep grazed in a thousand valleys hitherto tenanted only by antelopes, and everybody had plenty of money. Then came a shadow of storm in the East, and the sound of the thunder-clap of 1873 was heard in Denver, if the blow of the panic was not felt. The banks became suddenly cautious in loans, speculators declined to buy and sold at a sacrifice. Merchants found that trade was dull and ranchmen got less for their products. It was a "set-back" to Denver, and two years of stagnation followed; but she only dug the more money out of the ground to fill her depleted pockets, and survived the "hard times" with far less sacrifice of fortune and pride than did most of the eastern cities. None of her banks went under, nor even certified a check, and most of her business houses weathered the storm. The unhealthy reign of speculation was effectually checked, and business was placed upon a compact and solid foundation. Then came 1875 and 1876, which were "grasshopper years," when no crops of consequence were raised in the whole State, and a large amount of money was sent East to pay for flour and grain. It was a particularly hard blow just at that time, but the bountiful harvest of 1877 compensated, and the export of beeves and sheep, with their wool, hides and tallow, was the largest ever made up to that time. The result of this successful year with miner, farmer and stock-ranger, yielding them more than $15,000,000, a large proportion of which was an addition to the intrinsic wealth of the world, had an almost magical effect upon the city. Commerce revived, business was brisk, a buoyant feeling prevailed among all classes, and merchants enjoyed a remunerative trade. Money was "easy," rents advanced, and the real-estate business assumed a healthier tone. Generous patronage of the productive industries throughout the whole State was made visible in the quickened trade of the city, which rendered the year an important one in the history of Denver's progress.

So, out of the barrenness of the cactus-plain, and through this turbulent history, has arisen a cultivated and attractive city of 30,000 people, which is truly the metropolis of the mountains. Her streets are broad, straight, and everywhere well shaded with lines of cottonwoods and maples, abundant in foliage and of graceful shape. On each side of every street flows a constant stream of water, often as clear and cool as a mountain brook, moistening the air and furnishing water for household use to the poor. There are said to be over 260 miles of these irrigating ditches or gutters, and 250,000 shade-trees. The source is a dozen miles northward, whence the water is conducted in an open channel, at a cost to the city of $10,000 a year. For many miles in the southern and western quarter of the town,—from Fourteenth to Thirtieth streets, and from Arapahoe to Broadway and the new suburbs beyond,—you will see only elegant and comfortable houses. A city of equal size in the East would show dwellings arranged to a great extent in solid blocks; but in Denver there are only two or three instances of this. Homes succeed one another, in endlessly varying styles of architecture, and vie in attractiveness, each surrounded by lawns and gardens abounding in flowers. All looks new and ornamental, while some of the dwellings of wealthy citizens are palatial in size and furniture, and with porches which are well occupied during the long, cool twilight characteristic of this climate.

The power which has wrought all this change in a short score of years, truly making the desert to bloom, is water; or, more correctly, that is the great instrument used, for the power is the will and pride of the cultivated men and women who form the leading portion of the citizens. Water is pumped from the Platte by the Holly system and forced over the city with such power that, in case of fire, no steam-engine is necessary to send a strong stream through the hose. The keeping of a turf and garden, after it is once begun, is merely a matter of watering. The garden is kept moist mainly by flooding from the irrigating ditch in the street or alley, but the turf of the lawn and the shrubbery owe their greenness to almost incessant sprinkling by the hand-hose. Fountains are seen in nearly every yard. After dinner (for Denver dines at five o'clock, as a rule), the father of the house lights his cigar and turns hoseman for an hour, while he chats with friends; or the small boys bribe each other to let them lay the dust in the street, to the imminent peril of passers-by. The swish and gurgle and sparkle of water are always present, and always must be; for so Denver defies the desert and dissipates the dreaded dust.

Considering this abundance of water, the dirty and unsanitary condition of central Denver is a disgrace to her, and will presently be an alarm. Many alleys are filled with disgusting refuse, and the gutters, where there is not a swift stream, are choked with filth. It is not so bad as the same condition of things in a southern or eastern town would be, because the dryness of the air causes desiccation rather than the putrescence of decaying matter. But it is bad enough, and long ago it was understood that well-water must not be consumed inside the city limits. Now the surface-drainage has affected even the Platte and the Holly water, and during the summer of 1879 much sickness resulted from drinking it. At this rate, Denver's population will be changed from a race of reconstructed invalids to one of newly afflicted candidates for the hospital. It is offered in defense against these charges that the city has increased in population ahead of its accommodations—has outgrown itself; and new works of great magnitude are being projected, which will bring the melted snows directly from their rocky reservoirs in the foot-hills and distribute the purest water in the greatest abundance. Then it is promised that sewers will be dug, proper escape-pipes be arranged, and an era of sanitation begun. Hasten the day! There is no excuse for ill-health to a sound body in this dry, clear, exhilarating atmosphere.

Its climate is one of the things Denver boasts of; but a region where the temperature will fall 48 degrees in a single hour, as it actually did one January day in 1875, is open to criticism, to say the least. That the air is pure and invigorating is to be expected at a point right out on a plateau a mile above sea-level, with a range of snow-burdened mountains within sight. From the beginning to the end of warm weather it rarely rains, except occasional thunder and hail storms in July and August. September witnesses an ugly storm, succeeded by cool, charming weather, when the haze and smoke is filtered from the bracing air, and the landscape robes itself in its most enchanting hues. The coldest weather occurs after New Year's Day and lasts until April. Then come the May storms and floods, followed by a hot, dry summer. The barometer holds itself pretty steady throughout the year, but the thermometer goes crazy, and the anemometer is sometimes "driven almost to death." There is a vast quantity of electricity in the air, and the displays of lightning are magnificent and often destructive. Sunshine is superabundant. Records show less than a score of days in seven years when the sun has been totally obscured. It glares down through the thin, brilliant air with burning heat and an insupportable brightness which it pains the eye to encounter. One can by no means judge from the brightest day in New York of the wonderful dazzle sunlight has here; nor can he fail to notice the instant relief felt when he steps out of the direct rays into the shadow. Summer heat often reaches a hundred in the shade, and is stifling at midday; but with sunset comes coolness, and the nights allow refreshing sleep. In winter, the mercury sometimes sinks thirty degrees below zero and stays there for long periods,—the average for January is frequently more than ten degrees below,—but one doesn't feel this severity as much as he would a far less degree of cold in the damp, raw climate of the coast. Snow is frequent, but not very useful for sleighing on account of the wind.

This wind, in fact, is the great feature about the weather at all seasons. It does not *always* blow, but the pauses are so rare as to be a positive relief. In congratulating herself that Cheyenne has from 1500 to 2000 more miles of wind a month than she, Denver asserts no strong claim to being a calm locality. The dust, which is Denver's *bête noir*, is swept in blinding clouds at the shortest notice away from before you, to be deposited in some less desirable place, while you get the full benefit of some else's pulverulent property. Nor has this Colorado wind a decent and fixed purpose. It is a perfect Puck of a wind, dashing down from the mountains, or tearing in off the plains, at a pace that defies all preparation or caution. All the cinders resulting from kitchen fires are required by law to be put into little close domes of brick,—quaint little structures, like Mexican ovens, that attract a stranger's eye at once as he glances over the palings of the back-yard. In one breeze a family lost three wash-tubs, among numberless other things, blown miles away on the plains. A good, motherly woman, hating frivolity and camping to please her children in the mouth of a cañon, is what this dare-devil wind loves above all things to meet with. It holds still till she has made everything ready, and is just reaching out to set her frying-pan upon the nicely glowing coals; then—piff! and the embers are going over the top of the hill, and the whole camp devotes itself

for the rest of the evening to collecting scattered articles. There is a yarn about a miner who, being swift of foot, chased his vagrant fire and held his skillet over it as it traveled. When his bacon was done he found himself fifteen miles from camp!

Denver is not only built with the capital of her own citizens, but constructed of materials close at hand. Very substantial bricks, kilned in the suburbs, are the favorite material, and no less than twenty millions will be put into walls this year. Then there is a pinkish trachyte, almost as light as pumice, and ringing under a blow with a metallic clink, that is largely employed in trimmings. Sandstone, marble and limestone are abundant enough for all needs, and the foundations of most of the large buildings are made of stone which will assay eight dollars' worth of silver to the ton! Coarse lumber is supplied by the high pine-forests, for the great cottonwoods that shade the lower streams are of no account, but all the hard wood and fine lumber is brought from the East. The fuel of the city is wholly lignite coal, which comes from the foot-hills. It is dirty stuff, yielding a dense smoke, and a noticeable effect follows. A dozen years ago, it seemed some days as though the mountains rose abruptly from the Platte, and one can almost credit the popular yarn of the Englishman who started to walk out to them before breakfast, never dreaming their nearest slopes were a dozen miles away; now, however, close as they sometimes approach, and wonderfully as they loom up before the eye, they always seem more distant and dim. No doubt the smoke of thousands of fires and the exhalations of a crowded and somewhat dirty city have made the whole atmosphere perceptibly dense and impure.

While she has thus been looking well after the material attractions, Denver has not forgotten the mental inducements to make her midst your dwelling-place. She is very proud of her school-buildings, constructed and managed upon the most approved plans; of her fine churches, of her flower-bedecked State offices, her seminaries of higher learning, and her recently organized natural history and historical association. Society is cosmopolitan. Five hundred people a day, it is said, enter Denver. Nowadays "the tour" of the United States is incomplete if this mountain city is omitted. Thus, the registers of her hotels bear many foreign autographs of world-wide reputation.

Surprise is often expressed by the critical among these visitors (why, I do not understand) at the totally unexpected degree of intelligence, culture in music and art, appreciation of the more refined methods of thought and handiwork, and the knowledge of science that greets them here. Do they think because we live on the western side of the plains that we are out of the world? or because we are pioneers that we are, therefore, boors? Or do they cling to the old notion that Denver is a place where one half the population is practicing with revolvers on the other half? Art and music, particularly, find friends and cultivation among the educated and generous families who have built up society here. There are schools and societies devoted to sustaining the interest, just as there are reading circles and Shakspere clubs. And, withal, there is the most charming freedom of acquaintance and intercourse,—polish and good-breeding, delivered from all chill and exclusiveness, or regard for "who was your grandfather?" Yet, this winsome good-fellowship by no means descends to vulgarity or permits itself to be abused. After all, it is only New York and New England and Ohio, transplanted and considerably enlivened.

One result of this, unfortunately for the magazinist, is that there is little distinctive character in the community. What there is is merely off-color, if not criminal, and cannot be dwelt upon. There used to be plenty of life and color in the streets that was picturesque, but, if not all gone, it is fast going, and Denver has become as tame and conventional as any Ohio town. I can think of only one single custom that may be regarded as altogether local. In the suburbs nearly every citizen keeps a cow; and this requires a pasture. But about Denver there are no fenced fields,—when you get away from the houses you are at once out on the open plains, and could walk to the Missouri without jumping a fence. A few men, therefore, make it their business to collect all the cows in a certain quarter of the city every morning, drive them out on the plain to feed, and bring them back at night. It is a pleasant sight to see this "town-herd" come in, in the evening, and find their way lazily to their own doors, while the weary herder on his decrepit broncho lags behind, or spurs with sudden zeal and much Mexican profanity after some truant beast that refuses to go right.

To return to our consideration of Denver's resources, it will readily be seen that

she stands as the supply depot and money-receiver of three great branches of industry and wealth, namely, mining, stock-raising and agriculture.

The first of these is the most important. Many of the richest proprietors live here and spend their profits. Then, too, the machinery which the mining and reduction of the ores require, and the tools, clothing and provisions of the men, mainly come from here. About 65,000 lodes have been discovered in Colorado, and numberless placers. Only a small proportion of these, of course, were worked remuneratively, but the cash yield of the twenty years since the discovery of the precious metals has averaged nearly $5,000,000 a year, and has increased from $200,000 in 1869 to over $10,000,000 in 1879. Not half of this is gold, yet it is only since 1870 that silver has been mined at all in Colorado. These statistics show the total yield of the State in gold and silver thus far to approximate $100,000,000, not to mention tellurium, copper, iron, lead and coal.

The second great means of revenue to Denver is the cattle and sheep of the State. The wonderful, worthless-looking buffalo-grass, growing in little tufts so scattered that the dust shows itself everywhere between, and turning sere and shriveled before the spring rains are fairly over, has proved one of Colorado's most prolific sources of wealth. The herds now reported in the State count up 800,000, and the annual shipments amount to 100,000, at an average of $22 apiece, giving $2,200,000 as the yearly yield. Add the receipts from the sales of hides, tallow and beef butchered here, and the dairy consumption, and you have a figure not far from $3,000,000 to represent the total annual income from this branch of productive industry. The whole value of the cattle investments in the State is estimated by good judges at $12,000,000, nearly one-fourth of which is the property of citizens of Denver. Yet this sum, great as it is for a pioneer region, represents only half of Colorado's live stock. Last year (1878), over 2,000,000 sheep were sheared, and more and more capital is being invested in this industry. Perhaps the total value of sheep-ranches in the State is not less than $6,000,000, the annual income from which approaches $1,000,000.

The third large item of prosperity to the State is agriculture, although it advances in the face of much opposition. The main planting, of course, is of wheat, and the total crop at present amounts to about 2,000,000 bushels, averaging seventy cents in price. Add to this other grains, etc., and the annual yield of the soil in Colorado is brought to over $2,000,000 in value. Farmers are learning better and better how to combat the great obstacles to agriculture in this State, and the tillage is annually wider.

Nor is this the whole story. Denver is coming more and more to be a manufacturing center. The largest ore-reduction works in the West are here; and there are rolling-mills, iron-foundries, machine-shops, woolen-mills, shoe factories, carriage and harness factories, breweries, and so on through a long list. The most valuable of all, possibly, are the flouring-mills, representing an investment of $350,000, and handling half the wheat crop of Colorado. I have dwelt upon these somewhat prosy statements in order to point out fully what rich resources Denver has behind her, and how it happens that she finds herself at twenty years of age amazingly strong commercially. Not only a large proportion of the money which gives existence to these enterprises (nearly every householder in the city has a financial interest in one or several mines, stock-ranges or farms), but the current supplies that sustain them, are procured in Denver, and a very large percentage of their profits finds its way directly to this focus.

Denver thus becomes to all Colorado what Paris is to France. Through all the enormous area, from Wyoming far into New Mexico, and westward to Utah, she has no respectable rival, and she keeps pace with its rapidly thickening population and increasing needs. Every extension of the railways, every good crop, every new mineral district developed, every increase of stock-ranges, directly and instantly affects the great central mart. This sound business basis being present, the opportunity to dispose pleasantly of the money made is, of course, not long in presenting itself. It thus happens that Denver shows in a wonderful measure the amenities and means of intellectual culture that make life so attractive in the old-established centers of civilization, where selected society, thoughtful study and the riches of art have ripened to slow maturity through long time and under gracious traditions. There is an abundance here, therefore, to please the eye and touch the heart, as well as fill pockets, and year by year the city is becoming more and more a desirable place in which to dwell as well as to do business.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The West Point Affair.

THERE are certain qualities and characteristics which always distinguish the gentleman. He is always kindly in spirit, courteous in manner, and gallant in the defense of the weak, and especially of those—whether men or women—who have no power to defend themselves. Describe any man, anywhere, in these words, and there would be no hesitation, in any society, in pronouncing him a gentleman. Great surprise has been manifested among the people in different parts of the country that a system of offensive and persistent discourtesy has been practiced toward the cadet Whittaker at West Point, on account of the fact that he had a tincture of African blood in his veins. It was supposed that the typical West Point cadet was a gentleman, and that such treatment as had been bestowed upon Whittaker would be impossible there.

Now, there is a very simple explanation of the social treatment of Whittaker, and there is really no occasion for surprise in the matter. For, consider how the school is made up. Nothing more miscellaneous than the components of the West Point school can possibly be imagined. A large number seek appointments here because they cannot afford to pay for a first-class education themselves. They are often the sons of helpless widows —perhaps sometimes of pushing and thrifty tradesmen. Indeed, we suppose that the most of those who go to West Point are in circumstances which render it desirable to get an education for nothing. What sort of an assemblage would this condition naturally bring together? Would it naturally bring those who have been well bred—those who have had the culture of polite society, and of high-toned Christian homes? Is it reasonable to expect that the average cadet will be a gentleman? Is it not asking too much that he shall make equal progress in mathematics and polite ideas? The smart boy of a Congressional district may have been regarded with pride in the little community he came from, but he could not reasonably be expected to blossom at once into a gentleman when ingrafted upon a community whose roots strike into the same soil from which he has hitherto drawn all his nourishment.

Now, the difference between West Point and Harvard, so far as the manners of the students are concerned, is the difference between the parentage and home and social culture of the students. There are other colleges which share with Harvard the patronage of those whom we call our best people—those who stand highest in the social scale—but Harvard is, without question, the institution which holds the largest number of students from the best homes and highest society of the nation. Well, how does Harvard treat the African, when brought into direct association with him as a student? Professor Greener, who appeared at West Point in the trial of the Whittaker case, was a man of African blood, and a Harvard man. While in Harvard, he roomed with a white man—that is, they had their parlor together, like the other students, with separate beds in alcoves or rooms opening into the parlor—and he was treated in all respects as if he had been a white man, eating at the table with white students. Indeed, the testimony seems to be that he was much more of a favorite than many of the white students, and particular pains were taken that he should never feel that he was at any sort of discount on account of his color. In other words, they treated him as men of good breeding always treat those with whom circumstances bring them into association, provided they themselves are well-behaved and inoffensive. They answered our description of gentlemen. They were kindly in spirit; they were courteous in manner; and, knowing the history of the African in this country, they took special pains that their African associate should not feel, while among them, any social disadvantage which that history had subjected him to in the minds of rude or snobbish men. There can hardly be more than one opinion among our readers in regard to the nature of the treatment of Greener and Whittaker in the institutions to which they respectively belonged. Greener was treated like a gentleman by gentlemen; Whittaker has been treated with rude and disdainful discourtesy by men who were not gentlemen. And here lies the pity of it: the West Point boys have conceived themselves to be gentlemen, and have looked upon and treated Whittaker as their social inferior, and by so doing have proved themselves not to be gentlemen at all. They have made a great mistake. What they have done has proved them to be ill-bred boors. It has also testified to an uncomfortable consciousness on their part of weakness in their polite associations. Men of good families and an assured position in society have no fear of compromising their position by being polite to a negro. On the contrary, they are gentlemen enough to know that they would compromise their position very much by giving a negro any slight whatever on account of his color. Whittaker, before the law and at the ballot-box, is any man's equal. The Government gives him an equal place in the West Point institution, and the slights put upon him and all the bitterness of race contempt that has been dealt out to him there is an insult to the Government whose bread he has eaten in common with those who have persistently shunned or abused him.

There must be some among the cadets, of good families and good instincts, whose impulses would naturally be to treat Whittaker in a gentlemanly way. We are sorry for these, for they have been morally overborne by the baser elements in the institution. They have not had the backbone to stand by the poor African, and take the proscription that would come of it. They must settle it

with themselves as to whether this bending to public opinion is an evidence of bravery or cowardice, and as to whether they can afford to have their sense of justice sophisticated and their character for Christian courtesy sacrificed by yielding deference to a collection of ill-bred snobs.

The West Point Academy may be a very useful institution in its educational and military aspect, but until an African can have as good a chance there as a white man, through the social respect and kindness of all who come into contact with him, it can lay no valid claim to being a collection of gentlemen.

The Apotheosis of Dirt.

A NOTABLE meeting was held at one of the public halls of this city, on Sunday night, May 2d. It appears from the report of the gathering that Mr. Bradlaugh, the English infidel, had been invited to make a special journey to America to preside, and that he excused himself on account of his parliamentary duties, and expressed the hope that Mr. Elizur Wright would be invited to the honor which he was compelled to decline. Mr. Wright was offered the very doubtful honor, and accepted it. At this meeting various men and women spoke, with a show of a good deal of feeling, to a large number of apparently sympathetic people. What was the occasion? Mr. D. M. Bennett had just emerged from the Albany Penitentiary, and been invited by those who had the matter in charge to put in his appearance as a martyr. It was originally proposed that he should appear in his prison clothes, but we presume that he was not permitted to bring them away, so that part of the programme failed.

And what had Mr. D. M. Bennett done—first, that he should have been sent to prison, and, secondly, that he should have the honor of a public reception thrust upon him on the expiration of his term of confinement? He had been, by due process of law, after a full hearing of testimony and examination of facts, convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails—a book which could only have been written by its author from an impure motive, and could only have been received by the public with a polluting and degrading effect. The claim that this book was of a scientific nature, or that it only contained certain advanced views of social and sexual questions, was not admitted by the court, and could not have a moment's consideration by any body of men excepting one made up of bawds, blackguards and free-lovers generally. After Bennett was incarcerated, while serving out his sentence, there appeared a series of letters written by him to a young woman, with whom he seems to have had criminal association, so reeking with nastiness that even Bob Ingersoll would not believe them, or believe Bennett was the author of them, until assured of the fact by himself. Well, the assurance came in the form of a letter from Bennett, dated at the Penitentiary. "Yes, my dear friends," he says, "I wrote those indiscreet letters." In one of these letters, he says: "I have no reverence for the ceremony mouthed over by a priest." This declaration gives the man's status, as he stands related to one of the great social questions, while the details of the letters are so gross and vile, fairly groveling in moral filth and delighting in it, that it is quite impossible to conceive that he could work in any field of moral effort with anything but a foul motive.

This, then, is the man; and, now, what is the point of all this excitement over him? It is claimed that the liberties of the people are compromised by the suppression of free discussion! It is claimed that Mr. Bennett has the right to send any opinions on anything that he chooses to print through the United States mails, and that this right has been infringed upon by his condemnation and incarceration! Who are those who sympathize with him? Infidels—to a man; infidels—to a woman; for it is to be remembered that some of the speakers—to their everlasting shame be it spoken!—of the Sunday-night meeting were women. Now, we have a natural sympathy with doubters. We appreciate the force of Tennyson's most suggestive couplet:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds—"

but the doubt must be honest. We have great respect for a doubt that makes a man better, but we have no respect at all for one that makes him worse. The conclusion is entirely legitimate that when a man's infidelity leads to a loosening of the sense of moral obligation and to the bestializing of his character, his doubts come from his dishonest heart, and not from his honest head. The great majority of the infidels of this country have sympathized with Bennett. A noble minority have denounced him. The Boston "Index," an infidel paper representing this minority, in an issue of last October, says:

"There is not another man in America who has wrought such incalculable injury to the Liberal cause as D. M. Bennett, by confounding its name with free love and obscenity in the public mind, depraving the tone of its literature, misleading its adherents into a mad crusade against necessary laws, sacrificing its highest interests to his own vindictiveness and greed, and disgracing it by his character and life."

There speaks an honest man, and, we have no doubt, an honest doubter; but the great majority of the infidels of this country are, heart and soul, with Bennett. They have openly and blatantly confessed themselves to be sympathetic with the free-love doctrines of the man whom they have undertaken to make a hero and a martyr of. The "Index" makes one mistake. Mr. Bennett has not transformed his aiders and abettors in the infidel ranks into men and women like himself. He has only furnished them an occasion for the expression of their opinions and sympathies. He is not a man of such intellectual force and magnetic influence that he has been able to draw the great majority of infidels in the country after him, but he has been able to show, or, rather, the country has been able, through him and the sympathy manifested for him, to see, that the prevailing infidel sentiment of this country

is impure to the last degree, and is not to be trusted with any social interest or with any political influence whatever. The safety and purity of society rests, as it always has rested, with the believers in and professors of Christianity. The purer influences among the "Liberals," as they delight to call themselves, have been formally and effectually voted down.

Of course, no considerable meeting of such a crowd as now compose the infidel population of this country could be held without the abuse of Anthony Comstock,—a man whose neck some of them would be as glad to wring as they would that of a Thanksgiving turkey, but who stands by his duty like the Christian man he indubitably is. When Mr. Comstock came into the field which he now occupies so efficiently, there were 165 obscene books published in this country. Of these he has seized and destroyed the plates of 163, and the owners of the remaining two, getting scared, destroyed them themselves. He has seized and confiscated twenty-four tons of obscene printed matter, and arrested 425 persons for dealing in this matter. He has seized and destroyed 1700 photographic negatives of obscene pictures, 530 wood-cuts, and 350 steel and copper-plate engravings. All this filthy material, and the power of its multiplication, he has saved from being unloaded upon the youth of this country. The watchfulness, the intrepidity, the self-devotion with which he has effected these wonderful results, stamp him as one of the most useful and remarkable of the Christian workers of our time. We know of no social reformer who deserves more gratitude from the American people than Anthony Comstock. May God spare him long to stand between the villainous host who hate him, and our beloved children, whom they are trying, with fiendish malignity, to pollute and destroy!

And may Elizur Wright live to be ashamed of the use the free-lovers have made of him!

Industrial Education Again.

TO THOSE who look intelligently and thoughtfully upon the popular life of the nation, a certain great and notable want manifests itself,—a want that is comparatively new, and that demands a new adjustment of our educating forces. At the time when the public school system of our country was founded, nearly everybody was poor, and the girls of every family, in the absence of hired service, were necessarily taught, not only to knit and sew, but to cook and keep the house. Then women could not only weave but make up the garments which they wore, and keep them in repair. At the same time, boys were taught to do the farm work of their fathers, and, in case they chose a mechanical employment, they entered an apprenticeship, under regulations well understood and approved at the time. In short, there were ways by which every girl and boy could learn to take care of themselves and the families that afterward came to them.

Various changes have come over the country since that day. In the first place, a great change has been made in the course and amount of study in the schools themselves. So great has been the pressure of study upon the schools of some of our cities, that physicians have united to protest against it as a prolific source of insanity. Girls, for instance, cannot fulfill the requirements of their teachers and have any time at home to learn any of the household arts which are so necessary to them, not only as wives and mothers, but as maidens having only to take care of themselves. Boys are absorbed by their studies in the same way, and the apprenticeship system has been given up; our foreign mechanics have, through their trades unions, entered into a thoroughly organized conspiracy against it. A boy is not at liberty now to decide what handicraft he will learn, because the boss is shamefully in the hands of his despotic workmen, and the workmen decide that the fewer their number the better wages they will get. Their declared policy is to limit apprenticeships to the smallest possible number.

The result of these changes—for some of which the public school is itself responsible—is the great and notable want to which we have alluded, viz., the lack of sufficient knowledge, or of the right kind of knowledge, on the part of boys and girls, to take care of their own persons and to earn their own living. Girls grow up without learning to sew, and multitudes of them do not know how to mend their own garments. Boys leave the public schools without fitness for any calling whatever, except it may be some one which calls into requisition that which they have learned of writing and arithmetic. Some sort of clerkship is what they try for, and a mechanical trade is the last thing that enters their minds. So we import our mechanics, and they legislate against the Yankee boy in all their trades unions.

Now, there are two points which we would like to present:

1. The public school, as at present conducted, not only does not fit boys and girls for the work of taking care of themselves and their dependents, but absolutely hinders them from undertaking it, or engenders ideas that are impracticable or misleading.

2. That the public has to pay in some way for all the ignorance of practical life in which the public school leaves its pupils.

The pauperism that grows out of this ignorance is an almost intolerable burden upon the public purse. The crime that attends it is so notable that all who are familiar with the subject know that a very large percentage of culprits and convicts never learned a trade. When a man of low moral sense and weak will finds that he knows no trade by which he can make a living, he becomes a thief by a process as natural as breathing. Pauperism and crime are, therefore, the inevitable result of ignorance in the way of taking care of one's self and earning one's living. The question of expense is one which an intelligent and enterprising public ought easily to settle. This ignorance is to cost money. Shall this money be paid for the purpose of removing the ignorance, and obviating the necessity for pauperism and crime, or shall it be paid for the pauperism and crime?

We know, or appreciate, the practical difficulties

that stand in the way of a system of industrial schools, supported by public tax, but surely if it is needed—imperatively needed—American ingenuity will be sufficient to give it practical direction, and secure a satisfactory result. Our good neighbors in Boston have been trying to do something, more particularly for the girls. They have introduced not only plain sewing into their schools, but the making of dresses and other garments. Only two hours of each week are devoted to the matter, and twenty-nine special teachers employed, but the results are most encouraging. Mrs. Jonathan Sturges and her associates in the Wilson Industrial School for Girls, of this city, more than a year ago appealed to the New York Board of Education on behalf of the project of introducing sewing into our public schools here, and backed their appeal by this quotation from a Boston report: "Every girl who passes through the Boston schools now receives three years' instruction in various kinds of needle-work, and is capable of being an expert seamstress. It is said the benefits resulting from this instruction are seen in the appearance of the children's clothing in the schools, and are felt in thousands of homes." Now, we ask our Board of Education if they have anything to show, in their reports of the last ten years, that is calculated to give a practical man or woman the pleasure and satisfaction to be found in such an announcement as this. Can they not see that what these girls in Boston have learned in this way, with a comparatively small expenditure of time and money, is of incalculable value? What is a little less of algebra, or geography, or even of arithmetic, by the side of this surpassing gain?

Well, our Board reported against Mrs. Sturges, though Commissioner Wheeler presented a minority report in favor, very much to his credit; and now we assure our good friends of the Board that this subject will not down, and that the times and the public exigency demand that they shall take the matter up again, and treat it effectively in the interest of the public welfare, safety and economy. Their own nautical school indorses the principle involved. Even the Normal College and the College of the City of New York may, in one sense, be considered industrial schools. Teaching is an industry, and these institutions, supported at the public charge, are mainly devoted to preparing men and women for the pursuit of that industry. It would be the brightest feather that New York ever won for her cap if she would establish a great free industrial school, in which boys could get instruction in the mechanic arts, so that every poor boy could learn a trade.

There certainly is no good reason why we should not at least do for our girls what Boston has done for hers, even if the boys are obliged to wait awhile longer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Restoration of St. Mark's, and the English Protest.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR: I have read, with interest and some amusement, the English protest against the "restoration" of St. Mark's, to which your correspondent refers in the February number. This protest is characteristic, but singularly anomalous, and it directs attention to a remarkable state of things in England as well as Italy.

It is agreed that the "restoration" or alteration of St. Mark's facade would be a loss next a calamity; but that a nation of iconoclasts should so consider it excites surprise. For generations the Britons have battered the architectural structures and monuments of their fathers. Thus perished many grand old abbeys and cathedrals, their very ruins pathetically eloquent of former greatness. Was the destruction of these ecclesiastical edifices necessary? What of the mutilation of the tombs and the breaking of the more than three hundred ancient crosses at Iona? What of the heaps of ivy-covered stones all over Great Britain? What a besom of destruction at Oxford!—spoliated chapels, demolished statuary and plastered up niches. And of the present,—if the old zeal ran mad, has its spirit departed? The lunacy which suggested tinkering with St. Mark's is violent in Britain to-day. Witness the modernization and restoration at Chester. In 1878 the work upon the cathedral had cost immense sums of money; it was to continue, and to include the ancient cloisters. As to the work itself, if the exterior chancel wall is a specimen,—to what blundering incompetence is it committed: this *restored* wall is many inches out of perpendicular; a window in it is ludicrously irregular,—the defects are so apparent that street boys laugh at them. What important feudal castle, stronghold, palace or old cathedral has escaped this mania for restorative desecration? Not Stirling. Not old Grey Friars' on the hill. Not St. Giles' or Grey Friars', Edinborough; not the Castle. Not the noble Cathedral at Durham. Not the Chapter House and Cathedral at York. Not the round temple of the Knights, London; with its new tile-and-wood work, its fashion is much like a museum at Kensington. Not the church in whose steeple ring the "sweet Bow Bells." Not poor St. Margaret's by Westminster—to destroy which was talked of; it looks, in its "restoration," all white within, like our new temple in ash on Fifth avenue. Not the London Tower. Not its Norman arched St. John's Chapel. Nor its St. Peter's Chapel, melancholy witness of

the funeral gloom which hung so heavily when the headless bodies of England's proudest were laid away under its pavement or chancel. Not any of its towers have escaped, where "restorationist's" chisel could cut or hammer strike. What of the Cathedral at Dublin, "restored by the munificence of Sir B. L. Guiness, the wealthy brewer"?—or of Christ's Church, where another brewer has expended thousands to break the lines which tie present and past? Space forbids the continuation of even the shortest catalogue. Almost countless buildings are now undergoing the carving and polishing process, or have just been finished. As at Oxford little escaped mutilation, so now, less escapes this ambition to restore. In a few instances, it is true, the ancient is uncovered and brought to light. If, as the English memorialists hold in the case of St. Mark's, "it is within the power of science to devise a remedy which would restore its stability without moving a stone or altering the present surface in the least," why was the same not true of old Temple Bar? What in Britain more interesting? It was the eye of all England; it swept the whole historic page. Did the royal family or the prime-minister interfere? Not they. No foreign people protested. "Unsafe?" Where the boasted science which could save St. Mark's? In August, 1878, two piles of solid masonry, perhaps ten feet high, were all that were left of the ancient gateway either side the Strand. Show-bills covered them. How were the mighty fallen! Kings waited beneath the arch erected here, while Lord Mayors, with golden key and pomp and state, swung wide the bar giving lordly entrance to the city. Queens! Elizabeth, Mary, all, even Victoria. On iron spikes above, many a time the bloody heads of traitors had been set in ghastly order. England had nothing its equal, save possibly the Tower. English science, vaunted by "memorialists," knew not how to open way one side or to strengthen and save historic Temple Bar.

A nation which destroys its own memorials of the past and ruthlessly "restores" with savage hand the few it spares, looks ill indeed, when as a valiant champion for the "old" it goes among the nations to "protest." Yours respectfully, D. C. P.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Slavery of To-day.

A VERY clever hit entitled "Hidden Despotism" appeared in one of our weeklies a number of years ago. The first Japanese Embassy had come and gone, and the national flutter thereafter had scarcely subsided. The sketch, written in a grave, historical form, purported to give the impression produced upon the Japanese mind by our American institutions, customs and manners. Beneath the freedom conferred by the Constitution a subtle but controlling tyranny was detected, though its nature and its source remained hidden in mystery. After much discussion and philosophizing, a Japanese *savan* was dispatched to seek out and formulate this subtle power, and to determine and measure the modification it exercised upon the republican freedom of society. The tireless efforts of the philosopher were at last rewarded by success: the rod of iron by which society was ruled was discovered to be in the hands of the Irish "girl."

Few mistresses have been so fortunate as entirely to escape this subjugation. And yet, whose fault is it? It is more than could be expected, even of the most enlightened human nature, to refrain from ruling when willing subjects present themselves. Where tyranny is exercised there must of necessity be two elements—the tyrant and the slave.

There are many reasons why really excellent, efficient servants attain a complete ascendency in a multitude of homes. Girls of the present day—each one of whom in a few years will, in all probability, be at the head of a large establishment—are educated to do absolutely nothing. They are sent to school, probably to a fashionable boarding-school; they dip into all the "ologies" and come out with a smattering of many subjects, but with minds in a far less vigorous, healthy and rational condition than that in which they went in. They rush into the rapid and empty whirl of society—balls, parties, kettledrums, calls, theater, opera, and, when other things fail, inordinate church-going—till the small remnant of what they have learned is effectually dissipated.

Without any special training for her duties, and, what is of infinitely more consequence, lacking a well-disciplined reason, self-control and moral earnestness, such a girl marries, and is installed as queen of her own little kingdom,—a kingdom that needs constant vigilance, intelligence and executive ability. The first tyranny is the worst of all—anarchy. The poor little wife, after the misery and discomfort of trying to rule ignorant servants, and endeavoring to teach them what she does not herself know, falls an easy victim to the first efficient woman who, as cook or housekeeper, consents to take charge of her ill-regulated *ménage* and reduce it to order. She gladly sells her birthright for a mess of pottage, always providing the pottage be well cooked and well served.

No woman, capable of doing higher work, should consent to become a mere drudge if her circumstances permit her to delegate the household work to other hands. But, just for this very reason, she should inform herself in regard to every kind of work which is to be done in her house. A large part of it she should know how to do with her own hands. She should be able to go into the kitchen and show her cook how to make bread, roast meat, prepare vegetables; she should understand the cor-

rect ways of sweeping, dusting, bed-making; she should be able to set a table, wash dishes, polish silver. She should know when the laundry work is badly done, why the clothes are muddy in color, streaked with blue, flimsy or ill-smelling—and how to rectify the evil. Such knowledge will not add to the drudgery of life, but will save an immense amount of worry, anxiety, waste and trouble. To know just how to do a thing is the way to command and insure its being well done by dependents.

As a matter of common honesty, no woman has a right to marry—even to marry a rich man, in our unsettled state of society—who does not know how to order a house, how to apportion and direct the work of her servants, and how to oversee it intelligently. She is entering into a contract which she has not taken the trouble to fit herself to fulfill. Marriage is, or should be, something far above and beyond this; but there is, nevertheless, a material side to it. All the grace, the beauty of life are valueless, apart from a fulfillment of the homely duties which belong to it. Putting aside all the higher obligations, as beyond the question at issue, a woman when she marries tacitly undertakes to perform the inside duties of the home, just as her husband undertakes the outside work which shall insure its support. Her obligation to administer the means supplied her is just as solemn as his to supply them. If the household work does not go smoothly and well, she will find that she has no time or spirits to make home bright and sweet.

A girl who has grown up in a well-ordered home, has at least the advantage of possessing a good ideal of household comfort. Though she may have been kept in dense ignorance of the means by which such results have been attained, she will at least know toward what she is working; the not knowing how to reach her result will entail much heart-sickening despondency, many failures, and many tears. It is the most foolish, the most cruel policy on the part of a mother to permit a young girl to undertake the duties of married life without adequate preparation, special or general, to meet the responsibilities involved. And yet, how many mothers do this, and justify themselves, with a curious mixture of indolence, selfishness and tenderness, by saying, "She will never be young but once; I want her to enjoy life while she can."

One of the main difficulties in the adjustment of domestic service comes from our artificial mode of life. The machine-like regularity with which our daily life moves on has a sadly dehumanizing tendency. The relation between those who serve and those who are served has come to be so rigidly fixed, and the human element so entirely eliminated, that it might almost be expressed by a mathematical formula. Every day and many times a day we come into contact with people who have no claims upon us, nor we upon them. We meet for the purpose of making a cold and calculating exchange of service or property, on the one hand, for a stipulated amount of money on the other. In many cases this is as it should be. We cannot and do not want to be on terms of social equality with the man who sells us our beef, or sharpens our knives. The orbit of our lives must touch many others which it is neither necessary nor right that they should intersect.

There are relations, however, quite as incompatible with any recognition of social equality as these, where the humanities have a place; such, for instance, as that between mistress and maid. In a certain sense, a servant coming into a family severs her relation with her own people; in that sense the new relations should supply the loss. The kitchen walls should not inclose a dependency in revolt, where the prevailing feeling, under the outward appearance of cheerful civility, is that of a strong class antagonism; they should include a part of the organic family life. The house should never be divided against itself.

A young housekeeper is always in danger of shipwreck upon one of two dangerous rocks. She is apt either to treat her servants as equals, or as machines, and so forfeit either their respect or their love. The suggestion of loving service in our modern life is so foreign to our notions as to seem almost ludicrous. And yet, just here it is that the secret of perfect service lies. And just here it is, too, that we American women make the fatal mistake. The relation is usually founded upon a cold, hard, purely mercenary basis. We give our money and our work to foreign, possibly to domestic missions, and we forget that into our hands have been given, in a certain, though limited sense, souls perhaps starving for sympathy, or hanging on the very verge of destruction. It is not quite enough that you, as mistress of a household, should be firm and kind, high-principled and self-controlled, though that is far more than most women can pretend to be; but you should feel a sense of personal obligation in the relation between yourself and your servants. A young, ignorant, perhaps pretty, girl is brought into your house, and this is her first situation. She is cut off from such restraints as have been around her in the home she has left. Her new sense of liberty is sweet to her, and is apt to be too much for her. It is not enough that you train her in her special work, though that is much. You must remember that she is human, that she is young and a woman; that she has her joys and sorrows, her heart-sickness and disappointments; her small vanities, and fluttering hopes, and peculiar temptations. The very fact that, with all the work she has to do, her material surroundings are brighter and easier than those to which she has been accustomed, that she is warmed, clothed and fed, leaves her free to feel the flatness and monotony of her life. The familiarity with elegancies before unknown to her creates a want; temptations crowd thick upon her. You, her mistress, who have introduced her into this new life of temptation, are in a degree responsible. You should take some oversight of her evenings; you should leave as little temptation to small pilfering as possible in her way. This first experience may determine, for good or for evil, her life here and hereafter.

The only way open to a mistress for the exercise

of such an influence, without that meddling to which no lady can condescend, is to remember always that this servant is not merely a device for the accomplishment of certain work, but a human being who has claims upon her consideration and her sympathy. Servants are unquestionably hired to perform certain offices, and do certain work; it is no kindness to them to accept as satisfactory careless and imperfect service. But since we are always failing in our duties as mistresses, let us cultivate charity and forgiveness for the frailties of others. It is quite possible to be both strict and lenient—strict in maintaining a high ideal even in regard to the petty details of daily life, and lenient to the frailty which fails of reaching our standard.

Special directions how to deal with servants would be almost as impertinent as such directions in regard to the training of children, but if the true relation is established and the proper feeling cherished,—that feeling which recognizes the difference of station and at the same time the oneness of nature,—the details can scarcely fail of presenting and adjusting themselves.

In order to establish the proper state of things, a lady should, in the first place, know precisely to the minutest detail the work which each servant in her house is to do; and know as well how that work should be done. The new waitress, chambermaid, maid-of-all-work, or whatever she may be, should, when she is hired, be told what will be expected of her. She should also be given general directions each day as to the duties of the day, and the order in which they are to be done. If she is familiar with the duties of the place she has taken, it is, perhaps, best to let her go to work in her own way, and then make such changes as the individual tastes, wishes or habits of the mistress may dictate. Every servant who is a good worker has ways peculiar to herself, and she will work better in her own way than in any other. If the results are thoroughly satisfactory, it is well to give individuality a little play. If, however, the work is new to the servant, the same routine should be followed each day, the same orders given and the same oversight exercised as at first, till she is thoroughly drilled. Particular orders conflicting with the general should be given with a recognition in words that the general duties must be deferred for the special. Nothing is so paralyzing, even to the disciplined mind, as a conflict between duties. A margin of time and energy should be allowed each day, in which special or unexpected work may be accommodated. While a mistress sees that her orders are reasonable, she should also insist that they be received in respectful silence or with cheerful assent, and *standing*, and also that they be literally obeyed.

Whatever is done imperfectly or forgotten, no matter how small the thing may be, should be noticed and corrected, and whatever is especially well done commended. A kind word of notice is not very hard to bestow, and it gives point and emphasis to reproof, raising it above the mere level of fault-finding.

While it is a cardinal mistake to do servants' work for them, it is only right and Christian to notice when they are ill and unfit for work, and then to offer practical sympathy in the way of aid. There is a vast deal of cruelty practiced on servants in keeping them to their work when they are really ill. Of course, in such a case the poor creature has the liberty of leaving, but if she is honest and has not, by means of small pilferings, feathered a nest for herself outside to which she may go, it may no always be possible for her to forfeit part of a month's wages, or even to lose her place.

It is always good policy, if nothing more, to be courteous to servants, to recognize little voluntary acts of politeness on their part. Done in the right way it never makes a rule less stringent, but only less galling. And it is always the worst possible policy to scold. Quiet and dignified reproof, of course, must be given, but scolding never. Nothing that cannot be effected without scolding was ever effected with it, unless it be the silent contempt of the servant for her mistress.

S. B. H.

On Arriving in London.

THE Liverpool lines approach London through miles and miles of cuttings and tunnels, and over high viaducts. You see very little of the city until you alight, and then its vastness dawns upon you with mingled impressiveness and uneasiness. London read about and heard of, wondered at and dreamed of, is at last under your feet; and the traffic in the streets seems to have unusual proportions and vitality. If you are a stranger, the distances and the relations of one part of the city to another are perplexing, and it is on the supposition that you are a stranger that I propose to offer a few hints. The North-western Railway lands its passengers at Euston Square, the Great Western at Paddington and the Midland at St. Pancras. Euston and St. Pancras are in the northern division of the city; Paddington is in the north-western district, and each of the three stations is about equidistant from Charing Cross—a cab fare being one shilling and sixpence. The cab charges are one shilling for any distance less than two miles, and sixpence for each additional mile, with twopence extra for each piece of luggage; but it is the custom to pay a trifle more than the amounts prescribed by the municipality. There is an excellent hotel at each of the stations controlled by the railway company, and that at St. Pancras is probably the finest in the kingdom. If your means will allow it, and you have not made other arrangements, it might be well to stop at one of these until you have learned the elementary geography of the city. If, however, you wish to be economical, buy a copy of Bradshaw's "Railway Guide," and consult the advertisements of hotels. You will find the announcements of many in such streets as Norfolk, Surrey and Arundel, off the Strand, which offer bed, breakfast and attendance for from four to six shillings. The neighborhood of the Strand is noisy, but it is convenient to every part of the city, and is traversed by omnibuses, the under-ground railways, and the Thames ferry-boats.

A better class of hotels in the same locality are the Charing Cross, the Golden Cross and Morley's. The Langham, which is much frequented by Americans, has rooms to let at prices from five shillings a day, including attendance, and is also a convenient point for visitors. The Strand has a further advantage in its proximity to innumerable good restaurants. You can walk from your hotel to St. James Hall, or the Criterion of the famous Spiers and Pond, and dine at the *table d'hôte* for three shillings and sixpence; or in the Criterion grill-room, where all the appointments are unexceptionable, you can have a chop, or steak, or a cut off the joint with vegetables and bread, for one shilling and sixpence. At the same time, in forming your estimates, it is advisable to calculate the cost of living as being no less than it is in American cities, while at the fashionable hotels it is considerably more than at similar establishments in Boston or New York.

Let us suppose that you wish to limit your expenses to about ten shillings a day. You have obtained a cab at the station on arriving from Liverpool, and selected a hotel in one of the streets off the Strand. You take your baggage in the cab with you, and the fare is two shillings. There are no expressmen in London. The room that you obtain with breakfast for four or five shillings will not be large or handsomely furnished, and the breakfast will consist of cold meat or a chop; but the room will be moderately comfortable and the chop good. You can lunch and dine at a restaurant in any part of the metropolis you may reach in your wanderings, and it is always possible to obtain a good dinner "off the joint" for two shillings and sixpence. A dinner off the joint means roast or boiled beef or mutton, with vegetables and cheese *ad libitum*.

If you are to be in the city several weeks, you will, of course, take lodgings, the best means of finding which are the advertising columns of the London "Telegraph," "Times," or "Echo." A small parlor and bedroom may be rented for a guinea a week, which should include fire, gas and attendance. Do not select a regular lodging-house. There are innumerable pretty villas in the suburbs, in which you can obtain charming apartments at a reasonable price, and, if you require it, the landlady will cook any provisions you may buy without additional charge.

ALEXANDER WAINRIGHT.

Letters to Young Mothers. (Second Series.) II.

GIRLS' DOLLS AND BOYS' COLLECTIONS.

I THINK Eve must have been the only woman who couldn't recollect playing with paper dolls. There is a limit to a family of ordinary dolls, for the dresses are generally beyond the power of the little mothers to make; and the patience of the best-natured real mother fails if she has too many grandchildren to sew for. But paper dolls! Why, a child can have a hundred or two, and if she makes and clothes them all, who can complain? Of course, those they make themselves are a great deal more precious than any you can buy. Besides, like almost everything else, the doing is better than the thing done. But home-made dolls are apt to have homely faces. To remedy this, let them make bodies to match the pretty little heads that come among the embossed pictures used for decorating. An ingenious girl will soon learn how to do it, if you give her a single pattern, and will vary the bodies to suit the heads. As for the ladies, a body is not at all necessary,—the elaborately trimmed and trailed skirts make up for that slight deficiency. Old fashion-plates and pattern catalogues will furnish hosts of dolls, and tissue paper and a little ingenuity will provide wardrobes. I saw a little girl of eight years made as happy as a queen by a birthday present of a complete dress-making establishment for her paper dolls. It was a small wooden box, neatly lined with colored paper, and holding a bottle of mucilage, a pair of blunt-pointed scissors "for her very own," and a dozen half-sheets of bright-colored tissue paper. The other half-sheets were laid one side to be brought out when these were gone. The cost of such a box, as you see, is trifling, but more amusement could be got out of it than from many a costly toy.

If your little girls are like mine, they are constantly teasing for "something to sew," and that, too, when you are too busy to oversee their patchwork, or anything you wish them to do well. If you give them an old stocking to darn, it takes only a few minutes to mend that all up into a heap, and then the cry begins, "Mamma, that is all sewed up; I want something more." At your leisure cut some perforated card-board into pieces small enough to be handled easily; mark with a lead pencil some sort of a pattern,—flowers, birds, letters, animals, anything,—and let them embroider it with bright-colored worsted. (Between you and me, they will not be much more hideous and useless than a good deal of the "fancy work" with which grown-up girls amuse themselves.) Older children can prick patterns in stiff paper with a large needle. Words like *papa*, *mamma*, *sister*, etc., can be marked for them to prick and work into "book-marks" for birthday presents. Do not expect any of these things to be either pretty or good for anything; then you will not worry yourself or the children over them. All you care for is to keep them busy and interested; it is only another form of play.

When, however, the children are large enough to sew in good earnest, they can amuse themselves and learn a great deal about cutting, fitting and sewing by making their dolls' clothes. Cut paper patterns for them, show them how to lay these patterns on the cloth, and give them a few directions about beginning; then let them cut the garments out themselves. When the cutting is finished, pin the separate pieces together and let them baste the garment. Stitch the long seams on your machine, leaving them to do such short ones as will teach them the various stitches without discouraging them by the amount. "What!" says one, who believes that woman was made for the needle, not the needle for woman,—"teach a girl to sew by stitching her doll's clothes on the sewing-machine?" Yes; why not? We do not teach children to walk by starting them on a pedestrian tour from New York to Bos-

ton. Nor is it necessary, in order to teach a girl to sew, that she should do a great deal at once of one stitch. (I never could see any sense in giving the tiresome "over-and-over" to beginners. It is one of the most difficult stitches to do well, and yet "patch-work" is usually the first lesson.) Many a woman harbors a life-long dislike to sewing because of the coarse towels and dull patch-work she dragged over in those dreary hours when she was "learning to sew." Don't you remember how you used to say, "If I could only have something pretty and interesting, and that could ever be finished!" What grown woman does not get "tired to death" of a garment which lies in her work-basket for weeks? And a little girl's sewing-work, soiled by long handling, and, perhaps, by bitter tears, is anything but inviting; she hates it long before she finishes it. But if it is a doll's dress which she has helped cut out and partly sewed, if it "goes together" in a single afternoon, she is eager to see it on the doll, and she works happily and quickly under the spur of the present interest.

An ingenious mother can use many of the "gifts" and "occupations" of the Kindergarten, even if she does not carry out the plays fully. There are paper-pricking and mat-weaving, for instance. Children delight, too, in clay-modeling; it is a sort of scientific mud-pie,—but it is rather dirty work.

But we must not forget the boys. Through the summer days let them turn their country rambles to good account by making "collections." The arranging and re-arranging of these things will keep them busy many a stormy winter's day. It is not the things collected which are of any value, usually,—though they do pick up a good deal of information from their bugs, butterflies, stones, shells, coins or postage stamps,—but, most of all, the schooling in energy and perseverance. Even a collection of stamps and postmarks from old envelopes, insignificant as it may seem at first sight, will help to organize their geographical knowledge. The countries, states or subdivisions arrange themselves, and form a rough frame-work to uphold the facts learned from books or general reading in after years. That is the Kindergarten idea, I believe,—to use the brains, and eyes, and fingers; to learn to be deft, and quick, and neat.

Besides, these collections will furnish a wide-awake mother constant favorable opportunities for training her children, morally as well as mentally. An over-generous child, who will be tempted to give everything away, will learn to count the cost before he commits himself. A careless one will, perhaps, learn to take care of his treasures, if he finds that is the only way to have any. Again, the continual exchanges with their playmates may be the means of teaching them to be both honest and prudent. A boy who has learned to be thoroughly fair, and who is not often imposed upon, has made good progress in the principles of a sound business education.

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

De Kay's "Hesperus and Other Poems."

THE tendency of the imaginative literature of our day, and especially of poetry, to *feminize* itself, if we may coin the word, meets in this powerful, manly verse the same wholesome corrective that has hitherto been supplied by such men as Browning, Emerson and Whitman. In boldness of expression, passion as distinguished from sentiment, freshness and accuracy of observation, and the invariable prominence given to the idea over the form, Mr. de Kay suggests without imitating one or another of these widely varying poets. His originality is that of one who sees every-day nature with his own eyes, who hears her message with his own ears, and is bent upon translating to the world in his own words the beauty that has been revealed to him. A glance over the table of contents will show how wide is his range of subjects, while his skillful reproduction of archaic or foreign forms accomplished in the "Poems of Other Lands," evinces a sympathy as deep and keen as it is broad. The elaborate workmanship which Rossetti, Swinburne and Morris have bestowed upon their Northern ballads contrasts unfavorably with the rugged, terse simplicity of "Ulf in Ireland." Here Mr. de Kay succeeds in dramatically reviving the primitive savage passion of the brutal Celt, and proves himself equal to the crucial test of managing a refrain so that it shall be, not an excrescence, but an integral part of the whole, adding to the climax of horror. However, he need not resort to remote periods and countries for his inspiration,—he is nowhere stronger than on his own soil, dealing with the commonest scenes and emotions (as in the love-songs and some of the miscellaneous poems,—"Serenade," "In Central Park," "Off Sandy Hook," "On Revisiting Staten Island," etc.), or when he narrows or rather localizes his thought to a national theme, as in the poem referring to the July riots of 1863, and "The Seer." His work when he is not treating foreign subjects is essentially American, not only in its tone of fearless independence, but in the hues and figures of the landscape, its flora and fauna, its atmosphere, and, so to speak, its whole aroma.

The singular union of a luxuriant imagination with a keen perception and strong grasp of the actual,—a streak of morbid fantasy lying side by side with an intensely practical and realistic vein,—which we have seen already twice exemplified in American literature, by Hawthorne and Poe, we find repeated in Mr. de Kay. Contrast in his volume such poems as "Goats," "Friendship," "Spring in the City" (at times realistic to the verge of baldness), with the spectral eeriness and glamour of the sonnets on the Beethoven sonata, the snake-

like beauty and brightness of "Longings," the terrible fascination of such lines as this from "Surrender":

"There's a strange luxury in being undone,
Crushed flat, brayed fine, wiped out and all destroyed,
A mighty joy to meet that glorious one
Whose power is boundless as the unsounded void,—
To feel a force that plays with you a while,
Takes your best life's blood for his lawful spoil
Till, fed superb by you, the careless render
Stalks on in splendor."

Like all true poets, he is near enough to nature to entertain intimate relations with the little creatures whose secrets are hidden from the prose-sense of the world. He is never more charming or more original than when he plays with these children of his imagination. We know of nothing more graceful, more sportively elfin and picturesque, than the woodsy poem entitled "Little People." The last two lines of the third stanza are a poem in themselves:

"They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed,
In meetings of the swaying dance;
Then fled not, *but were swiftly missed,*
Like love from out a well-known glance."

As for the uncanny beauty of the satyrs' revel around the "smooth red lizard" in the "Arcana Sylvarum," we should be at a loss to find a parallel for its mysterious and powerful charm.

That Mr. de Kay should have the "*défauts de ses qualités*" is only to be expected. His faults are all on the surface, and lie so much more within the range of the ordinary reader's mind than do the subtle, vigorous characteristics of his genius, that in all probability they will materially delay a fitting general estimate of his work. The most conspicuous is the absence of a proper standard of taste; this makes him at times overshoot, at times fall short of his aim. His aversion to the artificial, the sentimental and the false makes him sometimes sink into the trivial and commonplace; on the other hand, his audacity of imagination sometimes misleads him into sheer bombast and caricature, as in "The Two Giants." Occasionally he comes so near to the proverbial limit of the sublime, that one is inclined to think him lacking in a delicate sense of humor. Throughout the volume we are also not infrequently disturbed by a clumsiness of expression which sometimes entangles him in hopeless obscurity. The four season poems, while containing some of his finest passages of description and most faithful report of nature, are altogether lacking in structural beauty,—both in symmetry of shape and unity of design. The opening stanza is crude, defective in rhyme, and so abrupt as to be well-nigh unintelligible. Mr. de Kay, unfortunately for his popular success, has reversed the usual order of poetic development: his thought and intellect have ripened in disproportionate advance of his power of expression. His verse is not the melodious echo of his predecessors or contemporaries, but the bold, sometimes stammering utterance of an original observer. As the admirable M. Doudan says: "It is not enough [for the artist] to see and feel; he must make others see and feel." This will be an almost impossible task for Mr. de Kay, as far as the general public is concerned, until he has more completely mastered the technical difficulties of his art. We are not sure that the fault is not deeper-rooted in an excess of self-consciousness, hampering expression, and only giving way before the most genuine impulse of intellect or feelings. Certain it is that we find on one page a boyish inflation or triviality of style; on the next, a depth and originality of reflection or feeling which prove the earnest man and the born poet.

From these criticisms, as we have already suggested, a good portion of the book must be excepted. The best poems, especially the love-lyrics, are complete gems. "The Blush," besides having that rare tenderness which accompanies masculine strength, is perfect as a mere specimen of style, recalling the rich, manly sonnets of the Elizabethan period. "Dawn in the City" is full of fresh, imaginative beauty. "The Serenade" is a masterpiece of spontaneity, and but for the worldly-Quaker mixture of "thee" and "you," a good example of metrical finish:

"When on the pane your face you press,
The twin lights gazing toward the shore
Are my two eyes forevermore.
Behold and weigh their dumb distress:
Against that one sweet fleeting sight
They bide them constant all the night.

"The gray gull blown from out the sea,
That gains swift-winged your purple shore
When, far out, grievous tempests roar
Is my embodied thought of thee.
My world, so dry with hopeless drouth,
Grows fresh at thought of one red mouth.

"The wild rose reaching forth a hand
To grasp your robe on bridle-path
Be sacred from your gentle wrath—
It is my longing fills the land.
The grasses on each favored sod
Bow down to kiss where you have trod.

The winds that in the chimney blow
Are babbled words of tenderness,
And tributes to your loveliness
The red leaves falling from the bough;
In love so wide and yet so rare
Each thing of nature asks a share."

Mr. de Kay paints his pictures with a large brush, and with a glowing wealth of color; it seems as if a background of gold relieved and heightened the bold imagery of these verses on Summer:

"Love, love, yes, love!
All up the wood the faint aromas creep;
Sonorous bells are pealing from the lake,
And wide-eyed night is drinking—breathless, deep—
A marsh-born chorus, glorious for the sake
Of some great joy. But we are couched on mold,
Where webs of steep trees etch a mellow moon;
From rhythmic waters, pulsing to a tune,
Our low lids catch a shifting foil of gold,—
For you are found, the riddle known not of,
But longed for long, my sun-moon-stars of love.

* * * * * *

"Yea, life, life, life!
At my first change, the glad earth rustled green
At thy first coming, sharper grew the shades.
But now close-linked, the tasseled maize between,
We guide the hurrying sap, we part the blades
Where thin ears peep; we pull the buckwheat head,
And as we pass the peach turns golden-brown;

Great roses blow; the blackberry its crown
Sinks heavily, while deeper grows its red.
Oh, love is work, our life-work, love; we strive
In love for new life, and our aims arrive."

It is difficult to convey in a brief notice an adequate idea of Mr. de Kay's descriptive power, for it pervades whole poems, and consists rather in imparting the feeling,—the spirit of the scene,—than in accumulating, after the manner of most modern word-painters, highly finished single traits. Our meaning is exemplified by the striking poem, "An Arab,"—sultry, vivid and real in its orientalism:

"Yes, like an Arab, sworn the desert still
Shall hold him gaunt within its virgin bounds,
Like him I march. For he, perceiving sounds,
Sees through the gate-ways of an arid hill
Wide-gleaming lakes, where birds of luscious notes
Swing the green palms to throbbing of their throats.
Where flowers expand, whose face, eyes, ears form one
Clear, trembling cup, to drink of the filtered sun,
And mark the time to harmonies begun.
* * * * * * *
"Yes, like the Arab, for he may not bide,
Should these be real; but false, why then he may
Prick with his spear the shadowy array,
And chase the enchantment o'er the desert wide.
But if!—but if! The senses are not clear
When long the sun has charred, and hideous glare
Of baked gray plain to weary brain has stung;
When heat roars past the ears like anthems sung
Deep down in hills by many an Afreet's tongue."

Here is a separate bit of a different color, no less fresh and graphic, from the spirited Irish legend of "The Four Konans":

"The stranger laughed, and quaffed with lips as cranberries red.
All golden were the curls about his shoulders shed;
His eyes flashed blue as ice when north-winds yarely blow;
His forehead had the splendor of newly-fallen snow."

Mr. de Kay is one of the very few living writers of English who can write a song; witness "The Tall Wheat," "Song for Wet Weather," "In the Green Woods," and this rippling little nameless stream of melody, which seems to set itself to music:

"Light, light, light is the hand of my love in the morning,
Light as the foam, cool as the breeze, white as the day;
Dear, dear, dear the vein that her arm is adorning,
Blue as the hills, irises smothered in spray.

"Warm, warm, warm is the shoulder I press in our roaming,
Kind as a pet, timid and brave, tender and true;
Hush, hush, hush! guess what I found in the gloaming,
Richer than roses, sweeter than wine, fresher than dew."

An encouraging feature of the book is that it steadily progresses to the end, to the ringing ballad of "The Seer" (pithy, direct and stern, like an echo of the Eddas), closing with the noble poem which gives the volume its title, and which strikes a deeper note, and sustains a fuller and broader harmony than any of its predecessors.

The last stanza of this thoroughly modern piece of verse may fitly close our view of this remarkable young poet, whose genius may be trusted to work out its own salvation.

"*Some one* foreknew the desperate heart of man
When stars and moon and the bright northern sky,
Obedient to a Sun-of-suns, began
Through the dark night the name of Light to cry.
A fly's love-lantern to the swamp is pledge
That somewhere dwells a midmost soul of flame;
Through the black storm a sword of dazzling edge
Flashes a hope and scores an eternal name.
And since the night forms but a lovely version
Of glorious day, different but no less real—
Mortal, look up! so shall this clay's dispersion
Prove but the step into a life ideal."

"Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life."*

THIS book has merit of an unusual kind, and is to be judged by other than a merely literary standard. It is in the main a close study of aspects of American life which are of great importance to the national welfare, and which have failed to receive the attention they deserve. The author has gone as a careful observer among the industrial classes in towns and manufacturing villages. He has studied the condition, tendencies, dangers, and opportunities of these classes, and the duty toward them of the educated and the wealthy. Several of the chapters have essentially the quality of first-class newspaper reporting. They are testimony, and not mere theorizing. Such is the graphic and valuable description of "A New England Village"; such are the papers on "Three Typical Workingmen" and "Workingmen's Wives." But the writer is something more than an observer. He has drawn large inferences, and enforces them with vigor, as to the remedial appliances which our industrial and social system calls for. He is not the expounder of any new creed, nor does he offer any patent panacea. The substantial ideas which underlie his recommendations are largely the old, and, in a sense, familiar ones of education, thrift, and mutual helpfulness. But he deals in specifics and not in generalities. He sharply points out the habitual mistake of educated people in thinking that when an idea has once been lucidly presented to the world it may be trusted thereafter to do its own work. He urges the systematic and vigorous diffusion among the mass of the people of those notions which are already commonplace among the well-educated. The wide prevalence of the crudest superstitions in regard to labor, social organization and religion, is strikingly represented. There is shown the ultimate, and, in some cases, the near danger to property and the fundamental interests of the State, if a higher intelligence and more rational morality are not diffused. One of the strongest points of the book is its enforcement of the direct and vital interest of capital in the moral elevation of labor. It is forcibly shown to be not a matter of mere sentiment or disinterested philanthropy, but of dollars and cents, for the wealthy class to see to it that the laboring poor are directed and helped into more rational ways of thinking and living. The need is well presented of another class of newspapers and books, of more direct utility and simplicity,—intellectual food at once nutritious and easy of digestion. We mention these only as specimens of the special recommendations of the volume. It covers, condensedly, a large and somewhat various field. Occasionally the author falls into misstatement or exaggeration. Thus, he puts

* Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life, and Other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

the national debt incurred by the war at two thousand millions—about half the real amount; and also speaks of the *national* debt as being prodigiously increased after the war, which is incorrect. When he says: "Perhaps a majority of the members of the Evangelical Protestant Churches in this country have at some time consulted the spirits of dead people, by the help of some professional ghost-seer or medium," we are inclined to think that his "perhaps" covers an enormous exaggeration. An occasional something of this kind a little impairs our confidence in his trustworthiness as a witness to points. The book is sober and realistic in style, but we have an impression that the author is at bottom a thorough idealist, and liable to interpret facts through the medium of his own perceptions. His pet aversion is the optimists, the people who believe that all is coming out right anyhow, and that our chief duty is to sing hallelujah over human progress. He leans, we think, toward the other extreme, is more gloomy in his prognostications than facts fairly warrant, and does not make due account of the reserve forces of intelligence and moral sobriety in the American people. Our political history, especially since the war, is full of threatening lurches of the ship of state, from which she trims herself and recovers balance as time and talk bring out the quiet second thought of the people. The conservative forces which thus show themselves in politics are no less at work in the other phases of national life. But, in the main, we consider this book truthful in its views and most valuable in its lessons. It is a fine example of one of the most promising manifestations of intellectual activity among us,—the close and serious study by earnest men of the real conditions and requirements of American life. The long anti-slavery conflict, culminating in the passion of the war, trained a generation of reformers into reliance upon broad and simple moral sentiments, and comparative disregard of the complicated phenomena of free industrial civilization. Now we are beginning to study more closely the relations of classes, and the mutual requirements of the millions who toil with their hands and those who possess science and culture and capital. This book deals with its subject in the true spirit of high moral aim united to sober study of fact. It deals in no technicalities; its style is lucid and simple; and it will do good service in stimulating and suggesting.

Lanier's "Science of English Verse."*

IT is scarcely too much to say that this is the most important as it is the most original work on versification with which we are acquainted. In his preface, Mr. Lanier cites at length a number of treatises on verse-making, from the twelve-hundred-year-old "Epistola ad Acircium," of Aldgate, to the "Laws of Verse" of Professor J. J. Sylvester, and to the "Essay on Alliterative Metre," by the Rev. W. W. Skeat: he omits, we notice, the unpretending but useful "Rules of Rhyme," by the late Tom Hood, and the pretentious and useless "Treatise on English Versification," by Mr. Gilbert Conway, published in London only two years ago; but no one of these many books, old or new, good or bad, attempts to cover the ground Mr. Lanier has here pre-empted. Hitherto the subject has been treated with entire inadequacy, and it calls strenuously for reconsideration in the light of later ideas. A study of foreign meters, especially old French and Italian, has done much during this century to break the bonds of the rigid heroic couplet in which English poetry had for a hundred years or more been bound; and there was urgent call for a book which should set forth the foundations on which the science of versification rests, for the benefit both of those who may seek to speak in numbers, for the numbers come,—a class which includes, at some period of their lives, nearly all who may be in any way tinctured with literature,—and of those who, merely reading poetry, need more or less knowledge of the mechanism of verse for the fuller enjoyment of the poet's work. A book was wanted which should set before us the internal structure of the verse of Shakspere and of Milton,—"mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,"—and which should tell us wherein consisted the charm of the emptier meters of Poe and Swinburne. It is only in the discussion of these purely artistic questions that Mr. Lanier's book is wanting; he has confined himself strictly within the limits indicated by his title,—indeed, if he were to discuss the art as well as the science of verse, twice his ample three hundred pages would scarce suffice.

After this statement of what Mr. Lanier's predecessors have not done, and of what he has not done himself, it may be well to declare just what it is that he has done. And this is no easy task. Mr. Lanier has not made any modification of the accepted theories of English verse; he has torn them up by the roots; and he offers us in their stead another theory of his own, in accordance with the latest discoveries of the essentially modern science of sound. That Mr. Lanier's theory will meet with much opposition, and even ridicule, is possible and even probable. That it is, in the main, the right one, and will therefore in the end prevail, we have no doubt. To set forth, in the scant space here at our disposal, this new theory of Mr. Lanier's is obviously impossible. Its radical basis may, however, be briefly indicated, and as far as may be in Mr. Lanier's own terms and phrases.

Verse is a set of specially related sounds. Now, sounds may be studied with reference only to four particulars—duration, intensity, pitch, and a quality which Mr. Lanier terms tone-color, including thereunder, rhyme, alliteration and the proper apportionment of vowels and consonants. For exact co-ordinations of intensity the human ear has no means; but the other three qualities it can exactly co-ordinate; when it does so with primary reference to duration, the result is rhythm; when the primary reference is to pitch, the result is tune. After an introductory chapter, therefore, Mr. Lanier divides his volume

* The Science of English Verse, by Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

into three parts, in which he discusses, first, the rhythms of English verse; next, the tunes of English verse, and finally the colors of English verse.

This explanation may seem unduly technical, but Mr. Lanier carefully explains and illustrates every term as he introduces it, and any one may follow his lead without difficulty. Even the frequent analogies he finds in music are so set down that even those ignorant of musical terms cannot but understand. It is in the first part, on the rhythms of English verse, that Mr. Lanier is most radically original, and, it is a pleasure to add, most undoubtedly right. The pages in which he lays the foundation of versification on the rock of modern physics deserve study by all who have ever given any attention to prosody. Indeed, if it be not deemed impertinent, one might suggest a careful perusal of it to the learned gentlemen who continue to befog Latin verse with medieval theories of scanning. To that ubiquitous person, the general reader, the third part of the book is perhaps the most interesting; it is pleasant to see that with logical exactness Mr. Lanier gives in to no out-of-date theory of "allowable rhymes," and of "rhymes to the eye," both palpable absurdities which have only too long cumbered the text-books. Before leaving the volume it should be noted for the benefit of Shaksperean students that Mr. Lanier has occasion to consider carefully the Shakspere verse-texts, at which Mr. Swinburne, with characteristic unwisdom, has lately taken it upon himself to sneer.

"Democracy."*

"DEMOCRACY" falls short of being a clever novel, but its pages bear evidence to the fact that it has been written by a very clever author. The criticism on Madame de Rémusat's memoirs, that they showed some observation and much imagination, may be applied to this American novel. The author's cleverness is manifested in that charming colloquial and easy style which, with us, in conversation and books, is the woman, and by the power of rendering the usual "society" novelist's lay figures interesting and pleasant, while they move without volition of their own, although the author occasionally galvanizes them into a semblance of naturalness. The principal personages in the book are the pretty, cultivated, wealthy and unincumbered widow, Mrs. Lightfoot Lee; her sister Sybil, a babyish young lady of twenty-five; Victoria Dare, an American girl of the type which Mr. James tones down and Ouida exaggerates, who captivates a stupid and good-hearted young earl; Silas P. Ratcliffe, a compound of Daniel Webster and the *Honorable Bardwell Slote;* Carrington, the melancholy and aristocratic Southerner; the British Minister; and the diplomatist Baron Jacobi, a Voltairian, and of the Old World to the tips of his fingers. Of these Jacobi is decidedly the best. The tilts between this old cynic of the eighteenth century and the senatorial Ratcliffe, "the Prairie Giant of Peoria," the favorite son of Illinois, ar neatly described. The two are in love with Made leine (Mrs. Lee)—Ratcliffe earnestly, the baro because it is his habit to be in love with the pret tiest woman in his set. Here is a glimpse o Jacobi's courtship:

"He delighted in exposing to Madeleine's eye some new trait of Ratcliffe's ignorance. His con versation at such times sparkled with historical allu sions, quotations in half-a-dozen different languages references to well-known facts which an old man' memory could not recall with precision in all their de tails, but with which the Honorable Senator was famil iarly acquainted, and which he could readily supply And his Voltairian face leered politely as he listene to Ratcliffe's reply, which showed invariable ignc rance of common literature, art and history. Th climax of his triumph came one evening when Ra cliffe unluckily, tempted by some allusion to Molièr which he thought he understood, made reference t the unfortunate influence of that great man on th religious opinions of his time. Jacobi, by a flas of inspiration, divined that he confused Molière wit Voltaire, and, assuming a manner of extreme suavity he put his victim on the rack and tortured him wit affected explanations and interrogations, until Made leine was, in a manner, forced to interrupt th scene."

In an earlier part of the book, Senator Ratcliff offends the proprieties by wearing at dinner "th largest and whitest pair of French kids that coul be bought for money on Pennsylvania avenue," bu it does not seem to strike the author that his offens was venial compared with the vulgarity of the littl diplomatist in quoting from "half-a-dozen differen languages."

As an evidence of the tendency of a certain clas of Americans to despise themselves and their in stitutions, "Democracy" is significant. It woul teach us that Silas P. Ratcliffe, ignorant, savagel immoral in the sense of not comprehending moral ity, is a fair specimen of the men whom the Wes delights to honor, and that the aristocratic and unex ceptionable Carrington is a fair specimen of th Virginian gentleman—that democracy is a failure and that life abroad is so infinitely higher and bet ter, that no American of culture ought to endure th demoralizing contact of the masses.

Well-known names are very thinly disguised i the novel, and some of the characters may possibl be considered portraits by persons who have neve lived in Washington. The British Minister, Lor Skye, who, being a bachelor, cannot be supposed to represent the present amiable envoy, offers a favorable contrast to the wild Western people i the book, and even Lord Dunbeg, though he is a mild idiot, is redeemed by the Americans who whatever brains they may own, have actually beer known to wear flaming colored cravats at a dinner party! The stars and stripes refuse to drop a effectively as the British flag at Lord Skye's fête and, on the whole, the base Western people ar always shown in the attitude of refusing to apolo gize to the cockneys for not dropping their "h's." And yet, with all its faults of exaggeration, and bac taste, and that cadishness which is only a reactior

* Democracy. An American Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

after many Fourth-of-Julys of defiance of the "effete monarchies," "Democracy" is worth reading, if only as a study of our political and social position from the point of view of a class which the author thoroughly represents.

Marion Harland's "Loitering in Pleasant Paths."*

MARION HARLAND had established a wide reputation for herself as a novelist when she entered the well-trodden field of cookery-book literature. Her household essays gave her a new and enviable fame. And now that she has printed her impressions of foreign travel, there will naturally be some curiosity manifested to discover if the novelist and model housekeeper is equally at home in these new paths. It must be confessed that it requires a little audacity to write a book of travel nowadays; especially does it to give to the world pictures of European scenery and places already made familiar to the million of traveling Americans by their own jaded experience, and to the other millions of untraveled Americans by the multitudinous books of travel which groaning presses have thrown off during the past few years of the republic. Nevertheless, the writer has contrived to make a readable book. We shall none of us, probably, ever grow weary of reading about the things with which we are already well acquainted, whether these are at home or abroad; it is only necessary that the telling shall be well done, and we are ready to be told the same old story many times. This loiterer in pleasant paths was clearly most at home in Old England, "our old home." It is here that she is most deeply touched by the memories of the past, most willing to be imposed upon, if need be, when sight-seeing; for her charity is very great when she looks through the England of the present to the dear old England of the past. But she quickens the reader's classic recollections, also, when she reaches Rome and ponders over its monuments, and brings history out of its moldering ruins. If there were a little less of the *ego* in the book, less of the intrusion of the invalid and her personal worries, less of the individualities of the traveling party, the reader, who is not apt to care so much for a traveler as for what he sees, would be better pleased. But it is not given to every writer of a book of foreign travel to efface himself from the pages of his work.

Janson's "Spell-Bound Fiddler."†

THIS is a very unpretentious little tale, and, like all Mr. Janson's later writings, it has a pronounced tendency. The moral lesson, which undoubtedly needed to be impressed upon the audience which the author particularly had in view, has not the interest of novelty on this side of the ocean, although it is one which has its application everywhere, and therefore may well bear repetition. That healthy and innocent pleasure is more ennobling than morbid and lachrymose piety is a proposition which is by no means universally recognized among the peasantry of Norway, and religious movements of a fiercely Puritanic character frequently sweep through the distant mountain-valleys, making the little world between the mountains in the most literal sense "a vale of tears." The various phases which such a movement assumes in a primitive community are impressively depicted in the present volume, although of course the author's chief interest centers in its effect upon the hero—a weak, sensitive and imaginative nature, and apparently with Mr. Janson a favorite type of the artistic temperament.

The fanatical preacher, though we get but a few brief glimpses of him, is by all odds the best piece of psychological characterization in the book. The fiddler himself, too, and his faithful and sensible wife, are sufficiently vivid to enable us to sympathize in their sorrows and aspirations. We venture to assert, however, that the judgment of God, as expressed in the land-slide, the very morning after the rich man has scornfully rejected Jon's suit, will fail in its effect upon the transatlantic reader. It is too tremendous, too direct, too old-testamental to gain credence even with the most sternly orthodox of these days.

Professor Anderson's explanatory preface, which deals chiefly with incidents from the life of Ole Bull (who also figures in the book), is more than half as long as the tale itself, but is sufficiently entertaining to be its own excuse for being. The translator, in our opinion, makes a serious mistake in violating good English usage for the purpose, not of finding the equivalents, but the exact cognates of Norwegian words. Thus, for instance, the word *force* used in the sense of *cataract* (corresponding to the Norwegian *Foss*) is a piece of affectation with which we have no patience.

Gov. Long's Translation of the Æneid.*

THE slight prejudice entertained by most critics against a Governor's ability to translate the classic authors, has given way before the genuine and simple merit of this book. It is, in fact, a good version of a poem by no means easy to render into English—as the impaled corpses of William Morris and other poets who have unsuccessfully tried it sufficiently indicate. Morris is a much better poet than Governor Long, but he has made a far inferior translation. The volume before us is spirited, easy and clear in its style; by no means free from faults of version and of diction, but on the whole easy to read. The short preface is the worst part of the book, giving a wholly inadequate view of Virgil and his chief poem. Indeed, it is on the poetic side that Mr. Long is most defective. He is a good rhetorician, but a mediocre poet. His work was too hastily done, and could be much improved by a leisurely

* Loitering in Pleasant Paths. By Marion Harland, author of "The Dinner Year-book," "Common Sense in the Household," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 435.

† The Spell-Bound Fiddler. A Norse romance. By Kristofer Janson. Translated from the original by Auber Forestier, author of "Echoes from Mist-Land," etc. With an introduction by Rasmus B. Anderson. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1880.

* The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English by John D. Long. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

revision, such as the chief magistrate of Massachusetts can hardly have time for until he leaves the chair of state.

Although Mr. Long is no poet and has not aimed at poetic effects in his version, he yet cannot avoid them when translating closely and with a picturesque diction. For Virgil is a great poet, whose force is somewhat concealed by the elegance with which he always writes, and which reminds us more of the modern Italians than of the old Romans. Thus, in the Fourth Book, where betrayed Dido falls by her own hand, we have this picture of the quiet night, in which she forms her sad resolve:

"'Twas night; and weariness o'er all the earth
In peaceful slumber sank to rest. No breath
Was in the woods or on the fitful sea.
It was the time when, half their circuit o'er,
The stars began to fall; when fields and flocks
Lay still, and birds were nestling 'neath their wings
Of many hues; when all that lives within
The water-depths, and all that in the fields
And forest dwell, under the silent night
In deep sleep lying, dreamed all care away,
And human hearts forgot that life is toil."
Book IV., lines 697–707.

In a different and more Roman vein is the passage where Æneas has just depicted the murder of Priam,—the poet thinking, no doubt, of the murder of Pompey, on the Egyptian shore, in his own time:

"Such was the end
Of Priam's fortunes, such the fate of him
Who, Asia's sovereign once, so many lands,
So many tribes beneath his haughty sway,
Saw Troy to ashes burn and Pergamos
In ruins. On the shore his great trunk lies,
His head from off his shoulders torn, a corse
Without a name."
Book II., lines 691–9.

These passages indicate the graphic merit of the new translation, while they also show how it falls short of the melody that Bryant or Tennyson would have found natural in turning the Latin hexameters into English blank verse.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Methods of Heating Dwellings.

WITH the steady decline in the price of gas, has sprung up an increased interest in the subject of heating dwellings and conservatories by means of gas stoves. All the appliances for heating by gas now in use are more or less defective, and, in the interest of the housekeeper, it may be worth while to point out briefly the most effective, the most healthful, and the cheapest method of burning gas for its heat. Air, in contact with heated surfaces, absorbs heat slowly, and, for this reason, a gas stove will raise the temperature of a room or greenhouse to a high point in its immediate neighborhood, while the other end of the room may be freezing. Added to this is the still greater defect, that none of the gas stoves for sale has any chimney. The products of combustion from a gas stove must be got rid of before it can be of any value in heating dwellings, shops, or green-houses. The most simple and effective way to do this is to inclose the stove in an air-tight box, or to make the stove itself air-tight, and to take the air needed for combustion from out-of-doors, and to add a chimney. For a small gas stove, an iron pipe, an inch in diameter, passing directly through the wall of the house and communicating with the bottom of the stove, will be sufficient to supply air to the burners. A two-inch iron pipe from the top of the stove, led through the wall on the same side as the smaller pipe, will make a chimney that will never smoke or cause the flame of the burner to "strike back," whatever the force or direction of the wind. There is only one effective and economical method of burning gas in heating, and that is in connection with a water circulation. Heating by a water circulation, familiar to every householder in the water-back system, needs no special description. It is very simple, merely a flow and return system of pipes in which hot water circulates by its own expansion. It is estimated that a gas stove having two Bunsen burners, consuming 14 feet of gas an hour, will heat 28 feet of 3-inch water-pipes. This is sufficient for a "lean-to" green-house 20 x 7 feet, or a room in a dwelling-house one-third larger. No such results are likely to be obtained from an ordinary two-burner gas stove merely heating the air. A gas stove for heating water must be practically a boiler with a sufficient number of flues to absorb all the heat of the gas-jets. A tin stove, 10 inches high, by 10 inches long, by 7 inches wide, with six narrow sheet flues nearly the whole width of the boiler, will give three square feet of heating surface, which will be sufficient to absorb all the heat of two burners. Such a boiler could be made by any skillful tinman, and ought to last two years. Made of sheet copper, it would last much longer. It will heat 28 feet of 3-inch pipe, and give out far more heat than can be obtained from any two-burner stove now in use. Such a system of heating would cost about as much as an ordinary coal stove, and, with the exception of the boiler, would last in good order for many years. It will be seen that, by this method of employing gas, all the heat is saved by means of the very large heating-surface, the heat is carried to all parts of the room (or wherever the pipes may lead), and it is distributed slowly and evenly, and without the slightest injury to the most delicate plant or lungs.

In this connection it may be observed that, in some new styles of open fire-places recently introduced in France, use is made of a hot-water circulation to warm one or more chambers from the waste heat of an open fire in a room below. Seventy per cent. of the heat of an open fire, whether of wood, coal or gas, is spent in heating the chimney

flue, or is thrown away out the top of the chimney. Attempts to save this waste heat have been often made, and there are base-burning stoves in this market that heat two rooms, the one below by a stove and the one above by a hot-air flue in the chimney. These stoves work well, but are still somewhat wasteful and are generally vicious, because the air heated in the flues is often taken from the room below, instead of from out-of-doors. The French stoves made on this plan appear to be of much better design, as they have more heating surface. The water circulation stoves consist simply of a cast-iron water-back placed in the chimney above the open fire, and connected with a system of flow and return hot-water pipes in the rooms above. A cheap and unpatented method of economizing the heat of an open fire would be to give the fire a rather large flue, and in this flue, extending downward from the room above and reaching nearly to the fire-place, to hang two pieces of wrought-iron pipe (an inch in diameter), joined at the lower end by a common coupling, or "return bend." One of these pipes must be a few inches longer than the other, and must be connected with the flow-pipe of a hot-water system, the shorter pipe connected with the return pipe. Every housekeeper is aware that a few feet of brass pipe bent around the inside of a cook-stove will supply a family with abundance of hot water, without apparent effect on the fire. The stove cooks as well with the pipe as without it, and the heat in the hot water is a direct saving of heat that would otherwise go up the chimney. In like manner, a length of pipe hung in a chimney will save heat that otherwise would be lost, and by a well-designed water system the heat may be used to warm a room on the second floor. Where strong coal fires are maintained in open grates, a second pipe reaching down from the third story might also be added, and another room might be warmed by the same fire.

The Hydraulic Mining System Applied to Dredging.

DIAMOND REEF, in New York Harbor, has always been troublesome to navigation, and many efforts have been made to remove it. All the larger rock-masses were blown up and removed, and then nothing remained but a mass of hard-pan containing bowlders, gravel, and sand. Blasting was not available, and efforts were then made to mine the reef by means of a powerful water-jet, precisely as gravel banks are torn down by a stream from a hose in hydraulic mining. It was found that with a powerful steam pump, and an iron pipe, and hose lashed to a spar and held in position by guy-ropes, suspended from the dredging-scow, the clay could be easily torn up. This sub-aqueous jet, when directed downward, soon made a hole or "pot" in the reef, and much of the fine material was swept away into deep water by the tide, or could be raked away by divers, or by means of rakes moved by steam-power from the scow and guided by ropes. When the jet was directed against the side or face of the reef, it was rapidly torn down, until the accumulation of the loosened material blocked up the jet and stopped the work. This obstruction led to the invention of a second and quite novel application of the same idea. The reef is surrounded by deep water, and it is not necessary to dredge up this loosened material, but merely to push it a short distance away into deep water. A long iron pipe, of large diameter, was then fitted with a hose, the nozzle being placed within the pipe, under one end, and pointed toward the other end. A grating was then fitted over the end next the hose, and the whole apparatus was suspended by chains in a horizontal position from the scow, with the inlet end next to the reef. The other hose was then brought to bear on the reef, and a powerful stream was driven through each hose. It will be observed that the water-jet directed through the large pipe formed an injector, inducing a powerful current through the pipe. The outer hose stirred up the gravel (the grating keeping back all the large stones), the induced current sweeping all the loosened sand and gravel through the pipe, and discharging it at the other end, in deep water. A long series of experiments with the apparatus was tried, and it was found to work to great advantage in removing all except the largest bowlders, even in very deep water and in a strong tide-way. When the discharge-end of the pipe was raised to the surface, it was found that the stream of mingled sand and gravel and water was thrown out of the top, quite clear of the surface, so that by proper arrangements it could have been caught in floating barges or in sluices leading to the shore. In this instance this was not necessary, as the aim was simply to sweep the material away into deep water. Modifications of this idea of stirring up a sand bar by hydraulic jet have already been tried elsewhere, but not on so effective a scale, and the valuable suggestion has been made, that the injector apparatus would be useful in raising all kinds of light material in dredging, and in lifting argentiferous sands in sea-coast mining.

New Metallic Compound.

A NEW metal, possessing several novel and valuable properties useful in the mechanic arts, has been introduced under the name of "Spence's metal." Its discovery arose from the fact that the sulphides of metal combined with melted sulphur formed a liquid that on cooling gave a solid mass that exhibited several new properties. It was found that many metallic sulphides would combine with an excess of sulphur, and nearly all gave the same results, —an ore of pyrites containing zinc and lead sulphides being found among the most useful in making the new alloy. It is chemically regarded as belonging to the class known as "thiates," and the name "ferric thiate" has been proposed for it. The melting point is 320° Fahr., and on cooling it has the unusual property of expanding. It resists the action of common commercial acids and alkalies and the action of the weather, and readily takes a very high polish. These properties make it of special value in

art casting, as its tendency to expand on cooling causes it to fit the most delicate moulds accurately, and to reproduce the design so perfectly as to require very little after finishing. Its low melting-point makes it useful in casting in plaster and even gelatine molds, for the metal cools so rapidly that the form of the mold is impressed upon it before the gelatine can melt, and if the gelatine softens it again hardens over the metal and re-adapts itself to the form it gave the metal, reproducing the design ready for a second casting. For joining iron water-pipes the new metal has the advantage of use without "calking" or after finish of any kind, as its expansion on cooling causes it to fill any irregularities in the pipe, and to fit the joint perfectly. Four lengths of moderate-sized street mains, supported equally everywhere, were joined together by pouring the metal into the joints, with a clay rope, as in making lead joints. Then, without further finishing, the supports, except at the ends, were removed; the joined pipes bent somewhat but remained unbroken and water-tight. The metal is said to be valuable for tanks in the manufacture of sulphuric acid (in place of lead), and as a sheathing for cellar walls to prevent the entrance of moisture. Its price is about one-sixth less than lead, while its bulk is three times greater, which reduces its cost to about one-fourth.

Preservative Wrapping-papers.

Two new preservative wrapping-papers have been recently brought out, one designed for fruit and one for furs, cloths, etc. The first is made by dipping a soft tissue-paper in a bath of salycilic acid and hanging it in the air to dry. The bath should be made from a strong alcoholic solution of salycilic acid, diluted with as much water as it will bear without precipitation. The apples, oranges, or other fruit may be wrapped in the paper before packing, and when the fruit reaches its market the paper can be removed and used again. A manilla wrapping-paper may be prepared for resisting moths and mildew by dipping it in a prepared bath, squeezing it and drying it over hot rollers. This bath is made by mixing 70 parts of the oil removed by the distillation of coal tar naphtha, 5 parts of crude carbolic acid containing at least 50 per cent. of phenola, 20 parts of thin coal tar at 160° Fahr., and 5 parts of refined petroleum.

The Profilograph.

The profilograph is a new automatic device for tracing the profile of a road or district. It consists essentially of a two-wheeled carriage having suspended from the body between the wheels a heavy pendulum, free to swing in a line with the direction in which the carriage moves. As the carriage is drawn by a horse over the ground, the pendulum maintains a vertical position, whether moving on a level or up or down hill. The upper end of the pendulum, above the point of support, carries a pencil that touches a ribbon of paper moved by clock-work or by the movement of the wheels of the carriage, and, as long as the carriage is moving, makes a trace on the paper that is, as may be readily seen, a profile of the country passed over by the machine. At the same time one of the wheels, by a simple pedometric device, gives the distance traversed and makes a scale for comparison with the profile trace, to show the relations of the two measures of height and distance passed over by the machine.

Light from Oyster Shells.

It has long been known that certain compounds of lime and sulphur had the property of absorbing light, and giving it out again when placed in the dark. A simple way to do this is to expose clean oyster-shells to a red heat for half an hour. When cold, the best pieces are picked out and packed with alternate layers of sulphur in a crucible, and exposed to a red heat for an hour. When cold, the mass is broken up and the whitest pieces are placed in a clean glass bottle. On exposing the bottle to bright sunshine during the day, it is found that at night its contents will give out a pale light in the dark. Such a bottle filled more than a hundred years ago still gives out light when exposed to the sun, proving the persistency of the property of reproducing light. Very many experiments have been more recently made in this direction, and the light-giving property greatly enhanced. The chemicals, ground to a flour, may now be mixed with oils or water for paints, may be powdered on hot glass, and glass covered with a film of clear glass, or mixed with celluloid, papier-maché, or other plastic materials. As a paint, it may be applied to a diver's dress, to cards, clock dials, sign-boards and other surfaces exposed to sunlight during the day; the paint gives out a pale violet light at night sufficient to enable the objects to be readily seen in the dark. If the object covered with the prepared paint is not exposed to the sun, or if the light fades in the dark, a short piece of magnesium wire burned before it serves to restore the light-giving property. The preparation, under various fanciful names, is about to be made upon a commercial scale.

Extraction of Perfumes.

By the use of a new material in a new way, the usual process of extracting perfumes from scented woods and flowers has been quite superseded by methods that promise better results than ever before reached. The new material is chloride of methyl, purified and rendered inodorous by the use of concentrated sulphuric acid. The process employs a series of vessels combined somewhat after the manner of a refrigerating apparatus. The first vessel, called the digester, is filled with roses, jasmine or other flowers, and a portion of the liquid chloride of methyl is showered over them through an opening, controlled by a stop-cock, at the top. After a short delay for digestion the liquid is drawn off below into an air-tight tank, and a second and third showering is given to the flowers, the liquid being removed after each digestion. When the perfume is nearly all taken up in this manner,

team is forced under pressure through the digester, nd then removed to another tank where it is cooled nd condensed, and the liquid chloride of methyl is eturned to the vessel containing the original store f liquid and may be used again. The liquid from ne digester containing the extracted perfume is now vaporated, by passing water, at 86° Fahrenheit, hrough a jacket surrounding the vessel, and at the me time producing a vacuum in the tank by means f an air-pump. At a pressure of half an atmosphere ne chloride of methyl is removed, leaving a waxy nd fatty matter behind that contains all the per- mes in a highly concentrated form, and on treat- ent with alcohol this residuum gives up the per- me in all its original strength and delicacy. The loride of methyl is afterward passed through cold ils, and returns to its liquid state ready for use in ne apparatus again. All kinds of flowers, seeds, arks, woods and roots may be readily treated by ne methylic process, and at a very decided gain in uality and quantity over any of the methods now use. The process is one that should find employ- ent in our Southern States, where the floral ason is much longer than in France, where the erfume-extracting business is now chiefly concen- ated. Many Southern plants and flowers would, o doubt, give new and valuable perfumes by this rocess, the delicacy of the flowers having pre- ented their use by the old processes of extraction.

Novel Application of Frictional Electricity.

THE use in the arts of electricity obtained by friction (as in the common school electrical apparatus) has not made much progress, magneto-electricity and electricity from batteries having apparently covered the whole industrial field. A new use for frictional electricity—in the manufacture of flour—promises not only important improvements in that business, but suggests an entirely new field for electrical work. In bolting machines, as now used in flour mills, the bran is separated from the flour by a blast of air, designed to blow away the light bran and leave the flour behind. This is accomplished, but at a serious loss of fine flour blown away with the bran, and the inconvenience of great quantities of flour-dust, to say nothing of the danger of dust explosions in such bolting machines. In place of the air-blast, hard rubber cylinders are placed horizontally over the moving bolting-cloths containing the mingled flour and bran. These cylinders are made to revolve by any convenient power, and as they turn they press against pieces of sheep-skin (or other electrical excitant) and become charged with frictional electricity; the loose bran is attracted to them, flies up and clings to the cylinders precisely as a bit of paper will cling to a rod of sealing-wax when electrically excited by friction. Apparatus is provided for taking off the bran as fast as it gathers on the rollers.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Two Loves.

"The cure for love is more love."—THOREAU.

'NEATH olden trees, to which the breeze
Spoke soft of summer weather,
(A book of verses on our knees)
We sat and read together.

Her voice was low with lulling flow;
Her lips had rosy fragrance;
And round her ran with golden glow
Her tresses—lovely vagrants!

She turned and shook the dreamy book,
And said, with dreamier murmur:
"When on such lovely lines we look,
We feel love's faith grow firmer."

Methought the birds had caught her words,
They sang so sweetly after;
Methought the brook her cadence took
Of love amid its laughter.

But from the book she lightly shook
Fell something, which went curling
A moment gay on the wind away—
Then down the brook came whirling.

"Child of an hour, vain flying flower!"
She said, with tuneful measure:
"Poor Arthur thought my heart was caught,
When I received that treasure."

Was it her tone, or look alone?
Or was it but the letting
That love-gift go with little show
Of care or kind regretting?

I know not. Something deep, though dumb,
Within my soul gave warning.
I know not—but there seemed to come
A shade across the morning.

The brook's gay bound seemed but a sound—
A mere melodious murmur;
It lost the note of her sweet throat
Who said, "Love's faith grew firmer."

I turned away; and from that day
The siren spell was broken,
And I with thankful heart can say:
"Of me she has no token."

For fairest face and rarest grace
And beauty most Elysian,
Which have of tenderness no trace,
Are emptier than a vision.

So let fair maids remember this:
The gem exceeds the setting,
And love that never gained a kiss
May yet be worth regretting.

H. W. AUSTIN.

Epigrams.

ILLUMINATION.

"WHAT splendor lights my sweetheart's eyes?—
What heavenly beam, so strangely bright?"
"No 'heavenly beam,'" the maid replies,
"But only the Electric Light!"

TO FATE RESIGNED.

FAIR Maud is weary of her lonely lot;
Her friends are gone,—why should she wish to tarry?
The world's vain pleasures now delight her not;—
She has resolved to *take the vail* and—marry!

ENVY.

AN unplucked rose saw fairest Annie tie
Its neighbor on her throat, with tender grace;
And, envious, thought 'twere happiness to die
In such a way—on such a resting-place!

DURABILITY.

THE ladies of the present day
Quite frequently endeavor
To find a practicable way
To keep their charms forever;
There was a dame with such a fault,
Of some historic nation,
Was transmigrated into salt
For surer preservation!

A MODERN CUPID.

IN papers that are sent about
We every day discover
The suicidal snuffing out
Of some unhappy lover;
It worries little Cupid so
To slay a modern suitor,
He lays aside his cedar bow
And tries a seven-shooter!

A Practical Young Woman.

YOUNG Julius Jones loved Susan Slade;
And oft, in dulcet tones,
He vainly had besought the maid
To take the name of Jones.

"Wert thou but solid, then, be sure,
'Twould be all right," said she,
"But, Mr. J., whilst thou art poor
Pray think no more of me."

Poor Jones was sad; his coat was bad;
His salary was worse;
But hope suggested: "Jones, my lad,
Just try the power of verse."

He sat him down and wrote in rhyme
How she was in her spring,
And he in summer's golden prime—
And all that sort of thing.

The poem praised her hair and eyes—
Her lips, with honey laden.
He wound it up—up in the skies—
And mailed it to the maiden.

She read it over, kept it clean,
Put on her finest raiment,
And took it to a magazine
And got ten dollars payment.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Keramos.

THERE was a young lady named Nancy,
Who for bric-à-brac had such a fancy
That a family jar
'Twixt her ma and her pa
Delighted the soul of Miss Nancy.

Advantages of Ballast.

A WILD ANIMAL OFFERS A TEMPTING NECK TO THE HUNTER'S LASSO.

THE WILD ANIMAL SPRINGS, AND THE HUNTER FINDS THAT HE IS JUST ABOUT HIS OWN WEIGHT.

HE THROWS OUT BALLAST.

THIS PLAN SUCCEEDS.

NOTE.—Both the process and the beast above described are th
vention and property of the artist; readers may as well be inforr
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SAVONAROLA.

[FROM A PAINTING BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO.]

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

OF

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. AUGUST, 1880. No. 4.

OUR RIVER.

RIVERS are as various in their forms as forest trees. The Mississippi is like an oak with enormous branches. What a branch is the Red River, the Arkansas, the Ohio, the Missouri! The Hudson is like the pine or poplar—mainly trunk.

From New York to Albany there is only an inconsiderable limb or two, and but few gnarls and excrescences. Cut off the Rondout, the Esopus, the Catskill and two or three similar tributaries on the east side, and only some twigs remain. There are some crooked places, it is true, but, on the whole, the Hudson presents a fine, symmetrical shaft that would be hard to match in any river of the world.

Among our own water-courses it stands pre-eminent. The Columbia—called by Major Winthrop the Achilles of rivers—is a more haughty and impetuous stream; the Mississippi is, of course, vastly larger and longer; the St. Lawrence would carry the Hudson as a trophy in his belt and hardly know the difference; yet our river is doubtless the most beautiful of them all. It pleases like a mountain lake.

It has all the sweetness and placidity that go with such bodies of water, on the one hand, and all their bold and rugged scenery on the other. In summer, a passage up or down its course in one of the day steamers is as near an idyl of travel as can be had, perhaps, anywhere in the world. Then its permanent and uniform volume, its fullness and equipoise at all seasons, and its gently flowing currents give it further the character of a lake, or of the sea itself.

When Henry Hudson discovered it, he was searching for the North-west passage to India, and he may well have hoped that this stately ebbing and flowing water led into some northern sea, by means of which the vexed problem might at last be solved.

Of the Hudson it may be said that it is a very large river for its size,—that is, for the quantity of water it discharges into the sea. Its water-shed is comparatively small—less, I think, than that of the Connecticut.

It is a huge trough with a very slight incline, through which the current moves very slowly, and which would fill from the sea were its supplies from the mountains cut off. Its fall from Albany to the bay is only about five feet. Any object upon it, drifting with the current, progresses southward no more than eight miles in twenty-four hours. The ebb tide will carry it about twelve miles, and the flood set it back from seven to nine. A drop of water at Albany, therefore, will be nearly three weeks in reaching New York, though it will get pretty well pickled some days earlier.

Some rivers by their volume and impetuosity penetrate the sea, but here the sea is the aggressor, and sometimes meets the mountain water nearly half-way.

This fact was illustrated a couple of years ago, when the basin of the Hudson was visited by one of the most severe droughts ever known in this part of the State. In the early winter, after the river was frozen over above Poughkeepsie, it was discovered that immense numbers of fish were retreating up stream before the slow encroachment of the salt water. There was a general exodus of the finny tribes from the whole lower part of the river; it was like the spring and fall migration of the birds, or the fleeing of the population of a district before some approaching danger: vast swarms of cat-fish, white and yellow perch and striped bass were *en route* for the fresh water farther north. When the people along shore made the discovery, they turned out as they do in the rural districts when the pigeons appear, and, with small gill-nets

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SPRING FLOODS.

let down through holes in the ice, captured them in fabulous numbers. On the heels of the retreating perch and cat-fish came the denizens of the salt water, and cod-fish were taken ninety miles above New York. When the February thaw came and brought up the volume of fresh water again, the sea brine was beaten back, and the fish, what were left of them, resumed their old feeding-grounds.

It is this character of the Hudson, this encroachment of the sea upon it, that led Professor Newberry to speak of it as a drowned river. We have heard of drowned lands, but here is a river overflowed and submerged in the same manner. It is quite certain, however, that this has not always been the character of the Hudson. Its great trough bears evidence of having been worn to its present dimensions by much swifter and stronger currents than those that course through it now. Hence, Professor Newberry has recently advanced the bold and striking theory that in pre-glacial times this part of the continent was several hundred feet higher than at present, and that the Hudson was then a very large and rapid stream, that drew its main supplies from the basin of the Great Lakes through an ancient river-bed that followed pretty nearly the line of the present Mohawk; in other words, that the waters of the St. Lawrence once found an outlet through this channel, debouching into the ocean from a broad, littoral plain, at a point eighty miles south-east of New York, where the sea now rolls 500 feet deep. According to the soundings of the coast survey, this ancient bed of the Hudson is distinctly marked upon the ocean floor to the point indicated.

To the gradual subsidence of this part of the continent, in connection with the great changes wrought by the huge glacier that crept down from the north during what is called the ice period, is owing the character and aspects of the Hudson as we see and know them. The Mohawk valley was filled up by the drift, the Great Lakes scooped out, and an opening for their pent-up waters found through what is now the St. Lawrence. The trough of the Hudson was also partially filled, and has remained so to the present day. There is, perhaps, no point in the river where the mud and clay are not from two to three times as deep as the water.

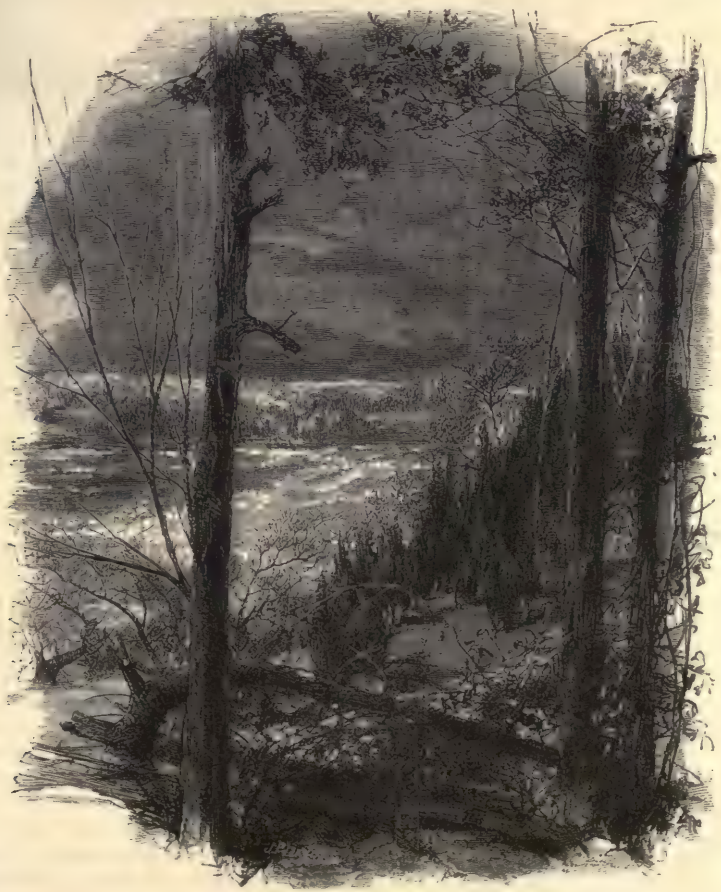
That ancient and grander Hudson lies back of us several hundred thousand years—perhaps more, for a million years are but as one tick of the time-piece of the Lord; yet even

it was a juvenile compared with some of the rocks and mountains the Hudson of to-day mirrors. The Highlands date from the earliest geological age—the primary; the river—the old river—from the latest, the tertiary; and what that difference means in terrestrial years hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive. Yet how the venerable mountains open their ranks for the stripling to pass through. Of course, the river did not force its way through this barrier, but has doubtless found an opening there of which it has availed itself, and which it has enlarged.

In thinking of these things, one only has to allow time enough, and the most stupendous changes in the topography of the country are as easy and natural as the going out or the coming in of spring or summer. According to the authority above referred to, that part of our coast that flanks the mouth of the Hudson is still sinking at the rate of a few inches per century, so that in the twinkling of a hundred thousand years or so, the sea will completely submerge the city of New York, the top of Trinity-church steeple alone standing above the flood. We who live so far inland, and sigh for the salt water, need only to have a little patience, and we shall wake up some fine morning and find the surf beating upon our door-steps.

But I must not tarry longer over this phase of my subject.

No man sows, yet many men reap a harvest from the Hudson. Not the least important is the ice harvest, which is eagerly looked for, and counted upon by hundreds, yes, thousands of laboring men along its course. Ice or no ice sometimes means bread or no bread to scores of families, and it means added or diminished comfort



AN ICE-FLOE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

sun first strikes the ice. At other times it is like a great gong; then it sounds like a giant staff beating the air. It is more noticeable during a change of temperature either way, but is most pronounced when the water is yielding up its heat under the pressure of severe cold. It seems to proceed from something in swift motion. It bounds and rebounds from shore to shore. It will apparently start from under one's very feet, with a snort or a whoop, and vanish in the distance. When the ice is new and strong it makes a shining path through it, as if it might be a current of electricity; this path or track has a spiral character, as if the force that made it went with a twist. It is quite different from an ordinary crack.

The expansive force of the sun upon the ice is sometimes enormous. I have seen the ice explode with a loud noise and a great commotion in the water, and a crevasse shoot like a thunderbolt from shore to shore, with its edges overlapping and shivered into fragments.

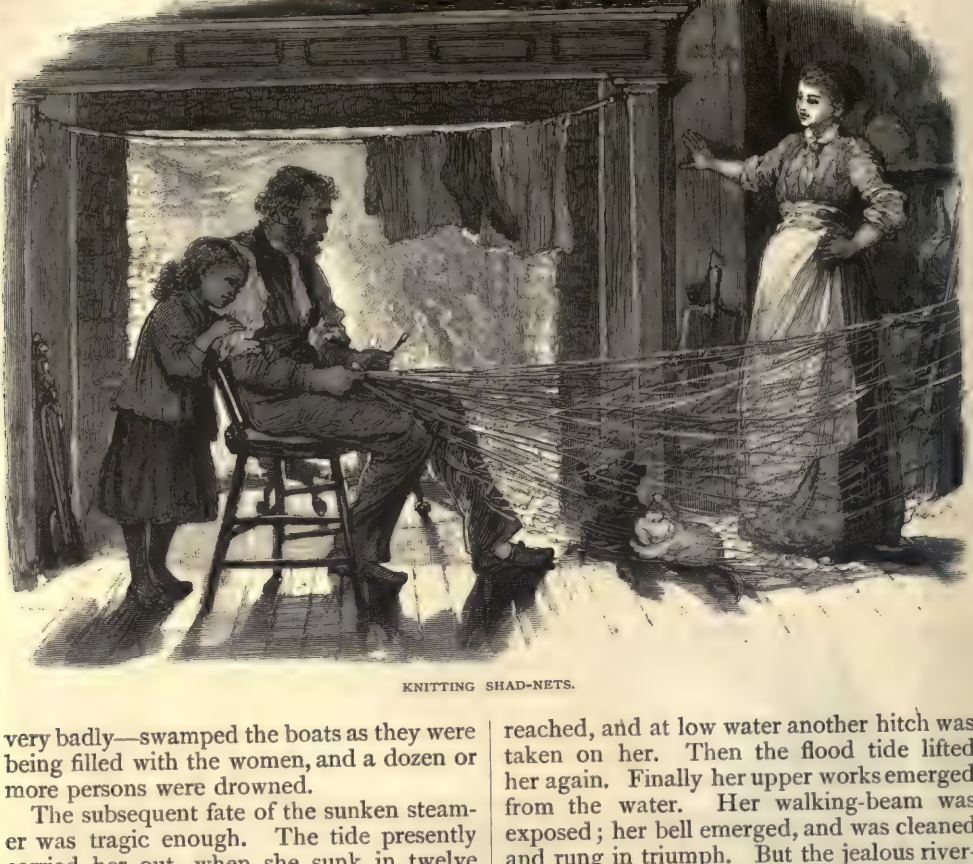
A beautiful phenomenon may at times be witnessed in the morning after a night of extreme cold. The new block ice is found to be covered with a sudden growth of frost-ferns—exquisite fern-like formations from a half-inch to an inch in length, standin singly and in clusters, and under the mor ing sun presenting a most novel appearanc They impede the skate, and are presentl broken down and blown about by the win

The scenes and doings of summer a counterfeited in other particulars upon thes crystal plains. Some bright, breezy day yo casually glance down the river and behol a sail—a sail like that of a pleasure yacht-c summer. Is the river open again belo there, is your first half-defined inquiry. B with what unwonted speed the sail is mo ing across the view! Before you hav fairly drawn another breath it has turnec unperceived, and is shooting with equ swiftness in the opposite direction. Wh ever saw such a lively sail! It does n bend before the breeze, but darts to an fro as if it moved in a vacuum, or like shadow over a scene. Then you remembe the ice-boats and you open your eyes to th fact. Another and another come into vie around the elbow, turning and flashing i the sun, and hurtling across each other paths like white-winged gulls. They tur so quickly and dash off again at such spee that they produce the illusion of somethin singularly light and intangible. In fact, a

ice-boat is a sort of disembodied yacht; it is a sail on skates. The only semblance to a boat is the sail and the rudder. The platform under which the skates or runners—three in number—are rigged, is broad and low; upon this the pleasure-seekers, wrapt in their furs or blankets, lie at full length, and, looking under the sail, skim the frozen surface with their eyes. The speed attained is sometimes very great—more than a mile per minute, and sufficient to carry them ahead of the fastest express train. When going at this rate the boat will leap like a greyhound, and thrilling stories are told of the fearful crevasses, or open places in the ice, that are cleared at a bound. And yet, withal, she can be brought up to the wind so suddenly as to shoot the unwary occupants off, and send them skating on their noses some yards.

Navigation on the Hudson stops about the last of November. There is usually more or less floating ice by that time, and the river may close very abruptly. Beside that, new ice an inch or two thick is the most dangerous of all; it will cut through a vessel's hull like a knife. In '75, there was a sudden fall of the mercury the 28th of November. The hard and merciless cold came down upon the naked earth with great intensity. On the 29th the ground was a rock, and, after the sun went down, the sky all around the horizon looked like a wall of chilled iron. The river was quickly covered with great floating fields of smooth, thin ice. About three o'clock the next morning—the mercury two degrees below zero—the silence of our part of the river was suddenly broken by the alarm bell of a passing steamer; she was in the jaws of the icy legions, and was crying for help; many sleepers along shore remembered next day that the sound of a bell had floated across their dreams, without arousing them. One man was awakened before long by a loud pounding at his door. On opening it, a tall form, wet and icy, fell in upon him with the cry, "The *Sunnyside* is sunk!" The man proved to be one of her officers and was in quest of help. He had made his way up a long hill through the darkness, his wet clothes freezing upon him, and his strength gave way the moment succor was found. Other dwellers in the vicinity were aroused, and with their boats rendered all the assistance possible. The steamer sank but a few yards from shore, only a part of her upper deck remaining above water, yet a panic among the passengers—the men behaving

THE OLD CEMETERY AT MARLBOROUGH LANDING.



KNITTING SHAD-NETS.

very badly—swamped the boats as they were being filled with the women, and a dozen or more persons were drowned.

The subsequent fate of the sunken steamer was tragic enough. The tide presently carried her out, when she sunk in twelve fathoms of water. Here she lay until the May following, slowly filling up with mud. In May a band of wreckers from New York undertook to raise her. Floats and boxes and canal-boats, and various nondescript crafts were collected above her, with great derricks and cables and colossal timbers. Divers went down, and after many efforts succeeded in getting huge chains under her, when the work of lifting her began. It was a tedious process, and required great skill and patience and an enormous outlay of power.

Late in June, the vessel swung in her chains many feet from the bottom. One day, with an auspicious wind and tide, the wreckers started with her for the shallower water of the flats, a few miles above. It was no holiday procession that went by. It moved slowly and solemnly. The steamer could not be seen, but the great empty hulls that bore her settled low in the water under their enormous burden. The scene was tragic and impressive. The flats were reached, and at low water another hitch was taken on her. Then the flood tide lifted her again. Finally her upper works emerged from the water. Her walking-beam was exposed; her bell emerged, and was cleaned and rung in triumph. But the jealous river-gods were not going to be robbed of their victim so easily. That night the wind shifted and blew a furious gale from the north; the tide joined hands with it, and before the two the wrecker's fleet was unable to stand hawsers and anchor-chains broke, steam was powerless, and back the procession started. The hold upon the steamer was maintained, but every effort to arrest its backward progress proved futile. The tide below, the wind above, and fate at the helm. When within a few yards of her old cemetery—again in the early morning—she broke loose from her captors, demolished or overturned the floats, parted huge timbers and, with a sound like a young earthquake, plunged to the bottom again, in seventy feet of water.

The wrecking fleet was literally scattered to the four winds. The next day one boat was observed tied to the shore here, another there, while some had disappeared entirely. But the wreckers were plucky, and were not going to give up their prey neither. After

weeks of delay they got together their forces, strengthened and recruited, and grappled with the sunken vessel a second time, and in the fall bore her again in their talons to the flats above. Here she was finally taken out piecemeal, a complete and almost worthless wreck.

ON ITS WAY TO THE RIVER.

In March, usually, though some seasons not till April, the river breaks up. It is no sudden and tumultuous breaking of the fetters, as in more rapid and fluctuating streams, but a slow and deliberate movement of the whole body of the ice, like an enormous raft quietly untied. You are looking out upon the usually rigid and motionless surface, when presently you are conscious that some point, perhaps a cedar bough used by the ice men, or the large black square of open water which they recently uncovered, has changed its place; you take steadier aim with your eye, and with a thrill of pleasure discover that the great ice-fields are slowly

drifting southward. I happened to be crossing the river one spring when the first movement of the ice took place. My attention was attracted by a heavy crunching and grinding sound on shore, in front of me. Looking thither I saw, but not with a feeling of pleasure this time, that I was being borne up stream. My dog, who was a few rods in advance of me, had taken the hint before I had, and was now making a sudden rush for shore. I was quick to act upon the same impulse, and reached the land in safety, though I quite neglected the precaution I had hitherto taken of examining the ice with the heavy staff I carried in my hand, avoiding the places —and there were many of them—where I could punch it through. Both dog and man were considerably demoralized, and it was some time before either could bring his courage up to the point of making the return trip home, though the ice had moved up thirty feet, the width of the ice-harvesters' canal above, and had stopped. If it had been a downward movement or the work of the ebb tide, any attempt to recross would have been foolhardy indeed.

After the ice is once in motion, a few hours suffice to break it up pretty thoroughly. Then what a wild, chaotic scene the river presents: in one part of the day the great masses hurrying down stream, crowding and jostling each other, and struggling for the right of way; in the other, all running up stream again, as if sure of escape in that direction. Thus they race up and down, the sport of the ebb and flow; but the flow wins each time by some distance. Large fields from above, where the men were at work but a day or two since, come down; there is their pond yet clearly defined and full of marked ice; yonder is a section of their canal partly filled with the square blocks on their way to the elevators; a piece of a race-course, or a part of a road where teams crossed, comes drifting by. The people up above have written their winter pleasure and occupations upon this page, and we read the signs as the tide bears it slowly past. Some calm, bright days the scattered and diminished masses flash by, like white clouds across an April sky.

OLD COOPER-SHOP AND SHAD-NETS.

Ducks now begin to appear upon the river, and the sportsman, with his white canvas cap and cape, crouched in his low white skiff, simulates as far as possible a shapeless mass of snow ice, and thus seeks to drift upon them.

When the river is at its wildest, usually

FISHERMAN'S HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

in March, the eagles appear. They prowl about amid the ice-floes, alighting upon them or flying heavily above them in quest of fish, or a wounded duck, or other game.

I have counted ten of these noble birds at one time, some seated grim and motionless upon cakes of ice, usually surrounded by crows, others flapping along, sharply scrutinizing the surface beneath. Where the eagles are, there the crows do congregate. The crow follows the eagle as the jackal follows the lion, in hope of getting the leavings of the royal table. Then I suspect the crow is a real hero-worshiper. I have seen a dozen or more of them sitting in a circle about an eagle upon the ice, all with their faces turned toward him, and apparently in silent admiration of the dusky king.

The eagle seldom or never turns his back upon a storm. I think he loves to face the wildest elemental commotion. I shall long carry the picture of one I saw floating northward on a large raft of ice one day, in the face of a furious gale of snow. He stood with his talons buried in the ice, his head straight out before him, his closed wings showing their strong elbows—a type of stern defiance and power.

When the chill of the ice is out of the river, and of the snow and frost out of the air, the fishermen along shore are on the lookout for the first arrival of shad. A few days of warm south wind the latter part of April will soon blow them up: it is true, also, that a cold north wind will as quickly blow them back. Preparations have been making for them all winter. In many a

farm-house or other humble dwelling along the river, the ancient occupation of knitting of fish-nets has been plied through the long winter evenings, perhaps every grown member of the household, the mother and her daughters as well as the father and his sons, lending a hand.

The ordinary gill or drift net used for shad fishing in the Hudson is from a half to three-quarters of a mile long, and thirty feet wide, containing about fifty or sixty pounds of fine linen twine, and it is a labor of many months to knit one. Formerly the fish were taken mainly by immense seines, hauled by a large number of men; but now all the deeper part of the river is fished with the long, delicate gill-nets, that drift to and fro with the tide, and are managed by two men in a boat. The net is of fine linen thread, and is practically invisible to the shad in the obscure river current; it hangs suspended perpendicularly in the water, kept in position by buoys at the top, and by weights at the bottom; the buoys are attached by cords twelve or fifteen feet long, which allow the net to sink out of the reach of the keels of passing vessels.

The net is thrown out on the ebb tide, stretching nearly across the river, and drifts down and then back on the flood, the fish being snared behind the gills in their efforts to pass through the meshes.

I envy the fishermen their intimate acquaintance with the river. They know it by night as well as by day, and learn all its moods and phases. The net is a delicate instrument that reveals all the hidden currents and by-ways, as well as all the sunken snags and wrecks at the bottom. By day the fisherman notes the shape and position of his net by means of the line of buoys; by night he marks the far end of it with a lantern fastened upon a board or block.

The night-tides he finds differ from the day—the flood at night being much stronger than at other times, as if some pressure had been removed with the sun, and the freed currents found less hindrance.

The fishermen have terms and phrases of their own. The wooden tray upon which the net is coiled, and which sits in the stern of the boat, is called a "cuddy." The net is divided into "shots." If a passing sloop or schooner catches it with her center-board or her anchor, it gives way where two of these shots meet, and thus the whole net is not torn. The top cord or line of the net is called a "cimline." One fisherman "plugs" another when he puts out from the shore and casts in ahead of him, instead of going to the general starting place, and taking his turn. This always makes bad blood.

The luck of the born fisherman is about

TRYING OUT STURGEON.

as conspicuous with the gill-net as with the rod and line, some boats being noted for their great catches the season through. No doubt the secret is mainly thorough application to the business in hand, but that is about all that distinguishes the successful angler.

The shad campaign is one that requires pluck and endurance: no regular sleep, no regular meals, wet and cold, heat and wind and tempest, and no great gains at last. But the sturgeon fishers, who come later and are seen the whole summer through, have an indolent, lazy time of it. They fish around the "slack-water," catching the last of the ebb and the first of the flow, and hence drift but little either way. To a casual observer they appear as if anchored and asleep. But they wake up when they have a "strike," which may be every day, or not once a week. The fisherman keeps his eye on his line of buoys, and when two or more of them are hauled under, he knows his game has run foul of the net, and he hastens to the point. The sturgeon is a pig, without the pig's obstinacy. He spends much of the time rooting and feeding in the mud at the bottom, and encounters the net, which is also a gill-net, coarse and strong, when he goes abroad. He strikes and is presently hopelessly entangled, when he comes to the top and is pulled into the boat, like a great sleepy sucker.

For so dull and lubberly a fish, the sturgeon is capable of some very lively antics; as, for instance, his habit of leaping full length into the air and coming down with a great splash. He has thus been known to leap unwittingly into a passing boat, to his own great surprise, and to the alarm and consternation of the inmates.

I have spoken of the equipoise and invariableness of the Hudson as like that of a lake or of the sea itself. Only once or twice, perhaps, in a life-time is there a fall of rain upon its water-shed sufficiently heavy to markedly increase its volume.

The Columbia during the spring floods often rises fifteen feet, completely overcoming and annulling the tides its entire length, but the heaviest fall of rain in the valley of the Hudson for fifty years (that of December 9th and 10th, 1878) only caused the river to rise three or four feet. But this was sufficient at the point where my observations were made—namely, midway of its course—to push back the tide, and the current ran down for three days. Its waters were as turbid as those of the Missouri, and its surface covered with the wrecks of farms and villages, brought down mainly by the Rondout and the Esopus. It was an unwonted spectacle to dwellers upon its banks to see barns, and sheds, and out-houses, and haystacks, together with vast masses of *débris* and drift-wood, in which were mingled beds, chairs, tables, parts of houses and roofs of barns, and the contents of the cellars and larders, apples, cabbages, barreled pork, flour, cider, fowls, alive and dead, the bodies of horses, borne along by the current or driven by the wind into the coves and bays along shore. By rare good luck no lives were lost, but many humble homes were engulfed and blotted out.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!
When all the joyous day is still,
When from the sky's fast deepening blue
Fades out the last soft sunset hue,
Thy tender plaints the silence fill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

In the sweet dusk of dewy May,
Or pensive close of Autumn day,
Though other birds may silent be,
Or flood the air with minstrelsy,
Thou carest not,—eve brings us still
Thy plaintive burden,—whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
With a soft vision of delight,
We listen till we fain would ask
For thee some respite from thy task;
At dawn we wake and hear it still,—
Thy ceaseless song,—oh, whip-poor-will!

We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
A wandering spirit,—breathing yet
For parted joys a vain regret;—
So plaintive thine untiring thrill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

Oh, faithful to thy strange refrain,—
Is it the voice of love or pain?
We cannot know—thou wilt not tell
The secret kept so long and well;
What moves thee thus to warble still,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will?

ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS.

RICH as England is in historic memories, she possesses a charm far subtler than this. The associations which bind city and country alike to the creations of her great novelists have a fascination to Americans impossible to an Englishman, to whom such places have long been familiar in a common, every-day sort of way. Of no one of the great English romancers is this truer than of Charles Dickens. He caught the inspiration of the ancient dramatists, and made nature herself serve as the scenic background to his *dramatis personæ*. He felt what he wrote with such vividness, his characters were to him so real, that it would have been scarcely possible for him to assign them to shadowy homes in imaginary places.

It is somewhat singular that, while the scenes which Scott and Burns used in their pictures of life have been illustrated, the same has never been attempted for Dickens. No modern author has ever given surer data for the identification of the localities to which he refers. Many of the most interesting of these old landmarks are disappearing, and many more are irrevocably gone, but enough still remain to warrant an attempt to bring them together in this way; and these few which do remain, like the remnant of the sibylline books, have gained an added preciousness. The country landmarks are naturally more permanent, though usually more difficult to discover, than those of the city, where reform is wiping out in the purlieus of London many of those buildings, streets or neighborhoods with which he made his pages picturesque. Being more at home in the city, and so surer of his ground, he usually gives there the clearest indications of the place to which he is referring, sometimes naming street after street, so that one can follow with perfect ease expeditions through the by-ways of old London.

Again and again, in reading the life or letters of Dickens, the reader is impressed with the reality which his characters had to himself. They were no more phantasms to him than to his readers; the wonderful life-likeness which he has imparted to them was no mere trick of writing; the power which has peopled our memories and added to our experiences lay far below the mere æsthetic perceptions, or even the cold intellectual faculties, deep down in the heart of the man. His life was so bound up with the life of his own creations that he seems sometimes a little dazed, and hardly to know which world he lives in—the world he was born into or the world to which he has given birth. Speaking of Nell, who seems to have taken peculiar hold upon his affections, he says, in a letter to Forster:

"You can't imagine how exhausted I am with yesterday's labors. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child, and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself. * * * I have only this moment put the finishing touch to it. The difficulty has been tremendous, the anguish unspeakable."

In the volume of letters comes another allusion. In writing to Cattermole, with reference to an illustration for the "Old Curiosity Shop," he says:

"I am breaking my heart over this story and cannot bear to finish it."

It is not only the pathetic character which possess this reality to him. He ha a whimsical and altogether charming wa of mixing up his own experiences with thos of the creatures of his imagination. Relat ing something in regard to his miserabl childhood, he says:

"A back attic was found for me at th house of an insolvent court agent, wh lived in Lant street, in the borough whe Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward

What is true of his people was, in a less degree, true of the places where they live He usually, perhaps always, mastered th situation topographically, as well as dr matically. He studied up the localities of h novels with nearly the same zeal which bestowed upon the study of the characte themselves. This is common enough no when studying from "the life" is the fas ion, and has become a cant expression everybody's mouth, but Dickens was wor ing from conviction, and in the face of t fashion of his day.

By such faithful study persons and plac alike became complete, rounded realities his memory or imagination; and even t mere hints which we find scattered throu his books hold together because, howev slight they may be, they are always parts an organic whole. His bits of testimony,

incomplete, are yet true, and so cannot be reciprocally destructive. As an illustration of the pains he took, even in minor matters, a few words may be quoted from a letter to Forster:

"I intended calling on you this morning on my way back from Bevis Marks, whither I went to look for a house for Sampson Brass."

This house, it will be remembered, scarcely figures in the story, receiving little more than an allusion.

Since "Oliver Twist" is the first complete novel by Dickens,—the earliest work which possesses a connected plot and serious purpose, and since, moreover, the scenes through which Oliver passed recall much of Dickens's own early life,—it has some claim to be considered first in this imperfect series.

The new poor-law had come into force, and some of its provisions had served to arouse the righteous anger of Dickens. Against these enormities, and many others besides, this earliest novel of the great author was directed. The time had come when a reaction against the idealizing of crime was to take place, and this reaction was led by Dickens. There is no romantic flavor about the pictures which he so graphically drew. Vice is always hateful under his delineations, and usually loathsome. To the charge that, in dealing with vice and misery, he is liable to work an evil to society, he brings rebutting testimony, enforced by a plea full of eloquence and earnestness. "I have yet to learn," he says, "that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil. I have always believed this to be a recognized and established truth laid down by the greatest men the world has ever seen, constantly acted upon by the best and wisest natures, and confirmed by the reason and experience of every thinking mind." He evidently had in mind Pelham, or some of the earlier works of "Sawedwadgeorgearlittnbulwig." For, in his own terse English, he goes on to define his purpose:

"I had read of thieves by scores—seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket; choice in horseflesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry; great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards, or dice-box—fit companions for the bravest. But I had never met (except in Hogarth) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their deformity; in all their wretchedness; in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are—forever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn where they may,—it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt something which was greatly needed, and which would be a service to society."

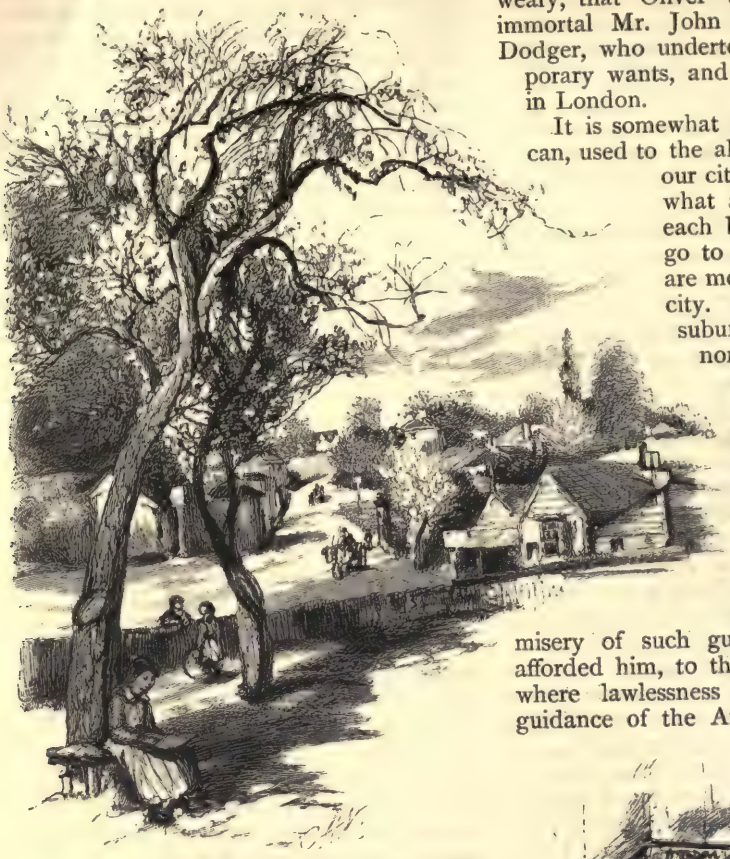
No sound and healthy mind can fail to respond to such words. It is not the subjects selected, but the manner in which they are treated, that constitutes the difference between a bad or a good, a helpful or a hurtful literature.

"Oliver Twist" opens, as every one knows, in the parish work-house. Just where this work-house was to be found it is impossible to determine. Later on in the book, we find that the city of Oliver's nativity was seventy-five or eighty miles north of London. With a radius corresponding with this distance, and taking London as a center, a circle may be described which passes through Market Harboro and Peterboro—either of which might claim the honor. The minuter description given in the thirty-eighth chapter enables us to select Peterboro as the more likely of the two, though not precisely to identify the place.

He there speaks of "a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it [the town] some mile and a half, or thereabouts, and erected in a low, unwholesome swamp bordering upon the river. * * * This place was far from being of a doubtful character, for it had long been known as the residence of none but low ruffians, who, under various pretenses of living by their labor, subsisted chiefly on plunder and crime."

A collection of houses resembling that described in the passage just quoted may be found in Peterboro, bordering on the Nen River, though, perhaps, not quite so disreputable in all respects as Dickens has made it. It appears to be a collection of dwellings occupied by the poorer class of bargemen or fishermen.

It is, however, probable that Dickens selected no special work-house, nor beadle, but only some good type, which Peterboro, as well as another city, might afford, for it was not against places but against powers that he directed his artillery. He made war upon such institutions as the poor-houses; such systems as that of unconditional apprenticeship; such wrongs as arose from intrusting irresponsible power to the keeping of dense ignorance, or brutal indifference, if to nothing worse. He showed the



BARNET, WHERE OLIVER TWIST MET THE ARTFUL DODGER.

crime, and shame, and misery into which thousands upon thousands of innocent children were every year born, and the dens of infamy which alone were open to the penniless outcast in the midst of a prosperous, Christian civilization.

A little later on in the story, where Oliver, shaking off the intolerable burden of parish tyranny, escapes, and, taking his life in his hands, sets out on his weary trudge of seventy-five miles, we leave the region of conjecture and are able to follow upon the map his journey. "On the seventh morning after he had left his native place," says the record, "Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window-shutters were closed, the street was empty; not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all his splendid beauty; but the light only seemed to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation as he sat, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, upon a cold door-step."

Here it was, crouching desolate and weary, that Oliver was accosted by the immortal Mr. John Dawkins, the Artful Dodger, who undertook to supply his temporary wants, and to find him a home in London.

It is somewhat difficult for an American, used to the all-embracing charity of our city limits, to understand what a number of villages, each bearing its own name, go to make up London, and are mere suburbs of the great city. Barnet is one of these suburbs, though eleven miles north of London proper. It is a pretty village, still retaining something of its rural character, and built upon the highest ground between London and York, its full name being High Barnet.

We now follow the poor child from the misery of such guardianship as the law afforded him, to the equally wretched life where lawlessness reigned. Under the guidance of the Artful Dodger, at eleven

THE CLOCK OF ST. ANDREW'S.

o'clock at night Oliver struck into the ' turnpike at Islington. They crossed from he Angel into St. John's road, struck down he small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theater; through Exmouth street and Coppice Row, down the little court by the side of the work-house, across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley in the Hole,' thence into Little Saffron Hill and so into Saffron Hill the

SEVEN DIALS.

reat; along which the Dodger scudded at rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow ose at his heels. * * * * Oliver as just considering whether he hadn't tter run away, when they reached the ottom of the hill. His conductor, catchg him by the arm, pushed open the door a house near Field Lane, and, drawing m into the passage, closed it behind n."

The Angel Inn at Islington, as seen by ckens, is no longer in existence: it has en replaced by a spick and span new stelry bearing the same name. It forrly possessed some interest from the fact t it was the terminus for the line of rthern coaches. Now, with all its new

bravery of brick, and plate-glass, and many-jetted gas, it figures merely as the stopping-place for many of the London omnibuses and as a first-class beer and spirit shop. After leaving the Angel, they struck down St. John's road, and passed Sadler's Wells Theater. This place has experienced many vicissitudes, being at one time a favorite resort for invalids, the water resembling that of Tunbridge Wells, and at another containing one of the most widely known theaters in Europe. At this theater the celebrated clown Grimaldi, whose life Dickens edited, acted and made himself famous. After being for many years under a cloud, the theater has again been opened under the auspices of Mrs. Bateman. After passing the work-house, or Clerkenwell house of correction, as it is now called, they probably took Farringdon road, and so, through an intricate maze of streets, came into Field Lane. Hockley in the Hole was the ancient ground for outdoor sports: bull-baiting, bear-fights, contests with backsword, dagger, single falchion and quarter-staff were held here. Thackeray several times alludes to this fact in "The Virginians."

The name Hockley is the Saxon for muddy field,—a name derived from the overflowing of the Fleet. Holborn viaduct, one of the greatest feats of modern engineering skill in London, has greatly changed that portion of the city, and in doing this has excised that foul ulcer from the city's life. It is extremely interesting to follow on a map of London the route of the poor footsore Oliver from the streets of Barnet to Fagin's loathsome den. The desolate childhood of Oliver Twist after coming to London holds in it a suggestion of Dickens's own experience, more fully shown forth in young Copperfield's London life. He came, like Oliver Twist, a little boy to the great city, and received his impressions at a similar age. Though not, as Oliver was, an orphan, he was scarcely better off in point of parental care; with a father who was the original Mr. Micawber, and a mother pictured in Mrs. Nickleby, it is scarcely surprising that the boy had pretty much to shift for himself.

It is very interesting to notice how, out of the barrenness of his early experiences, the germ of his future life began to push itself up. London, at first the type of dreary desolation to his childish eyes, as his vision became adjusted presented to him the richest field his genius ever found. Even as a little child, the picturesqueness of its misery laid hold upon his fancy. Long before he was able to formulate his feelings, he had begun to recognize the fascination of its most squalid life, as no ordinary child would have done. Forster says, speaking of the time when Dickens as a child lived there:

"There were then at the top of Bayham street some almshouses, and were still when he revisited it with me nearly twenty-seven years ago, and to go to this spot, he told me, and look from it over the dust-heaps, and dock-leaves, and fields (no longer there when we saw it together), at the cupola of St. Paul's looming through the smoke, was a treat that served him for hours of vague reflection afterward. To be taken out for a walk into the real town, especially if it were anywhere about Covent Garden, or the Strand, perfectly entranced him with pleasure."

This last, of course, was normal to any observant child, but what was really remarkable Forster goes on to tell:

"But, most of all, he had a profound attraction of repulsion to St. Giles. If he could only induce whomsoever took him out to take him through Seven Dials he was supremely happy. 'Good heavens!' he would exclaim, 'what wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want and beggary arose in my mind out of that place!'"

But to return to Oliver's new home, or rather his *habitat*. Saffron Hill, formerly the abode of Fagin and his crew, has utterly changed character; yet, though the dirt, the crime and the misery are gone, the place has not entirely lost all interest. When the old houses of Field Lane were torn down to make improvements in the district, it was discovered that they were built over an ancient ditch, and that some of them were provided with convenient trap-doors for the safe and easy disposal of the bodies of such unfortunates as had been lured to these dens and made away with. Saffron Hill is now the abode of the peripatetic Italian organ-grinders of London, while in Field Lane the miserable buildings of fifty years ago are replaced by large warehouses, decent beer-houses and apartment-houses for the poor, their unpleasing baldness touched to brightness, here and there, by the brilliant *contadina* dress of some Italian girl. Upon the sign of the first warehouse which greets the eye as one enters the precincts of old Field Lane from the Holborn side, one reads, oddly enough, "T. Dawkins, warehousman." Has the Artful as well as Mr. Charley Bates reformed, and taken unto himself with his new trade a new Christian name?

Though Field Lane, with all the squalid misery which infested it, is no more, it is not difficult to discover in London and Liverpool streets which answer accurately to Dickens's description of this resort of thieves. Fontenoy street, in Liverpool, for example, is said to be its counterpart by one who is well acquainted with both.

Exception has been taken to the fact that Dickens should have chosen a Jew as the typical trainer of thieves. But it must be borne in mind that Fagin's heavy business was not as a mere thief-trainer, but as a broker in the spoils of their calling. Like a true Jew, he traded first in their industry and finally in themselves, when they were sufficiently involved to be worth selling to the law; and moreover Fagin was a portrait from the life. Later on, to the charge of having held the Jews up, in the person of this wretch, to undeserved opprobrium Dickens offered the *amende honorable* in the creation of Riah, the stately old Hebrew in "Our Mutual Friend."

The facility with which street robbe

KEW BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

were committed in those days seems somewhat surprising to us, and more so to an Englishman, for the new police present a happy contrast to the old. The ancient night-watchman was a fit companion to Dogberry and Verges. When the darkness closed in, this official was wont to retire to his watch-box, and, if he did not "snore out the watch of night," he contented himself with taking his rounds periodically, giving ample warning of his approach to misdoers by vociferating the hour. The new police which superseded the watchman were introduced by Sir Robert Peel,—hence the sobriquets "Peelers" and "Bobbies," as the members of the force are indifferently called by their natural enemies, the populace.

When, at last, Oliver's marvelously innocent eyes were opened to the real calling of his companions by the picking of Mr. Brownlow's pocket, when he found himself under arrest as the thief, and brought to the police court to answer before the magistrate Fang, we have a portrait from the life. This magistrate, whose name was Laing, actually ruled in one of the London courts. Some of his sentences are no less extraordinary than that pronounced upon Oliver, and very similar in character. One may be cited which will give some idea of the fitness of this gentleman for the magisterial office, and of the happy manner in which Dickens has caught his characteristics.

On one occasion a witness came into court, attended by a stray dog which had attached himself to him.

"Why do you bring your dog into court?" demanded the magistrate.

"He is not mine, your worship," said the witness.

"Not yours! Whose is it, then?" said the justice. "I, myself, saw it come into court with you."

"I do not know whose it is, your worship."

"Do you hear that?" said the vigilant administrator of justice, with cheerful alacrity, —"a dog stealer!"

"But, your worship," said the unfortunate witness, "he followed me, and I could not shake him off."

"Well, well, sirrah!" said the irate magistrate, "give your evidence for what it is worth, and, clerk! make out a dog case to follow. A very likely story, indeed!"

The witness, however, escaped the trial by the favor of the clerk, who understood how to manage the magnate, and succeeded in settling the matter without appeal to the law.

The expedition of Sikes and Oliver to Chertsey, on the house-breaking business, is one of the finest pieces of description in all

Dickens's writings. They set out from Sikes's den in Clerkenwell and passed through Bethnal Green, which was near his abode. This was then a most disreputable neighborhood, but it has since been greatly improved. A committee of the council on education have redeemed in part this forsaken locality. A branch of the Kensington Museum has been established here, where there are some permanent collections, though in the main it is supplied by loans—the first of which was the magnificent collection of paintings and other works of art which for three years were lent by Sir Richard Wallace; and after they were removed their place was supplied by other loans, including the Indian presents to the Prince of Wales—admission being usually free. The picture of this walk, as Dickens gives it, is full of color. The dull, cheerless morning; the somber light of the coming day, "only seeming to pale that which the street lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tint upon the wet housetops and dreary streets"; the waking of the busier portions of the great town as they came along, until the center of activity was reached in Smithfield market. The description of the market was applicable then as it is not now. The stalls and spaces filled with sheep, and oxen, and pigs all tell of the time when a lively trade was driven here in cattle "upon the hoof." Annually a million and a half animals were brought thus into the very heart of London, and offered up in sacrifice on the ground made sacred by the Smithfield fires of centuries before. Now the slaughtering is done upon the farms where the cattle are raised —much of it on this side of the water; and the market, instead of the open squares filled with booths and shambles, is a fine building, within which the comparatively quiet traffic in "dead meat" goes on. Upon all this medley and these shifting scenes, St. Bartholomew's, in its cloistered calm, has looked down unchanged for centuries.

LONDON BRIDGE—THE LANDING STAIRS.

As they turned out of Smithfield market into Holborn—"'Now, young un,' said Sikes, looking up at the clock of St. Andrew's church, 'hard upon seven! You must step out. Come, don't lag behind already, lazy legs.'" The face of St. Andrew's clock, which is transparent and lighted from within, had probably served to tell the time to Sikes and his companions on many of their nocturnal expeditions.

Passing Hyde Park corner and so on through Kensington, Isleworth and Hammersmith, they came to Kew Bridge. A very good idea of this latter is given in the illustration. Notwithstanding its nearness to London it retains a quiet country look, having lost less of its distinctive character than most of the resorts about the city. The bridge is an old stone structure, one end of which abuts on the village green and the other on Brentford. The chief interest of Kew belongs to its botanic garden and its botanists, the Hookers, father and son, with whom it is closely associated.

Having passed Brentford,—Falstaff's Brentford,—Hampton, Sunbury and Shepperton, they finally, through the city's roar and the country's quiet, reached the dilapidated dwelling where flash Toby Crackit and Barney received them, till the hour for the burglary in Chertsey should arrive.

By far the most touching portion of "Oliver Twist," and that which shows the most masterly perception of character, is the story of Nancy—the lost, degraded creature who yet feels an outgoing of tenderness toward the innocent boy whom she has helped to recapture, and a loyalty for the man who maltreats her. The story culminates after her visit to London Bridge, where she endeavors to harmonize the two best instincts of her nature,—to save the boy and cling still to the man who would ruin him,—and for the effort pays the penalty of her life.

The steps down which Nancy and Oliver's friends go to escape all observation are on the further end in the illustration—the Surrey side. By day this thoroughfare across the bridge is one of the busiest in the world; four streams of wagon traffic flow on in a steady stream, while on each side is an unbroken procession of pedestrians.

Nancy's murder is the pivot upon which the whole story turns: by it Oliver is saved, and Fagin and Sikes are lost. It is one of those scenes in which the brutal and the pathetic are so closely interwoven that one shrinks from re-reading, and even from too vividly recalling it.

Newgate Prison, the predestined end of Fagin's miserable career, stands under the same roof as the Central Criminal courts. It fronts on the Old Bailey, the street leading from Ludgate Hill to Newgate street. This portion of the city itself, low and vile in the olden time, formed an outskirt of the neighborhood which extends between Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple. This region is interesting from the fact that here lay the old Alsatia, that portion of London which was reserved as a city of refuge for criminals. Here they could flee and be safe from pursuit, for into this "sanctuary" no officer of justice was permitted to enter. A cesspool of wickedness in the very heart of the city, into which crime and lawlessness were permitted to pour unchecked, and there to lie festering and rotting undisturbed. What hope could there be for the moral health of London while the centers of disease and death were sacredly guarded from purification by the will of the king? Later, this sanctuary was removed south of the Thames to the Borough, and called the Mint.

At Newgate was originally one of the old city gates, of which only the names remain, such as Ludgate, Bishop's gate, etc., to remind modern London that she was once a walled town. The debtor's prison which was formerly here has been removed. Pictures drawn with great power are to be found in "Pickwick," "David Copperfield" and "Little Dorrit," of the miserable fatuity of the laws which condemned a man, who had been unfortunate or thriftless, to perpetuate his folly to the end of time in these debtors' prisons. But "Oliver Twist" deals with the somberer side of prison life.

Dickens had occasion to learn something of the courts from the fact that he was at first clerk in a law office, and later a reporter in Doctors' Commons and other courts; and this intimate knowledge is manifest in the correct and characteristic sketches he gives of them, and of the administration of—let us say—justice in them.

The ease with which Oliver and Mr. Brownlow gained admission to Fagin's cell is calculated to excite some surprise in these days, when such access is very difficult. Prison reform was still in its inception. A glance into "Sketches by Boz" shows how

NEWGATE PRISON, THE OLD BAILEY.

"THAT PART OF THE THAMES ON WHICH THE CHURCH AT ROTHERHITHE ABUTS."

easily Dickens was admitted into Newgate —that singular court where life waits in the antechambers of death—and to what purpose he used his opportunities.

Close by Newgate stands St. Sepulchre's church. Here the knell is tolled for the poor wretch who is about to pay the penalty of his crimes, and here, at one time, the singular and beautiful custom prevailed, of presenting a bunch of flowers to the malefactor, as he passed from the prison to the gallows at Tyburn Hill. A little further on in the same journey he was supplied with a tankard of beer.

The companion picture to the Jew's death is that of his coadjutor Sikes. The contrast between the Jew's miserable end, almost like that of a poisoned rat dying in his hole, and the desperate death of the robber, brought to bay, is drawn with a masterly hand. The scene of Sikes's death is on the southern or Surrey side of the Thames, just at the bend below Tower Hill. The little island formed by the mill-pond or Folly ditch, into which the wretched man attempted to escape, is still to be found upon the maps of London. But the place itself no longer exists. Indeed, its existence was denied, even at the time of Dickens's description; and one Alderman Lawrie publicly expressed his belief that "there aint no sich a place as Jacob's Island." In consequence of which, in his new edition of 1867, the novelist declared in his preface that it might even then be seen, just as he had originally described it. Now, the crazy old houses with their overhanging galleries, the great, empty warehouses, roofless and decaying, the shaky little bridge, spanning the slimy ditch,—all are swept away. The description of the pursuit, and the escape of Sikes from the hands of his pursuers, is thus introduced:

"Near that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of the colliers and the smoke of close-built and low-roofed houses, there exists at the present day the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown even by name to the great mass of its inhabitants."

Near here were gathered, in the upper rooms of a crumbling and deserted ware-

house, the three men who constituted the remnant of the gang scattered by Sikes's flight and Fagin's apprehension, and hither Sikes had fled before the fury of the mob.

"Oliver Twist" is strongest in the isolated dramatic scenes, like these illustrated in the present article. Not even in "Bleak House," or "The Tale of Two Cities," has the author been more forcible in effect, as is evinced in the fact that one of the very few successful attempts at dramatization of his works has been based upon this theme.

THE PLAIN STORY OF SAVONAROLA'S LIFE.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO.

I.

FRA GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, priest and prophet, patriot and politician, is one of the grandest figures of Italian history. His whole life was a protest against the corruption of his age, his death, the fitting and inevitable crown of the career of one who—in that age—"conceived and almost achieved the splendid notion of an equal republic of Christian men acting on the highest Christian principles."*

Savonarola has been the subject of so much controversy, his career the theme of so many celebrated works, that it is no part of our purpose to enter into any examina-

* Dean Milman.

SAVONAROLA PREACHING IN THE DUOMO, FLORENCE.

tion of his doctrines. One fact, however, emerges, clear as sunlight, from the mass of evidence collected by his most competent biographers; namely: that although to maintain his cause of reform he braved single-handed the whole power of the Papacy, he was a reformer of morals rather than of creed, and remained to the last a devout believer in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic church.

The plain story of his life will serve to show what ardent faith stirred this man's soul, burnt through all obstacles, and converted the shrinking, meditative student into the fervid orator whose words roused sinners to repentance, into the sagacious ruler, who, for a space of more than three years, evolved order out of chaos, and governed factious Florence with consummate tact and statesmanship.

Girolamo Savonarola saw the light a Ferrara on the 21st September, 1452, an was the third-born of an honorable family o Paduan origin. His grandfather, a physicia of talent and celebrity, author of man works on medicine, settled in Ferrara at th invitation of Marchese Nicholas III. of Est But little is known of Michele, Girolamo' father; he is said to have devoted much tim to scholastic learning, but he does not appea to have turned his studies to any practica account, for he led the life of a courtier an speedily dissipated the fortune accumulate by the elder Michele's labors. But his wif Elena Buonaccorsi, of Mantua, was of an other stamp, and, like the majority of th mothers of great men, was a woman o elevated mind and remarkable strength o character. Girolamo's letters to her prov the depth of tender, respectful affection sh

inspired in her son, and show her to have possessed his fullest confidence in every vicissitude of his extraordinary career.

The little Girolamo was a serious, quiet child, and his biographers agree that he showed precocious signs of superior capacity. Even in his early childhood the hopes of the family were centered in his future; he was to be a great physician, good and gifted as the wise old grandfather who guided his first footsteps to knowledge. He was barely ten years old when his grandfather died, but he had already drawn much profit from his teachings, and was passionately fond of study. Few details remain to us of his boyish years; we only know that he read St. Thomas Aquinas and the Arab commentators upon Aristotle with intense delight, and acquired much mastery of scholastic subtleties. He also wrote verses; learnt drawing and music, avoided gayety and pleasure, and loved to take solitary walks by the banks of the Po. In those days Ferrara was a busy, populous city, its reigning prince, Duke Borso D'Este, one of the most magnificent potentates of the times, and his glittering court the scene of perpetual festivities and entertainments. All sorts of exalted personages, popes and emperors even, were continually passing through Ferrara, and, of course, all sorts of pageants were got up in their honor. Michele Savonarola being a hanger-on of the court, his household must have breathed an atmosphere of parade and excitement, and Girolamo's repulsion for all these pagan rejoicings proves the early development of his individuality. Once, while still a mere child, he was taken by his parents to the Ducal Palace, but they could never persuade him to go there again. It may be that his first fervor for religion was awakened by the passage of Pope Pius II. on his way to Mantua to preach the crusade against the Turks; at any rate the grave, quiet child soon developed into an earnest, melancholy student, zealous in fasting and in prayer, and strangely out of harmony with his gay surroundings. Before long a fresh element of unrest, in the shape of an unrequited love, came to add to the tumult in his soul. He conceived an ardent passion for the daughter of an exiled Strozzi with whom his family lived on neighborly terms, but when one day he found courage to reveal his love, he was crushed by the girl's scornful reply that no Strozzi could stoop to wed a Savonarola. At that time he was not yet twenty. Then followed two years of bitter internal struggle. His mind revolted from his destined profession, and day by day it became clearer to him that his vocation was to cure men's souls in-

THE DEATH-BED OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

PIAZZA, CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, FLORENCE.

stead of men's bodies. Yet he was distracted by a thousand doubts, a thousand conflicting emotions. His longing for the cloister was no desperate resolve born of Madamigella Strozzi's disdain, though the pain of rejection must have confirmed his disgust for the world. His purpose had nobler roots than any personal suffering, and he was slowly gathering strength to flower into action. His daily prayer was "Lord! teach me the way my soul must walk," and suddenly, in 1474, when he was twenty-two, he heard a sermon at Faenza that gave him the answer he sought. His way was clear now, and he returned home decided to become a monk. But now came a still more painful wrestle with domestic affections; his resolution often quailed when he met his mother's eyes, fixed upon him with a sad tenderness that seemed to divine his unspoken purpose. He could not face the ordeal of farewell, so, on the 24th of April, 1475, when all the rest of the family were abroad at the festival of St. George, he stole away from the empty house and, hurrying to Bologna, entered the convent of St. Domenico. The same day he wrote a tender letter to his father, asking his blessing, and explaining why he had sought refuge in the cloister. The world was intolerably wicked, he said; everywhere in Italy he beheld vice exalted, virtue despised. Among the papers he left at Ferrara was an epistle on "Contempt of the World," in which he inveighed against the prevailing corruption, and foretold divine punishment —such as had befallen Sodom and Gomorrah.

But now, with fasting, prayer and continual mortification of the flesh, Girolamo entered upon his novitiate and gave himself up to the contemplation of celestial things. Contemporary writers tell us that, at this period, he looked more like a shadow than a man.

All painted portraits of this extraordinary monk are, at first sight, almost repulsive; but written descriptions assure us that those strange, irregular features of his were beautified by an expression of singular force and goodness; that his blue eyes sparkled and flamed beneath his black eyebrows and rugged forehead, that the large mouth and projecting under-lip, if sometimes closed in lines of power and resolve, would also relax into smiles of exceeding sweetness and gentleness. He was of middle height, of dark complexion, of a sanguine bilious temperament and a nervous system of very delicate fiber. His manners were simple, his speech unadorned and almost uncultivated. His wonderful power of oratory was as yet unsuspected, although his superiors, recognizing

his intellectual gifts, employed him to instruct the novices instead of in the menial offices he had humbly asked to fulfill. He remained in this Bologna convent for six years, years of outward tranquillity, although the poems he composed during the period attest to his fever of indignation against the growing corruptions of the church, and his intense grief for the afflictions of his country.

In 1482 he was sent to Ferrara. He went with reluctance, and avoided his family as much as possible, regarding the promptings of earthly affections as so many snares of the evil one. His sermons seem to have made little mark in the city, for, as he lamented later, no man is a prophet in his own land. He was soon recalled, for, one of the usual petty wars with Venice being imminent, Ferrara was no longer a fitting home for the peaceable Dominican, and he was then dispatched to Florence to the convent of St. Mark, the scene of his future triumphs and trials.

II.

At the time of Savonarola's arrival in Florence, Lorenzo il Magnifico was in the heyday of his power and prosperity, the city was given up to pleasure, and lost liberty was forgotten in a trance of luxurious ease. Fresh from gloomy Bologna, the friar was at first enchanted with his new surroundings. It seemed like a foretaste of heaven to become the inmate of a cloister sanctified by the memory of St. Antonino, adorned by the inspired paintings of Fra Angelico, in the midst of this fairest of Italian cities. But his illusions were speedily dispelled; he heard Lorenzo's *canti carnascialeschi* resounding through the streets, he found the smooth, cultured citizens dead to all sense of faith or virtue, St. Marco itself invaded by the prevailing mania for pagan philosophy. In 1483, Savonarola was appointed Lenten preacher at St. Lorenzo, but his sermons had no attraction for hearers accustomed to pulpit oratory replete with classic learning and fashionable graces of style. How could they listen to a man who, in plain rough words, earnestly called them to repentance, instead of pleasing their taste by a display of elegant subtleties? So all the world thronged to Fra Mariano's adorned discourses in Santo Spirito, and San Lorenzo was deserted.

Discouraged by this failure, which seemed to close one career of usefulness, Savona-

WITH THE NOVICES AT SAN MARCO.

DIVERSION IN THE CLOISTER.

rola almost determined to abandon the pulpit and devote himself to teaching in the convent, but zeal for the redemption of those corrupt Florentines soon prevailed over self-love; he must, he would stir them from their lethargy of sin—the Almighty would show him the way to their hearts. For, already convinced of his divine mission, the colder, the more indifferent his hearers, the greater the need of saving them from perdition. Already, too, he saw visions, and discovered, in the Apocalypse, symbols of the heavenly vengeance about to overtake this guilty people. We find his pent-up feeling expressed in a poem addressed to the Saviour, written at this period. Innocent XIII. now occupied the pontifical throne, and the atrocious scandals of his reign threw into the shade the infamy of his predecessor, Sixtus IV.

It was at the little hill town of St. Gemignano that the friar had the first gleam of success as a preacher, found his voice, as it were, and gained some confidence in his own powers, but it was only a year or two later, at Brescia, that he suddenly revealed his might as an orator. On this occasion he had to treat of his favorite theme, the Apocalypse, and he shook men's souls by his predictions, brought them around h in panting, awe-struck crowds. This m sion proved the foundation of his fame; hearers were transported by an ecstasy mingled terror and faith, when, at the cl of awful denunciations of the wrath to cor his tones of thunder sank to accents of finite tenderness in describing the lovi mercy of God. A Brescian friar rela that more than once an aureole of light w seen flashing round the preacher's head.

Soon, at Reggio, during a Dominic council attended by many eminent laym Savonarola had an opportunity of showi himself to be not only a fervid orator bu learned theologian, versed in all the subt ties of the schools. The celebrated P Della Mirandola was so impressed by friar's ability, that he is said to have urg Lorenzo de' Medici to obtain his recall Florence. Thither he finally returned the Lent of 1490, intending to resume humble office of reader to the novices, his fame had gone before him, the gr Pico had sounded his praises, and Florentines were in a fever of impatie to listen to the orator they had forme despised.

At first,—perhaps doubtful of his pov

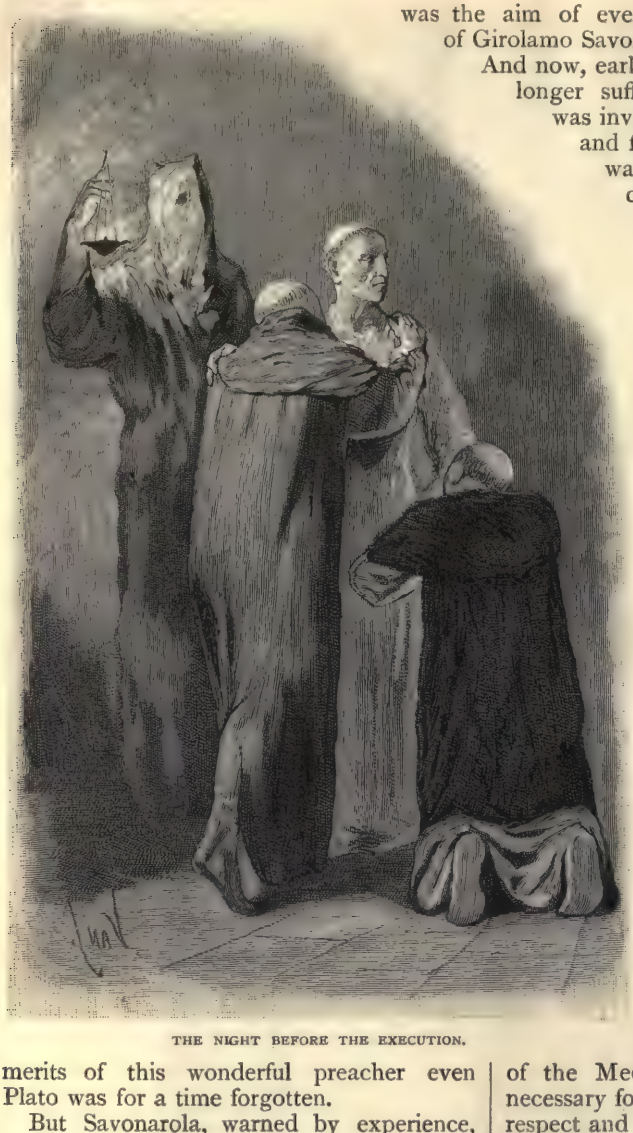
THE ARREST OF SAVONAROLA.

to compel Florentine attention,—his lectures were delivered in the convent garden, and only a small audience admitted. But day by day fresh hearers obtained entrance; they besought him to choose a wider arena, and at last one Saturday, at the conclusion of his discourse, the friar implored the prayers of his congregation, and simply said:

"To-morrow we will address you in church; there will be a lecture and a sermon."

Legend adds that he announced that he should preach for eight years.

The morrow was the 1st of August, 1490. St. Mark's was crowded to suffocation, and Savonarola delivered—as he himself tells us—a "terrible sermon." From that moment his success was complete. Florence went mad with admiration, and in discussing the



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

merits of this wonderful preacher even Plato was for a time forgotten.

But Savonarola, warned by experience, knew that this momentary triumph would not silence learned skeptics; he foresaw that he would be accused of insufficient doctrine, and determined to publish a collection of his writings for the instruction of the people, and a confutation of hostile pedants. These writings proved him to be an accurate student of the pagan philosophy he so fiercely denounced, and that it was no ignorance of the fathers that drove him to seek texts and inspiration from the Word of God alone. "The Triumph of the Cross" is his principal theological work, and all are animated by the burning religious spirit that informed his whole life. To bring mankind to God was the aim of every word, every line, every ac of Girolamo Savonarola.

And now, early in 1491, St. Mark's church n longer sufficing for the friar's hearers, h was invited to preach in the cathedra and from the moment when his voic was first heard beneath Brunelles chi's dome, his rule over Flo ence may be said to begi That he was now a powe was plain from the ange and uneasiness of Lorenz de' Medici. Five of th leading men were depute to recommend the preache to moderate his tone, an —in his own and th convent's interest—sho more respect to author ties. This Savonarola cur ly refused to do, addin that he well knew wh had prompted the advic "Tell your master," h said, in conclusion, "tha although I am an humbl stranger, he the city's lor yet that I shall remain, h will depart." Afterward in the presence of man witnesses, he declared tha mighty changes were ove hanging Italy; that Loren zo, the Pope and the kin of Naples were all nea unto death.

In July of the same yea he was elected Prior of S Mark's. The convent ha been rebuilt by Cosim enriched by the donation of the Medici; it was therefore judge necessary for the new Prior to pay a visit o respect and homage to Lorenzo. Savona rola would not conform to the usage. H owed his election to God, not to Lorenzo and to God alone would he render obedi ence. Lorenzo was furious. "This stran ger comes to inhabit my house, and doe not stoop to pay me a visit." He trie conciliatory measures; it was beneath his dignity to recognize the hostility o a simple monk. Accordingly, he severa times attended mass at St. Mark's, an then walked in the convent garden but the Prior always remained invisible and took no notice of the Magnifico's pres ence. He then placed large sums of money in the alms-box, and Savonarola sent hi

gold-pieces to the Buoni Uomini di S. Martino, for distribution among the poor. He felt nothing but the keenest abhorrence for the tyrant who had robbed Florence of her liberty, and demoralized her people. In his eyes, Lorenzo's pagan learning and rare intellectual gifts were only so many engines of ill and corruption. To come to any compromise with the Magnifico would be an offense against God.

Lorenzo now tried other means. Fra Mariano da Genazzano was invited to resume his preachings, and on Ascension Day chose for his text: "It is not for you to know the times and seasons" (Acts 1. 7). Crowds flocked to hear him; he had the prestige of former popularity; had he kept his temper, he might have severely damaged his rival's rising reputation. But rage and envy carried him beyond all bounds, and his scandalous invectives and accusations against Savonarola thoroughly disgusted his hearers. Meanwhile, Fra Girolamo had taken up the challenge by preaching on the same text, and his arguments and eloquence combined made his victory so complete that Fra Mariano was silenced. The Franciscan feigned indifference to his defeat, invited Savonarola to his convent, and there was an interchange of clerical courtesies. But he never forgave him, and later, in Rome, became one of the most active instruments of his downfall.

SAVONAROLA'S CELL IN THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

III.

We now approach one of the best-known scenes of Savonarola's life. In April, 1492, Lorenzo de' Medici lay dying in his pleasure palace at Careggi, burdened by the load of his crimes. Neither the affection of his most faithful friends nor the full absolution granted by his confessor, availed to appease his guilty terrors. How could he feel assured of Divine pardon when it was only announced by lips too obsequious to contradict his lightest wish? Formerly it was his boast that no man dared to say him nay; now it was his despair. Suddenly he remembered the unyielding monk who had withstood both his flattery and his threats; this man, at least, would tell him the truth; absolved by him, his sins would drop from him and leave him white as snow! In hottest haste a messenger was dispatched to St. Mark's, and, although with much reluctance, Savonarola obeyed the surprising summons. Of the many versions of this celebrated interview Politian's and Burlamacchi's are the best known. Politian denies that Savonarola refused absolution, but Politian was a courtier and a devoted adherent of the Medici. Burlamacchi was a contemporary and friend of Savonarola, and wrote his account at a period when public opinion was hostile to the friar's memory, and many were living to contradict his tale had it been false.

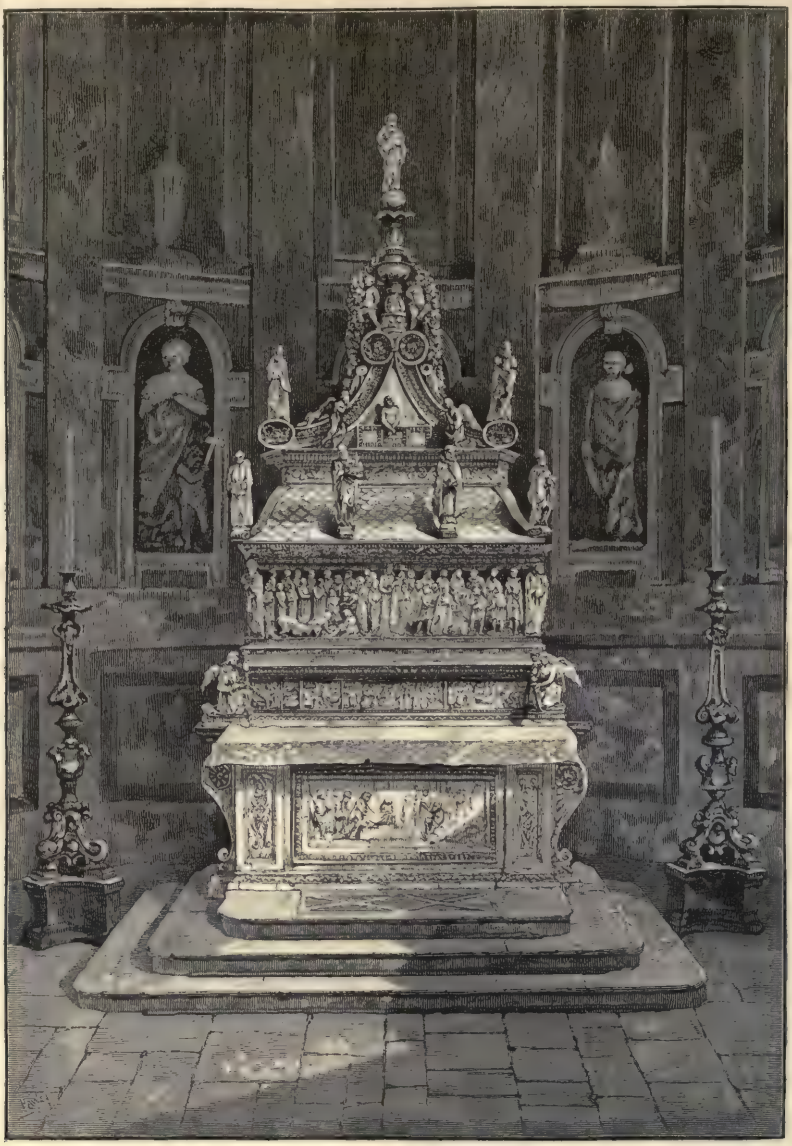
This, then, is what he tells us: Savonarola gravely listened to Lorenzo's agitated confession, and tried to soothe him by repeating: "God is good, God is merciful." But to obtain Divine forgiveness three things are necessary: I. Sincere and living faith in His mercy.

Lorenzo professed his faith.

II. The restitution of all ill-gotten gains.

The dying man hesitated, but soon bowed his head in token of assent.

Then Savonarola rose up, and fixed his wonderful, blazing eyes on the cowering prince—"And thirdly," he solemnly cried, "thirdly, you must restore the liberty of Florence." Upon this, Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and made no reply. Savonarola waited a few moments, but the silence was unbroken, so he left the room without giving absolution, and shortly after Lorenzo de' Medici drew his last breath, aged only



TOMB OF SAN DOMENICO.

forty-four years. After this event Savonarola's influence rapidly increased, and he gained many fresh adherents among men who had been admirers of Lorenzo, but who were disgusted by the coarse violence and inefficient policy of his successor, Piero. The affairs of the state went from bad to worse; Florence was fast losing the predominance she had acquired under the astute rule of Lorenzo. Men recalled Savonarola's predictions, and in the July of the same year the second of these was fulfilled by the death of Innocent XIII. The woes of Italy approached their climax in the scandalous election of Cardinal Borgia to the Papal chair.

Savonarola's discourses were marked by continually increasing fervor; his meditations on the state of his country, on the one hand, on the other his study of the prophets, had wound him up to a religious frenzy, in which he saw visions and believed himself the mouth-piece of Divine revelation. It was while preaching one of his terrible ad-

vent sermons that he beheld the famous vision, recorded in contemporary medals and wood-cuts, which has almost become a symbol of his doctrines. He saw a hand with a flaming sword, on which was inscribed: "*Gladius Domini supra terram cito et velociter.*" He heard supernatural voices proclaiming mercy to the faithful and punishment to sinners, and cries that the wrath of God was at hand. Then the sword bent toward earth, the sky darkened, thunder pealed, lightning flashed and the whole earth was wasted by famine, war and pestilence.

Soon after this, Savonarola was removed from Florence, and we find him preaching to excited crowds in the north of Italy. The principal incident of these missions was the danger he ran at Bologna, by publicly rebuking the wife of Bentivoglio, lord of that city, for her noisy entrance in church during divine service. Assassins were sent to dispatch the insolent monk, but it is said, they were so awed by Savonarola's words and demeanor, that they fled in dismay from his presence. At the conclusion of his last sermon, the friar, with characteristic boldness, announced the day and hour of his departure from Bologna, bade those who had business with him seek him at once and added with significant emphasis: "I know that my death will not happen in Bologna." He is said to have seen visions on his lonely journey, to have been accompanied by a celestial messenger who restored his strength with food and drink, and who only disappeared at the St. Gallo gate. Certain it is, that he reached Florence without molestation, and was rapturously welcomed by his brethren at St. Mark's.

His first undertaking was to re-establish the former rigid discipline of his order, and the better to carry out this reform, he contrived, after battling through innumerable difficulties, to obtain a Papal brief freeing St. Mark's from its subjection to the Lombard vicars of the Dominican order. Now, at last, his hands were free; he was an independent authority, and no longer liable to be sent hither and thither at the pleasure of superiors in the north. One of his new measures was to relegate a portion of the brotherhood to a quieter retreat outside the city, only leaving in Florence those best furnished with intellectual gifts. Henceforth the convent was to be self-supporting, and the friar opened schools for various branches of art, and promoted the study of Oriental languages. St. Mark's flourished as it had never flourished before and many Florentines of noble birth flocked to take the vows, fired with enthusiasm for Savonarola's saintly life. Meanwhile he was hurling from the

THE EXECUTION OF SAVONAROLA. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING.)

pulpit fiercer and fiercer denunciations of the abuses of the church and the sins and corruptions of mankind, never ceasing his prediction of divine wrath.

And now, in 1494, the sword of God was in truth near at hand, for the Duke of Milan had summoned France to his aid, and King Charles and his army had crossed the Alps. Piero de' Medici, in an agony of weak consternation, forgot that in all former wars Florence had been the firm ally of the French, and entered into close alliance with the Neapolitan king whose throne Charles claimed as his own. But, with characteristic vacillation, Piero immediately repented this step, and hurried in person to the French camp at Pietra Santa. Here, without asking counsel of any one, he at once succumbed before Charles VIII., conceded even more than was asked, promising a huge sum of money and the surrender of the fortresses of Pisa and Leghorn up to the termination of the war.

Thereupon Florence rose to arms. The popular fury was so great that excesses of the worst kind seemed inevitable. But, wonderful to relate—notwithstanding the confusion of those terrible days—Savonarola's sermons quieted the passions of the mob and a bloodless revolution was effected. Piero di Gino Capponi was the first to embody in words the universal feeling that "it was time to have done with this baby government," and to declare the deposition of Piero de' Medici. The first act of the resuscitated republic was to dispatch a fresh embassy to the French king, to arrange the terms of that dangerous friend's reception in Florence. Of course Savonarola was one of the envoys, for it was known that Charles had an almost superstitious veneration for the friar who had so long prophesied his descent into Italy and declared it to be divinely ordained. With characteristic humility, Fra Girolamo elected to make the journey on foot, and lingered in Florence after the departure of Capponi and the other embassadors in order once more to exhort the citizens to maintain peace and order. "Remember," he said, "the cry of the Lord: '*Misericordiam volo.*'" Woe, woe to those who should disobey the command. Probably it was to these exhortations that Piero de' Medici owed his life, for when the arrival of the new embassadors showed him that Florence rejected his yoke, and he hurried back to the city to snatch hysterically at the reins that had dropped from his impotent fingers, he was allowed to re-enter without molestation, and though driven into exile after a few days of agitated, purposeless striving, he was peaceably expelled. His former subjects treated him like a bad child and literally hissed him out of the city. His brother, the Cardinal, remained behind for a day or so, and stealthily collecting his more portable treasures, intrusted them to the safe keeping of the monks of St. Mark's. When we remember that the convent was the head-quarters of the victorious party, it is hard to imagine a stronger proof of the esteem inspired by Savonarola's community.

During these events, Savonarola had been received in the French camp with every demonstration of respect. The king listened more attentively to the friar's emphatic discourse than to the conciliatory statements of his fellow envoys, and although he declined binding himself to any definite course of action before going to Florence, Savonarola returned there full of hope and courage. Yet to ordinary minds the aspect of public affairs was, from all points of view, of the gloomiest. Pisa had revolted on the very day of the expulsion of Piero from Florence, and the rebellion was—at least tacitly—encouraged by the French king; no new government had as yet been organized, and the foreigner was knocking at their gates. To preserve public confidence at this crisis needed all the efforts of Savonarola and Capponi, who were truly the head and arm of the bewildered city.

And now, on November 17th, Charles entered Florence at the head of an imposing force—more like a conqueror than a visitor—and encircled by a pompous cortege of unprecedented magnificence. Yet, notwithstanding their just cause for fear, much of the uneasiness of the Florentines vanished at the first sight of the dreaded monarch. This the threatened scourge! They beheld a puny, ill-made youngster, with a ridiculously ugly face, ignoble gestures and hesitating speech, whose weak insignificance was all the more apparent in this setting of regal splendor. Florence was moved to laughter rather than awe. Charles was lodged in the Medici palace (Palazzo Riccardi), and soon, under the influence of Piero's wife and mother, began to show his hostility toward the Florentines, and to put forward the most exorbitant pretensions. The greatest agitation reigned in the city, serious collision with the foreign troops seemed inevitable, already riots had broken out, and the citizens had shown their teeth.

The Signory saw that the moment had

come to make a decisive arrangement with their troublesome guest, and when the king again dictated ridiculous terms, *i. e.*, the restoration of the Medici and exorbitant sums of money, the magistrates indignantly refused their consent.

"Then we will sound our trumpets!" cried the little sovereign, beside himself with rage. At this Capponi snatched the treaty from the secretary's hands, indignantly tore it to shreds, and made his immortal reply: "And we will ring our bells."

The king was cowed, he withdrew his pretensions, signed a more satisfactory treaty, and, yielding to Savonarola's urgent persuasions, rid Florence of his presence on November 28th.

We may imagine the joy of the Florentines. Now, at last, they could breathe freely, and so great was their relief that at first they hardly grudged their light-fingered guests the numberless art-treasures they had carried off from the precious accumulations in the Medici palace. But if Florence was free she had yet to learn the use of her liberty. During the seventy years of Medician rule, there had been more than time enough to forget the art of self-government, and, like a newly released prisoner, her eyes were still dazzled by the light of day, her limbs still stiff with the weight of her chains. With commerce ruined, exchequer drained, disorder everywhere, Florence felt the need of a strong hand to guide her tottering steps, and with one accord all eyes were turned toward the patriot monk whose words had rid them of King Charles, and Savonarola became the lawgiver of Florence.

IV.

SAVONAROLA'S first care was to provide for the material necessities of his flock. He collected money for the poor of the city and of the outlying territory; he caused shops to be opened to give employment to the needy; he lightened all taxes, especially those weighing on the lower classes; he enforced strict justice and exhorted all men to implore the Divine assistance.

It was soon found that the exigencies of the times precluded the revival of the old machinery of government as it existed before the domination of the Medici. It was altogether too cumbrous for a state, at war with three revolted provinces of Pisa, Arezzo and Montipulciano, and the Medici had shown how easily all the jealous precautions for insuring impartiality and independence could be converted into efficacious engines of tyranny. Thus, while it proved easy enough to choose the twenty Accoppiatori charged with the nomination of the magistrates, serious disputes arose regarding the councils or assemblies of the Republic. The Council of Seventy, so flexible in the hands of the Medici, was promptly abolished, but it was found impossible to reconstitute the councils of the people and the commune, because these had represented a state of things, a division of citizens, no longer in existence and impossible to be renewed. Animated discussions took place,—noisy debates in council-chamber, street and market-place. The popular party, headed by Paolo Antonio Soderini, fresh from Venice and hot with admiration for Venetian institutions, proposed a great council, open to all citizens, and a less numerous council of Ottimati, precisely on the pattern of the Grand Council and the Pregadi of Venice. This proposal was combated by the party led by Guido Antonio Vespucci, who desired a more restricted form of government. The great council, they said, might be useful in Venice, where it was composed of aristocrats, but would be most perilous in Florence, where—for lack of nobles—it would be necessary to admit citizens of all ranks. The majority of the magistrates sided with Vespucci, for they numbered many secret partisans of the Medici, and also the Accoppiatori whose office was about to cease, and who desired a government in which they could retain power. Fortunately, at the moment when it seemed most impossible to come to an agreement, Savonarola threw the weight of his influence on Soderini's side by preaching in favor of an "Universal" or general government, with a great council on the Venetian plan, but modified to the needs and customs of Florence.

Great was the joy of the Florentine people when, after long days of anxiety haunted by fears of a narrow rule that would lead the way to tyranny as grievous as that from which they had but now escaped, they heard the voice of their beloved preacher boldly uplifted in defense of their rights. They were given a great council of 1500 citizens, of blameless antecedents and over twenty-five years of age,—a third of this total number was to sit for six months in turn;* and also a sort of upper council of

* The Hall of the Cinque Cento in the Palazzo Vecchio was built expressly for this assembly.

eighty, in which all magistrates were entitled to sit, and which—conjoined with the Signory—held weekly meetings to decide questions of too grave and delicate a nature to be discussed in the larger assembly. These institutions amply satisfied the demands of the people, and offered a fair prospect of equitable government. And here—space lacking for closer details—it may be interesting to give the precise formula in which Savonarola summed up his programme of the new constitution:

I. The fear of God, and purification of manners. II. The promotion of public well-being rather than of private interests. III. A general amnesty to all political offenders. IV. A council on the model of that of Venice, without a Doge.

At first all went well, public business was carried on with sufficient regularity, men's minds were at rest, and the war with Pisa, not as yet of threatening proportions, served the good purpose of keeping the Florentines from quarreling among themselves. What, it may be asked, was the position in the new commonwealth of the man to whose authority it owed its birth? He held no recognized office save his normal one of Prior of St. Mark's, yet he was chief guardian of the public weal, and *de facto* Dictator of Florence. As an instance of his remarkable political wisdom, we may mention that it was at his instance that the whole oppressive system of arbitrary imports, and so-called voluntary loans, was swept away, and replaced by a tax of ten per cent. *(la decima)* on all real property. All the laws and edicts of this memorable period read like paraphrases of Savonarola's sermons, although his political counsels were only, as it were, interpolated among his religious admonitions, with which he tasked the sins of his countrymen, the degradation of the church, and urged Florence to purge itself of its corruptions until it should become a truly Christian city, a model, not to Rome only, but to the world at large. Now it was that his eloquence poured forth in fullest tide. Day after day his impassioned exhortations, pregnant with the spirit of the Old Testament, wrought upon the minds of the Florentines, stirring them to a fervor of holiness to which they had never before—have never since attained. The tension, indeed, was too strong to be lasting, and Savonarola was too uncompromising a partisan not to arouse the keenest hatred of his political adversaries, as well as of the shameless court of Rome. Thus, even when his authority seemed most firmly established, when h fame drew even inhabitants of distant citi around his pulpit, and the Piazza del D omo would frequently be filled with t overflowing throng who could find no pla within the vast cathedral, his enemies as yet afraid to raise their voices—we secretly intriguing for his downfall.

Meanwhile, pleasure-loving Florence f lowed the routine of the cloister; half t year was devoted to abstinence, and hard any citizen ventured to purchase meat a day set apart by Savonarola as a fa Houses, schools and shops were closed the days when he preached. Lauds, char and psalms were heard in the streets th not long before had echoed the ribald son of Lorenzo de' Medici. Men dressed in s ber colors, and women discarded finery a jewels. Wives quitted their husbands to ent convents, and husbands left their wives. Ma riage became an awful and barely permitte rite; women now nursed their own infant and people of all ranks, scholars, artis *literati*, gave up the world, and assumed t Dominican habit. But it was to the childr of Florence that Savonarola addressed h tenderest appeals, and there is no great proof of the marvelous magnetic power the man, of his genuine goodness and puri of soul, than the enthusiasm with which t youth of the city responded to his ca Soon he had them organized into a sort sacred militia, into a republic within t republic, with special magistrates and fun tionaries charged with the enforcement all his rules of holy living. It was with t aid of these youthful bands of inquisitors who, as was to be expected, frequent abused their singular power, and tyranniz over the elder citizens—that Savonarola o ganized the sacred carnival of 1496, wh people surrendered their costliest possessio for the good of the poor, and the square St. Mark's beheld the curious spectacle tonsured monks, crowned with garland singing lauds and performing wild dances f the glory of God. David had danced b fore the ark, and therefore Savonarola ini ated and encouraged these novel religio exercises. The following year, in the sar spirit, and to emphasize the doctrine of nunciation of carnal gauds, he celebrat the carnival by the famous Burning of t Vanities. This ceremony, however, had modern precedent, for St. Bernardino Sierra had held a bonfire at Perugia of t same species, although on a smaller sca Some of the old writers have greatly ex

gerated the value of the objects consumed on Savonarola's pyre in the Piazza della Signoria, but it is a fact that a certain Venetian merchant scandalized the *Piagnone Signory*, then in office, by asking to be allowed to purchase the pyramid of vanities, and offering the sum of 22,000 gold florins. The offer was indignantly rejected, and a portrait of the godless Venetian promptly added to the pile.

Meanwhile, events were darkening; Savonarola's power drooping to its fall. Already, two years before, Pope Alexander had repented his consent to the enfranchisement of St. Mark's from the authority of the Lombard Dominicans. A transcript of one of the terribly graphic sermons, in which the Prior ascribed the past and present evils of Italy and the whole world to the scandalous vice of the pontifical court, had reached the Pope's eyes, and he resolved to silence the daring preacher, who so openly denounced his crimes. Fair means were first tried; the Prior was even offered the archbishopric of Florence; hints of a forthcoming cardinal's hat whispered in his ear.

But Alexander had mistaken the man with whom he had to deal; personal ambition had no entrance in Fra Girolamo's soul. His indignation rose to its fiercest height, and from his pulpit he uttered these prophetic words: "I will have no hat but that of the martyr, red with mine own blood."

As long as the French king remained in Italy, the Pope was too much harassed about his own safety to take any vigorous steps to indulge his hatred of Savonarola. But he was only biding his time; the Borgias never forgot their enemies, and the news of the marvels accomplished by the friar—of skeptical Florence transformed into an austerely Christian republic, claiming our Saviour for its head—served to inflame his rage and dread to the highest pitch. This friar *must* be crushed! Other enemies were also at work, among them Ludovico Sforza, the powerful Duke of Milan, and already, in July, 1495, a Papal brief had courteously summoned Savonarola to Rome. The Prior, with equal courtesy, alleged various excuses for declining to go. In September came another summons—less softly worded—and soon after a third, threatening to lay an interdict on Florence in case of refusal. Savonarola would not obey the citation, but for a while he suspended his sermons in Florence, preaching instead in other Tuscan cities. In the Lent of 1496 he gave his famous series of sermons upon the Prophet Amos, reiterated the necessity of church reform and ingeniously strove to reconcile his rebellion against Alexander, the man, with his unalterable fidelity to the successor of St. Peter. By this time the eyes of all Italy were turned on the simple friar, who dared, single-handed, to brave the Papal authority. It was a deadly duel, in which one of the combatants must succumb, and Savonarola's utterances were arousing a storm which might not impossibly vanquish even the tremendous force of Rome. This the Pope knew, so his enemy must be destroyed. The religious carnival of 1496 furnished the desired pretext for new proceedings against Savonarola. A commission of Dominicans found him guilty of heresy, schism and disobedience to the Holy See. The threatened sentence of anathema was still, for some reason, delayed; but meanwhile a fresh brief united the convent of St. Mark's to a new Tuscan province of the order, and Savonarola was no longer vicar-general. Fortunately for him, the Piagnoni were in power at the beginning of 1497, and his firm friend, Francesco Valori, took the lead in public affairs. In March, however, things changed. The Arrabbiati and the partisans of the Medici merged their political differences in common hatred of the friar. Piero de' Medici attempted to enter the city, and, although he failed, his adherents actively pursued their intrigues, and party spirit burst out with all its virulence. The citizens were growing weary of the religious constraints imposed upon them, and Alexander saw that the moment was coming when revenge would be within his grasp. In May, a Signory avowedly hostile to the friar came into office, and on Ascension Day his enemies exchanged sullen silence for active insult. Stealing secretly into the cathedral, they heaped his pulpit with filth, spread an ass's skin over the cushion, and ran sharp nails into the board on which the preacher would strike his hand. His vigilant disciples discovered the atrocity. In time the pulpit was purified, and, although the church was half-filled with clamoring Arrabbiati, who even tried to make an attempt upon his life, Savonarola calmly delivered a most impressive sermon, which speedily found its way to distant provinces. Still, the incident showed the strength of the hostile current, and the Signory, in feigned anxiety for the public peace, begged the Prior to suspend his preaching for a while.

Almost immediately afterward, the long-

threatened bull of excommunication was launched. Fra Mariano was in Rome, and had urged the Pope to no longer delay his vengeance. Still Savonarola was undaunted, and declared the sentence to be null and void; adding, too, that his mission came direct from the Almighty, and that Alexander, elected simoniacally and stained with crime, could be no true Pope. Nevertheless, the public proclamation of the sentence, on the 22d of June, could not fail to make a deep impression on the public mind. All the clergy and the members of several orders hostile to Savonarola assembled in the Duomo; the brief was solemnly read, and then all the lights were extinguished to symbolize the spiritual darkness that had fallen on the friar and his disciples. The Arrabbiati being still in office, the Compagnacci had full liberty of action, and the city gave itself up to license as in the days of Lorenzo il Magnifico. But in July the new Government was favorable to the friar, and corresponded actively with Rome to obtain the removal of the excommunication.

Meanwhile, the plague had broken out in Florence, and for a time party strife was stayed by the presence of this invincible foe. Savonarola calmly faced the danger and supported the courage of his two hundred and fifty brethren, taking wise precautions for their safety, and sending the younger monks into the country away from the contagion. His enemies blamed him for not going about the town visiting the sick, willfully forgetting that such ministrations were forbidden to an excommunicated man. About this time Rome was in commotion about the mysterious murder of the Duke of Gandia, and the Pope, his bereaved father, was plunged in the wildest despair. Savonarola sent a letter of condolence in which he, the excommunicated, boldly bade the Pontiff bow to the heavenly wrath, and repent of his sins while there was yet time.

The cessation of the plague brought no peace to Florence, for Medician intrigues were spreading, and a powerful conspiracy aiming at Piero's restoration was discovered. Five leading citizens were implicated in the plot; among them Bernardo del Nero, an old man of seventy-five years, of high talent and position. The Gonfalonier, Francesco Valori, exercised his influence to obtain their condemnation, and all five were put to death. It is said that Savonarola might have saved at least Bernardo del Nero, had he wished; and it is certain that, although he took no active part against the prisoners, he refused to rais his voice in the cause of mercy. Whateve his motives, his silence destroyed his pop ularity with moderate men, and gained th Arrabbiati—crushed as they were for th moment—numerous fresh adherents. Th execution of the guilty men served to ex asperate the fury of the Pope, of Sforza an all potentates friendly to the Medici, t the highest point. Fra Girolamo was no interdicted from preaching even in his ow convent, and he was again summoned t Rome. He again refused obedience, an although consenting to abstain from pub lic preaching, he held conferences in S Mark's that were attended by all his dis ciples, and on Christmas day he defied th interdict by publicly celebrating mass an heading a solemn procession through th cloisters.

V.

THE next year, 1498, which was to wi ness the close of his wonderful caree opened under apparently favorable auspice Now, again, the Piagnoni ruled affairs, an at their invitation Savonarola resumed hi sermons in the Duomo, while his best-be loved disciple, Fra Domenico Buonvicin preached in San Lorenzo. Again a scaffold ing of seats had to be erected in the cathe dral to accommodate the throng of the Prior hearers, and the Arrabbiati could only ver their spite by rioting on the Piazza outside This year—for the last time—the carniva was again celebrated with fantastic religiou displays, and a second burning of the Vani ties, in which perished many priceless vol umes and treasures of art.

Briefs more and more furious arrived fro Rome; the Pope had read one of Savona rola's recent sermons on Exodus; Florenc itself was threatened with interdict, and th Florentine embassador with difficulty ob tained a short delay. But now the Piag noni term of office had expired; the ne men were less favorable to the Prior, an accordingly his friends persuaded him t withdraw to St. Mark's. There, howeve he continued to preach with unabated fe vor, and one day in the week was set apa for his sermons to women who could no brook entire deprivation of his teachings The Signory tried to mitigate the Pope' rage by representing the wonderful spiritua effects of Savonarola's words; the Pope re plied that they must either silence the fri or send him to be judged in Rome.

But in his own danger Savonarola saw only an additional motive for denouncing the unrighteous ruler of the church. He resolved to appeal to all Christendom against this wicked Pope, and dispatched letters to all the potentates of Europe, solemnly adjuring them to call a council to judge this anti-pope. The council of Constance and the deposition of John XXIII. were still fresh in men's memories. One of these letters was destined to be the friar's death-blow, for, being intercepted by the Duke of Milan, it was by him forwarded to Rome. And now so tremendous a bull was hurled at Florence that the Signory were thoroughly alarmed, and entreated the friar to cease preaching. Savonarola unwillingly consented. He bade his hearers a tender farewell, and so mournful, so solemn were his concluding words, that possibly he felt a presentiment that he would never again mount his pulpit stairs. It was hoped that now the Pope would be appeased, and Florence permitted to breathe.

The prophet was dumb, but now the folly of his disciples brought about the often related event that precipitated his fate. Instigated by the Arrabbiati, a Franciscan monk, Fra Francesco di Vuglia, challenged Savonarola to the ordeal by fire, in order to prove the falsity of the friar's doctrines. At first Savonarola treated the unseemly provocation with the contempt it deserved, but unfortunately his zealous disciple, Fra Domenico, took it upon him to accept the challenge. The Franciscan declared that his defiance was directed to Savonarola; with him only would he go through the fire. Fra Domenico, conceiving the honor of the whole Dominican order to be at stake, vowed to maintain by the trial of fire the truth of his master's prophecies. As Savonarola persisted in refusing the trial for himself, Fra Francesco deputed a convert, one Giuliano di Rondinelli, to go through the ordeal with Fra Domenico. The preliminaries of this dispute were long; Savonarola perceived that his foes were laying a trap for him, and discountenanced the "experiment" until overcome by Fra Domenico's supplications. Indeed, he showed a curious wavering of mind throughout this affair, which was a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of his most cherished beliefs. Yet, so genuine was his faith in the divinity of his mission that, in his more ardent moments, he anticipated the success of the terrible ordeal *a sperimento*. So he hesitated, now listening to the voice of reason, now swayed by passionate zeal, till at last he let his calmer judgment be overborne by the fanaticism of his followers. The Arrabbiati and Compagnacci pressed the matter on, aided therein by the Signors who were playing into the hands of Rome. Now, at last, the way was clear to the accomplishment of the friar's destruction.

On the 7th April, 1491, an immense crowd gathered in the Piazza della Signoria to witness the barbarous spectacle. The Franciscans on one side, the Dominicans on the other, came in procession to the scene of action, and stationed themselves beneath the Loggia di Langi, divided by a boarding into two compartments. A double hedge of combustibles, forty yards long, with a narrow path between, had been erected in front of the palace, and a force of five hundred soldiers kept a clear circle around. Some writers assert that the pile was charged with gunpowder. Never, perhaps, had so dense a throng been seen in Florence. Not only the square itself, but every roof, every window, every balcony commanding the smallest glimpse of it, was filled with eager spectators. Savonarola, after celebrating mass at St. Mark's, headed in person the Dominican procession. He bore the Host in his hands, and placed it on an altar erected in his portion of the Loggia. As Fra Domenico bent his knee before it, the Piagnoni burst into an enthusiastic chant. The magistrates now gave the signal for the advance of the two champions. Fra Domenico stepped forward, but neither Rondinelli nor Fra Francesco, the originator of the strife, was anywhere to be seen. Then the Franciscans began to make all manner of strange objections. Fra Domenico's sacerdotal robes might be enchanted, they said. He quickly changed his dress for a friar's robe; still they were not content; he had stood near the friar and probably had been re-enchanted. At least, he must remove his cross. He removed it; he was ready to consent to anything in order to enter the fire. Still the Franciscans found fresh pretexts for delay, and when Savonarola insisted that his champion should bear the Host, they raised loud cries against the sacrilege of exposing the Redeemer's body to the flames. The crowd, meanwhile, was frenzied with impatience—all was confusion and turmoil. Fra Giulio came not, yet the Signory sent an impatient message to inquire of the Dominicans why the trial was delayed. The Arrabbiati went about among the people fomenting their discontent, and throwing the

blame of all upon Savonarola. A band of Compagnacci made a rush toward the Loggia, intending to seize the Prior and slaughter him on the spot, but were repulsed by Salviati and his Piagnoni. The foreign troops, seeing the excited crowd pressing toward the Palazzo Vecchio, resolutely drove them back, and for a moment the tumult was hushed. By this time it was late in the afternoon; a heavy thundershower gave the Signory an excuse for declaring that heaven was opposed to the ordeal. The wily Franciscans quietly disappeared, but Savonarola, bearing the Host, began to lead his brethren away across the Piazza in the same solemn order as they had come. This was the signal for the bursting of the storm. Cheated of their bloody diversion, the populace were mad with rage and excitement. Fra Girolamo's power had suddenly crumbled away; these Florentines who had worshiped him now turned on him with virulent hate; their blind devotion had changed to blind fury. But for the efforts of Salviati and his men, neither Savonarola nor his brethren would have regained St. Mark's alive. As it was, they were pelted, stoned, and insulted by the bitterest execrations. No word of blame for the real culprits, the cowardly Franciscans; the devoted friar, the prophet, the lawgiver was the popular scapegoat. We may imagine the intensity of Savonarola's grief. Yet he preserved a noble calm, and going straight to his own pulpit in St. Mark's, he quietly recounted the events of the day to the kneeling congregation and then withdrew to his own cell, while the Piazza outside was ringing with the yells of the mob.

On the following day the Signory decreed the Prior's banishment from Florence, and Francesco Valori, with other Piagnoni, hurried to St. Mark's to deliberate how best to assure his safety. Presently it was made public that the Government had decided to arrest Savonarola, and this was the signal for a ferocious assault upon the convent. The gates of St. Mark's were hastily secured, arms and munitions were brought out, and it was found that, unknown to the Prior, his adherents had carefully prepared it for a siege. Thereupon the Signory commanded all laymen to quit the convent, and specially summoned Francesco Valori to appear before them. After much hesitation he decided on obedience, in the hope that his influence would rally all Piagnoni to the rescue. A few minutes later he was murdered in the street, and his palace was sacked by the mob. The monks and their remaining companions rushed to arms, prepared to resist to the death. Savonarola in vain begged them to desist. The defense was desperate. Some tore tiles from the roof and hurled them down on the assailants. Fra Benedetto, the painter, and others, fought like lions. When at last the church was stormed, Savonarola was seen praying at the altar, with Fra Domenico near him, keeping off the assassins with the blows of an enormous candlestick. Then, amid the smoke and confusion, Savonarola was borne by his disciples to the inner convent library, and earnestly besought to seek safety by flight from a window. For a moment he seemed about to consent; then the voice of a cowardly monk, one Malatesta, was heard crying that the shepherd ought to lay down his life to save his flock. Savonarola's brief hesitation ended. In a few soul-touching words he bade farewell to his friends, and, with faithful Fra Domenico at his side, quietly gave himself up to his enemies. Later followed the arrest of Fra Silvestro, betrayed by the same Malatesta. The prisoners were conveyed through the streets surrounded by the exultant, bloodthirsty mob who reviled them, spat upon them and tortured them as they passed. Savonarola was confined in the same little cell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio in which Cosimo de Medici had once been a prisoner.

The Pope was intoxicated with joy on receipt of the welcome news from Florence. Now the Florentines—said his brief—were indeed true sons of the church; all their prayers should be granted, fullest absolution should be theirs, but—the trial over, the three friars must forthwith be sent to Rome to suffer punishment. Sforza was equally rejoiced at Savonarola's downfall, and the single potentate who would perhaps have interposed to save him from the stake—Charles of France—had expired on the very day appointed for the ordeal by fire.

Thus another of the friar's prophecies was fulfilled, at a moment when its fulfillment deprived him of his sole protector.

VI.

We must hurry to the fatal end. The result of the trial was decided even before it began. The Signory would not send their prisoners to Rome, but they determined to do Rome's will. The judges charged

with Savonarola's examination were chosen from his worst enemies. His fragile body, weakened by asceticism and by the anxieties and mental struggles of the past months, was brutally tortured day after day. And day after day, for nearly a fortnight, his delicate frame quivering in agony, he admitted all that his tormentors wished, only to recant the forced confession directly the examination was over. The first wrench of the cords threw him into delirium, and no legal process could be framed on his incoherent declarations. At last, a notary of infamous character, one Ceccone, offered his services as reporter. Concealed in the torture-chamber, he composed a garbled account of the friar's confessions, filled with monstrous falsehoods and exaggerations, and this was published instead of the genuine report.

Notwithstanding Savonarola's physical incapacity to resist torture, his mind regained its clearness whenever he was left in peace in his prison. Until pen and paper were withheld, he employed himself in composing a commentary on the Psalms, in which, while re-asserting all his doctrines, he declared his innocence of heresy, and his unshaken belief in the Roman Catholic faith. His death, however, was resolved upon, and was only delayed by the difficulty of obtaining the Pope's permission for the execution to take place in Florence. Alexander frantically desired to have his enemy in his own hands, and to enjoy the satisfaction of punishing him himself. But the Signory remained firm. It was absolutely necessary, they said, that the deluded Florentines should witness the death of the false prophet who had for so long led them astray.

At last, the matter was compromised by the appointment of Apostolic commissioners to hold a second mock trial of the doomed man and his fellow-prisoners. It was necessary to preserve a certain show of formality and justice in the prosecution of a member of the priesthood. One of the new judges was a Venetian, general of the Dominican order, the other a Spaniard of the true inquisitorial type. Meanwhile, the trial of Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro was going on. The former remained nobly consistent with his faith, true to his master and to himself. The most atrocious torture could not induce him to recant, nor to utter a syllable to the injury of Savonarola. He had the genuine martyr spirit, and it was plain that his ardor for the ordeal by fire had been no passing fit of zeal, but the expression of firm—if fanatic—conviction in the divinity of his master's mission. As for poor Fra Silvestro, the hysteric seer of visions, he at once gave way utterly, owning himself and his master guilty of every crime laid to their charge.

The Papal Commissioners made short work of their deadly task. They came armed with the Pontiff's command that Savonarola must die, "*were he even another St. John the Baptist.*" On three successive days the Prior appeared before them, and was tortured more cruelly than at first. Now, however, he withstood the pain better, and, although now and again the intensity of his sufferings made him promise to recant, no sooner was he unbound than he re-asserted his innocence, crying: "Oh, God! I have denied thee for fear of pain." Then, on the evening of the 22d May, the death sentence was communicated to him and his two followers. Savonarola listened calmly to the awful words, and quietly resumed his interrupted prayers. Fra Domenico heard his doom with joy; at least he should die by his master's side. Fra Silvestro, as might have been expected, fell into weak transports of despair. Then came the most touching scene of this cruel tragedy.

When Jacopo Niccolini, member of a religious association dedicated to the office of consoling the last hours of condemned prisoners, entered Savonarola's cell and asked what service he could render him, the Prior begged to be allowed a short interview with his fellow-prisoners. Niccolini hastened to the Signory to obtain the favor, only granted after long debate,—for the tortured victim still excited the fears of his judges,—and meanwhile a monk was sent to shrive the dying men. They were then conducted to the hall of the Cinque Cento. This was their first meeting after forty days of confinement and torture, forty days during which each had been told that the others had retracted everything, and the two monks had been shown the false report of Savonarola's confessions. Yet, the instant the two men beheld the face of their chief, their old love and loyalty was rekindled. Savonarola prayed with them, blessed them and exhorted them to copy their Divine Master, and submit silently to their fate.

The night was far advanced by the time Savonarola was led back to his prison. Spent with fatigue and weakness, he asked permission to rest his head on Niccolini's lap and quickly fell into a quiet sleep. As he slumbered, happy smiles flitted over his

face and his wan, worn features became serene as a child's. On awakening, he spoke kind words to Niccolini, and then is said to have prophesied that heavy calamities would befall Florence during the reign of a pope named Clement. The carefully recorded prediction was verified by the siege of 1527.

The next morning the execution took place. On the spot before occupied by the pile for the ordeal a great platform had been erected, with a huge cross at one end heaped about with fagots. The scaffold was connected, by means of a wooden bridge, with the Ringhiera, which was occupied by the magistrate. As the prisoners crossed the bridge, clad in penitential garb, wanton boys thrust pointed sticks between the planks to wound their bare feet. Then followed the ceremony of degradation. For the last time they were dressed in their sacerdotal robes, which were then roughly stripped off by two Dominicans, the Bishop of Vasona and the Prior of Santa Maria Novella.

"*I separate you from the church militant and the church triumphant*," said the Bishop.

"*Not from the church triumphant*," replied Savonarola, in a firm voice. "*That is beyond thy power.*"

By a refinement of cruelty, Savonarola was the last to be put to death. Only when his companions' bodies were already dangling from the two arms of the cross was he hung from the center stake. Then the pile was fired. For a moment the wind blew the flames aside, leaving the corpses untouched. "A miracle, a miracle!" cried the trembling Piagnoni, but the next instant the fire leapt up and the Piazza resounded with shouts of ferocious triumph. The martyrs' remains were carted away at dusk and cast into the Arno.

Savonarola was dead, his party crushed, but when, in later years, Florence was a prey to the horrors his voice had predicted, the most heroic defenders of his beloved and ungrateful city were Piagnoni who ruled their lives by the Prior's precepts and revered his memory as that of a saint.

WILL THE FRENCH REPUBLIC LAST?

"FRANCE, gradually transformed, has become a pure democracy."—*Jules Grévy (Le Gouvernement Nécessaire*, pamphlet, 1873).

WHEN an American, even one the most friendly toward France, questions a French republican regarding his government, he always finds in some moment of the conversation, no matter how amicable it may be, an occasion for saying: "You have already overthrown two republics, almost three, if, as your great Lafayette affirmed, he selected the best one for you in 1830; do you believe that this one will last?"

I reply to the doubt:

Without going back as far as the Deluge, it is easy to show that the primitive character of our race was democratic.

Our ancestors, the Gauls, were levelers, attached to the form of an elective government; they only recognized worth in those who proved it individually, either in the art of speech in the assemblies of the nation, or in the art of war in battle. At the time of great national crises the Gaulish confederations elected a chief for the duration of the danger, and set him aside if he proved himself unworthy of the suffrages of free men.

After the Frankish conquest, while a victorious foreign aristocracy raised the walls of its strongholds, to oppress and dominate the slaves, the freemen and the affranchised colonists of Rome, reconciled before the common enemy, imitated the Latin cities, fortified the Gaulish clans, raised the ramparts of towns, to close within them and to defend therein democracy and liberty.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Philippe-le-Bel, copying the old Gaulish charters that were carefully guarded in the archives of cities, convoked the assemblies of the nation. At the *Etats-Généraux* the democratic element re-appeared in two orders: in the clergy,—composed of the younger sons of the nobility, of merchants' sons, of *bourgeois*, of affranchised serfs,—and in the Third Estate.

The great Gaulish tribe of free men, the Latin colony of citizens, had not therefore

been annihilated by the feudal aristocracy. It found itself again, after eight centuries, in the communes that were affranchised by royal power, ready to deliver royalty from the yoke of the lords and from the yoke of Papacy.

Scarcely rescued, by the united help of the cities and of the States, the French monarchy, attributing to itself the tyrannical privileges of the vanquished powers, became despotic, declared itself infallible, and oppressed those who had snatched it from oppression. The king of France, throwing a challenge to the nation, dared to say: "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

The old Latin-Gaul at once re-undertook, against royalty, the struggle it had carried on against feudalism. It was the national assemblies, the *Etats-Généraux*, that overthrew the monarchy which had become aristocratic and Frankish in its turn.

The French Revolution proclaimed the victory of democracy, which had not ceased its growth throughout the ages of our history; to the recognition of the Gaulish principles of the rights of free men, the revolution added the classical form of the Latin republic.

There issued from this great national uprising—like a tempest that throws impurities to the shore—a singular fact: while the Gaulish territories and the Gallo-Roman cities proclaimed the triumph of the nation, the Frankish nobility returned to Coblentz, on the other side of the Rhine, whence it had come.

At this moment, the Gallo-Latin revolution was personified in three men belonging to the Third Estate: Mirabeau, of a Latin family; Danton, born in the Aube, (whence foreigners were driven by the law which compelled forfeiture to the crown of an alien's property, on his death;) and Monsieur de Robespierre, of a Picard stock, a Gaulish race that had given birth to Velleda.

Why did not the French Revolution that had been prepared so long, during centuries, and that was based upon the primitive elements of democracy, which had unceasingly increased,—why did not this revolution that remained, after all, mistress of the power of the nation—why did it not know how to preserve, on its first trial of government, the republican form?

Because the lower classes of France that were thoroughly Gaulish did not identify the republic with the revolution. Left to themselves they would have raised a military chief, which they did do later. Still barbarous, they were ignorant of the traditions of the Latin or Italian republics, from which the cities gathered strength,—and it was the cities that proclaimed the republic.

What the majority of the nation wished was that democracy should reign, should govern. Not one of the castes that was favored by the revolution would have consented to have allowed itself to be dispossessed of a franchise. The earth was cultivated without taxation; the merchant followed his trade freely; the soldier did not see fetters of birth raised between himself and his rank. The government seemed, in comparison to these immortal conquests, an affair of but little importance, especially as it had been conceived in all its parts by men of letters, by "philosophers," as they said then, and from the fact that the two-thirds of the country did not understand its formulas and phrases, overflowing as they were with classical reminiscences.

The idea of the nation alone excited the Gauls; they even went so far as to substitute for it the idea of country. The Romans found in it the city, the commune, the struggle of opposite parties, but very few persons attached themselves to the republic—a conception too elevated for them, and appreciable only by a small number of educated people.

When the nation, the country, the fields, the commune, were in danger, those who perhaps would not have given their lives for the republic, feeling awakened within them the military instincts of two races, rushed almost without arms to the frontier.

To the French people, composed of these elements which I have analyzed, the first revelation of national pride did not come from institutions, but from renown, and the victories of military men fascinated them more than did the quarrels of lawyers.

The love of war and of battle was so great in France that those who remained away from the armies wished to have their share in heroic combats also. They sought enemies around them, and they found them. The country was in danger without, they saw it imperiled within. Patriots rained death externally, they made it rain internally. More than one Jacobin thought he was saving France by killing his enemies the royalists, while the delegates of the *Comité de Salut Public* exterminated foreigners, the friends of the *émigrés*.

The Terror was considered as powerful a means for delivering France as was victory in the field. By suppressing the nobility and the courageous, active individualities of the

privileged classes, by raising farmers, masons, blacksmiths and postillions to the rank of army commanders, the Government made havoc of democracy, but did not consolidate the republic.

The disciples of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of the reformers of all ages, of the philosophers of all times, might disappear, the republic might be repudiated, without the majority of the country believing that equality and democracy were menaced, and the Emperor Napoleon could be crowned without the peasant in his field and in his municipality, without the national clergy in its parishes, sheltered by the Concordat, without the soldier in his ambition, fearing the re-establishment of "privileges."

It is necessary to reiterate these facts in spite of the protestation of partisans. Cæsarism is democratic, although it creates a disturbing democracy,—the institutions of the Empire and those of the Republic are identical. There is only one differential point between the two forms of government—an imperceptible point for the people, until it has seen it enlarge, extend, swell and pour frightful calamities over the nation.

The Empire, which is a personal government, develops democratic institutions for its own profit; one man directs the national sovereignty for his benefit and for that of his dynasty: while the Republic is national sovereignty developing itself, the country governing itself, and being benefited by its own resources and conforming its institutions for the general need, not for individual wants.

The Emperor Napoleon—and there is no reason for being astonished at this—seemed, therefore, to the masses the continuator of the revolution, the defender of democracy.

After a time, it had to be recognized that the private interests of an emperor may be in contradiction to the public interests of the nation. The peasant saw invasion ravage his land, war overburden him with taxes, the Imperial government carry off his sons; merchants saw blockade stop commerce, the army take away arms from industry, the fortune of France compromised. The soldiers themselves, wearied by defeat, saw only the miseries of glory.

The nation, for a moment exhausted and vanquished, let itself be surprised by the European coalition and by the invasion, and, as it could not resist it, in spite of the united efforts of the false Imperial democracy and of the true democracy of the revolution, it capitulated and endured the government of a Bourbon, "a friend to his enemies."

The exhaustion lasted but a little while; the strength of the French democracy was revived with the force of an indestructible body! The old ideas of charter, of reform were taken up again, and followed out in history by liberal writers; an opposition was formed which endeavored to instruct the French democracy, and to associate in its mind, in a better manner, democratic and republican principles.

The revolution of 1830 arose, created again by the educated classes of the cities, and was accepted as before by the French democratic nation; but it was powerless to attempt even a bad republic. The *bourgeoisie*, becoming aristocratic after having conquered the aristocracy, as royalty had become despotic after having vanquished feudalism, took possession of power, and created a privileged caste in the democracy.

But already the republican party, free from its classical conceptions of republics, its illusions destroyed with regard to the benefits of an Imperial democracy, no more in contact with a certain number of educated workmen, and increased by the addition of "capacity,"—which had till then been unrecognized by the leading classes, but which was already influential,—looked below, saw the depths of the disorganization of the democracy, the hunger of its wants and became eager to satisfy demands that were without doubt legitimate, but which were still violent, disorderly and infeasible and it went wrong a second time. The republican party, which at the epoch of the first revolution had not sufficiently taken into account the silent masses of the French democracy, was lost in 1848 with it, and with them.

The democratic and socialist republican regarded the State as an individuality, a a person, whose duty it was to make a distribution of riches, to create labor, to establish credit, to decree reform—a dangerous, Utopian dream, which made the masses believe that they could exact public prosperity and a benign government.

The systems of Fourier, of Cabet, of Louis Blanc, etc., were therefore held in honor until they had thrown the people into the arms of a second Emperor, "destined to extinguish pauperism." Again was witnessed the spectacle of an empire with popular, democratic institutions, re-establishing universal suffrage (which had been suppressed by the reaction), taking care of

laborers, giving a forced impulse to credit, to commerce, to industry, and creating by this false democracy a false prosperity and a false extinction of pauperism.

The republicans, who had become more numerous, less ignorant, less Utopian, less passionate, were struck by the similitude of the advent of the two empires, and they studied and investigated more seriously the bearings and relations of democracy and republican government.

Influential men of the leading classes, united with the eminent personalities of the "new social stratas," foresaw the disasters brought about by the empire, and endeavored to destroy the terrible impression which the republic of 1793 had left upon the country, and to calm the anxiety which the *bourgeoisie* and the peasants felt in consequence of the Utopian ideas concerning the division of land and of money disseminated by 1848. Instructed by the working of universal suffrage for twenty years, struck by the irresistible power of the popular masses, and convinced of their growing capacity, they finally conceived a republic born of the democracy, the living expression of national sovereignty, which should invite the country to take the initiative itself, the responsibility of reforms, and to endow every freeman with the power of participating in the government in the person of his representatives.

The republic became, therefore, in the minds of liberal statesmen of all parties, the regulated working of the democracy, the one logical and necessary government, and, according to the judgment of Monsieur Thiers, gathered from his own lips by Edmund Adam, a few years before the end of the empire: "The republic would rise from out the first national calamity, and henceforth be indestructible."

The calamities came, and the republic rose from them. The mistakes of a democracy warped by the revolution of 1848, excited by the empire, maddened by public misfortunes (turned to profit by our enemies of all kinds—both external and internal), would certainly for a third time have overthrown the republic, if the divisions of the monarchical parties had not contributed to increase the number of the partisans of the republican government.

"France," wrote Monsieur Jules Grévy, at the time of the attempts toward a legitimist restoration, "will only find its safety in the organization of the democracy."

"The coming of the new social stratas," said Monsieur Gambetta, "by creating a middle power between the directing classes and the people, permits France to advance with equilibrium."

It is thus that both tradition and development permit the Gallo-Latin and French mind to be summed up in one word: Democracy. Thus French democracy is in possession of all its rights through universal suffrage. Thus two attempts of the empire, ending in two national catastrophes, have convinced the democracy of the need of a republican form of government.

It is true that the wheels of the republic still grind harshly sometimes; the dissensions of the republican groups among themselves, the ignorance of the greater part of the nation, or a false political education,—a fault due to socialism on one side, to Imperialism on the other,—give to certain political manifestations, to certain speeches, to certain opinions proclaimed in journalism, a superficial importance, and foreigners living in a capital where everything is exaggerated, where everything resounds, where everything reverberates, believe that France is still disturbed, and that the republic is not durable.

Since I am addressing the great American nation, that is so republican, so devoted to its government, so careful of order, of democracy and of liberty, I will end with a contradictory comparison between it and France, and I hope to convince my readers of the inutility of the fears which our friends express concerning our political future.

When America established the republican government, she was able to endow it with unlimited liberty. If the exact formula of the liberty of citizens is this: "the liberty of each individual is limited by the liberty of others," in America during many years, on account of the immensity of its widespread surface, her citizens did not easily encounter this limit, and the words unlimited liberty were well chosen for the earliest institutions of the American republic.

However, in proportion to the agglomeration of the population, when the great centers were overflowing with inhabitants, did not the limit created by the liberty of others become narrower, thus diminishing the sum of each one's liberty?

Instead of seeking reform in the conquest of a larger amount of liberty for the individual, the American democracy sought it in the larger amount of protection.

I could cite a great many facts to prove that the difficulty in reform comes from the condition of surroundings, from interests,

and that when it is a question of liberty, it is necessary to take into consideration the limits existing between citizens.

What was more disturbed than the small Italian republics shut up in cities?

We are advancing in France toward liberty amid a great number of impediments, because, at the smallest reform, obstacles arise between individuals who are closely united, and between interests that are entangled. The new rights overthrow too many old ones; and the apparent disorder, the groping, the drawing back, the hesitation, the resistance come, so to speak, from our agglomeration.

I claim, therefore, for my party, and for the establishment of the French republic, the work of time. The history of the two Presidential terms of Washington, and the correspondence of the admirable founder of the American republic, furnish me an example of the puerility of weakness, of the conflicts, of the competitions of individuals which must be overcome to establish a free government.

I have said of the republic, which the insurrection of the Commune might have overthrown, that it triumphed over its enemies on account of their divisions. The triumph of the republican party is a definite one for the same reason.

The republican parliamentary groups in the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, accustomed to struggle against the Empire, against the 24th of May, against the 16th of May, though committing faults unceasingly, have all the qualities of the party of opposition, and none of those of the governmental party. The danger would be grave, if, for the same reasons, the conservative parties, and, above all, the Imperial party, which is the most numerous, had not more governmental qualities than qualities of opposition.

MIDSUMMER.

WHITE as a blossom is the kerchief quaint,
Over her sumptuous shoulders lightly laid;
Fairer than any picture men could paint,
In the cool orchard's fragrant light and shade.

She stands and waits: some pensive dream enfolds
Her beauty sweet, and bows her radiant head;
The delicate pale roses that she holds
Seem to have borrowed of her cheek their red.

She waits, like some superb but drooping flower,
To feel the touch of morning and the sun,
And o'er her head the glowing petals shower,
And to her feet the shifting sunbeams run.

I follow to her feet their pathway fine,
And while my voice the charmed silence breaks,
What startled splendors from her deep eyes shine!
Into what glory my rich flower awakes!

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PIQUE-EN-TERRE LOSES ONE OF HER CREW.

ASK the average resident of New Orleans if his town is on an island, and he will tell you no. He will also wonder how any one could have got that notion,—so completely has Orleans Island, whose name at the beginning of the present century was in everybody's mouth, been forgotten. It was once a question of national policy, a point of difference between Republican and Federalist, whether the United States ought to buy this little strip of semi-submerged land, or whether it would not be more righteous to steal it. The Kentuckians kept the question at a red heat by threatening to become an empire by themselves if one course or the other was not taken; but when the First Consul offered to sell all Louisiana, our commissioners were quite robbed of breath. They had approached to ask a hair from the elephant's tail, and were offered the elephant.

For Orleans Island—island it certainly was until General Jackson closed Bayou Manchac—is a narrow, irregular, flat tract of forest, swamp, city, prairie and sea-marsh lying east and west, with the Mississippi, trending south-eastward, for its southern boundary, and for its northern, a parallel and contiguous chain of alternate lakes and bayous, opening into the river through Bayou Manchac, and into the Gulf through the passes of the Malheureuse Islands. On the narrowest part of it stands New Orleans. Turning and looking back over the rear of the town, one may easily see from her steeples Lake Pontchartrain glistening away to the northern horizon, and in his fancy extend the picture to right and left till Pontchartrain is linked in the west by Pass Manchac to Lake Maurepas, and in the east by the Rigolets and Chef Menteur to Lake Borgne.

An oddity of the Mississippi Delta is the habit the little streams have of running away from the big ones. The river makes its own bed and its own banks, and continuing season after season, through ages of alternate overflow and subsidence, to elevate those banks, creates a ridge which thus becomes a natural elevated aqueduct. Other slightly elevated ridges mark the present or former courses of minor outlets, by which the waters of the Mississippi have found the sea. Between these ridges lie the cypress swamps, through whose profound shades the clear, dark, deep bayous creep noiselessly away into the tall grasses of the shaking prairies. The original New Orleans was built on the Mississippi ridge, with one of these forest-and-water-covered basins stretching back behind her to westward and northward, closed in by Metairie Ridge and Lake Pontchartrain. Local engineers preserve the tradition that the Bayou Sauvage once had its rise, so to speak, in Toulouse street. Though depleted by the city's present drainage system and most likely poisoned by it as well, its waters still move seaward in a course almost due easterly, and empty into Chef Menteur, one of the watery threads of a tangled skein of "passes" between the lakes and the open Gulf. Three-quarters of a century ago this Bayou Sauvage (or Gentilly—corruption of Chantilly) was a navigable stream of wild and somber beauty.

On a certain morning in August, 1804, and consequently some five months after the events last mentioned, there emerged from the darkness of Bayou Sauvage into the prairie-bordered waters of Chef Menteur, while the morning star was still luminous in the sky above and in the water below, and only the practiced eye could detect the first glimmer of day, a small, stanch, single-masted, broad and very light-draught boat, whose innocent character, primarily indicated in its coat of many colors,—the hull being yellow below the water line and white above, with tasteful stripings of blue and red,—was further accentuated by the peaceful name of *Pique-en-terre* (the Sandpiper).

She seemed, too, as she entered the Chef Menteur, as if she would have liked to turn southward; but the wind did not permit this, and in a moment more the water was rippling after her swift rudder, as she glided away in the direction of Pointe Aux Herbes.

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But when she had left behind her the mouth of the passage, she changed her course and, leaving the Pointe on her left, bore down toward Petites Coquilles, obviously bent upon passing through the Rigolets.

We know not how to describe the joyousness of the effect when at length one leaves behind him the shadow and gloom of the swamp, and there bursts upon his sight the wide-spread, flower-decked, bird-haunted prairies of Lake Catharine. The inside and outside of a prison scarcely furnish a greater contrast; and on this fair August morning the contrast was at its strongest. The day broke across a glad expanse of cool and fragrant green, silver-laced with a net-work of crisp salt pools and passes, lakes, bayous and lagoons, that gave a good smell, the inspiring odor of interclasped sea and shore, and both beautified and perfumed the happy earth, laid bare to the rising sun. Waving marshes of wild oats, drooping like sated youth from too much pleasure; watery acres hid under crisp-growing greenth starred with pond-lilies and rippled by water-fowl; broad stretches of high grass, with thousands of ecstatic wings palpitating above them; hundreds of thousands of white and pink mallows clapping their hands in voiceless rapture, and that amazon queen of the wild flowers, the morning-glory, stretching her myriad lines, lifting up the trumpet and waving her colors, white, azure and pink, with lacings of spider's web, heavy with pearls and diamonds—the gifts of the summer night. The crew of the *Pique-en-terre* saw all these and felt them; for, whatever they may have been or failed to be, they were men whose heart-strings responded to the touches of nature. One alone of their company, and he the one who should have felt them most, showed insensibility, sighed laughingly and then laughed sighingly in the face of his fellows and of all this beauty, and profanely confessed that his heart's desire was to get back to his wife. He had been absent from her now for nine hours!

But the sun is getting high; Petites Coquilles has been passed and left astern, the eastern end of Las Conchas is on the after-larboard-quarter, the broad waters of Lake Borgne flash far and wide their dazzling white and blue, and, as the little boat issues from the deep channel of the Rigolets, the white-armed waves catch her like a merry babe. A triumph and toss for the helmsman—he it is who sighs, at intervals of tiresome frequency, for his wife. He had, from the very starting-place in the upper waters of Bayou Sauvage, declared in favor of the Rigolets as—wind and tide considered—the most practicable of all the passes. Now that they were out, he forgot for a moment the self-amusing plaint of conjugal separation to flaunt his triumph. Would any one hereafter dispute with him on the subject of Louisiana sea-coast navigation? He knew every pass and piece of water like A, B, C, and could tell, faster, much faster than he could repeat the multiplication table (upon which he was a little slow and doubtful), the amount of water in each at ebb tide—Pass Jean or Petit Pass, Unknown Pass, Petit Rigolet, Chef Menteur,——

Out on the far southern horizon, in the Gulf—the Gulf of Mexico—there appears a speck of white. It is known to those on board the *Pique-en-terre*, the moment it is descried, as the canvas of a large schooner. The opinion, first expressed by the youthful husband, who still reclines with the tiller held firmly under his arm, and then by another member of the company who sits on the center-board-well, is unanimously adopted, that she is making for the Rigolets will pass Petites Coquilles by eleven o'clock and will tie up at the little port of St. Jean on the bayou of the same name, before sun down, if the wind holds anywise as it is.

On the other hand, the master of the distant schooner shuts his glass, and says to the single passenger whom he has aboard that the little sail just visible toward the Rigolets is a sloop with a half-deck, well filled with men, in all probability a pleasure-party bound to the Chandeleurs on a fishing and gunning excursion, and passes into comments on the superior skill of landsmen over seamen in the handling of small sailing craft.

By and by the two vessels near each other. They approach within hailing distance, and are announcing each to each their identity, when the young man at the tiller jerks himself to a squatting posture, and from under a broad-brimmed and slouched straw hat, cries to the schooner's one passenger:

"Hello, Challie Keene!"

And the passenger more quietly answers back:

"Hello, Raoul, is that you?"

M. Innerarity replied, with a profane parenthesis, that it was he.

"You kin hask Sylvestre!" he concluded.

The doctor's eye passed around a semi-circle of some eight men, the most of who were quite young, but one or two of who

were gray, sitting with their arms thrown out upon the wash-board, in the dark négligé of amateur fishermen and with that exultant look of expectant deviltry in their handsome faces which characterizes the Creole with his collar off.

The mettlesome little doctor felt the odds against him in the exchange of greetings.

"Ola, Dawctah!"

"*Hé*, Doctah, *que-ce qui t'après fé?*"

"*Ho, ho, compère Noyo!*"

"*Comment va*, Docta?"

A light peppering of profanity accompanied each salute.

The doctor put on defensively a smile of superiority to the juniors and of courtesy to the others, and responsively spoke their names:

"'Polyte — Sylvestre — Achille — Emile — ah! Agamemnon."

The doctor and Agamemnon raised their hats.

As Agamemnon was about to speak, a general expostulatory outcry drowned his voice; the *Pique-en-terre* was going about close abreast of the schooner, and angry questions and orders were flying at Raoul's head like a volley of eggs.

"Messieurs," said Raoul, partially rising but still stooping over the tiller, and taking his hat off his bright curls with mock courtesy, "I am going back to New Orleans. I would not give *that* for all the fish in the sea; I want to see my wife. I am going back to New Orleans to see my wife—and to congratulate the city upon your absence." Incredulity, expostulation, reproach, taunt, malediction—he smiled unmoved upon them all. "Messieurs, I *must* go and see my wife."

Amid redoubled outcries he gave the helm to Camille Brahmin, and fighting his way with his pretty feet against half-real efforts to throw him overboard, clambered forward to the mast, whence a moment later, with the help of the schooner-master's hand, he reached the deck of the larger vessel. The *Pique-en-terre* turned, and with a little flutter spread her smooth wing and skimmed away.

"Doctah Keene, look yeh!" M. Innerarity held up a hand whose third finger wore the conventional ring of the Creole bridegroom. "W'at you got to say to dat?"

The little doctor felt a faintness run through his veins, and a thrill of anger follow it. The poor man could not imagine a love affair that did not include Clotilde Nancanou.

"Whom have you married?"

"De pritties' gal in de citty."

The questioner controlled himself.

"M-hum," he responded, with a contraction of the eyes.

Raoul waited an instant for some kindlier comment, and finding the hope vain, suddenly assumed a look of delighted admiration.

"Hi, yi, yi! Doctah, 'ow you har lookingue fine."

The true look of the doctor was that he had not much longer to live. A smile of bitter humor passed over his face, and he looked for a near seat, saying:

"How's Frowenfeld?"

Raoul struck an ecstatic attitude and stretched forth his hand as if the doctor could not fail to grasp it. The invalid's heart sank like lead.

"Frowenfeld has got her," he thought.

"Well?" said he, with a frown of impatience and restraint; and Raoul cried:

"I sole my pig-shoe!"

The doctor could not help but laugh.

"Shades of the masters!"

"No; 'Louizyanna rif-using to hantre de h-Union.'"

The doctor stood corrected.

The two walked across the deck, following the shadow of the swinging sail. The doctor lay down in a low-swung hammock, and Raoul sat upon the deck *à la Turque*.

"Come, Raoul, tell me, what is the news?"

"News? Oh, I donno. You 'eard concernin' the dool?"

"You don't mean to say——"

"Yesseh!"

"Agricole and Sylvestre?"

"W'at de dev'! No! Burr an' 'Ammiltong; in Noo-Juzzylas-June. Collonnel Burr, 'e——"

"Oh, fudge! yes. How is Frowenfeld?"

"'E's well. Guess 'ow much I sole my pig-shoe."

"Well, how much?"

"Two 'ondred fifty." He laid himself out at length, his elbow on the deck, his head in his hand. "I believe I'm sorry I sole 'er."

"I don't wonder. How's Honoré? Tell me what has happened. Remember, I've been away five months."

"No; I am verrie glad dat I sole 'er. What? Ha! I should think so! If it have not had been fo' dat I would not be married to-day. You think I would get married on dat sal'rie w'at Proffis-or Frowenfel' was payin' me? Twenty-five dolla' de

mont'? Docta Keene, no gen'leman h-ought to git married if 'e 'ave not anny'ow fifty dolla' de mont'! If I wasn' a h-artiz I wouldn' git married; I gie you my word!"

"Yes," said the little doctor, "you are right. Now tell me the news."

"Well, dat Cong-ress gone an' mak'——"

"Raoul, stop. I know that Congress has divided the province into two territories; I know you Creoles think all your liberties are lost; I know the people are in a great stew because they are not allowed to elect their own officers and legislatures, and that in Opelousas and Attakapas they are as wild as their cattle about it——"

"We 'ad two big mitting' about it," interrupted Raoul; "my bro'r-in-law speak at both of them!"

"Who?"

"Chahlie Mandarin."

"Glad to hear it," said Doctor Keene,—which was the truth. "Besides that, I know Laussat has gone to Martinique; that the Américains have a newspaper, and that cotton is two bits a pound. Now what I want to know is, how are my friends? What has Honoré done? What has Frowenfeld done? And Palmyre,—and Agricole? They hustled me away from here as if I had been caught trying to cut my throat. Tell me everything."

And Raoul sank the artist and bridegroom in the historian, and told him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE NEWS.

"My cousin Honoré,—well, you kin jus' say 'e bit-ray' 'is 'ole fam'ly."

"How so?" asked Doctor Keene, with a handkerchief over his face to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Well,—ce't'nly 'e did! Di'n' 'e gave dat money to Aurore De Grapion?—one 'undred five t'ousan' dolla'? Jis' as if to say, 'Yeh's de money my h-uncle stole from you' 'usban'.' Hah! w'en I will swear on a stack of Bible' as 'igh as yo' head, dat Agricole win dat 'abitation fair!—If I see it? No, sir; I don't 'ave to see it! I'll swear to it! Hah!"

"And have she and her daughter actually got the money?"

"She—an'—heh—daughtah—ac—shilly—got-'at-money-sir! W'at? Dey livin' in de rue Royale in mag-*niff*ycen' style on top de drug-sto' of Proffis-or Frowenfel'."

"But how, over Frowenfeld's, when Frowenfeld's is a one-story——"

"My dear frien'! Proffis-or Frowenfel' is *moove!* You rickleck dat big new t'ree-story buildin' w'at jus' finished, in de rue Royale, a lill mo' farther up town from his old shop? Well, we open dare a *big sto'!* An' listen! You think Honoré di'n' bit-rayed 'is family? Madame Nancanou an' heh daughtah livin' upstair' an' rissy-ving de finess soci'ty in de Province!—an' *me?*—down-stair' meckin' pill'! You call dat justice?"

But Doctor Keene, without waiting for this question, had asked one:

"Does Frowenfeld board with them?"

"Psh-sh-sh! Board! Dey woon board de Marquis of Casa-Calvo! I don' b'lieve dey would board Honoré Grandissime! All de king' an' queen' in de worl' couldn' board dare! No, sir!—'Owever, you know, I think dey are splendid ladies. Me an' my wife, we know them well. An' Honoré—I think my cousin Honoré's a splendid gen'le man, too." After a moment's pause he resumed, with a happy sigh, "Well, I don care, I'm married. A man w'at's married, 'e don' care. But I di'n' think Honoré could ever do lak dat odder t'ing."

"Do he and Joe Frowenfeld visi there?"

"Doctah Keene," demanded Raoul, ig noring the question, "I hask you now plain, don' you find dat mighty disgressfu to do dat way, lak Honoré?"

"What way?"

"W'at? You dunno? You don' ye 'ow 'e gone partner' wid a nigga?"

"What do you mean?"

Doctor Keene drew the handkerchief o his face and half-lifted his feeble head.

"Yesseh! 'e gone partner' wid dat quad roon w'at call 'imself Honoré Grandissim seh!"

The doctor dropped his head again an laid the handkerchief back on his face.

"What do the family say to that?"

"But w'at *can* dey say? It save de from ruin! At de sem time, me, I think is a disgress. Not dat he h-use de mone but it is dat name w'at 'e give de h-establis men'—Grandissime Frères! H-only for money we would 'ave catch' dat quadroo gen'leman an' put some tar and fedd Grandissime Frères! Agricole don' spi to my cousin Honoré no mo'! But I thi dass wrong. W'at you t'ink, Doctor?"

That evening, at candle-light, Raoul g the right arm of his slender, laughing w

about his neck; but Doctor Keene tarried all night in suburb St. Jean. He hardly felt the moral courage to face the results of the last five months. Let us understand them better ourselves.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN INDIGNANT FAMILY AND A SMASHED SHOP.

It was indeed a fierce storm that had passed over the head of Honoré Grandissime. Taken up and carried by it, as it seemed to him, without volition, he had felt himself thrown here and there, wrenched, torn, gasping for moral breath, speaking the right word as if in delirium, doing the right deed as if by helpless instinct, and seeing himself in every case, at every turn, tricked by circumstance out of every vestige of merit. So it seemed to him. The long contemplated restitution was accomplished. On the morning when Aurora and Clotilde had expected to be turned shelterless into the open air, they had called upon him in his private office and presented the account of which he had put them in possession the evening before. He had honored it on the spot. To the two ladies who felt their own hearts stirred almost to tears of gratitude, he was—as he sat before them calm, unmoved, handling keen-edged facts with the easy rapidity of one accustomed to use them, smiling courteously and collectedly, parrying their expressions of appreciation—to them, we say, at least to one of them, he was "the prince of gentlemen." But, at the same time, there was within him, unseen, a surge of emotions, leaping, lashing, whirling, yet ever hurrying onward along the hidden, rugged bed of his honest intention.

The other restitution, which even twenty-four hours earlier might have seemed a pure self-sacrifice, became a self-rescue. The f. m. c. was the elder brother. A remark of Honoré, made the night they watched in the corridor by Doctor Keene's door, about the younger's "right to exist," was but the echo of a conversation they had once had together in Europe. There they had practiced a familiarity of intercourse which Louisiana would not have endured, and once, when speaking upon the subject of their common fatherhood, the f. m. c., prone to melancholy speech, had said:

"You are the lawful son of Numa Grandissime; I had no right to be born."

But Honoré quickly answered:

"By the laws of men, it may be; but by the law of God's justice, you are the lawful son, and it is I who should not have been born."

But, returned to Louisiana, accepting, with the amiable, old-fashioned philosophy of conservatism, the sins of the community, he had forgotten the unchampioned rights of his passive half-brother. Contact with Frowenfeld had robbed him of his pleasant mental drowsiness, and the oft-encountered apparition of the dark sharer of his name had become a slow-stepping, silent embodiment of reproach. The turn of events had brought him face to face with the problem of restitution, and he had solved it. But where had he come out? He had come out the beneficiary of this restitution, extricated from bankruptcy by an agreement which gave the f. m. c. only a public recognition of kinship which had always been his due. Bitter cup of humiliation!

Such was the stress within. Then there was the storm without. The Grandissimes were in a high state of excitement. The news had reached them all, that Honoré had met the question of titles by selling one of their largest estates. It was received with wincing frowns, indrawn breath and lifted feet, but without protest, and presently with a smile of returning confidence.

"Honoré knew; Honoré was informed; they had all authorized Honoré; and Honoré, though he might have his odd ways and notions, picked up during that unfortunate stay abroad, might safely be trusted to stand by the interests of his people."

After the first shock, some of them even raised a laugh:

"Ha, ha, ha! Honoré would show those Yankees!"

They went to his counting-room and elsewhere, in search of him, to smite their hands into the hands of their far-seeing young champion. But, as we have seen, they did not find him; none dreamed of looking for him in an enemy's camp (19 Bienville) or on the lonely suburban commons, talking to himself in the ghostly twilight; and the next morning, while Aurora and Clotilde were seated before him in his private office, looking first at the face and then at the back of two mighty drafts of equal amount on Philadelphia, the cry of treason flew forth to these astounded Grandissimes, followed by the word that the sacred fire was gone out in the Grandissime temple

(counting-room), that Delilahs in duplicate were carrying off the holy treasures, and that the uncircumcised and unclean—even an f. m. c.—was about to be inducted into the Grandissime priesthood.

Aurora and Clotilde were still there, when the various members of the family began to arrive and display their outlines in impatient shadow-play upon the glass door of the private office; now one, and now another, dallied with the door-knob and by and by obtruded their lifted hats and urgent, anxious faces half into the apartment; but Honoré would only glance toward them, and with a smile equally courteous, authoritative and fleeting, say:

"Good-morning, Camille" (or Chahlie—or Agamemnon, as the case might be), "I will see you later; let me trouble you to close the door."

To add yet another strain, the two ladies, like frightened, rescued children, would cling to their deliverer. They wished him to become the custodian and investor of their wealth. Ah, woman! who is a tempter like thee? But Honoré said no, and showed them the danger of such a course.

"Suppose I should die suddenly. You might have trouble with my executors."

The two beauties assented pensively; but in Aurora's bosom a great throb secretly responded that as for her, in that case, she should have no use for money—in a nunnery.

"Would not Monsieur at least consent to be their financial adviser?"

He hemmed, commenced a sentence twice, and finally said:

"You will need an agent; some one to take full charge of your affairs; some person on whose sagacity and integrity you can place the fullest dependence."

"Who, for instance?" asked Aurora.

"I should say, without hesitation, Professor Frowenfeld, the apothecary. You know his trouble of yesterday is quite cleared up. You had not heard? Yes. He is not what we call an enterprising man, but—so much the better. Take him all in all, I would choose him above all others; if you——"

Aurora interrupted him. There was an ill-concealed wildness in her eye and a slight tremor in her voice, as she spoke, which she had not expected to betray. The quick, though quiet, eye of Honoré saw it, and it thrilled him through.

"'Sieur Grandissime, I take the risk; I wish you to take care of my money."

"But, Maman," said Clotilde, turning with a timid look to her mother, "if Monsieur Grandissime would rather not——"

Aurora, feeling alarmed at what she had said, rose up. Clotilde and Honoré did the same, and he said:

"With Professor Frowenfeld in charge of your affairs, I shall feel them not entirely removed from my care also. We are very good friends."

Clotilde looked at her mother. The three exchanged glances. The ladies signified their assent and turned to go, but M. Grandissime stopped them.

"By your leave, I will send for him. If you will be seated again——"

They thanked him and resumed their seats; he excused himself, and passed into the counting-room and sent a messenger for the apothecary.

M. Grandissime's meeting with his kinsmen was a stormy one. Aurora and Clotilde heard the strife begin, increase, subside, rise again and decrease. They heard men stride heavily to and fro, they heard hands smite together, palms fall upon tables and fists upon desks, heard half-understood statement and unintelligible counter-statement and derisive laughter; and, in the midst of all, like the voice of a man who rules himself, the clear-noted, unimpassioned speech of Honoré, sounding so loftily beautiful to the ear of Aurora that when Clotilde looked at her, sitting motionless with her rapt eyes lifted up, those eyes came down to her own with a sparkle of enthusiasm, and she softly said:

"It sounds like St. Gabriel!" and then blushed.

Clotilde answered with a happy, meaning look, which intensified the blush, and then leaning affectionately forward and holding the maman's eyes with her own, she said:

"You have my consent."

"Saucy!" said Aurora. "Wait till I get my own!"

Some of his kinsmen Honoré pacified; some he silenced. He invited all to withdraw their lands and moneys from his charge, and some accepted the invitation. They spurned his parting advice to sell, and the policy they then adopted, and never afterward modified, was that "all-or-nothing" attitude which, as years rolled by, bled them to penury in those famous cupping-leeching-and-bleeding establishments, the courts of Louisiana. You may see their grandchildren, to-day, anywhere within the angle of the old rue Esplanade and rampart, holding up their heads in unspeakable poverty

their nobility kept green by unflinching self-respect, and their poetic and pathetic pride reveling in ancestral, perennial rebellion against common sense.

"That is Agricola," whispered Aurora, with lifted head and eyes dilated and askance, as one deep-chested voice roared above all others.

Agricola stormed.

"Uncle," Aurora by and by heard Honoré say, "shall I leave my own counting-room?"

At that moment Joseph Frowenfeld entered, pausing with one hand on the outer rail. No one noticed him but Honoré, who was watching for him, and who, by a silent motion, directed him into the private office.

"H-whe shake its dust from our feet!" said Agricola, gathering some young retainers by a sweep of his glance and going out down the stair in the arched way, unmoved by the fragrance of warm bread. On the banquette he harangued his followers.

He said that in such times as these every lover of liberty should go armed; that the age of trickery had come; that by trickery Louisianians had been sold, like cattle, to a nation of parvenues, to be dragged before juries for asserting the human right of free trade or ridding the earth of sneaks in the pay of the government; that laws, so-called, had been forged into thumb-screws, and a Congress which had bound itself to give them all the rights of American citizens—sorry boon!—was preparing to slip their birthright acres from under their feet, and leave them hanging, a bait to the vultures of the Américain immigration. Yes; the age of trickery! Its apostles, he said, were even then at work among their fellow-citizens, warping, distorting, blasting, corrupting, poisoning the noble, unsuspecting, confiding Creole mind. For months the devilish work had been allowed, by a patient, peace-loving people, to go on. But shall it go on forever? (Cries of "No!" "No!") The smell of white blood comes on the south breeze. Dessalines and Christophe have recommenced their hellish work. Virginia, too, trembles for the safety of her fair mothers and daughters. We know not what is being plotted in the cane-brakes of Louisiana. But we know that in the face of these things the prelates of trickery are sitting in Washington allowing throats to go unthrottled that talked tenderly about the "negro slave"; we know worse: we know that mixed blood has asked for equal rights from a son of the Louisiana noblesse, and that those sacred rights have been treacherously, pusillanimously surrendered into its possession. Why did we not rise yesterday, when the public heart was stirred? The forbearance of this people would be absurd if it were not saintly. But the time has come when Louisiana must protect herself! If there is one here who will not strike for his lands, his rights and the purity of his race, let him speak! (Cries of "We will rise now!" "Give us a leader!" "Lead the way!")

"Kinsmen, friends," continued Agricola, "meet me at nightfall before the house of this too-long-spared mulatto. Come armed. Bring a few feet of stout rope. By morning the gentlemen of color will know their places better than they do to-day; h-whe shall understand each other! H-whe shall set the negrophiles to meditating."

He waved them away.

With a huzza the accumulated crowd moved off. Chance carried them up the rue Royale; they sang a song; they came to Frowenfeld's. It was an Américain establishment; that was against it. It was a gossiping place of Américain evening loungers; that was against it. It was a sorcerer's den—(we are on an ascending scale); its proprietor had refused employment to some there present, had refused credit to others, was an impudent condemner of the most approved Creole sins, had been beaten over the head only the day before; all these were against it. But, worse still, the building was owned by the f. m. c., and, unluckiest of all, Raoul stood in the door and some of his kinsmen in the crowd stopped to have a word with him. The crowd stopped. A nameless fellow in the throng—he was still singing—said: "Here's the place," and dropped two bricks through the glass of the show-window. Raoul, with a cry of retaliative rage, drew and lifted a pistol; but a kinsman jerked it from him, and three others quickly pinioned him and bore him off struggling, pleased to get him away unhurt. In ten minutes, Frowenfeld's was a broken-windowed, open-doored house, full of unrecognizable rubbish that had escaped the torch only through a chance rumor that the Governor's police were coming, and the consequent stampede of the mob.

Joseph was sitting in M. Grandissime's private office, in council with him and the ladies, and Aurora was just saying:

"Well, anny'ow, 'Sieur Frowenfel', ad laz you consen'!" and gathering her veil from

her lap, when Raoul burst in, all sweat and rage.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', we ruin'! Ow pharmacie knock all in pieces! My pig-shoe is los'!"

He dropped into a chair and burst into tears.

Shall we never learn to withhold our tears until we are sure of our trouble? Raoul little knew the joy in store for him. 'Polyte, it transpired the next day, had rushed in after the first volley of missiles, and while others were gleefully making off with jars of asafœtida and decanters of distilled water, lifted in his arms and bore away unharmed "Louisiana" firmly refusing to the last to enter the Union. It may not be premature to add that about four weeks later Honoré Grandissime, upon Raoul's announcement that he was "betrothed," purchased this painting and presented it to a club of *natural connoisseurs*.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OVER THE NEW STORE.

THE accident of the ladies Nancanou making their new home over Frowenfeld's drug-store, occurred in the following rather amusing way. It chanced that the building was about completed at the time that the apothecary's stock in trade was destroyed; Frowenfeld leased the lower floor. Honoré Grandissime f. m. c. was the owner. He being concealed from his enemies, Joseph treated with that person's inadequately remunerated employé. In those days, as still in the old French Quarter, it was not uncommon for persons, even of wealth, to make their homes over stores, and buildings were constructed with a view to their partition in this way. Hence, in Chartres and Decatur streets, to-day—and in the cross-streets between, so many store-buildings with balconies, dormer windows, and sometimes even belvideres. This new building quickly caught the eye and fancy of Aurora and Clotilde. The apartments for the store were entirely isolated. Through a large *porte-cochère*, opening upon the banquette immediately beside and abreast of the store-front, one entered a high, covered carriage-way with a tesselated pavement and green plastered walls, and reached, just where this way (corridor, the Creoles always called it) opened into a sunny court surrounded with narrow parterres, a broad stairway leading to a hall over the "corridor" and to the drawing-rooms over the store. They liked it! Aurora would find out at once what sort of an establishment was likely to be opened below, and if that proved unexceptionable she would lease the upper part without more ado.

Next day she said:

"Clotilde, thou beautiful, I have signed the lease!"

"Then the store below is to be occupied by a—what?"

"Guess!"

"Ah!"

"Guess a pharmacien!"

Clotilde's lips parted, she was going to smile, when her thought changed and she blushed offendedly.

"Not——"

"'Sieur Frowenf——ah, ha, ha, ha!—*ha, ha, ha!*"

Clotilde burst into tears.

Still they moved in—it was written in the bond; and so did the apothecary; and probably two sensible young lovers never before nor since behaved with such abject fear of each other—for a time. Later, and after much oft-repeated good advice given to each separately and to both together, Honoré Grandissime persuaded them that Clotilde could make excellent use of a portion of her means by re-enforcing Frowenfeld's very slender stock and well filling his rather empty-looking store, and so they signed regular articles of copartnership, blushing frightfully.

Frowenfeld became a visitor, Honoré not; once Honoré had seen the ladies' moneys satisfactorily invested, he kept aloof. It is pleasant here to remark that neither Aurora nor Clotilde made any waste of their sudden acquisitions; they furnished their rooms with much beauty at moderate cost, and their *salon* with artistic, not extravagant, elegance, and, for the sake of greater propriety, employed a decayed lady as housekeeper; but, being discreet in all other directions, they agreed upon one bold outlay—a volante.

Almost any afternoon you might have seen this vehicle on the Terre aux Bœuf, or Bayou, or Tchoupitoulas Road; and because of the brilliant beauty of its occupants it became known from all other volantes as the "meteor."

Frowenfeld's visits were not infrequent; he insisted on Clotilde's knowing just what was being done with her money. Without indulging ourselves in the pleasure of contemplating his continued mental unfolding

we may say that his growth became more rapid in this season of universal expansion; love had entered into his still compacted soul like a cupid into a rose, and was crowding it wide open. However, as yet, it had not made him brave. Aurora used to slip out of the drawing-room, and in some secluded nook of the hall throw up her clasped hands and go through all the motions of screaming merriment.

"The little fool!"—it was of her own daughter she whispered this complimentary remark—"the little fool is afraid of the fish!"

"You!" she said to Clotilde, one evening after Joseph had gone, "you call yourself a Creole girl!"

But she expected too much. Nothing so terrorizes a blushing girl as a blushing man. And then—though they did sometimes digress—Clotilde and her partner met to "talk business" in a purely literal sense.

Aurora, after a time, had taken her money into her own keeping.

"You mighd gid robb' ag'in, you know, 'Sieur Frowenfel'," she said.

But when he mentioned Clotilde's fortune as subject to the same contingency, Aurora replied:

"Ah! bud Clotilde mighd gid robb'!"

But for all the exuberance of Aurora's spirits, there was a cloud in her sky. Indeed, we know it is only when clouds are in the sky that we get the rosiest tints; and so it was with Aurora. One night, when she had heard the wicket in the *porte-cochère* shut behind three evening callers, one of whom she had rejected a week before, another of whom she expected to dispose similarly, and the last of whom was Joseph Frowenfeld, she began such a merry raillery at Clotilde and such a hilarious ridicule of the "Professor" that Clotilde would have wept again had not Aurora, all at once, in the midst of a laugh, dropped her face in her hands and run from the room in tears. It is one of the penalties we pay for being joyous, that nobody thinks us capable of care or the victim of trouble until, in some moment of extraordinary expansion, our bubble of gayety bursts. Aurora had been crying of nights. Even that same night, Clotilde awoke, opened her eyes and beheld her mother risen from the pillow and sitting upright in the bed beside her; the moon, shining brightly through the bars, revealed with distinctness her head slightly drooped, her face again in her hands and the dark folds of her hair falling about her shoulders, half-concealing the richly embroidered bosom of her snowy gown, and coiling in continuous abundance about her waist and on the slight summer covering of the bed. Before her on the sheet lay a white paper. Clotilde did not try to decipher the writing on it; she knew, at sight, the slip that had fallen from the statement of account on the evening of the ninth of March. Aurora withdrew her hands from her face—Clotilde shut her eyes; she heard Aurora put the paper in her bosom.

"Clotilde," she said, very softly.

"Maman," the daughter replied, opening her eyes, then she reached up her arms and drew the dear head down.

"Clotilde, once upon a time I woke this way, and, while you were asleep, left the bed and made a vow to Monsieur Danny. Oh! it was a sin! But I cannot do those things now; I have been frightened ever since. I shall never do so any more. I shall never commit another sin as long as I live!"

Their lips met fervently.

"My sweet sweet," whispered Clotilde, "you looked so beautiful sitting up with the moonlight all around you!"

"Clotilde, my beautiful daughter," said Aurora, pushing her bedmate from her and pretending to repress a smile, "I tell you now, because you don't know, and it is my duty as your mother to tell you—the meanest wickedness a woman can do in all this bad, bad world is to look ugly in bed!"

Clotilde answered nothing, and Aurora dropped her outstretched arms, turned away with an involuntary, tremulous sigh, and, after two or three hours of patient wakefulness, fell asleep.

But at daybreak next morning, he that wrote the paper had not closed his eyes.

(To be continued.)

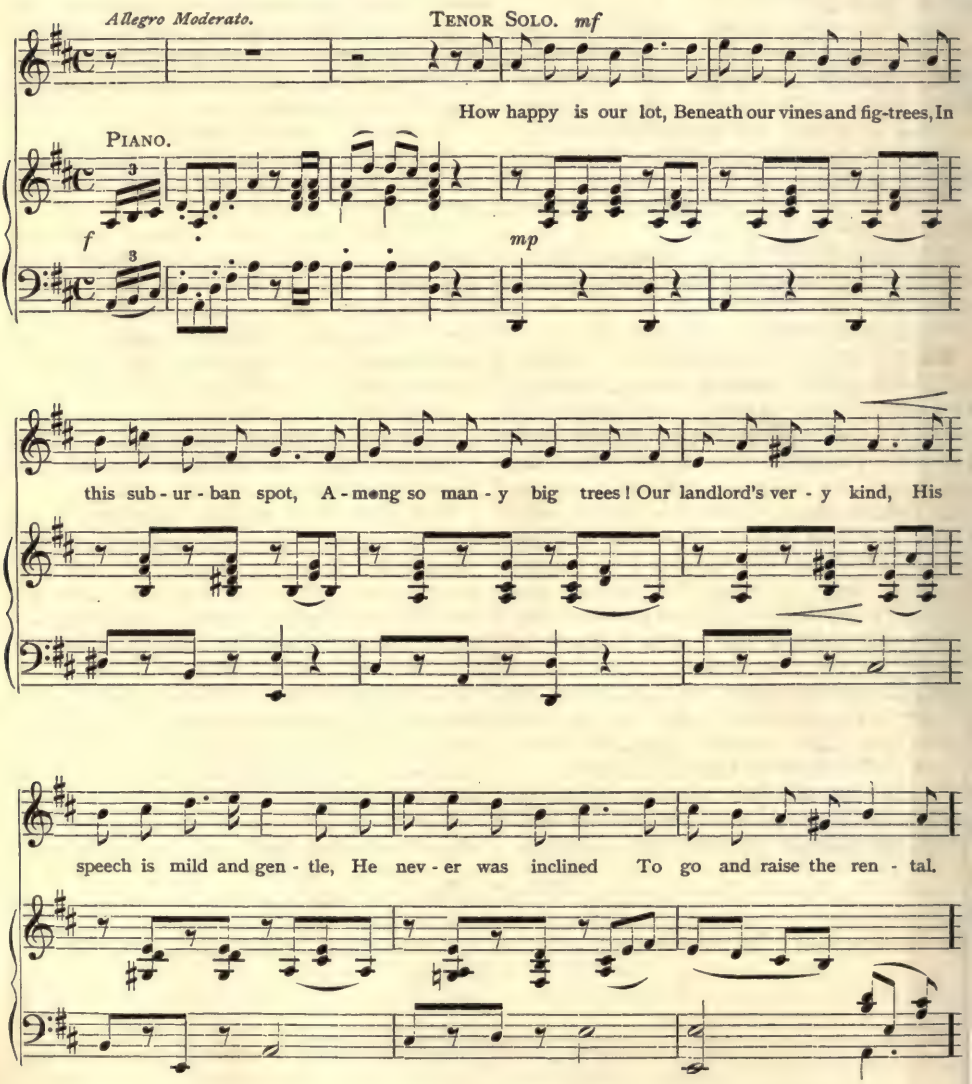
THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

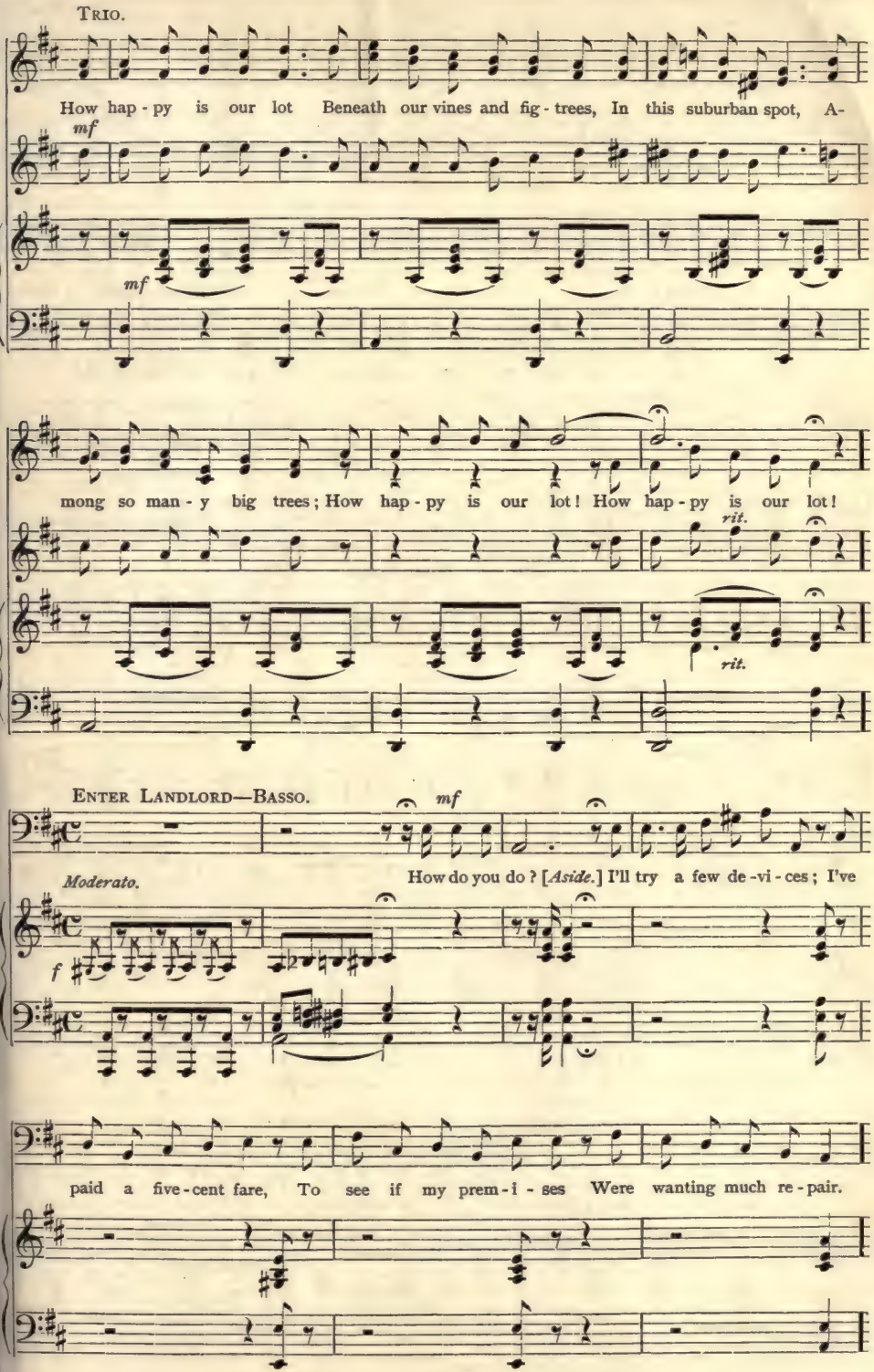
ACT I.

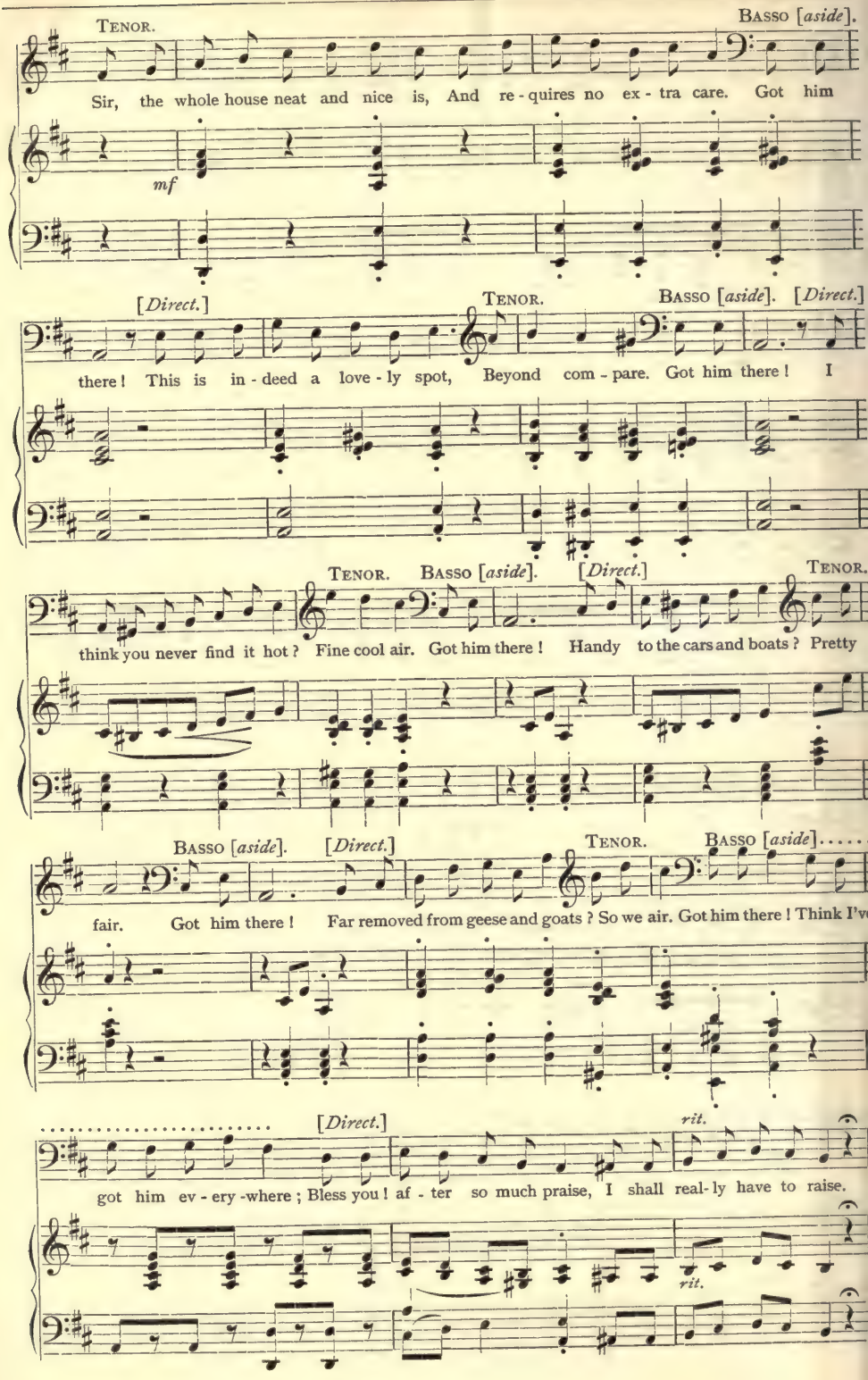
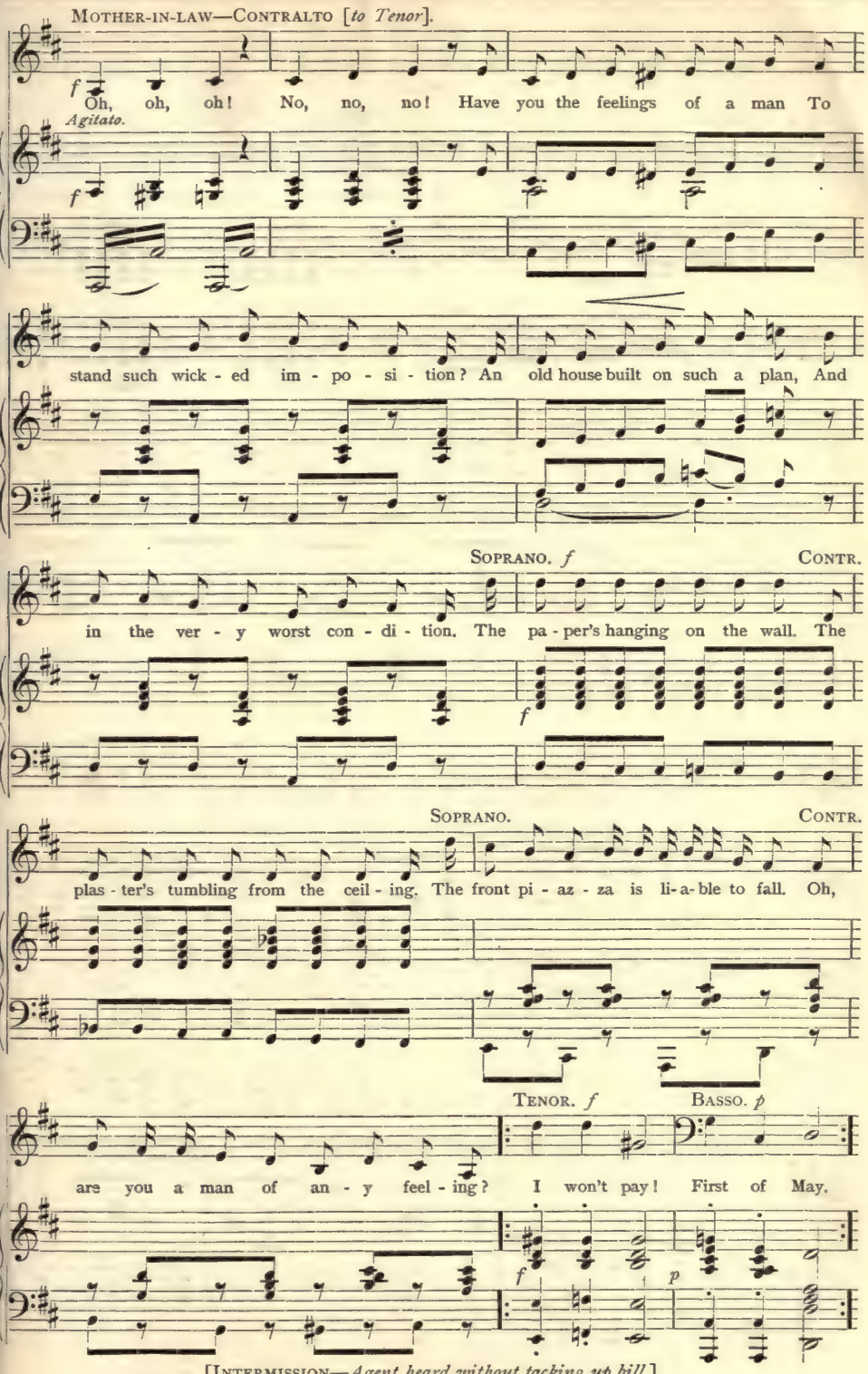
SCENE.—A Lowly Cot.

Tenant (*Tenor*).
Tenant's Wife (*Soprano*).
Tenant's Mother-in-law (*Contralto*).
Landlord (*Basso*).

Words by NELLIE G. CONE. Music by E. C. PHELPS.


Allegro Moderato.
Tenor Solo. mf
How happy is our lot, Beneath our vines and fig-trees, In
Piano.
f
mp
this sub - ur - ban spot, A - mong so man - y big trees! Our landlord's ver - y kind, His
speech is mild and gen - tle, He nev - er was inclined To go and raise the ren - tal.

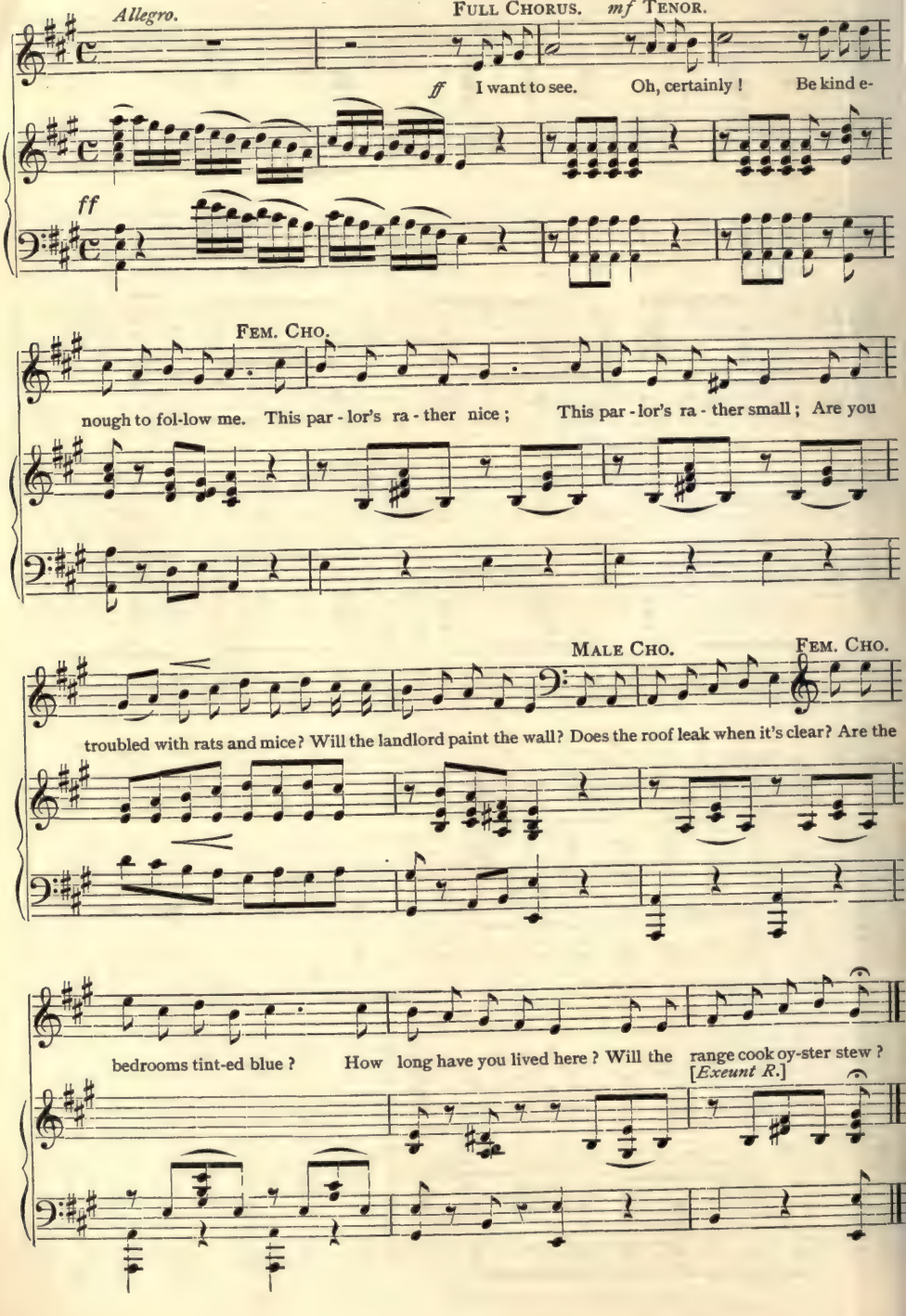

TRIO.
How hap - py is our lot Beneath our vines and fig - trees, In this suburban spot, A-
mf
mf
mong so man - y big trees; How hap - py is our lot! How hap - py is our lot!
rit.
rit.
ENTER LANDLORD—BASSO.
mf
Moderato.
How do you do? [Aside.] I'll try a few de - vi - ces; I've
f
paid a five - cent fare, To see if my prem - i - ses Were wanting much re - pair.

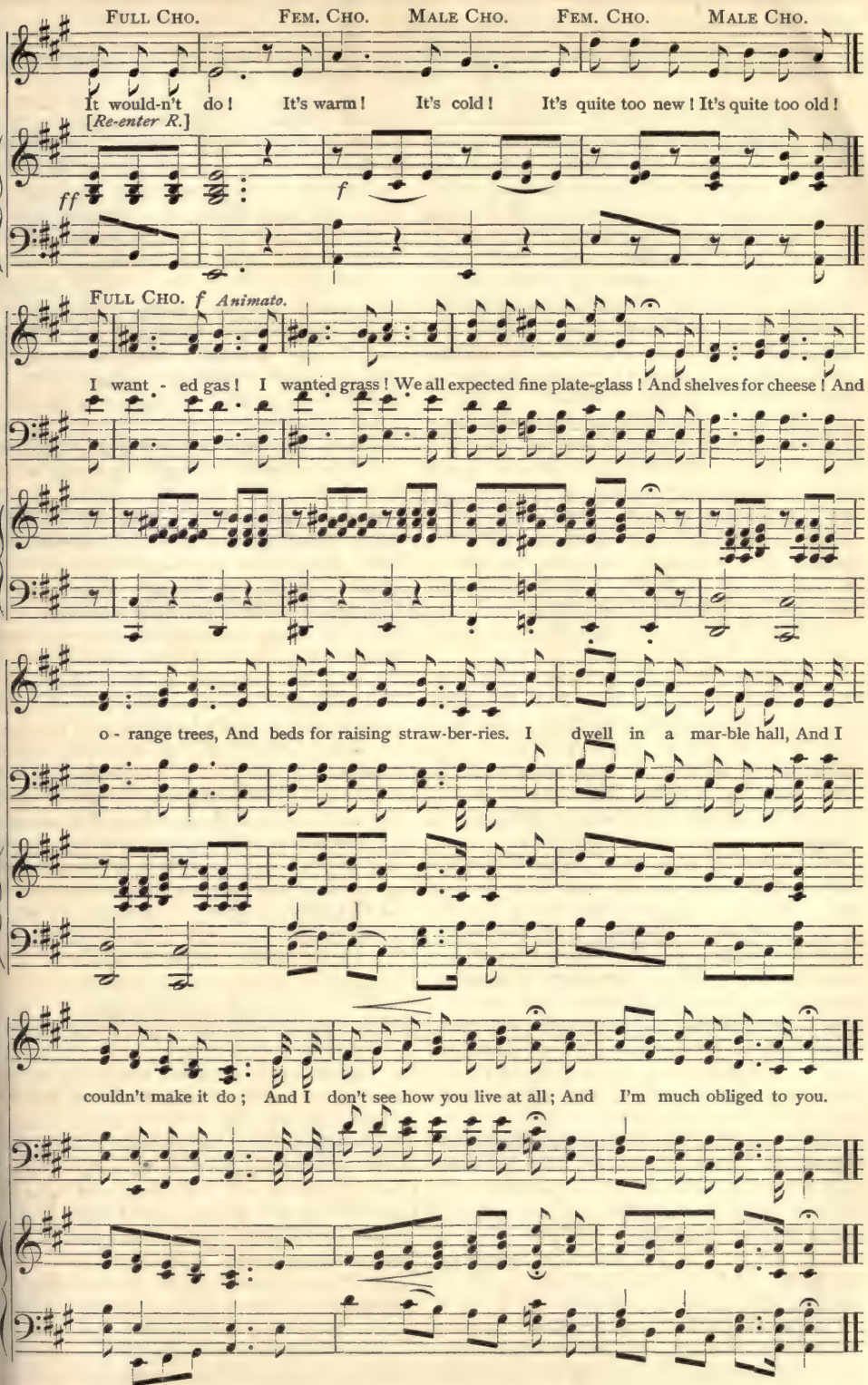

TENOR.
BASSO [aside].
Sir, the whole house neat and nice is, And re - quires no ex - tra care. Got him
mf
[Direct.]
TENOR.
BASSO [aside].
[Direct.]
there! This is in - deed a love - ly spot, Beyond com - pare. Got him there! I
TENOR.
BASSO [aside].
[Direct.]
TENOR.
think you never find it hot? Fine cool air. Got him there! Handy to the cars and boats? Pretty
BASSO [aside].
[Direct.]
TENOR.
BASSO [aside].....
fair. Got him there! Far removed from geese and goats? So we air. Got him there! Think I've
[Direct.]
rit.
got him ev - ery -where; Bless you! af - ter so much praise, I shall real - ly have to raise.
rit.

MOTHER-IN-LAW—CONTRALTO [to Tenor].
f
Oh, oh, oh! No, no, no! Have you the feelings of a man To
Agitato.
f
stand such wick - ed im - po - si - tion? An old house built on such a plan, And
SOPRANO. f
CONTR.
in the ver - y worst con - di - tion. The pa - per's hanging on the wall. The
f
SOPRANO.
CONTR.
plas - ter's tumbling from the ceil - ing. The front pi - az - za is li-a-ble to fall. Oh,
TENOR. f
BASSO. p
are you a man of an - y feel - ing? I won't pay! First of May.
f
p

[INTERMISSION—*Agent heard without tacking up bill.*]

ACT II.

ENTER LEFT—*Chorus of Feminine House-Seekers and Chorus of Masculine House-Seekers, waving permits.*


Allegro.
FULL CHORUS. mf TENOR.
ff I want to see. Oh, certainly! Be kind e-
ff
FEM. CHO.
nough to fol-low me. This par-lor's ra-ther nice; This par-lor's ra-ther small; Are you
MALE CHO.
FEM. CHO.
troubled with rats and mice? Will the landlord paint the wall? Does the roof leak when it's clear? Are the
bedrooms tint-ed blue? How long have you lived here? Will the range cook oy-ster stew?
[Exeunt R.]


FULL CHO.
FEM. CHO.
MALE CHO.
FEM. CHO.
MALE CHO.
It would-n't do! It's warm! It's cold! It's quite too new! It's quite too old!
[Re-enter R.]
ff
f
FULL CHO. f Animato.
I want - ed gas! I wanted grass! We all expected fine plate-glass! And shelves for cheese! And
o - range trees, And beds for raising straw-ber-ries. I dwell in a mar-ble hall, And I
couldn't make it do; And I don't see how you live at all; And I'm much obliged to you.

JIM ALLTHINGS.

One thing was very extraordinary about Jim Allthings—he never could be found. It was a faculty or misfortune, which lay entirely beyond my comprehension. He had certainly become possessed of the ring of Gyges without knowing it, for he never meant to be invisible. He never kept, knowingly, and in malice prepense, out of the way. On the contrary he was always happy to see his friends, and at a picnic, or ride, or boating excursion, he was as punctual as any one, and always happy to go, besides being the life of the company. So agreeable he made himself that he was always wanted, and, if never searched for, was ever on the spot. For instance, Jim is in my office. (I am a great man in a small way, viz.: a Justice of the Peace.) He lives about a mile from the village (Eaglepine). It is a beautiful golden day, just the day for a ride to White Lake, a lovely sheet of water a few miles from the village.

"What do you say, Jim, shall we make up a party this afternoon?"

"Certainly, with all my heart!" and away Jim would go, happy as a lark, the party would be invited, and at the proper time two horses' heads would rise above the brow of the village hill, and there would be Jim with his bright, new wagon and a young lady beside him, almost the first for the ride.

So, if in the glow of a lovely sunset the desire should rise on my part for a bath in the cool silver of Pleasant Lake, a short distance from Eaglepine, and, wishing a companion, I, not thinking particularly of him, should cast my eye along the village street; ten chances to one, the first person I saw would be Jim,—either lounging along the maple sidewalk, or, with his chin tipped back and his heels in air, in Raffle's Tavern stoop, whittling; and he was always ready to accept my proposition.

And not only was Jim a companionable fellow but a keen sportsman. He knew the finest streams and ponds for pickerel, trout or yellow perch, and the best run-ways for deer the region round, and that was an added reason why I liked his society—that is, whenever I chanced to obtain it; as for finding him—but why repeat?

Before I begin, however, be it known, that not a suspicion of this strange invisibility of Jim had dawned upon me at that time. I used to think it singular he could never be found, but I had not the least idea a wayward angel, or rather fiend, had taken possession of my friend. If so, I should not have tried so faithfully to seek him out, but have abandoned the search at the first disappointment. I was always led on, however, by the idea that the next moment, or at the next place, I should undoubtedly find him. Only lately has this truth opened upon me and I now chronicle the phenomenon as one of those oddities in life, strange and unaccountable as a *lusus naturæ*, or atmospheric wonder.

One June morning a longing came over me for a day's fishing. It was just the time for it. The wind was southerly, melting over the person like liquid balm and bringing two messages blended on its breath. One was from the woods—the rich fragrance swung from the golden balls of the bass-wood, telling me how pleasant it was in the dark, green coverts whence it was wafted; the other was from the wild stream therein, the pungent scent "fuming" (as Leigh Hunt says) from the thick-clustering mint that lines their borders, and saying in its bland kisses, "The trout are all out to-day."

A soft vail of silver was overspreading the sky so evenly, and sheathing the sunshine so completely and yet so transparently that the whole arch seemed a dome of silver somewhat like that visioned to the rapt eye of Coleridge in that

> "Miracle of rare device,"

or as if

> "Through fog-smoke white
> Glimmered the white moonshine."

I threw aside the book whose leaden contents I was endeavoring to thrust into my "palace of the soul," and withdrew my head deliberately from the desk. I next around saying mentally (in the interim of my distressing labors as Justice, I was also the prominent candidate for the poor-house village Attorney) that clients might go where they chose, and stalked out, addi also in my mind, "I will go find Jim A things and have a fish." I knew no bet then.

Collecting my lines and bait, I started my mile's walk for Jim, and soon reach

the tavern kept by his father (one of the first settlers), saw the old Captain, who was very deaf, sitting on the antique porch that squared its elbows in front of the edifice.

"How do you do, Captain! Is Jim in?"

"Yes, we've got gin, but I like brandy myself. However, we've got both."

"True, but I want to find whether your son is here or not!"

"Yes, I find the sun hot, too. Come in, come in!"

"No, I thank you. I'm after James!"

"Laughing at James! Ah, well, I laugh at him myself sometimes."

"Is James in?" I roared.

Bless my soul, this last upheaval *was* awful.

"Yes, you'll find him in the bar-room. He went there about ten minutes ago."

I turned the corner of the house, and entered the bar-room. It was perfectly empty. I thought, however, I would wait a little time for him. There was the small, green counter with the bar-picket in one corner, showing its kegs, bottles, cigars and lemons; there was the bench, stretching along a portion of the wall; the six wooden chairs; the gaudy print of the death of Wolfe, and a ferocious one of a huge panther grinning from a limb hardly large enough to hold his paws, with a squat hunter beneath, who was aiming a rifle larger than himself. (What a terribly long-winded story the Captain used to tell about the death of the "painter." "Bang! and George Washington! boys, the critter fell dead at my feet." We all used to believe that story.)

On the counter was a glass with a sugar-crusher in it, and a portion of sugar melted in a few drops of liquid which looked marvelously like punch (Jim was fond of punch), which look was assisted by the squeezed half of a lemon lying near, like a little yellow chapeau. In the glass were a score of flies trooping toward the bottom—a real *El Dorado* for the little adventurers. A circle of dark backs were at the very spot sipping like mad, while two or three had ventured on the sticky surface itself, and were lifting up one hairy foot and then another, in a vain attempt at extrication. A rivulet of the melted sugar was also setting slowly from the rim of the glass toward the bottom, evidently the trace of the liquor on its way to Jim's throat, and along this channel other flies in double row were drinking to their hearts' content. A large drop or two had splashed upon the counter, and here was another drinking bout among the flies. One little fellow particularly amused me. He had evidently been drinking, either in the glass or at the counter, and now was feeling very jolly. First he lowered the gray of his body to the counter, pointed his fore-limbs upward and screwed them over each other as swift as lightning; then he patted his dull-red, gold-banded head repeatedly, ducking it all the while like a mandarin; then he rubbed the deep ring that served for his neck; then he balanced himself on his fore-feet and twisted his hind-legs together; stroked them down with his gauzy, veined wings, and then off he cantered, with that queer gait peculiar to flies, once more toward the liquor.

All this time a large blue-bottle, who had, without doubt, been indulging scandalously in the punch—in fact, until he was blind drunk, was darting furiously from floor to ceiling, now and then dashing himself head-foremost against the window-panes, and then bob, bobbing over the glass with a horrible humming, as if determined to discover what struck his head so pertinaciously. I soon became tired of this, however, and went out again to the Captain.

"Jim is not there, Captain!"

"Yes, there's a little more air there than here."

"No, no; Jim is not in the bar-room, Captain!"

"Well, he may have gone over to the barn. I rayther guess he has, on the hull."

So, over to the barn I went.

A broad beam of hazy light was slanting through and through—a grindstone was standing by the door, with its smooth gray wheel so still that it seemed as if it never had and never could stir; the two horses of Allthings were munching their hay and stamping lightly; a ladder was leaning against the mow, and a great black cat ascending from round to round with a most vinegary aspect, as if resolved on silencing the squeaking up there which told of belligerent mice; there was an open bin of oats, with a dusty cloud hovering and sparkling in a pencil of sunshine above it, as though Jim, or some one, had just disturbed the contents beneath; a two-horse harness was hanging from a beam, with a buckle, ring or clasp gleaming out in bits of light—but no Jim.

"Jim! Jim!"

The echo roamed from corner to corner, like a bat trying to escape. The horses ceased stamping and munching, and pricked their ears. The cat re-appeared at the edge of the hay-mow and looked down with

eyes like two balls of green fire, and I caught the flight of a huge gray rat from the oat-bin, but no answer. On the contrary, the stillness was so intense I heard the slight rustling that runs through a barn in quiet, as if insects were stirring in the hay.

Well, Jim was not here, at all events, so I sallied out. While going, I saw in the dust, chaff, and chopped straw, the print of a human foot. It was the size Jim boasted. It doubtless belonged to Jim.

On the other side of the barn was a hen, scratching up the earth with her yellow feet, clucking occasionally to a solitary chicken with a specter of a tail, like a knobbed dumpling. A superb rooster was near her, stretching his head majestically and glancing every way, as if amazed that any one should dare intrude into his presence. Another, but smaller, of the species was sneaking about like a sheepish bumpkin in a ball-room. A large hog was lifting his round snout at me, gazing wisely and solemnly, "umph, umph, umphing" all the time, as if asking my business; a pair of ducks, waddling along, were quacking to each other as if conversing on a deep subject, while a great turkey-cock, after bursting out into such a full orb of glory as to lift himself almost off his feet, commenced strutting, jerking up his legs and turning, in a sort of slow polka,—but no Jim!

At length I detected a large lump of dirt stuck between the boards of a fence, which, at last, resolved itself into a mouth, a nose, and a pair of eyes. Looking a little closer, I discerned the face of a small lad.

"I say, my boy, can you tell me where Jim Allthings is?"

"I dunno, man!"

"Have you seen him lately?"

"I seed—I seed—I seed 'm go up—go up—to that—that aire—aire—aire—aire—to that aire saw-mill, man!"

"When?"

"A little while ago, man!"

"Thank you, my little fellow. Here's sixpence for you. Now trot home and tell your mammy you're a good boy, but your face wants washing!"

And off I started for the mill. I was somewhat surprised on approaching that I did not hear the usual cheerful clatter. I, nevertheless, descended the slope leading to the low, dark, slabbed structure. The saw had been stopped when half-way through a beautiful, smooth pine-log, a few grains of sawdust still clinging to the edge of the particular tooth just raised above the cut. The clean white boards, lately sawed, stood piled neatly on one side, forming alleys and lanes like a worm-eaten cheese. The handspike, used to fit the log under the iron claws of the "slider," lay at full length, as if thrown down in a hurry. The axe and beetle were in their place. On the loose-boarded loft above, a beautiful tame rabbit belonging to Jake, the sawyer, was crouched, gazing down upon me with great rounded eyes and erected ears. The huge, dark wheel, the drops falling from the buckets with a light, splashing sound, stood motionless. I heard the gurgle of the water through the throat of the mill-race. The whole scene was one of solitude and silence. No Jim there, to a certainty. In the sawdust I perceived once more the same large print of a man's foot, certainly Jim's, and leading outward. Just then I heard the click of a hammer underneath, and looking there, through the parted slabs that form the floor, saw Jake tinkering at the machinery. I entered at once into my business.

"Where's Jim Allthings, Jake?"

"He just went away from here, sir, hardly a moment ago, to the grist-mill."

"Thanks! machinery a little awry, I suppose!"

"A little out of tune, sir. Can fix it in a few minutes, though."

Sure enough. I had not more than threaded my way through the labyrinth of logs that, peeled and ready, lay in their sleek, russet coats, ready for their turn upon the "slider," before Jake ascended. He then pulled the handle of the machinery protruding near the frame-work of the perpendicular saw, like the scaffoldings of the guillotine, a throb followed from the mill, then a jarring groan, the saw began to move and the log to slide, the clat-clatter clat-clatter of the mill rose merrily, and, in the midst, the keen whistle of Jake pierced my ears, executing the air of

"Happily glides the sawyer's life!"

All these were seen and heard during my swift way toward the grist-mill. I was becoming very impatient, as the day was going to waste.

I soon entered the dusty precincts of the mill. Here I should certainly find Jim. No doubt of it. There he was by that very first hopper. Deacon Pester's horses and wagons were by the door, one of the former giving his mate a sly bit

then hanging his head in a very docile and innocent manner, while the mate set one ear back and then the other, his tail sweeping on this side and that, like a pendulum, he, at the same time, keeping a constant winking with his sleepy eyes, as if he were cogitating some knotty point to the extent of winking himself into a dead slumber. In the wagon was a multiplicity of sacks for the mill. I entered. Here were the customary sights; bags lolling on, backed up against, and standing aloof from each other; two or three hoppers,—one filled with yellow, glazy corn, another with brown rye, and still another with tawny wheat. The contents of these hoppers was whirling around, each with a whirlpool in the midst, the grains creeping stealthily yet swiftly around its mouth, into which, at last, they slipped with a twirl and vanished, while the tubs underneath were letting forth the white threads of warm flour into the boxes, and thence into the sacks. The rafters overhead dangled with cobwebs, filled with white dust so that even the spiders in them were whitened. While I was gazing, a great sulphur butterfly flew in at the open window, but before he had accomplished many turns his eye-spotted pinions became so powdered with the dusty particles that he was transformed to silver.

Ha, there, at last, is Jim! there in the half-light of that nook, looking into a hopper.

"Well, Jim, I have at last found you, thank fortune! I want you to go fishing with me!"

The former suddenly turns and discloses, not the frank face of Jim, but the stern, Puritanical features of Deacon Pester.

Now, if there was a person in the village that I detested, it was the deacon. He was always upon the strictest propriety of speech and manner, and abhorred harmless pleasantry; never was guilty of a slip of the tongue, but when it came to a bargain, then look out! Steel is sharp, and a vice griping, but Deacon Pester—ahem! As for fishing, he had a perfect horror of it. He turned his forbidding gaze at me.

"Ah, is it you, Deacon! Pardon; I thought it was Mr. Allthings!"

"Look closer, young man, next time. I don't want to be taken for any idle vagabond who thinks more of fishing and hunting than of the good of his soul."

"Pardon again, Deacon. By the way, will Mr. Poundpulpit leave the parish, think you?"

"I really don't know. He talks a good deal of the inadequacy of his salary. I'm 'feared he thinks too much of laying up treasure here on airth for a minister."

"Ah;—allow me to ask what is his salary?"

"A hundred dollars per annum, a bar'l of apples a month, a pair of fowls monthly, donation-bee once a winter, with two demijohns of cider! Now, what do you think of that, sir? And yet, in spite of this liberality of the parish, that impudent schoolteacher, Robson, says the salary is a disgrace to Eaglepine, and he livin' on the fat of the land, boardin' 'round, as he does; pancakes every mornin' and sassengers al'ays for dinner!"

I turned away, and ascended the stairs to the upper loft, in the hope of encountering Jim. By this time I had almost relinquished the idea of fishing, but still continued the search, more from a determination of finding my friend, if possible, than anything else.

At some distance down the white, glimmering perspective, webbed with straps gliding round large, whirling wheels, I espied a form that looked to my excited fancy like Jim's.

"Halloo, Jim, how are you?"

The figure turned. It was the miller.

"Have you seen Allthings lately?" inquired I, with the emphasis of despair.

"He was here a moment ago, Squire, but he went to the woods out there, to look at a bee-tree he found yesterday."

I advanced to the square window out of which the miller had been looking, and gazed in blank hopelessness upon the woods. Below lay the mill-pond. It was framed in by the forest. The back-water of the new dam had lately reached far beyond the pond's former limits, and hundreds of trees, some mossy and dead, some full-leaved and luxuriant, some scattered saplings, were standing in the sable water. There was the tamarack hanging its boughs with a slouching look, but beautiful with its vivid green, star-like fringes; there lowered the great burly hemlock, stretching like a tent its canopy of tiny particles; there soared the white pine, with a trunk as large as a pillar of the Parthenon, lifting straight upward a mass of short fringes that murmured softly in the wind like the monotone of the bee; there, also, crooked the gnarled yellow pine, jagged, gaunt, fierce-looking and hideous, with its head withered, and striving to cover its baldness with gray moss. Clusters of laurel, too, were

there, glossy, fresh, and bright as the drinking of cold water all their days could make them.

I saw, also, islets of splendid tiger-lilies, their sweet blue leaves streaked with furzy gold; the bulrush with its brown wig; the sedge like an emerald dagger, and the watercress looking so loose it seemed it might break with any ordinary ripple, and a score of other lovely things.

The black head of a musk-rat, too, would occasionally peep up, or a slight nibble, forcing some water-lily to give a slight courtesy, would tell the presence below of a fish.

I gained from the miller the exact whereabouts of the bee-tree, left the mill and crossed the outlet of the pond by a little rustic bridge of slabs from Jake's saw-mill. The stream went sparkling along, bright as a romp's eye in a dance, to be whirled in daily waltzes over the great wheel of the mill above mentioned. I then turned sharp to the right, and entered a wood path leading through the forest to an upland called South Ridge. The cool, green light of the thick woods was grateful; the sunshine lay upon the shrubs and moss like golden net-work; birds sparkled in and out their "leafy house," but I was thinking of Jim, and on I went. At last I came to the bee-tree. It stood in a little glade—a sweet, sunny, sylvan spot, with a grass carpet like green velvet, grouped with bushes and walled with forest. In the center stood the bee-tree, like a gigantic plume.

The glade was steeped in quiet—no Jim. A few bees were darting about the stem of the tree; a ground-bird, like a great brown spider, was skipping around, shooting his black speck of an eye here and there, and turning his cunning little striped head to every side as if on a hinge, but no Jim.

Just then I heard a whistling further in the woods. It was Jim's whistle. He was whistling his favorite song. Off I started. The faster I went, the further the whistle receded. It was a "winged voice," like the cuckoo's, according to Wordsworth, or like our bluebird's when he carols from bush to bush in April. First, it sounded near a great pine I saw lifting its green banner in the blue. Through the laurels I burst, and reached the tree—no Jim. Then it pierced the air close to where I knew gleamed a pure gem of a spring. I bounded there so swiftly, the soft ooze of the margin closed over my feet before I could recover my impetus. No Jim. Then it seemed to come from a rock with a birch-tree hanging over it, like a feather over a helmet. I darted there—no Jim! Still, ahead of me, sounded the tantalizing whistle, until I heard it close and shrill by the brush fence that lined the hill-lot on the south side of South Ridge. The lot was scattered with stumps and covered with bushes, with here and there ashy spots plumed with fire-weeds. "Aha," thought I, "I have you now. I would certainly see you a quarter of a mile through these low bushes." I accordingly sprang to the spot and—found it vacant. Yes, absolutely. The whistle was heard no more. There, smooth and printless, was the margin of black mold that striped the brush fence at the only gap where a man would naturally cross, or, in fact, could cross, without great trouble. I looked over the fence; the hill lot lay sloping up certainly a quarter of a mile in plain sight—no human form could I see. I shouted "J-i-m!" No answer. "J-i-m!" I began to feel wild! Was he really uncanny? "*J-i-m!*" It could not be possible! He could not have hidden himself. He had no means of knowing I was on his track, and playing on me a practical joke. "*J-i-m!*" Well, this beats everything! I'll—I'll—I'll go home.

I subsequently ascertained from him that in a very great hurry, he went from the bee-tree to visit a distant trap he had set on a little stream flowing through a beaver-dam meadow, to catch its single otter. That reaching the brush fence, he had turned short round a laurel cluster, where began a line of old blazed trees, unknown to me, and was soon beyond the hearing of my shouts of his name.

Another time I wanted his companionship deer-hunting. It was a sweet, genial, Indian summer day. The red sun had plunged the evening before in a bath of purple mist, and the thick, soft night had called out nearly all the summer music, the crickets, the tree-frogs, and re-awakened the katydid—"most musical, most melancholy of voices. Now that voice recalls the romance of my youth, when I heard the sad sweetness on moonlit nights, telling me that autumn was at hand, and that the air so soft and kindly would change to tempest soon, and bring decay and withering to Nature.

The day opened swathed in a pink-silver fog, and with an atmosphere so mild and gentle that the blood glowed like decanted champagne. The distant forests winked like a child's eye in a doze, as did the woods and streams the June before, giving me

invitation to come and spend the day with them, and furthermore they would probably present me with a haunch of venison for dinner. So I thought of Jim. There was a run-way by the Sheldrake Brook that my friend knew all about, and I didn't. Independently of this, I really liked and wished him as a comrade. The Joseph's-coat the woods had flaunted for a fortnight—purple like the mantle Cæsar wore the

> "Summer evening in his tent,
> The day he overcame the Nervii,"—

red, like a maiden's love-blush, green as Virgil's grottoes of the naiads, yellow as the golden spangle of the Yuba, was now torn, defaced, and lying partly in shreds and patches on the forest floor, ankle deep. The trees would therefore yield sight of a deer half a mile off—all plain sailing.

As I passed the tavern, I saw the small, green box-wagon belonging to Jim, under the shed, a certain sign of his being in the village.

"Aha," thought I, "a walk is saved me. I'll lend Jim one of my rifles, so he need not go home for his."

The first person I met was Loafer Joe.

"Joe, have you seen Mr. Allthings lately?"

"Yes, Squire, I see him but a minute ago at Owlet's."

Owlet's smithy stood on the downward slope of the village hill, a low, black structure, next his little red cabin of a house. I entered the shop. Owlet's son, a boy of sixteen, with two black streaks at the corners of his mouth, like mustaches, was at the bellows. With his left elbow he was pressing down the handle; his right hand held the iron instrument with which he every now and then raked up the coals, whenever the red spots glowing in the sable heap of the hearth threatened to break out into a blaze. Horse-shoes were ranged along the dark beams, and on one side was a framework with a broad leathern band, for shoeing oxen. Two anvils, glimmering dully, were squatting on the earthen floor, and a screw machine was yawning from a rude bench beneath the eyeball of a window.

It was in vain, however, I scanned the shop—no Jim did I see. Nearest me was Owlet, with the rear foot of a fractious gray colt in his leathern lap, shoeing him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Owlet. Have you seen Mr. Allthings lately?"

"Tack, tack, tack, whoa, you brute, you. Allthings?" (jerking out his words in a sharp, pettish way, his usual custom) "Allthings? tack, tack, tack, whoa!" as the colt tried with all venom to give a kick, making Owlet stagger so, he came mighty near dropping on the sharp point of his anvil. "Of all things in this world, deliver me from this cross young divil-a-most, of old Gripes. Allthings? whoa, now! tack, tack! Jacob" (to his boy), "hand me the other box; these tacks are all wrong! Allthings, did you say?" (An awful attempt at kicking by the colt.) "Whoa, whoa, whoa! The deuce take the critter! No, I haven't! *Yes*, I have! He left the shop not a minute ago, for Shaver's, over the way."

Over I went to the shop of the carpenter. There was a fresh scent of pine shavings in the room of four wooden walls with two carpenters' benches running along, and a board or two just planed, looking bright as silver in a corner. Shaver, himself, was planing a pine board as I entered. No Jim.

"Good-morning, Shaver! Can you tell me where Mr. Allthings is?"

"Sh-a-a-ave,—sh-a-a-ave,—sh-a-a-ave-shuck" (as he tore a shaving off). "Allthings? Sh-a-a-ave,—Yes, I can!" (taking up the board, squinting along the edge, then replacing it and grasping his plane). "Allthings? Sh-a-a-ave,—sh-a-a-ave,—he was here—sh-a-a-ave—a minute ago,—sh-a-a-ave—but he went to the corner store."

This store was of granite, and went by the name of the "stone house" throughout the village.

I hurried over to Seabright's. There was a little square counter, heaped with calicoes and other gear, except a small space clear for measuring, with the yards tacked off with brass tacks. Everything that could be thought of dangled from the rafters overhead,—whips, whip-lashes, sugar-loaves, baskets, etc. Rows of crockery stood on one side; axe-helves were in the corners, saws hanging all around. Boxes filled with nails occupied recesses, on the walls were niched shelves of dry goods; in the background were ranged casks marked in gilt with the names of various liquors; in short, the whole picture of a country store was there presented.

Seabright stood at the counter waiting on his customers.

"Good-morning, Seabright! Have you seen Allthings lately?"

"Did you say a yard, Miss! Thimbles! yes, mam! Allthings? Two and sixpence! Four shillings a yard! That calico? a shilling a yard! Allthings? Yes; he was here. John, hand Deacon Pester a glass of

spirits! Allthings? Yes; he was here a moment ago!"

"Where has he gone?"

"Sixpence for that tape. Allthings? Beg pardon! He's gone to Strap's."

To the shoe-maker's I accordingly went.

I found him, with his two journeymen, each on his low, leather-basined bench, stitching and tapping away, and talking industriously over the scandal of the village.

"How do you do, Strap! Have you seen Mr. Allthings lately?"

"I sez, sez I to him,—'Pete,' sez I, 'I don't hardly bleeve that aire last story of yourn,' sez I. Sez he, 'You may depend on't,' sez he, 'I heerd it,' sez he, 'from the very best 'thority,' sez he——"

"I say, Strap, have you seen Allthings today?"

"Allthings? tap-tap, rattlety-tap-tap. Allthings? Sw-i-tch. Hev you heerd about that aire other story, about that aire——"

"Strap, *have* you seen Allthings?"

"Allthings? tap-tap, rattlety-tap, sw-i-tch, Mr. Allthings? Yes; he was here a minute ago, and said he was going over to Cabbage's."

Cabbage was the village tailor, and so I hurried to the shop.

The room was warm and close with a scent pervading it from the hot pressure of cloth.

"Good-morning, Cabbage! Has Mr. Allthings been here lately?"

Now Cabbage stuttered dreadfully, sputtering till red in the face, then bolting out his word as from a catapult; always flying into a passion at his difficulty of articulation before he ended.

"An-an-an-Allthings? N-n-n-no. He l-l-l-l-left he-he-here con-con-con-*found* the und-a min-min-minute ago" (dashing down his shears, knocking his goose over, and jumping from his tailor's knot, where he was coiled like a rattlesnake), "bub-bub-bub-but he's gah-gah-gah-gah-gog-gog-gog" (rattling in his throat and bending backward and forward until I really thought he was on the eve of choking, while his eyes rolled as if he were going mad), "gone to S-s-s-swingle's."

Swingle was the tinman of Eaglepine, and in I rushed. As I entered, a chaos of sounds almost crushed my brain.

"Tink, tink, swink, swink, tingle, tangle, tang, swang, racketty, clacketty, ricketty, clicketty."

"Halloo!" as loud as I could scream.

"Tink, tink, swink, swank, clang, swang, tingle, tangle, racketty-clacketty, ricketty-clicketty."

"Is Jim Allthings h-e-r-e?"

"Tink, tank, swing, swang, tingle, tangle, tang, clang, racketty-clacketty, ricketty-clicketty."

"Halloo, there! Swingle, for conscience sake, come here!"

"What's wanting?" answered Swingle popping his head out of a recess whence the horrible clangor proceeded.

"Do tell me if Allthings has been here?"

"Allthings? tang, swang, tingle, jingle ricketty-clicketty."

"Yes, Allthings," I gasped, out of all patience.

"He was here, but he went to Raffle's."

With tremendous strides I went to the tavern.

An irruption from the tannery at the Mongaup was there, clamorous for drink.

"Do tell me, Raffle! *is* Jim Allthings here?"

"Some whisky you want. Allthings here's your glass, sir;—punch, did you say Allthings? he was—old Jamaiky? here it is cigar, three cents—Allthings? He was here a moment ago, but he's gone! He took a punch, and that's the last I've seen of him."

Off I dashed. At that moment I heard a wagon leaving the tavern shed, and, as I reached the porch, I saw the green back of a box wagon just lowering the brow of the hill, flashing in a ray of the noontide light with the white hat of Jim Allthings aglow with it.

That was the last time I ever tried to find Jim Allthings.

THE WESTERN MAN.*

I HAVE always observed that an audience is most interested in that about which it knows the most. On the other hand, you may have noticed that writers are apt to write on subjects of which they know the least. It will seem reasonable to you, therefore, that I should say something here about the Western Man.

There has always been a Western Man. There has always been a man leading the advance in discovery, exploration, settlement; the mass of mankind has removed westward with this aggressive fringe. It has often happened that the Western Man has deflected in his course, or turned back; and when he turned aside or turned back he usually brought trouble, in his wanton and playful way, to the older civilizations.

We find the Western Man on the march as soon as he could collect his effects after the Deluge. The emigrants journeyed from the east till they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. They were adventurous, mighty men, full of ambition and genius. They said: Go to, let us build a city, and a tower—let us make us a name. They were great men, these Westerners, strong of limb and mighty in brain, full of invention and daring, men of renown; but the Lord saw how dangerous they were becoming, and he said, now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do, and he came down and confounded their language, and scattered them abroad on the face of all the earth. He scattered them; but the ablest men of them pulled themselves out of the confusion and went westward into the land of Canaan.

It is true that the very first emigration of the race was to the east. When the Lord drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise, he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims and a flaming sword. Cain also moved into the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. This experiment of emigration to the east was, however, a failure, and ended, as is well known, in the catastrophe of the Deluge. After that event, man took his way westward along the path of prosperity and empire.

It has always been characteristic of the Western Man that he could never rest, nor be content with any prosperity or success, so long as there was anything beyond him to the westward to explore. When, before the invention of the mariner's compass, he reached his limit in Europe, he was like a traveler stayed unwillingly in his journey; he foamed along the shore of the Atlantic as restless as the surges he encountered; and, since he could not overpass it, he turned southward and eastward, back upon the old civilizations which he had passed by, and set his barbarian strength against their refinements. He was never a welcome visitor, this rough-rider, in Rome, or Athens, or Constantinople. He had an immense capacity of enjoyment and appropriation, and what he could not understand he could destroy. He was a refluent wave of destruction for a time. But always, in the end, the result was the same; the conqueror was conquered. About his sturdy limbs were slowly woven the fine nets of an artificial society, and before he knew that his strength had gone from him he was a bound slave in the meshes of luxury. His battle-axe was of no use against the invisible net of desire. The Western Man eventually came to grief when he turned aside or turned back:—the Greek in Asia Minor, the Roman in Egypt and Syria, the Goth, the Vandal, the Hun in North Africa and Italy. You may have seen in your own time the independent Western Man, who knows no master, not even the old masters, and has a well-sustained contempt for the past, for the arts, for conventionality, and a charming confidence, born of inexperience, in his own opinion—since knowledge makes a man diffident,—bound hand and foot, and a captive beyond the chance of escape, in the rosy tissues which Paris weaves about the profitable stranger.

It was an immense relief to the Western Man to find his way across the Atlantic. To leap ashore on a new continent, to run to and fro on it, to penetrate it, hack it, dig it, appropriate it, has been his masculine joy for three centuries. For the first time in history he has been unrestrained. Here was room enough. Every night he could pitch his tent on virgin soil; every morning he drank from a new spring; at every sunrise he was invigorated by a fresh western breeze which came to him untainted by any other civilization; every day he hewed a new path through primeval forests. He carried his laws in his knapsack. He enforced them

* Read before the annual Psi Upsilon Convention at Michigan University, May 26, 1880.

with his rifle. For the first time he was beyond the reach of custom, beyond the trammels of tradition. He could not be touched any more by the Oriental—the Asiatic civilization, which forever had pursued him, reclaimed him, civilized him, destroyed him. How he exulted in his liberty!

I need not sketch his lively history on this continent. He is the insatiable mover. With him it is always the first of May. He is the historical character who never sleeps twice in the same bed. He always builds his house to sell. When it is finished, that is the signal for him to move. His ancestors must bury themselves, his posterity are heirs of the future. He has time neither to inherit nor to make his will. It is always in his plan to settle down, but never in the place where he is. He pays his debts by incurring new ones. He is the great laborer and hardship-endurer of the nineteenth century. But he always expects to reach a spot to-morrow where he will have nothing to do. Almost within the memory of men now living, the Western Man has passed the Atlantic slopes, flowed over the table-lands and prairies of the interior, crossed the Mississippi, laid highways over the plains, seized and possessed the Rocky Mountains, honey-combed the Sierras with his drills and sluices, made a garden of California, and occupied all the Pacific coast between thirty degrees of latitude.

The Western Man, you perceive, has reached his limit. If he goes a step further he becomes an Oriental. He would not violate his restless character if he took this step, and began over again his circuit of the globe. But I think he will not do it, not for some centuries at least. You may say for the moment that there is no Western Man. For the first time in the history of the world, he has come to a place where he must stay his march, where he must rest. For the first time in history, he has the opportunity forced upon him to develop himself, to let the world see what manner of man he will become when he is stationary. He is, so to say, turned back on himself. There is no other outlet for his superabundant energy except in his self-development. He has nowhere else to go. There is nothing for him to do but to grow. The interest of this experiment is its absolute novelty. It is a situation in human affairs which we have scarcely as yet begun to comprehend. There are two points of interest:—what the world will be henceforth, what course history will take, what the race will do without its primeval escape-valve in the Western Man, is one thing; what the Western Man himself will become, forced to stop and grow like a tree, instead of running like a cucumber-vine, is another thing.

Fortunately he has stopped in a good place. He has room enough to spread himself. He has no neighbors,—at least none whom he cannot gently persuade to depart into another world. The resources at his command are simply unparalleled. There has been nothing invented or discovered in all time that he has not at hand. His desires can scarcely go beyond his opportunities; and it is saying all that can be said of his opportunities, that they are only excelled by his opinion of his deserts. He is planted on a soil which is bottomless. He is the first man in history who has ever had enough to eat. And now he has leisure to eat, to grow, to possess life.

What the Western Man, stationary, will become is the most interesting study ever offered to the observer of human affairs. What manner of man will he be? What sort of civilization will he produce? The elements are so complex that the forecast of it must be purely speculative. The situation has been so suddenly created that we scarcely yet apprehend its novel features. It is only a little while ago, in this great State of Michigan, that the emigrants disputed the possession of the oak openings with the gray wolf. I remember when the State capitol was built in the woods at Lansing. It was said that the members of the State legislature used to shoot deer from the front steps. Unless your legislature differs greatly from some others, it has never since been more profitably or harmlessly employed. But the change has been rapid. The speculator was too sharp for the wolves; the farmer, the merchant, the lumberman, the miner, supplanted in turn the speculator; competition speedily developed wealth; with wealth came more leisure and opportunities of culture; and now, while we hear yet the echoes of the first axe in the forest that broke the ancient silence when only

"The blackbird was singing on Michigan shore"

we meet here at a great university of learning, risen as rapidly as King Fortager's palace by the aid of Merlin on Salisbury Plain, thronging with students, and vying with a noble emulation—the sign and crown of a high civilization. It is an astonishing transformation.

There is ample field for speculation

the future of the Western Man. I can offer only a few suggestions.

The mingling of races, traditions, religions, varied civilizations, which we see here, is not new in the world, nor has it always resulted in progress,—some of the most stagnant communities in the Orient are the least homogeneous; but it is unique in this, that the field of operation is fresh, that the meeting elements represent the youth and adventure of many people, the restless spirit of aspiration, of dissatisfaction with the present, of willingness to cut loose from the past; and the moving energy of the whole is the old Teutonic passion for acquisition and achievement. This is the motive of progress.

The question of physical ability is settled. We hear no more of the deterioration of the Americans. The delusion, which has occasioned so much anxiety to foreign critics, that Americans would shake themselves to pieces or shrivel up in the dry air, that there could never be in this climate a robust and enduring race, has passed. The lank and parchment-skinned settler, who leaned against his cabin door, on the off days of his private earthquake, and pitied the passing emigrant, is no longer a type. The subjugation of the soil to cultivation, a generation of abundance, with more orderly living and improved cooking, have produced a different type of men and women. The lines have filled out, the eager look has given place to a more placid expression. The Western Man is to be large, powerful, full-blooded, filled with the confidence of physical supremacy, perhaps with a tendency to a too pronounced adipose superiority. The Western Woman is to be fair, comely, handsome if she chooses, with conquest in her eyes, and clemency in her heart.

Under these tremendous physical impulses, what sort of society will be formed? How soon will the conventionalities of the Old World overtake it, and how will they affect it? How far will it represent merely material prosperities? Will it be what other societies have been, with much wealth and the temptations of leisure? With the added breadth and freedom of the new condition, I think it cannot be a reproduction of any other. Will it be better or worse? This depends, I apprehend, upon two things, education and religion, or rather, I should say, upon the results of a diffused education, and the place of religion in the social structure. It is not a question of houses, of dress, of manners, of style, but of character.

I am not of those who think that universal education is the panacea of mankind, any more than universal suffrage is. Both are instruments, not ends. The one fails if it does not produce a people having in them the everlasting verities, keepers of the commandments out of a love of virtue, who are truthful, industrious, patriotic; the other fails if it does not make a good government. What is the value of a universal election unless it selects the best men? We have invented what we call a system of education approaching perfection as an organization, comprehensive, diffused, all-inclusive, necessarily more or less superficial. Its aim is to teach everybody everything. Perhaps a more exact statement of the truth is, that the aim is to train everybody to pass an examination in everything. It may be said that the exclusive examination system encourages two virtues—to forgive and to forget—in time to forgive the examiner, and to forget the subject of the examination. The tests of the value of our system of education, already tending to become too machine-like, will be two-fold, and the results may not be marked before the lapse of a generation or two. First, what kind of an education, as to the more important elements of character, are we to get; and, second, what is to be the effect of a universal education, or a universal smattering of learning, upon the inclination to work, to work with the hands, to earn a living by manual labor? The noblest aspiration of youth is the cultivation of the mind—if the body is not neglected. But if the Western Man should get the notion that it is any less honorable, or in the end less satisfactory, to work with a hoe than with a pen or a yard-stick, he will foster an idea that is neither new nor needed in the world, for the Eastern Man has already run it into the ground. What is to be the Western Man's religion? This is, perhaps, the most serious question of all, considering the great physical abundance in which he riots and grows strong, the pride in national acquisition and display, the tendency born of national success, and of an imported philosophy, to deny the supernatural. Has the Western Man a notion that somehow he is sufficient to himself, and that he is to build a new heaven as well as a new earth? That the Atlantic is a veritable cut-off in the stream of historical Christianity? When I was a boy, a man pounded away from sunrise to sunset to maul out a few bushels of wheat, and, after swinging the flail all day, felt that he needed the aid of

Providence. Now, by steam, you thresh out a whole county in the morning, ship your fortune in the afternoon, draw your bill on Liverpool, and at night "cable" to your wife, who is in Paris—is she not?—to buy out the *Bon Marché* if she takes a fancy to it. On the spot where the Caliph Omar prayed, his followers built a minaret. The spot of our most successful aspirations is marked by an elevator. Go to, we say, let us build a city and a town, let us make a name, and the Lord said, now nothing will be restrained of them which they have imagined to do.

To the Western Man life is evidently worth living, for itself. Never before did man have so many solicitations to develop himself in it freely. But, unless human nature is changed, no material success can long satisfy him. I am not saying that western civilization has been irreligious. Far from it. We are making an observation of the future, under the new conditions we have named. We are speculating upon the prodigious development close at hand, which already has in it so much hunger for the material, so much skepticism of the supernatural, so much tendency to abate the importance of historical Christianity. Is the Western Man going to make the experiment of a new sort of culture, say of art, which shall take the place of a religion worn out? Has he a notion that conservatories of music, academies of painting, decorating and wood-carving, habits of refinement and polite living, mitigated by systematized charities, in place of faith in the unseen, will keep his society sweet and strong? There are indications, here and there, in more than one great city, of an attempt to build society upon a gospel of culture, shored up by a philosophy of negations, worshiping in a Temple of Art, using an agnostic shorter catechism beginning:

Question. Who made you?

Answer. I don't know.

And ending with:

Q. What is your destiny?

A. I don't know.

I have a vision of a society very different from this. The possibilities of a noble life and a noble empire are immense; so are the hindrances. And the hindrances are the very material abundance and physical exuberance which create the possibilities of a splendid future. On this great arena is renewed the struggle of liberty and authority, a struggle that in the nature of things can never end in the world, but the violence of which can be mitigated by a recognition of the limits of each. The pendulum of these two forces swings back and forth in history. Perhaps the most needful lesson of our time is to learn that all liberty is a delusion that is not exercised in the discipline of authority.

I have said nothing of manners, or the contrasts of the manners of Europe and America which are the theme of so much of our recent literature, not because I undervalue the interest of the matter, but it fails to assume a comparative importance in the presence of things more vital. We know that self-assertion and a certain "bumptiousness" of position go along with self-consciousness and newness of position. Good manners are called the final flower of civilization, some say they are the sign of its decay. Much depends upon race, no doubt. The polishing of a nation is a slow process and a mystery. After a thousand years of civilization the typical Englishman is a chestnut bur; the meat is apt to be sweet when you get it, but you are pretty certain to prick your fingers in getting it. Perhaps not in two thousand years will the Western Man have the high breeding of the desert Arab, the social polish of the Turk. Perhaps never. For the conditions here are new under which manners are to be formed, new not only in the absence of the traditions of caste, chivalries, ceremonials, but new in the addition of the dogma of equality.

The Western Man, as a moving, geographical factor, is about to disappear from history. The progress of the race in all time does not offer so interesting a study as he is at this moment.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA. IV.

PRESENT POSITION AND OUTLOOK.

I HAVE tried to sketch Canada's development, down to the time when she emerged from the status of the ancient French Province, or the British colony hermetically sealed from the sea for six months of the year, into the present Dominion, with a territory about the size of Europe, her frontiers on three oceans, and in possession, for all practical purposes, of political and commercial independence. We have now—as a friend from Maine remarked—"quite a big farm, but it wants fencing badly." What about the fencing, or the organization, for purposes of government, of our numberless arpents of snow and ice?

We have imitated both the United States and Great Britain in framing our constitution. It is on the federal principle, with the central authority strong, and tending to become stronger. The various Provinces preserve their autonomy for local and private matters, for property and civil rights, and for education. All other important matters are handed over to the General Parliament that meets in the city of Ottawa, and acts through a cabinet, which, after the British model, may be considered a committee of Parliament. The limits of the local and of the Dominion authorities, respectively, and the superiority of the latter as regards all questions on the boundary line between the two, are so clearly defined that questions of State rights, or rather Province rights, can hardly emerge, or at any rate become serious. The appointment of the Provincial Governors, and of the inferior and supreme Provincial Judges, as well as of the Judges of the Court of Appeal for the Dominion, is in the hands of the Central Government. All our lawyers look to Ottawa. Our judges are independent, and are almost our only aristocracy. Though appointed by a Government representing one party in the State, they hold office during good behavior, and have no temptation to carry their previous political bias to the bench. The Central Government regulates trade and commerce, navigation and shipping, banking, and everything thereto pertaining. It has also entire control of the war power. If, as Carlyle puts it, "the ultimate question between every two human beings is 'Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me,'" such ultimate question is not likely to be agitated at any time between a Province and the Central Government. There is no military or naval force of any kind to do the bidding of the Provincial authorities. The sword is indubitably in the hands of the Dominion as a whole. The powers of the General Parliament being so large, the necessity for local parliaments is sometimes questioned. Young men ardent for a speedy unification of the country, and old men who would model all creation on the British Constitution as if it had originally been let down from heaven, advocate a legislative union of the Provinces similar to that which binds together England, Scotland and Ireland; with one Parliament to take cognizance of everything not strictly municipal. Practically, that would be as difficult in our case as the United States would have found it a century ago, or would find it now. The British Parliament, legislating for two small islands, finds itself overworked, though its members work—and without pay—like galley-slaves for more than half the year. It is easy to run up to London from John O' Groat's or the Land's End, but the expense of getting small local bills through Parliament is enormous. What would it be in our case! Provincial legislatures are necessary, but certainly not such as those we have,—which, like a well-known class of horses, are pretty much "all action and no go." Their work, except where it touches on education, is municipal rather than political, but they ape the paraphernalia of the Central Parliament all the same as when they had real power, and fight out trumpery matters as if political issues were involved. What with our Central Parliament and these seven local parliaments revolving round it like satellites round a sun, we Canadians have a governmental machinery as extensive and expensive as the heart of politician could desire. There are signs that even our patient people are getting tired of the burden, however, and a new party will probably arise on this issue. Very simple machinery would be sufficient for all that our local legislatures have to do. Their revenue comes chiefly from the Dominion treasury, and flows into them without effort. The chief items of

expenditure are fixed. More business, and business requiring more thought, is done by many a mercantile house with two or three clerks than is done by several of them; but they maintain party lines with ridiculous tenacity, make political speeches for the electorate, vote themselves large indemnities, and cling to Windsor uniforms, black rods, ushers with swords and all the trappings that may be excused as the gilding of power, but are offensive as the symbols of nothing. A paddle in a birch-bark canoe is better than a steam-engine, and cheaper. The expense at present is incredible. Thus, the three Atlantic Provinces with a population between them about that of Maine, have three Governors, five or six local houses of parliament, and I shall not venture to say how many heads of departments. Let us stick to the three Governors. Their salaries and the cost of keeping up their residences amount to about forty thousand dollars a year! Maine, I believe, gets a very good Governor—occasionally a duplicate—for one thousand dollars. When the Province of Manitoba was carved out of the unplowed prairie, the Central Government sent a Governor to rule over it with a salary equal to nearly a dollar per head of the population. Think of the poor little Province, not yet out of moccasins, with such finery! This was the doing of one Government. The next bettered the example by sending another Governor, with the usual salary, Windsor uniform, and so forth, to the adjacent territory before it had got even the moccasins on. The Dominion Legislature itself is on the same extensive and expensive scale. Few grudge the fifty thousand dollars that our Governor-General receives. He is the personal link between the mother country and Canada. We could not get the right kind of man for less. He is the crown and apex not only of our political edifice,—which is on the King, Lords and Commons model,—but of our social life as well. His indirect influences and functions are more valuable than those that are expressed in statutes. Having never belonged to either of our political parties, he exercises a powerful influence on both. He can bring the leaders of Government and Opposition together under his roof in circumstances where political differences have to be ignored, and where the asperities of conflict are softened. You see the good features of your adversary through the flowers of the dinner-table, or at a bonspiel on the ice, far better than through the thundery atmosphere of debate, and it is hard to play the irreconcilable with opponents when you ask their wives and daughters to toboggin or dance. Our Governors-General are expected to encourage art, education and all that tends to develop the higher life of the country; and to diffuse charity as well as hospitality liberally. This they do at a cost that leaves very little of the fifty thousand dollars by the time the year is half over. So that few object to the salary, who consider the circumstances. But in everything else about our Legislature there is room for the axe or pruning-knife. When Dr. Chalmers surveyed the Cowgate of Edinburgh and saw the thousands of dirty, unkempt men and women streaming out of the whisky shops, his eye glowed with enthusiasm and turning to one of his city missionaries, he remarked, "A fine field, sir; a fine field for us!" Certainly, were I a politician, I could wish for no finer field than that which Ottawa presents. The United States think a cabinet of eight sufficient. We, with one-twelfth of the population, surround our Governor-General with thirteen, giving to each of the baker's dozen seven thousand dollars a year, and his indemnity of another thousand. Eight thousand a year in a country where most clergymen have to be content with eight hundred or less, adjutants-general of militia with seventeen hundred, and where bishops, principals of universities, and such like celestial mortals live comfortably on two or three thousand. "'*Mori*,' the more you get, '*pro patria*,' out of your country, '*dulce est*,' the sweeter it is," says Mr. Samuel Slick. The thirteen colonies began with twenty-six senators; we, with seventy-two. Our House of Commons starts with nearly as many members as your House of Representatives now has. At our rate of representation, your House should have some three thousand members. Every man of our three hundred and odd senators and commoners gets a thousand dollars for the two or three winter months he spends in Ottawa, besides mileage and franking perquisites. Some of them live the whole year on half the money. But I must not go on or every politician in the United States will migrate to Canada.

Partly because the Queen has given titles to sundry individuals who are or were politicians, a suspicion seems to be arising in some quarters in the United States that a deep scheme exists for establishing an aristocracy in Canada. No one acquainted

with our conditions of living, and with the temper of our people, would entertain such an idea. We are devoted to the monarchical principle, but any aristocracy save that of genius, worth or wealth, is as utterly out of the question with us, as with you. We think it a good thing that the Queen, as the fountain of honor, should recognize merit in any of her subjects; but such recognitions have to stand the test of public opinion, and except in as far as the titles are upborne by desert, they give no more real weight than "Honorable" or "Colonel" gives in the United States. If men will work harder in the public service, inspired by the hope of getting a ribbon, a medal or a handle to their name, it would be Puritanical to grudge them the reward. Knighthood bestowed on judges or nineteenth-century politicians does seem somewhat of an anachronism. But men are queer creatures and even when they care little for the title, their wives may care much. Educated as she is, the thought of being one day addressed as "your Ladyship" thrills every one of the pericardial tissues of the average woman. That is about all the title does for her or her husband. It gives neither money, place nor privilege. The idea of a privileged aristocracy, or a court, between the representative of the throne in Canada and our homespun farmers, no sane man would entertain. The fact is, that while we have strong monarchical predilections and traditions, and would fight to the death for our own institutions that recognize monarchical supremacy, we are, perhaps, more democratic than you. Our institutions reflect the national will, and our Executive can be unmade in a day by the breath of the popular branch of Parliament. The Executive is composed of men who must be members either of the popular or the senatorial House. There they are during the session, face to face with their opponents, obliged to defend every measure and to withdraw it if they cannot command a majority in its favor. If beaten they must resign, and the Governor-General at once sends for some one who reflects the views of the House more faithfully, and intrusts the seals of office to him. If no one can form a stable government, His Excellency dissolves the popular House, and the people have the opportunity of returning new men, or the old members back again, re-invigorated by their descent among their constituents. The Governor-General, the center of our government, is fixed and above us. His responsible advisers may remain in office during a lifetime, or may be turned out after having tasted its sweets for twenty-four hours. We have no idea of throwing the central point of government periodically into dispute, and just as little of putting a yoke on our necks that by no possibility can be got rid of till after a term of years. We think that our present system combines the opposite advantages of being stable and elastic, and that there is nothing like it in the world.

When the Queen selected Ottawa as the capital of Canada, loud mutterings rose from cities like Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec, each of which had previously been the capital for a longer or shorter time, and each of which considered its claims superior to those of a city just being built of slabs away up in the backwoods. But time is vindicating the wisdom of the selection and at any rate Ottawa is certain to be the capital for a century or two, when it may give place to Winnipeg. Without comparing it with Quebec—the historical capital—the site of which is the finest in America, Ottawa can hold its own with most of our cities as regards beauty, accessibility, possibilities of defense and central position. Two rivers winding through and around it, and tumbling over the picturesque falls of the Chaudière and Rideau, the broken wooded cliffs rising abruptly from the Ottawa, crowned with the magnificent Parliament buildings, the Laurentian range giving a well-defined background of mountain forms, are the features that at once arrest a stranger's attention and that never pall. From the cliffs and from the windows of the Government offices above, a glorious picture is hung up that makes one anxious to be a Government clerk or deputy or employé of some kind or other—the Chaudière Falls, pouring a volume of water almost equal to Niagara into the broad basin below. This, and the view from the Sapper's bridge, redeem Ottawa in my eyes and reconcile me to its being the capital. Of course, I am bound to believe that Kingston should have been chosen, but that "the king can do no wrong" is an axiom in British law and opinion. Canals, railways and the river give all parts of the country easy access to Ottawa; and though, ten or twelve years ago, it looked more like the back-yard of the Government buildings than anything else, it is becoming more and more a fit center for the Dominion. In the winter months it is crowded with strangers, lobbyists preponderating, though Rideau Hall, first under the sway of the Dufferins

and now with Lord Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, is a formidable competitor of the lobby, and attracts a different class of visitors. Lord Dufferin, as a wonderful advertising agent, was worth more to Canada than all her emigration agencies. A fair speaker in the House of Lords, the air of this continent, where every man naturally orates, made him blossom out into oratory that surprised those who had known him best. Having begun, there seemed no end to him. He was ready for a speech, and always a good one, on every occasion. Unless his Irish heart and fancy deceived himself as well as us, he took a genuine pride and interest in Canada, and "cracked us up" after a style that Mr. Chollop would have envied. Lord Lorne is not equally florid or exhaustless and we like him all the better. The mass of our people are very plain, matter-of-fact farmers, and it is questionable if they ever fully appreciated Lord Dufferin. They read his wonderful speeches and did not feel quite sure whether he was in fun or in earnest, whether he spoke as a business man, or post-prandially and as an Irishman. They only half-believed that they were the great, good and generous people he declared them to be, or that they had such a paradisaical country as he constantly averred. Never could man make a summer more readily out of one swallow, than Lord Dufferin. Under his magic wand long winters fled away, or forty degrees below zero seemed the appropriate environment for humanity; snow-clad mountains appeared covered with vineyards, and rocky wildernesses blossomed as the rose. Our terribly prosaic people were just beginning to get slightly tired of the illimitable sweetmeats and soap-bubbles, and even to fancy that the magician was partly advertising himself. Lord Lorne is commending himself to them as one determined to know facts, anxious to do his duty, and not unnecessarily toadying to the press. He and his wife are already exercising a salutary influence on Canadian society. I do not know if the citizens of a republic quite understand the feeling of loyalty that binds us to a house that represents the history and unity of our Empire, and how the feeling becomes a passion when the members of that house are personally worthy. A thrill of subdued enthusiasm runs through the crowd in whatever part of Canada the Princess appears, simply because she is a daughter of the Queen; and when it is known that her life and manners are simple and her own household well managed, that she is a diligent student, an artist and a friend of artists, and that her heart is in every attempt to mitigate the pains and miseries of suffering humanity, she leaps into the inmost heart of the people, and they rejoice to enthrone her there. The spirit of chivalry, far from being dead, has gone beyond the old charmed circle of noblesse and knights, and found its home among the common people. The influence of such a Princess, especially over our girls, before whom a worthy ideal is set by the acknowledged leader of fashion, is one that no true philosopher will despise. Many of us are grateful for such an influence in a new country where the great prize sought is material wealth, its coarse enjoyment the chief happiness dreamed of by the winners, and opportunities of selfish idleness and dissipation popularly considered the boons enjoyed by their sons and daughters; where the claims of culture are apt to be overlooked in the struggle against nature, and the laws of honor disregarded in the contest for place. What Shakspere says of Queen Elizabeth we apply to our own Princess:

> "She shall be * * *
> A pattern to all princes living with her,
> And all that shall succeed: * * * Those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
> And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

Whatever influences society in Ottawa, will reach over the country, for the capital is becoming more than the political center of the Dominion. Our legislators come from the people, and we need not be ashamed of the *personnel* of either House. In Canada, as in Great Britain, the best men are willing to serve the state, and a stranger who judges us by our legislatures will not go far astray. They are divided into two great parties, and each party includes representatives of the various denominations and races that compose our people. The dividing line between them is neither race, nor religion, nor geography. It is sometimes difficult to know what the dividing line is, yet the necessities of party so completely prevent them from splitting up into the various sections and cross-sections to be found in the legislatures of France and Germany, that, as in Great Britain and the States, independent members are few in number. With us, too, the "independents" have the rather shady reputation of being waiters on Providence or sitters on the fence

After confederation, the main question between the two great political parties turned on the best method of constructing the Canada Pacific Railway. During the discussion, the Liberal Conservative leaders fatally compromised themselves with a would-be contractor, and a general election in 1873 sent the Reformers into power with an enormous majority. In 1878, a fiscal question predominated over all others. The Reformers contended that Canada's industrial and commercial policy should be determined generally by the principles of free trade. The Liberal Conservatives urged the adoption of protectionist principles or "a national policy." At the general election, all the Provinces—New Brunswick excepted—voted heavily in favor of the national policy. Several facts indicate that this decision reflected more than a passing sentiment on the part of the people; and that, though details may be changed from year to year, the two principles will be kept in view of "measure for measure" with all neighbors, and the adjustment of the tariff so as to foster industries suited to Canada. For instance, the great Province of Ontario, which always gave a majority to the Reformers, deserted its leaders on this question, and returned Liberal Conservatives in the proportion of three to one. Again, the provinces of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are historically and naturally free-traders, but they, too, gave large majorities in favor of the national policy. To understand the full significance of the position taken, it must be remembered that almost all our public men had previously been free-traders. We have few independent thinkers, and are accustomed to take our opinions on most subjects from England. Probably nineteen out of twenty writers there are not only free-traders, but consider belief in protection, more absurd than belief in witchcraft. It is no longer

> "Jew, Turk or Atheist
> May enter here, but not a Papist."

Any one may enter good society in Great Britain but a protectionist. For all purposes of trade, it is held that nations do not or should not exist. Various causes predisposed us to hold the same views on the subject. Being in favor of maintaining our connection with Britain, there was no desire to adopt a radically different commercial policy. The desire was all the other way. Besides, the arguments in favor of free trade as the right system for all nations are demonstrable. Every one must admit that, confining ourselves to the region of abstract principles, the protectionist has little to say for himself; that the truths of free trade are truths of common sense; that it would be well to have trade as free and unfettered as labor; that when trade is free the buyer and the seller are benefited, and that when it is shackled both are injured. Most persons also admit that protection is not a good thing in itself; that it is, at the best, only a weapon of defense or retaliation, and that it is intended to be temporary; that its general effect is to enrich the few at the expense of the many, and that its tendency is to form rings to control legislation in the interests of the few. All this was understood thoroughly, yet the Canadians voted protection with an enthusiasm quite perplexing when we consider what evoked the enthusiasm. Bishop Berkeley once started the question of whether it was possible for a whole nation to go mad. In the judgment of an orthodox free-trader or an ordinary Englishman, the Dominion must have gone mad in 1878. The great aim of politicians and people in England is to get taxes reduced. A ministry trembles for its existence if it imposes an additional tax. But here the general cry was "Increase the taxes!" The great dread of the people was that the men they had returned to Parliament, would prove false to them by not taxing them enough. And when new duties were imposed and old duties doubled, enthusiastic votes of thanks were sent from popular associations to the Cabinet ministers for so nobly redeeming their pledges. It was altogether a very curious phase of national sentiment.

How did the thing come about? Temporary and permanent causes co-operated. Financial depression made many people willing to try a new policy. Some believed that it was possible to get rich not only by the old-fashioned ways of working and saving, but by a new patent according to which everybody would take from everybody, and yet nobody be any the poorer. Then, with the debt and expenditure of the Dominion increasing and the revenue decreasing, we had the unpleasant fact of annual deficits to face. Since the formation of the Dominion its debt has nearly doubled, and at the present rate of increase it will soon be equal per head of population to yours, with the important differences that in the United States the debt is becoming smaller, while the revenue shows

remarkable elasticity, whereas in the Dominion prospective liabilities are indefinite, and revenue can be increased only by fresh taxes. Neither of the two political parties proposed to diminish expenditure, and as additional revenue had to be raised, a cry for re-adjustment of taxation, with the object of fostering native industries, could plead a solid basis of necessity as a justification. Two other causes co-operated. In this, as in all the other important steps taken by them in political development, Canadians have been greatly influenced by the example of the United States. Half a century ago, the spectacle of a people on the other side of what is only a "line," self-reliant, self-governing and prosperous, had much to do with determining us to have a government responsible to ourselves. Again, the national spirit evoked in the United States during the civil war influenced us toward confederation. We saw on a grand scale that, where the dollar had been called almighty, national sentiment was mightier. Canadians, with such an example before them, could hardly help feeling that they must rise above pett provincialism, and aim at being a nation. In the same way, they felt that if a protectionist policy was good for you, it must be good for them. They are quite sure that, whether you can do other things or not, you can do business, and that you seldom get the worst of a bargain. Certainly, if imitation be the sincerest flattery, they ought to get the credit of being your greatest admirers. Along with the feeling that it would be wise to imitate, was a soreness begotten of the fact that they had tried to charm you into free trade or reciprocity, and had failed. You would not reciprocate their semi-free-trade attitude. The Canadian manufacturer waxed angry, and even the farmer became irritated. The manufacturer saw that if he established himself on one side of the line, he had forty-four millions of customers, and if on the other side he had only four millions; and, still worse, that his rival, who had forty millions as a special market, could afford to "slaughter" him who had no special market at all. And the farmer felt that his neighbors would not likely tax his grain unless it was their interest to do so, and argued accordingly that it must be for his interest to tax their grain as much as they taxed his. As a matter of fact, such notions influenced the average bucolic mind. Besides, there is a certain satisfaction to human nature to hit back, even though it may injure rather than benefit. Nations have not got yet beyond the spirit of the Jewish code of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Perhaps few have got so far. Another cause that made the proposal of a national policy popular was the distinctively Canadian spirit that is growing stronger every year. Men in whom this spirit is strong believe that each country must legislate entirely with a view to its own interests; and that if Great Britain found free trade beneficial, and the United States found protection necessary, Canada might find a mixture of the two best adapted to its special position. These men were irritated at the patronizing language too often used by British newspapers, and at the inconsistent language of politicians of the Manchester school, who with one breath declare the colonies useless to the Empire, and with the next express amazement that they should presume to understand their own business and to act independently in fiscal matters. The changes recently made in the tariff will have, at least, the one effect of teaching all concerned that Canada, like the mother-country itself, studies what it considers its own interests, and does so in the faith that what benefits it most will in the long run benefit the Empire most. Any other relationship in fiscal matters between Canada and the rest of the Empire must be matter of special agreement. Until such is come to, the present relationship of commercial independence must continue.

It is interesting to note how the countries most concerned have taken this change of fiscal policy on our part. You, on the whole, have recognized our right to cut our coat according to our cloth and according to our fancy. You have been accustomed to do so yourselves, and must have wondered at our entertaining the question, "Will other countries be offended if we act as if we were no longer in a state of commercial pupilage?" But Manchester has scolded as it never scolded before. Mr. John Bright declares that our present trade policy is not only injurious to the inhabitants of the Dominion,—poor children who cannot take care of themselves,—but that, "if persisted in, it will be fatal to its connection with the mother country." There is the shop-keeper's last word to his pastor—"If you don't deal at my shop, I will leave the church." If the life of man could be summed up in the one duty of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market a change in the Canadian tariff might break up that wonderful thing called the British

Empire. But only Manchester thinks so and Manchester is not the Empire. You are far more guilty of the deadly heresy of protection than we. But of you, Mr. Bright writes more in sorrow than in anger. Of us, always more in anger than in sorrow.

Whether the change in our trade policy will prove beneficial to the Canadian people, or the reverse, I will not predict; but it is safe to say that in spirit it will be continued henceforth, except in so far as it may be modified by treaties. There is now on our statute-book a resolution to the effect that, as you lower duties on our products, we will lower duties on yours. We thus hold out the flag of peace. But the tendency of the present state of things is not only to hamper free intercourse between two peoples who should be one for all purposes of internal communication, but to build up new walls between them. The longer men build at these the higher they make them, until, at length, important interests in Canada will be opposed to every form of reciprocity.

Besides, the treaty of Washington did not settle the fishery question. And surely the time for a satisfactory settlement has come. All the points in dispute, the question of headlands and bays especially, are as much in dispute as ever. After 1883, when the present term of occupation for which you have paid us terminates, they will crop up again. The responsibility rests upon you as it is your turn to take the initiative.

The commercial relations of Canada are simple and easily understood. Our trade is pretty much confined to three countries,—the United States, Great Britain and the West Indies. The commercial capital is Montreal. A walk in spring or autumn along the massive stone wharfage that lines the glorious river, flowing oceanward with the tribute of half a continent, is sufficient to show its unrivaled facilities for trade. A dozen lines of ocean-going steamships are taking in cargo, and improvements are projected to afford indefinite expansion for others. But Montreal has the great disadvantage of a long winter to contend against. The contrast between October and January is the contrast between life and death. Quays, docks, sheds and everything else up to the revetment wall have been wiped out. The ice-covered river has risen to the level of the lowest streets, and an unbroken expanse of ice and snow stretches up and down and across to the opposite side. Business has fled, except that which keen curlers delight in, with the thermometer at 20° below zero. In April, the ice begins to groan, melt and shove. Everything that resists has to yield to the irresistible pressure, and, therefore, everything had been removed in time. Huge cakes pile above each other, and, as the river rises, the lower parts of the city are often completely inundated. Scarcely has the ice commenced to move, when the laborers are at work fitting the sections of sheds, clearing the railway track, and putting the wharves in order for the spring work. The channels of trade open, and life throbs again in all the arteries of the city.

Montreal abounds in contrasts. Nowhere else in America are past and present to be seen so close to each other. Landing near the Bonsecours Market, from the steamer in which you have run the Lachine Rapids, everything speaks of nineteenth-century life and rush. You have just passed under the Victoria bridge, one of the greatest monuments of modern engineering skill, and steamers are ranged along the extensive wharfage as far as the eye reaches. But go up the lane leading to the quaint, rusty-looking Bonsecours church, hard by, and at once you find yourself in the seventeenth century. A small image of the Virgin, standing on the gable nearest the river, points out the church, which otherwise would be scarcely distinguishable from the ruck of old buildings built all around and on it. Pass the queer little eating-houses and shops, thrown out like buttresses from the walls of the church, and turn in from the busy market to say a prayer. The peasants who have come to market deposit their baskets of fish, fruit or poultry at the door, and enter without fear of anything being stolen while they are at their devotions; or sailors, returned from a voyage, are bringing with them an offering to her who they believe succored them when they prayed, in time of peril, on the sea. Inside, you can scarce believe you are in America,—you are in some ancient town in Brittany or South Germany, where the parish church has not yet been desecrated by upholstery or modern improvements. The building, and everything in and about it, the relievos on the walls, the altar, the simple but exquisite antique pulpit, are a thousand times more interesting than the huge, stiff towers of Nôtre Dame and the profusion of tawdry gilt and color inside, which everybody goes to see, while not one in a hundred has heard of the Bonsecours church. The

cathedral and the Jesuits' church are loudly modern; but the Bonsecours—though the old church was burnt in 1754—takes us back to the past, and reminds us of Marguerite Bourgeoys, who laid the foundation-stones more than two centuries ago. The Baron de Fancamp gave her a small image of the Virgin, endowed with miraculous virtue, on condition that a chapel should be built for its reception in Montreal. Gladly she received the precious gift and carried it out to Canada. As enthusiastically, the people of Montreal seconded an undertaking which would bring such a blessing to the city. From that day, many a wonderful deliverance has been attributed to our Lady of Gracious Help. No wonder that the devout French sailor, as he goes up and down the river, looks out for the loved image and utters a prayer to Mary as it comes in sight.

From the Bonsecours (the first stone church built on the island), a short walk along St. Paul street (the street that constituted the city at first) leads to Jacques Cartier Square, where Nelson stands with his back to the water—the first time he ever stood in such a position, as an old salt grumbled when he saw the monument. Passing around the corner to the magnificent new City Hall and the old Government House opposite, where Benjamin Franklin set up a newspaper with the remark that, if Canada was to be Americanized, it would be only through the printing-press, a semi-subterranean smithy suddenly arrests your attention. The sight and the sounds are so unexpected in such a center that you look down. Through the horses, carters, and rows of horse-shoes hanging from the low roof, you see that the modern blacksmith has taken possession of one of the old, strongly built, arched vaults where the Government long ago kept its archives and other valuables. Here, too, the past and the present are clasping hands, for the current of life, running more strongly, has the same color and direction as in Franklin's day. The French tongue is universally spoken, and the ultramontane, conversing with his compatriots, still speaks of Englishmen in Canada as foreigners.

The west end is altogether another city. Formerly some of the best French families lived here, but gradually they moved away to the east end, drawn by the influences of race, religion, traditions and sympathies. The splendid mansions on Sherbrooke street are occupied by English and Scotch merchants; and the Windsor is an American hotel after the best model. But, go where you will in Montreal, it is not possible to forget that you are in a Roman Catholic city. A group from the Seminary; a procession of Christian Brothers; a girls' school out for a walk, with softly treading nuns quietly guiding them; a church near the Windsor silently taking form in imitation of St Peter's; the Hotel Dieu; the enormous and ever-growing establishment of the "Sœurs Grises," who care for every form and class of suffering humanity, from helpless foundlings to helpless second childhood;—thus by matchlessly organized bands, in medieval garb, shaping the lives of the boys and girls, and by stone and lime on a scale that Protestantism never attempts, Rome everywhere declares herself, and claims Montreal as her own.

Toronto considers itself the intellectual capital of Canada, grudgingly acknowledging Ottawa and Montreal as, in the meantime, the political and commercial centers. University College is a noble building, and respectably endowed. The act of confederation left education in the hands of the respective Provinces, and as there is no uniformity in laws or practice, a separate article would be needed to do justice to the subject. The general principles of the educational system of Ontario and the maritime Provinces are those that prevail in the United States. All public schools are free, are supported chiefly by local rates, and the rate-payers elect trustees to manage the schools. The main difference between the Provinces which I have specified, is that in Ontario education is not only free but—if the bull be permitted—compulsory, and that Roman Catholics who desire to establish separate schools with their rates may do so where they are strong enough to support them. In such localities, the school-rates of those who desire a separate school are collected for that purpose, and those schools share in the Legislative grant in proportion to their attendance. In the Province of Quebec, the religious principle divides the public schools into two classes still more markedly. A council of public instruction appointed by the Provincial Government is divided into two committees,—the one with certain powers so far as schools for Roman Catholics are concerned, the other with similar powers over the Protestant schools. Local boards are constituted on the same principle of division according to religion, but as in most parishes there is only the one church, and the masses are devout and sub-

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

missive, the schools are practically in the hands of the hierarchy. Their condition is far from being satisfactory, except in the principal cities, where co-ordinate boards exist side by side and where enough of wholesome rivalry exists to insure a measure of excellence.

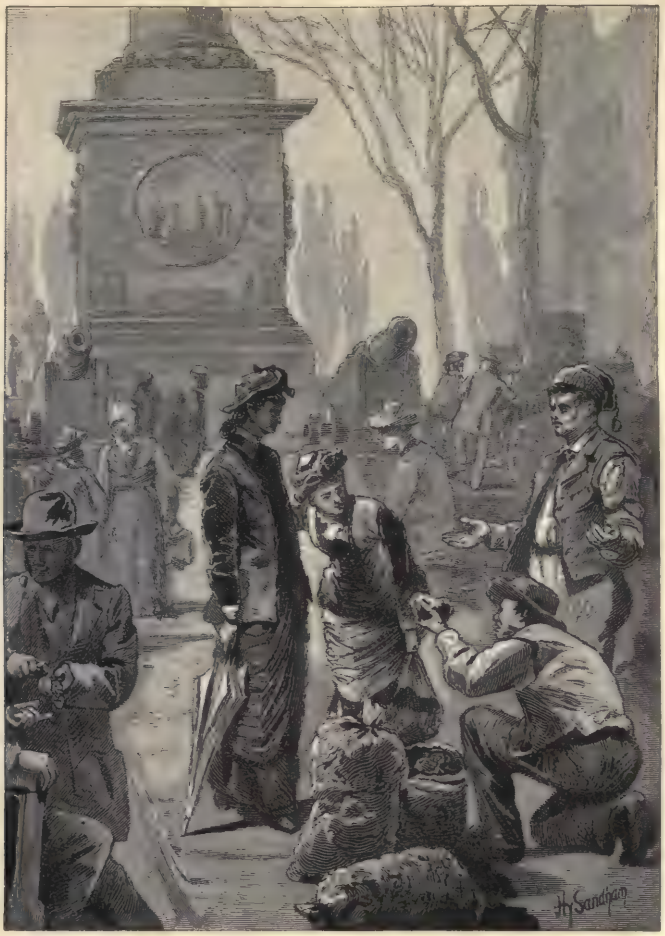
In Montreal, the system, so far as the Protestant community is concerned, is as perfect as in the best cities of Ontario, the course from the common schools to the University being open to all, and free the whole way up to every promising scholar. While elementary schools have always been defective in quality and quantity in Quebec Province, it is otherwise as regards provision for the higher kinds of

A MONTREAL WHARF IN JUNE.

elementary and collegiate education. Classical, industrial, commercial and theological colleges are to be found in every center, connected with one or other of the various educational communities that the church encourages, and with every Bishop's see. In these institutions the children of the best families and promising boys obtain an education which, though neither comprehensive in range, nor scientific in method and spirit, equips them fairly for their proposed work in life, and enables them to appear to advantage in the world and in Parliament. The French members of the legislature are a better average in point of education than the English. They are certainly their superiors in precision and elegance of language. In founding institutions for higher education, the Protestants of Quebec have not shown as much liberality in proportion to their wealth as the Roman Catholics. The rich Montreal merchants, who have built palatial residences for themselves by the hundred at the foot of the mountain, have done comparatively little even for McGill College. The Scotchman who founded it more than half a century ago built for himself a monument more lasting than brass; but few of his fellow-citizens have been animated by his spirit. But with scanty means McGill has done first-rate work; and when Dr. Dawson became principal it got something better than money.

Education in Canada is left to the respective Provinces. Religion, except in Quebec Province, where the church of Rome reigns over homogeneous masses of submissive children and enjoys a semblance of State Churchism, is left to the individual. With us, as with you, the fruits of individualism are seen in the multiplication of sects, and in the keen rivalry existing between them that leads to the erection of half a dozen churches, and the genteel starvation of half a dozen ministers, in almost every village. It is instructive to note the different outcome of the principles of Protestantism in Germany, in Great Britain, and on this side of the Atlantic. We see how the same fundamental principles are modified by the character of peoples and by their historical developments. In Germany an almost boundless liberty of thought in theology is allowed within the church. The results of scholarship, and theories on the results, are published without fear of consequences, while in outward things the church is bound hand and foot, and works simply as the Government's moral police. There is no dissent to speak of. The church represents whatever spiritual force there has been, or is, in each kingdom

A MONTREAL WHARF IN MARCH.



OPEN-AIR MARKET.

or duchy; and the churches to-day are geographically and in all outward things, about as the peace of Westphalia left them, though the state of theological opinion varies with every generation.

In Great Britain the established churches enjoy more outward liberty, and allow less liberty of thought than in Germany; they include great varieties of theological opinion, but this is made ground of serious reproach against them by vigorous dissenting organizations that constitute an important element in the spiritual life of the nation. There are religious circles in England and in Scotland, that assume that the church ought to be based on peculiarities of dogma, ritual and discipline, and not on the broad principles of Christianity, and that anything like breadth is inconsistent with moral and spiritual earnestness. In Canada, as in the United States, no Protestant church has any official recognition or advantage above another, and our boundless liberty of organization has led to the formation of sects representing every variety of opinion. Astonishing outward religious zeal and clattering activity has been generated by our "fair field and no favor" plan. Each sect feels that, if it is active enough, the whole country may be won over to its side. Half a dozen zealous men, or half the number of zealous women, will build a church, with a mortgage on it, probably, and engage a minister who well knows that, whether he quickens spiritual life or not, "those pews must be filled." A competition among ministers is insured, in which the sensitive and honorable often come off second best. People who have made large money sacrifices for the sect are not inclined to be-

OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH, FROM THE RIVER.

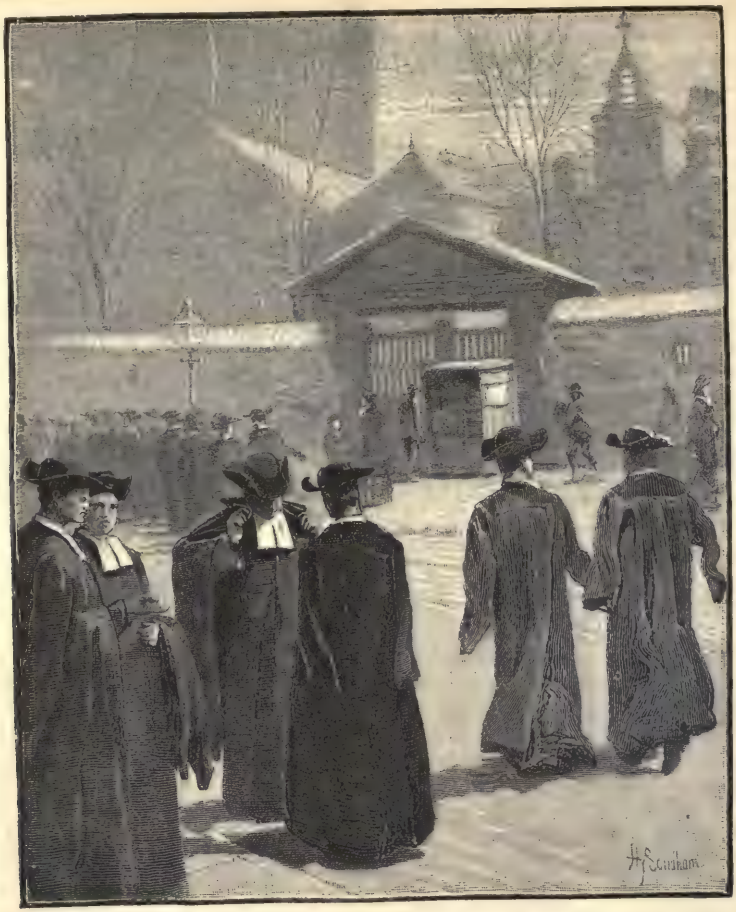
little its peculiarities. The sect is "the cause," and the cause is the Lord's. The old idea of the church as the visible body of Christ, including all who are professedly His, and all who are animated by His spirit, is lost. A church is merely a club, with its well-defined constitution and by-laws. If you think outside of these, you must leave the club, and form or join another, or live without connection with any club ecclesiastical. That our condition of things is favorable to the development of sects is undoubted. Whether, notwithstanding the advantage of free church government, it is more favorable to the growth of true religion than even the condition of things in Germany, may be doubted. The German army marched in the last war to the tunes of popular hymns as often as of patriotic songs. Their serried ranks swung into Metz singing a grand old hymn dear to the heart of every true son of fatherland. Would or could a British or American army do likewise? But the church of the future has not taken shape yet, in the old nor in the new world.

In Canada, there is little theological scholarship and less speculation. I am not acquainted with a Canadian author or volume known in Europe, so far as these departments of literature are concerned. It may be that the churches have too much rough missionary work on their hands to give their strength to scholarship; or that the conditions of things in the churches do not encourage independent thinking; or that nineteenth-century mental and spiritual inquietude has not yet influenced the Canadian mind. The people generally are attached to Puritan and evangelical theology, and possess much of the old robust faith. They contribute with extraordinary liberality to build churches, and, according to their means, to support the ministry. The trouble is that in many places they have too varied a ministry to support. Many of our ecclesiastical edifices, notably the Anglican cathedrals of Fredericton and Montreal, and the Scottish (St Andrew's) churches of Montreal and Toronto, are as perfect specimens of architecture, after their kind, as could be desired.

Robust health characterizes the Canadians, not only religiously but from whatever point of view you look at them. The world has no finer oarsmen than those of Halifax, St. John and Lake Ontario. A look at the crowds who throng the fairs held every autumn near the chief centers

or at the army of the Ottawa-river lumbermen, or at our volunteer reviews, is enough to show that they "bulk largely in the forefront of humanity." That they preserve the military spirit of their ancestors recent instances evidence. On the occasion of the last Fenian raid, companies of militia, supposed from their muster-rolls to represent ten thousand men, were called out. Making allowances for absentees, cases of sickness and other causes, a total of eight thousand were expected to appear at the rendezvous. Instead of eight or ten, fourteen thousand actually presented themselves. The explanation is that clothing is issued to the companies every third year. As new men take the place of those who from year to year drop out, the company is maintained at the regular rate; but, in every district, members whose names are not retained on the rolls keep their uniforms. When there was a prospect of service, these oldsters flocked to the standard and companies appeared with double their normal strength. Two Irishmen were looking out for a good point from which to see a steeple-chase. "Mike," exclaimed one, as they came to the worst-looking ditch, "here's the spot for us; there's likely to be a kill here, if anywhere." Our volunteers are as eager to be in at the death as if they were all Irish. Four years ago, the Government established a military college at Kingston, on the model of Woolwich and West Point, for training officers. As we have no standing army, it looked like a case of putting the cart before the horse, and "they" said that young men would not attend when no prospects of future employment were held out. But young men of the best class are eager to attend. The institution is well officered and has about a hundred cadets. I do not know what examination is required before entering West Point, but the standard at Kingston is lower than at Woolwich. The duty of self-defense has been imposed by the imperial government on Canada, as part of a predetermined policy, and the duty has been cheerfully assumed. This is simply another step taken in the course of our development from political nonage to the full responsibilities of maturity, and, like all the previous steps, each of which was thought dangerous at the time, it has had the effect of binding Canada more firmly to the Empire. The opponents of responsible government declared that it meant the creation of several little provincial republics. The opponents of confederation argued that it involved separation from the Empire. When Great Britain withdrew her regiments from the inland Provinces, and sold or shipped off even the sentry-boxes, people on both sides of the water asserted that this, at any rate, meant the dissolution of the Empire. And when a change is made in our tariff, or when an official has his salary diminished, Cassandras all around prophesy that this must lead to separation. Yet Canada is more in love with the old flag to-day than ever, and though the general commanding bitterly complains that the militia vote is always the one most easily reduced, the real reason is not indifference, but a sense of security. Some companies of mounted police to protect and watch the Indians in the Northwest, two batteries of artillery stationed respectively at Kingston and Quebec, and an effective militia of 40,000,—the whole costing about one million dollars a year,—constitute the present war power of the Dominion. In case of need the militia

PULPIT IN OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH.



CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AT THE GATE OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE.

could be increased indefinitely. The warlike spirit of the people and their sympathy with the mother-country were shown two years ago, when the Eastern question seemed likely to culminate in war with Russia. Though it's a far cry from Canada to Constantinople, ten thousand of the militia volunteered for service, and had war broken out, their offer would have been accepted.

And what as to the probable future of this "Canada of ours"? The preceding articles indicate the point of view from which I am likely to regard such a question. Attempts have been made to enlist popular sympathy in favor of schemes of independence, annexation, Britannic confederation and the like, but in vain. None of these schemes has ever risen to the dignity of the hustings or the ballot-box. They have all been still-born. No interest has been taken in them by the people. Canadians, like all liberty-loving people, are keen politicians. In this respect we err by excess rather than defect. We have too much politics. Our press takes up nothing else heartily. Give a practical question, and the country will ring with it to the exclusion of almost everything else. Let a statesman propose to the people a remedy for one of the evils of their present constitution or condition, such as sectionalism or over-government, and they will deal with it intelligently. But they calmly ignore fancy politics. And just as a healthy man does not know that he has a stomach, so the best sign of their robust political health is that eloquent writers cannot persuade them that their present condition involves serious dangers, and that something dreadful will happen unless they tack, or back, or do something heroic.

Some years ago the Canada First party was supposed to favor independence, but they rid themselves of the imputation, and the common sense of the people rejected

the scheme before it was formulated. To break our national continuity! Did any people ever do that in cold blood? To face the future with a population of four millions scattered over half a continent, whereas we now belong to an empire of two or three hundred millions! Would we be stronger in case of war, or more respected in time of peace? Would we govern ourselves more purely or economically, or would there be more avenues of distinction open to our young men?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who formerly advocated independence, believes that annexation is inevitable. Mr. Smith's literary ability is so marked that everything he writes is widely read; but in his estimate of the forces at work he has never taken full account of the depth and power of popular sentiment. One of his phrases indicates that he could understand if he would. Referring to extravagant English eulogies on Lord Dufferin, he remarked that Lord Dufferin had as much to do with creating Canadian loyalty, as with creating the current of the St. Lawrence. The illustration is a happy one. The force of the most deeply seated sentiment, like that of a mighty river, is seen only where something opposes itself to the current. Cotton is king, it used to be said. Every one thought so, but when action was taken accordingly, a kinglier power made light of cotton. Sentiment is the strongest thing in human nature. It binds the family and nation together, and rules the world. Where true and deep sentiment exists, everything is possible. "But see how—as in your trade policy—sentiment gives way to business considerations," it has been said. It does not give way. A more vulgar fallacy was never put in words. Because a bank man-

A MONTREAL STREET IN WINTER.

A FLEET OF WOOD BARGES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

ager refuses to give special accommodation to his father, is he necessarily unfilial? Canadians are willing to entertain any proposals that the mother-country may make with regard to closer political and commercial relations. These must be, not on the old basis of dependence, but on the present basis of equality. And such proposals may be made before long. If not, why then a century or two hence we may set up house for ourselves. In the meantime, we give affection for affection, and share the fortunes of the mother-country and the dangers of our connection with her.

Toward the United States there is no feeling in Canada but friendship, and a desire for increased intercourse of every kind. It is not our fault that there are so many custom-houses on the frontier lines. But, were there no other reasons, the one consideration that puts annexation totally out of the question with us is that it involves the *possibility* of our having to fight some day against Great Britain. I dislike to suggest such an unnatural possibility. The suggestion would be criminal in any other connection. But my object now is to go down to the ultimate basis on which our present relations rest. It is easy to declare that such a contingency is impossible. Improbable! yes. But impossible! no; as long as Great Britain and the United States remain separate, and human nature is human nature, Therefore, annexation is an impossibility to us until the grander scheme outlined by our Joseph Howe can be carried into effect,—namely, some kind of alliance or league of all the English-speaking peoples. That would be a consummation worth hoping for, worth praying for as men used to pray. It would be the first step to the "federation of the world."

> "Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will, for a' that—
> That men to men the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, and a' that."

PETER THE GREAT. VI.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

PETER AT THE TROITSA MONASTERY RECEIVING THE DEPUTATIONS OF THE STRELTSI.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND PETER.

THIS unfortunate campaign of Galítsyn was the turning point in the struggle between the aristocratic party and the Government of Sophia. The boyárs had gradually been getting stronger, and had even succeeded in forcing their way to power and preferment. One of the Naryshkins had been made a boyár shortly before. The gravamen of any charge against Sophia was that she had made herself the equal of her brothers, the Tsars, by assuming the title of Autocrat, in commemoration of the peace with Poland. So long as her government had been successful, this assumption might have been permitted, but now that two campaigns had shown the weakness and inefficiency of the regency, now that the aristocratic party was strong enough to take matters into its own hands, this could be used as an accusation against her. This was foreseen by others, if not by Galítsyn himself, and even as early as April Van Keller had written to Holland: "If the campaign against the Tartars shall be no more successful than the last, there will probably be a general rebellion," saying, at the same time, that he dared not write much lest his letters should be opened.

Another point of accusation against Sophia, although at this time it was not proved that there was anything criminal in her design, was her desire to have herself crowned as Empress and Autocrat. In point of fact, in August, 1687, Shaklovíty had endeavored to persuade the Streltsi to petition the Tsars for the coronation of the Regent. This, however, was such an unheard-of thing that the Streltsi received the proposition coldly, and no more was done at that time. The next year the idea was revived, and, after the end of the first Crimean campaign, a Russian, or rather, a Polish artist from Tchernigof, named Tarasévitch, engraved a portrait of Sophia, together with her brothers, and also a portrait of Sophia alone, with crown, scepter and globe; her full title as Grand Duchess and Autocrat encircled the portrait and

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about this, in the style of the portraits of the German Emperors, were placed, instead of the portraits of the Electors, the symbolic figures of the seven cardinal virtues of Sophia. The monk Sylvester Medvédief composed an inscription in verse of twenty-four lines, in which the Princess was declared to be the equal and superior of the Babylonian Semiramis, of Elizabeth of England, and of the Greek Pulcheria. Copies of these portraits were printed on satin, on silk and on paper, and were distributed in Moscow. None now exist. One impression was sent to Amsterdam, to the Burgomaster Nicholas Witsen, with the request that he would have the inscription and titles translated into Latin and German, and a new portrait engraved in Holland, for distribution in Europe. Copies of this engraving reached Russia just before the fall of Sophia, and were nearly all destroyed by order of Peter, so that now it is the greatest rarity among Russian historical portraits. Two copies only are known to exist.

A sketch of Sophia, written by De Neuville in this very year, 1689, will perhaps assist us in forming a more accurate idea of her:

> "Her mind and her great ability bear no relation to the deformity of her person, as she is immensely fat, with a head as large as a bushel, hairs on her face and tumors on her legs, and at least forty years old. But in the same degree that her stature is broad, short and coarse, her mind is shrewd, unprejudiced and full of policy."

An incident which occurred about the time of the return of Galítsyn shows, in a measure, the position of affairs at Moscow about this time. On the 18th of July—the festival of the miraculous appearance of the Picture of the Virgin of Kazan—there was a procession from the Kremlin to the Kazan Cathedral, founded by Prince Pozhársky, in commemoration of the delivery of Moscow from the Poles, in which the Tsars usually took part. The Regent Sophia appeared in the Cathedral of the Assumption with her two brothers, just as she had done in preceding years. On the conclusion of the liturgy, Peter, in consequence of a remark of one of his counsellors, approached his sister and ordered her not to walk in the procession. This was an open declaration of war. To prevent Sophia from appearing in public at a state ceremony, as she had done during her whole regency, meant to remove her from the conduct of public business. She accepted the declaration but refused to obey the command. She took from the Metropolitan the Picture of th Virgin, and walked after the crosses an banners. Peter angrily left the processio went for a moment into the Cathedral c St. Michael the Archangel, and immediatel afterward left Moscow and went to h villa at Kolómenskoe.

The tension of the two parties was no very great, and, as always in such case private individuals loudly expressed the grievances, their hopes and their fear Such irresponsible utterances were natural exaggerated by rumor, and each party w convinced that the other was threatenir and had an intention of attacking it. E tracts from Gordon's diary give us son slight idea of the feeling then prevaler On the 7th of August, he writes: "Thin continue to have a bad look, as they pro ised to do on Saturday." On the 9t "The heat and bitterness are even great and it appears that they will soon bre out." On the 16th he mentions "rumo unsafe to be uttered." Both parties natural took up a defensive position. Whatev might be their suspicions of the motives a intentions of their opponents, it was saf with the forces at their disposal, to meet attack than to make one, and at the same tir the moral effect was stronger. What excu could Peter have to attack his elder broth and his sister in the Kremlin while would be very difficult to get even the Str tsi to assist in an attack on Preobrazhénsk They still had too much respect for the p son of the Lord's anointed, and remember too well the consequences of the riots 1682. In such a situation, as everywhere, bo parties were on their guard, and both w suspicious. As when Sophia, in August, 168 went to visit Peter at Preobrazhénsky, the occasion of the benediction of t river Yaúza, she took with her three hu dred Streltsi to guard against any sudd attack of his guards, so now on St. Ann day, when Peter was expected at the Kre lin to visit his aunt the Princess Anne, at t Ascension Convent, Shaklovíty posted fi men in a concealed place near the R Staircase, to be ready for an emergen The Princess Anne had long been an in lid and was greatly loved and respect by the whole Imperial family, especia by Peter. Peter came from Kolómensk remained several hours with his aunt a went away to Preobrazhénsky, and th was no need of alarm. Nevertheless, needed but a spark to cause a general plosion and it was not long before it came.

Qualis in Augusto fulget Sapientia vultu!
Quantus Heros oculis, quantus in ore fidei!
Hanc ego: illa tuis prospicit, Ruthenie regnis.
Condito ab occasu quos tuentur avis.
Nemesis Haec tutela tui ego, quam Barbarus hostis
Sospite in incolto, portimus atque, solo.
Quas conjuratae acies et perfida signa
Fregit, et Dominitis mollia corda dedit.
Cujus ab auspiciis terni ceciere Monarchae.
Fortisque Mavortes concutit arma Leo.
Quam Pietas, quam Spes divinae consia Matris,
Famaque Virgineo conferat alba choro.
Justitiaeque tenax animus, reverensque Senatûs
Majestas. et sceptri belle mereudo manu.
Et victrix: fati Prudentia, et aemula coeli
Dextera. manoribus prodigiosa suis.
Virtus magnanimae vi sentia marmora curae,
Et tot ab Augusta templa locata manu.
Talis ab Euphraten plurimus Semiramis altum
Nobile perpetuae condidit urbis opus.
Talis erat sceptri dicax Elisabetha Britanni:
Palleberian tali monte fuisse ferunt
Sic licet innumeris foecunda, Ruthenia, regnis;
Augusta nisam es inferiorque tua.

THE OFFENDING PICTURE OF SOPHIA BY TARASEVITCH, WITH THE INSCRIPTION BY SYLVESTER MEDVEDIEF.

In order to strengthen her position, Sophia took whatever occasion offered to bound the Streltsi, and to urge them to be faithful to her side in case of a conflict. Meeting some Streltsi in the church of the Mantle of the Virgin, she said: "Can we endure it any longer? Our life is already burdensome through Boris Galítsyn and Leo Naryshkin. They have had the room of our brother, the Lord Ivan Alexéievitch, filled up with firewood and shavings, and they have desired to cut off the head of Prince Vasil Galítsyn who has done much good. He made peace with Poland and had successes on the Don; and it is for his very successes that they hate him. Do not abandon us. May we depend upon you? If we are unnecessary, my brother and I will take refuge in a monastery."

"Your will be done, O lady," they replied; and for their acclamation they received a present of money. It was by speeches of this kind and frequent gifts, that Sophia attempted to maintain an authority and influence which she felt to be gradually declining. Prince Basil Galítsyn,

who was always averse to taking decided measures, remained quiet, assisted Sophia with his advice, but opposed any plans of open attack on the party of boyárs who surrounded Peter, and thought it best to await events. Shaklovíty was much more decided. He held frequent meetings with those Streltsi in whom he had the greatest confidence, and was unsparing in his denunciations of the party of Peter. While not absolutely inciting any attempt against Peter himself, he constantly suggested the possibility of doing away with Prince Boris Galítsyn and Leo Naryshkin, and sending the Tsaritsa Natalia into a convent or otherwise getting rid of her. In order to encourage his supporters, he professed the greatest contempt for the boyárs of the opposite party, calling them all "withered apples."

On the 17th of August, Sophia ordered a small body of Streltsi to come armed to the Kremlin, in order to accompany her on a pilgrimage she intended making to the Donskóy Monastery. They were to be armed because, in a similar pilgrimage which she had made a few days before to another convent, a man had been killed in the neighborhood shortly before her arrival.

OUR LADY OF KAZAN.

After these arrangements were made, placard or anonymous letter, was broug to the palace, stating that on that very nig the guards from Preobrazhénsky would ma an attack on the Kremlin. Apparently, inquiry was made into the origin of this l ter, and it may possibly have been invent by Shaklovíty, or one of his men, for t purpose of giving an excuse for a larg collection of Streltsi. Still, in the positi of affairs, it is very natural that Sophia w rendered uneasy, even by anonymous l ters, and that she took what, under the c cumstances, were very necessary precautio Shaklovíty thereupon collected many mo Streltsi, part of them inside the Kreml others in the old town, and others still the Lubiánka Place, outside the wall, in t direction of Preobrazhénsky. Orders we also given that the gates of the Krem should be closed all night, and that in futu a rope should be tied to an alarm bell of t Cathedral, so that it could be pulled fro the palace, and Shaklovíty with seve officers, came to the Kremlin and slept night in the banqueting hall. The ord for the assemblage of Streltsi in the o town, and on the Lubiánka, were not acc rately carried out. There was much ridi to and fro, and consequently gre confusion, as no one knew t exact reasons for their assemblin and Shaklovíty did not consider necessary to inform them. Th were there to wait for orders, that was enough. Some explain that they were there to prote the Kremlin against an atta from Preobrazhénsky, while othe thought they were to mar that night against the Naryshk party.

In Préobrazhénsky there w also much excitement in cons quence of the rumors broug there from Moscow. Many Peter's adherents had gone the during the day and many of the had remained there during t night, but no measures of preca tion seem to have been taken a there was no apprehension of immediate attack. During t night Plestchéief, one of Pete chamberlains, brought a dispat to the Kremlin. It was on curre routine business and had nothi to do with the present circu stances. In the disorder and exci

PETER WAS AWAKENED.

ment which prevailed there, especially with numbers of soldiers tired of waiting and eager for the *mêlée* to begin, this arrival was wrongly interpreted, and one of the Streltsi named Gládky seized on Plestchéief, dragged him from his horse, tore away his saber, beating him, and after took him into the palace to Shaklovíty.

Among the Streltsi, and even among the confidants of Shaklovíty, Prince Boris Galítsyn and Leo Naryshkin had succeeded in gaining over a number of men to serve them as spies and give information of what passed. With money, with promises, with assurances that Peter would inevitably come into power, and that in the end it would be far more profitable to serve than to oppose him, it was comparatively easy to obtain tools. Seven men, the chief of whom was the Lieutenant-Colonel Lárion Yelisárof, had orders to bring immediate information to Preobrazhénsky of any decisive step. Yelisárof, who had been given by Shaklovíty command of the forces stationed that night on the Lubiánka, met his fellow-conspirators, compelled the sacristan to open the church of St. Theodosius, and called up a priest, when they all took solemn oath of mutual fidelity and secrecy. On learning from one of them who had been sent to the Kremlin to see what was going on, that Plestchéief had been pulled from his horse and beaten, they apparently believed that the crisis had come, and two of their number, Mélnof and Ladógin, rode at full speed to Preobrazhénsky to give notice of the murderous attack which was being organized against Peter and his mother. They arrived a little after midnight. Peter was awakened out of a sound sleep and told to run for his life, as the Streltsi were marching against him. In his night-dress and bare-footed, he ran to the stables, had a horse quickly saddled and rode off to the nearest woods, where he directed his companions to bring his clothes as soon as possible. Dressing in the woods,

he rode in haste to the neighboring village of Alexéievo, and thence to the monastery of Tróïtsa, where he arrived about six o'clock in the morning, so weary that he had to be lifted from his horse and put to bed. Bursting into tears, he told the Abbot of his sad fate and of the attack his sister was making upon him. His mother, his wife and his sister, attended by the boyárs and the guards of Preobrazhénsky, arrived at Tróïtsa two hours later, and shortly after came the Súkharef regiment of Streltsi, which was devoted to Peter, and to which Naryshkin and Galítsyn had immediately sent marching orders.

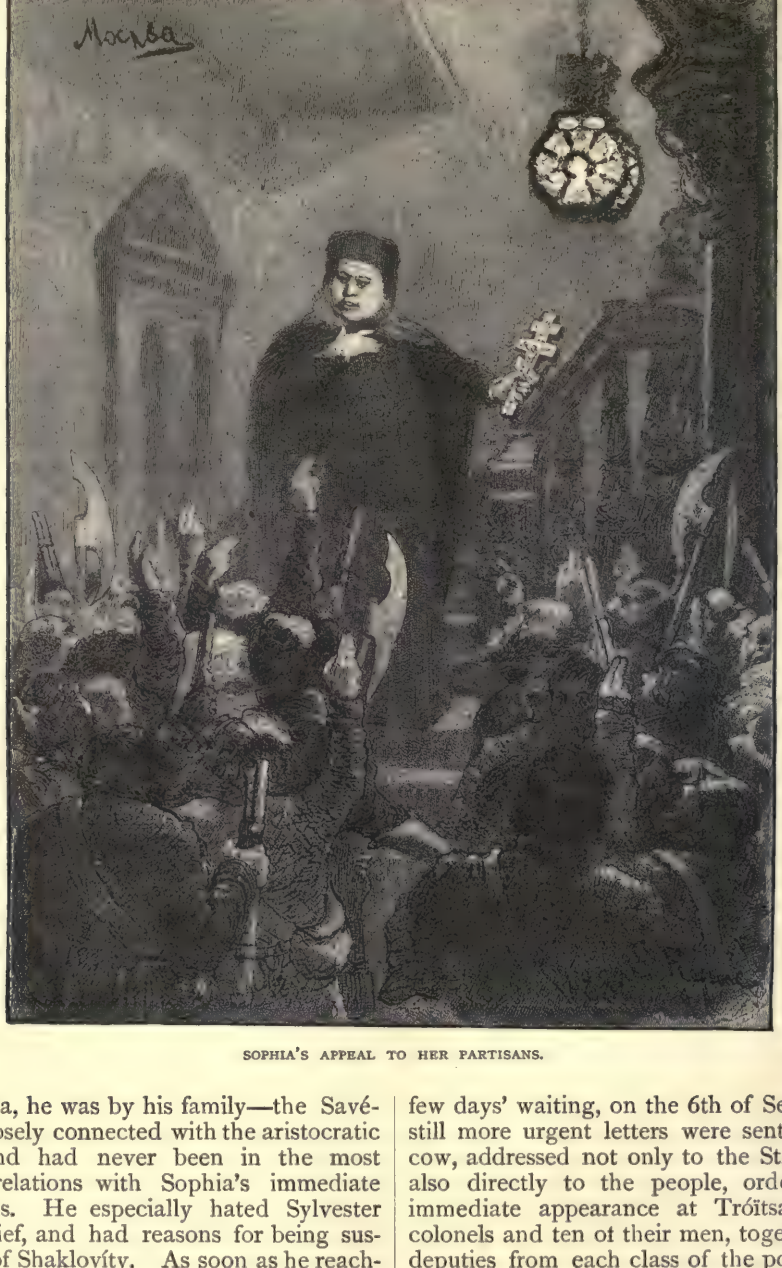
Meanwhile, if there had been any intention in the Kremlin—which is very doubtful—of advancing on Preobrazhénsky, it had been given up, and no one there, except the seven spies of Peter, knew of the message sent to Preobrazhénsky. Two hours before daylight, the Princess Sophia went to matins at the church of Our Lady of Kazan, accompanied by Shaklovíty and many Streltsi. Yelisárof himself was there, and to a remark made by one of the scribes attending Shaklovíty, that it was unusual to have so many Streltsi assembled in the Kremlin at night, replied simply that it was unusual, nothing of the kind having been done before. After matins, Sophia, turning to the Streltsi who accompanied her, said: "Except for my alarms and my precautions the guards would have murdered all of us." On returning from church, Shaklovíty sent a message to Prince Basil Galítsyn, telli him that the Princess wished to see hi Galítsyn excused himself on the ground illness and remained at home. Very short afterward, the messengers sent by Sha lovíty to watch on the road to Preobrazhé sky for the movements of Peter's adherent two of whom had been among those boug up by the Naryshkins, returned as if th had faithfully performed their mission, a reported that Peter had ridden away in t night, bare-footed, with nothing on but h shirt, and that none knew whither he ha fled. "He has plainly gone mad," sa Shaklovíty; "let him run." When Sha lovíty said this, it was very possible he d not feel the full force of the effect of Pete escape from his fictitious danger. But it d not require a long reflection to show Soph and her counsellors that a most decisive ste had been taken. Sophia herself had show the advantages of a refuge at Tróïtsa in t affair with Prince Havánsky. It would b impossible to induce the Streltsi to marc against a monastery of such sanctity Tróïtsa, and against their anointed rule Peter would have the support of the cou try at large, as Sophia had previously ha and would eventually be able to dictate h own terms. The flight to Tróïtsa had bee prepared beforehand by Galítsyn and Na yshkin, and everything had been arrange in view of an emergency. It was a gre *coup d'etat*, but it was only saved from bein also a comedy by Peter's plain good faith,—

NOVODEVITCHY MONASTERY.

by his manifest ignorance of the plans of his friends, and by his evident fright when he was told that an attack was imminent. Although the flight had been arranged beforehand,—although the information given by Yelisárof and his companions of the expected attack was false,—we are not necessarily to suppose that it was arranged for this very night. The plan was that Peter should escape to Tróïtsa whenever the emergency made it necessary; and it was the zeal of Yelisárof and his companions to earn their reward which incited them to send such startling news with such little foundation. The struggle between the two parties could no longer have been avoided, but it might have been a struggle of a very different character.

The next day, the nineteenth, Peter sent a messenger to his brother and sister, inquiring the reason of the great assemblage of Streltsi in the Kremlin. The answer was that the Streltsi were assembled for the simple purpose of accompanying Princess Sophia to the Donskóy Monastery. No other reason could be given, for it was impossible to say that the Streltsi were brought together in apprehension of an attack. It was equally natural that this answer was in the highest degree unsatisfactory, and gave the party of Peter additional strength, because it seemed to every one equivocal. Immediately afterward, Peter sent a request for the presence of Colonel Tsýkler and fifty Streltsi. After some hesitation, Tsýkler was sent with fifty men carefully selected from those who had no knowledge of the affairs of the Government. It subsequently became known that this was a little intrigue of Tsýkler, who had been one of the chief men in the first revolt of the Streltsi in May, 1682, and who, hoping to win favor with Peter, who was strong and whose claims seemed to be in the ascendant, had sent word by a friend to have him called to Tróïtsa. As soon as he arrived, he revealed all that he knew and gave in writing copies of all secret orders which, to his knowledge, had been given to the Streltsi and officers. Immediately afterward, Yelisárof, Mélnof and others of Peter's spies succeeded in making their way to Tróïtsa, where they gave such information and made such denunciation as they could. Sophia, in particular trouble of mind, resolved to attempt a reconciliation, and sent to Tróïtsa Prince Ivan Troekúrof, whose son was an intimate friend of Peter, charging him to persuade her brother to return to Moscow. This was the only way of ending the quarrel honorably for her and of preserving some semblance of power and dignity. Peter's friends, however, saw that this was inadvisable for them, and that the advantages he possessed by remaining at Tróïtsa he might lose by being at Moscow. Troekúrof returned with news by no means reassuring. Immediately afterward, there followed written orders from Peter to the colonel of each regiment of the Streltsi and of the regular soldiers, commanding him to make his appearance at Tróïtsa before the 30th of August, accompanied by ten of his men. These orders were the subject of a council at the Kremlin, and ultimately the picked men of each regiment were called together and told not to go to Tróïtsa, nor to meddle in the dispute between Sophia and her brother. The colonels still hesitated and said their going to Tróïtsa would make no difference in the position of affairs. Sophia, hearing of this, came out again and said very decisively to the colonels that, if one of them attempted to go to the Tróïtsa Monastery, he would immediately lose his head. Prince Galítsyn gave an absolute command to General Gordon not to leave Moscow on any order or under any excuse. Next day, Peter sent word to Ivan and Sophia that he had sent for the officers of the Streltsi, and requested that his orders should be complied with. Prince Prosorófsky, the tutor of Ivan, together with Peter's confessor, were sent to Tróïtsa with instructions to give reasons why the officers were not allowed to go, and to make another attempt at conciliation. They returned two days after, without having been able to accomplish their mission, and reports were spread through Moscow that the orders for the journey of the colonels to Tróïtsa had been given without the knowledge of the Tsar.

Shaklovíty sent spies to Tróïtsa to ascertain what was going on there. Some were caught; those who returned brought him anything but comforting intelligence. An endeavor was then made to work on the feelings of the wives and families of the Streltsi, that they might induce those men who were at Tróïtsa to return, especially the soldiers of the Súkharef regiment. These tentatives, however, were vain and more and more people went to Tróïtsa every day. Finally, Sophia persuaded the Patriarch to go to Tróïtsa and try to bring about a reconciliation. The Patriarch Joachim was probably very ready to abandon the camp of those who were actually his enemies. Though he had supported the Government



SOPHIA'S APPEAL TO HER PARTISANS.

of Sophia, he was by his family—the Savéliefs—closely connected with the aristocratic party and had never been in the most cordial relations with Sophia's immediate adherents. He especially hated Sylvester Medvédief, and had reasons for being suspicious of Shaklovíty. As soon as he reached Tróïtsa he was shown the revelations of the spies, and the confessions obtained by torture from the prisoners, in which mention was made of plots not only against the life of Peter, but against his own. This convinced him. He believed without further inquiry, and remained in Tróïtsa, thus openly taking the side of Peter. After a few days' waiting, on the 6th of Septembe still more urgent letters were sent to Mos cow, addressed not only to the Streltsi, bu also directly to the people, ordering th immediate appearance at Tróïtsa of th colonels and ten of their men, together wit deputies from each class of the populatio Disobedience was punishable with deat In the disturbed state of the city, agitate by constant rumors, these letters produced very great impression. It became apparen that the Tróïtsa party would be the wi ners. A crowd of Streltsi, with five colonel marched to Tróïtsa. They were receive by the Tsar and the Patriarch, who state

to them the results of the investigation into the alleged plot, urged them to confess all they knew, and promised them pardon. The Streltsi with one voice affirmed their allegiance to Peter's Government, disclaimed any intention of insubordination, and denied all knowledge of any plot or conspiracy. Two men only accused Shaklovíty of plots against the Tsar.

Finally, Sophia resolved as a last effort at conciliation, to go herself to Tróïtsa and seek a personal explanation with her brother. Taking with her an image of the Saviour, she set out from Moscow on the 8th of September, accompanied by Prince Basil Galítsyn, Shaklovíty, Neplúief and a guard of Streltsi. She halted about eight miles from Tróïtsa, in the village of Vodvízhenskoe, where Havánsky had been executed, and was met by the chamberlain, Iván Buturlín, with the order not to come to the monastery. "I shall certainly go," replied Sophia, angrily, but afterward Prince Troekúrof appeared, with a threat from Peter that, if she should be bold enough to come, she would be treated as perhaps she might not like. Disappointed and furious with anger, Sophia immediately returned to Moscow, which she reached on the night of the 11th September, and two hours before dawn sent for the most faithful of her adherents. Telling them of the insults she had received, she said: "They almost shot me at Vodvízhenskoe. Many people rode out after me with arquebuses and bows. It was with difficulty I got away, and I hastened to Moscow in five hours. The Naryshkins and the Lopukhins are making a plot to kill the Tsar Iván Alexéievitch, and are even aiming at my head. I will collect the regiments and will talk to them myself. You obey us and do not go to Tróïtsa. I believe you; whom should I believe rather than you, O faithful adherents! Will you also run away? Kiss the cross first," and Sophia herself held out the cross for them to kiss. "Now, if you run away," she added, "the life-giving cross will not let you go. Whatever letters come from Tróïtsa, do not read them; bring them to the palace."

The same day, Colonel Iván Netcháef came from Tróïtsa to Moscow with letters, both to Iván and to Sophia, containing an official statement of the plot against Peter's life, and with a demand that Shaklovíty, the monk Sylvester Medvédief and other accomplices should be immediately arrested and sent to Tróïtsa for trial. This produced very great confusion in the palace and general disturbance among the people. Sophia asked Netcháef how he dared take upon himself such a commission. He answered that he did not dare to disobey the Tsar. The Princess, in her rage, ordered his head to be struck off at once, a command which would probably have been faithfully fulfilled had an executioner been found at hand. The Streltsi who had escorted Netcháef from Tróïtsa were ordered to present themselves in the court of the palace, together with those other Streltsi who happened to be at the Kremlin. Sophia went out to them and made a long and earnest speech, in the course of which she said:

"Evil-minded people have consented to act as tools. They have used all means to make me and the Tsar Iván quarrel with my younger brother. They have sown discord, jealousy and trouble. They have hired people to talk of a plot against the life of the younger Tsar, and of other people. Out of jealousy of the great services of Theodore Shaklovíty, and of his constant care, day and night, for the safety and prosperity of the empire, they have given him out to be the chief of the conspiracy, as if one existed. To settle the matter and to find out the reason for this accusation, I went myself to Tróïtsa, but was kept back by the advice of the evil counselors whom my brother has about him, and was not allowed to go further. After being insulted in this way, I was obliged to come home. You all well know how I have managed for these seven years; how I took on myself the regency in the most unquiet times; how I have concluded a famous and true peace with the Christian rulers, our neighbors, and how the enemies of the Christian religion have been brought by my arms into terror and confusion. For your services you have received great reward and I have always shown you my favor. I cannot believe that you will betray me and will believe the inventions of enemies of the general peace and prosperity. It is not the life of Theodore Shaklovíty that they want, but my life and that of my elder brother."

She concluded by promising to reward those who should remain faithful, who should not mix in the matter; and threatened to punish those who should be disobedient and assist in creating confusion. Then the notables of the burghers and of the common people were sent for, and Sophia addressed them in a similar tone. A third time, on the same day, she called them all together and made them "a long and fine speech," as Gordon calls it, in the same spirit. As the Patriarch was away and the elder Tsar was not in perfect health, all the preparations for the festival of the New Year, which occurred on this day, the 11th (1st O. S.) of September, were abandoned; vodka was given to the Streltsi; the chief nobles and the foreigners were asked to wait awhile, and

about noon received a cup of vodka from the hand of the elder Tsar. Meanwhile, the wrath of Sophia against Netcháef had passed away. She sent for him, pardoned him, and was then gracious enough to offer him also a cup of vodka. Some of the Streltsi whose surrender had been demanded by Peter were concealed by their comrades; Shaklovíty found refuge in the palace of Sophia; Medvédief and some others ran away. It was reported, nevertheless, that the Tsar Peter had promised to spare the lives of those persons in case they surrendered.

The next day, Prince Boris Galítsyn, who, as Peter's chief counselor, had the management of affairs at Tróïtsa, sent a counsel to his relative, Prince Basil Galítsyn, to come to Tróïtsa and "preoccupate the Tsar's favor." Basil Galítsyn replied by sending a scribe to his cousin to ask him to be the means of reconciliation between the two parties. The answer was, that the best thing he could do, in any case for himself, was to come as soon as possible to Tróïtsa, being assured of a good reception from Peter. But honor and duty both forbade him leaving the side of Sophia.

In spite of the orders which had come from Tróïtsa to the Streltsi to keep quiet and make no disturbance, and in spite of the requests made to them by Sophia, they began to fret at this long period of commotion, so that Sophia finally gave out that she would again try to go to Tróïtsa and her brother Iván. The Streltsi at Tróïtsa were anxious to return to Moscow, promising to win the others to their side; and many officers of Peter thought it would be better for him to transfer himself to Preobrazhénsky, or Alexéievo, or some other village in the immediate neighborhood of Moscow, where his adherents would be greatly increased without danger to himself. Galítsyn and Naryshkin, however, feared bloodshed, and it was thought better to remain at Tróïtsa. On the 14th of September, there was brought to the German suburb a rescript to all the generals, colonels and other foreign officers, although no one was mentioned by name, giving a brief statement of the conspiracy of Shaklovíty, Medvédief and ten Streltsi against the Tsar, the Patriarch, the Tsaritsa Natalia and several distinguished boyárs, and announcing that an order had been given for the arrest of the persons implicated, and commanding furthermore, all officers into whose hands this rescript should come to appear at Tróïtsa, fully armed and on horseback. This paper was received by Colonel Ridder, who brought it to General Gordon and the latter called together all the foreign generals and colonels and in their presence unsealed the packet. On consultation, it was resolved to communicate it to Prince Basil Galítsyn. He was much disturbed but, appearing as calm as he could, said he would report it to the elder Tsar and the Princess, and would send him word how to act. Gordon remarked that they risked their heads in case of disobedience. The boyár replied that he would certainly give an answer by evening, and asked him to let his son-in-law, Colonel Strasburg wait at the palace for it. Gordon made preparations for immediate departure, and told every one who asked his advice that no matter what the order might be, he was resolved to go. The other foreign officers followed his example. They set out that evening and arrived at Tróïtsa the next morning, where they were given an audience of Peter and allowed to kiss his hand. The departure of the foreign officers from Moscow practically decided the contest. Sophia, on receiving information that she would not be allowed to go to Tróïtsa, was very indignant, and did not wish to give her consent to the surrender of Shaklovíty. The Streltsi, who had begun to see the imprudence of their long support of Sophia, came in crowds to the palace and asked that Shaklovíty might be given up, offering to take him to Tróïtsa themselves. The Regent refused absolutely, and again besought them not to meddle in the quarrel between her and her brother. The Streltsi were discontented with this; voices were raised in the crowd, saying: "You would better finish the matter at once. If you wont give him up we will sound the alarm bell." This cry stupefied Sophia, who saw that it was all over. Those who surrounded her feared violence, and told her that it was in vain to oppose this demand; that in case of a rising many people would be killed, and it would be better to give him up. She reluctantly gave her consent, and Shaklovíty, who up to this time had been concealed in the palace chapel, received the eucharist and was sent to Tróïtsa that night, the 17th of September, with the Streltsi who had come for him. Those boyárs who had, up to that time remained in Moscow, all took their leave for Tróïtsa, except Prince Basil Galítsyn, who retired to his villa of Medviédkovo, where the news of the surrender of Shaklovíty greatly disturbed him. Shaklovíty, on his

arrival, was straightway put to the torture of the knout. After the first fifteen blows he made a confession, in which, however, he denied that there was any plot whatever against the life of the Tsar Peter, and that any plans had ever been concocted for the murder of the Tsaritsa Natalia, the Naŕyshkins or the boyárs of Peter's party, although the subject had been mentioned in conversation. The same day, Prince Basil Galítsyn, Neplúief and others of his adherents presented themselves at Tróïtsa. They were not allowed to come within the walls of the monastery but were ordered to remain in the village outside. At nine o'clock in the evening, Galítsyn and his son Alexis were ordered to come to the abode of the Tsar. When they appeared on the staircase they were met by a councilor, who read to them an order depriving them of the rank of boyár, and sending them, with their wives and children, into exile at Kargopól, and confiscating all their property, on the ground that they had reported to the sister of the Tsars without reporting to the Tsars personally; that they had written her name in papers and dispatches on an equality with that of the Tsars, and also because Prince Basil Galítsyn, by his conduct in the Crimean expedition of 1689, had caused harm to the Government and burdens to the people.

CHAPTER XXII.

VICTORY AND VENGEANCE.

THERE had been great disputes among the friends of Peter about Galítsyn. Precedence had still left its traces. Time had not yet sufficiently elapsed for the new system to come into play. The condemnation of Prince Basil Galítsyn for treason would have been a disgrace to the whole family, and Boris Galítsyn was therefore anxious to save his cousin, himself and his family from such a calamity. But the enemies of Galítsyn did their best to excite Peter's anger and to render the fate of Basil harder. After Shaklovíty had been tortured once, and when he was expecting his second trial, he determined to give the Tsar, in writing, an exact account of the whole matter. Prince Boris Galítsyn himself took him paper and pen. Shaklovíty wrote eight or nine sheets, and as it was after midnight when he had finished and the Tsar had gone to bed, Prince Boris took the papers home with him, intending to give them to the Tsar on the following morning. The enemies of Galítsyn, especially the Naŕyshkins, who carefully followed all his movements, hastened to report to Peter that the Prince had taken away the confession of Shaklovíty, with the intention of taking out all that reflected on his cousin, Basil Galítsyn. The Tsar immediately sent to Shaklovity to ask whether he had written a confession, and ascertained that he had given it to Prince Boris Galítsyn. The latter, however, was luckily informed by a friend of the impending catastrophe, and hastened with the papers to the Tsar, who asked, in a threatening tone, why he had not presented them immediately. Galítsyn replied that it was too late at night, which satisfied Peter, who continued, as before, to keep Galítsyn in his confidence, although the Tsaritsa Natalia and her friends were still hostile to him.

After listening to his sentence, Prince Basil Galítsyn wished to hand to the councilor who read it to him an explanation, in which he had briefly set forth the services he had rendered to the Government during the time he had taken a part in public affairs. He wished to be allowed to write this to the Tsar or to the council, but the councilor did not dare receive it. Galítsyn afterward found some way of having it presented to the Tsar, but it produced no effect. Neplúief was condemned to exile in Pustozérsk (afterward changed to Kola), ostensibly for his harsh treatment of the soldiers under his command, and was deprived of his rank and property. Zméief was ordered to reside on his estate in Kostromá, while Kosogóf and Ukráintsef were retained in their former posts. These noblemen went back to their quarters, when they were advised by some of their friends at court to start immediately for their places of exile. This they did, but rumors were immediately spread that they had run away, and they were sent for and finally went off under guard. Galítsyn's enemies still attacked him, and insisted that banishment to Kargopól was too light a punishment, and that he should be sent to Pustozérsk. Finally, the place of his exile was changed to Yarénsk, a wretched village in the province of Archangel, but much better than Pustozérsk, where Matvéief had lived so long. Galítsyn's enemies still insisted that he should undergo examination and torture, and finally an official was sent out to meet him at Yaroslávl. He was again examined,

although he escaped the torture. He confessed to no complicity in any plot or conspiracy, and stated that he was not in any way an intimate friend of Shaklovíty, but merely an acquaintance. His suite was diminished, he was allowed altogether only fifteen persons, and the money, furniture and clothes with which he started were taken away from him, and orders were given that he should be kept closely guarded on the journey and not permitted to speak to anybody. In Vológda he was met by the Chamberlain, Prince Kropótkin, not, however, with any further order from the Government, but with a tender message from Sophia, who hoped soon to procure his release, through the intercession of the Tsar Iván, and who sent him a packet of money for the journey. With great difficulty in the wintry weather he reached Yarénsk in January, but even here he was pursued by new denunciations, had to submit to fresh examinations, and finally was removed, first to Pustozérsk, and later to Pinéga, where, after nearly a quarter of a century of wretched existence,—his numerous petitions for mercy being disregarded,—he died in 1714.

Shaklovíty and his accomplices were condemned to death. It was reported that Peter was utterly averse to this sentence, and only yielded on the insistence of the Patriarch. When it was known that Shaklovíty was to be punished without undergoing a second torture, many of the officials collected in the monastery and petitioned that Shaklovíty should be again tortured, that he might be forced to declare all his accomplices. The Tsar, however, sent word to them that he himself was satisfied with the confessions of Shaklovíty, and it was not for them to meddle in this affair. The investigation of the plot—so far as we can judge from the fragmentary papers which have come down to us—does not seem to have been very careful. Reliance was chiefly placed on the denunciations of Yelisárof and his band, and on the evidence obtained by torture. The evidence is very contradictory; and, apart from that, very little reliance can be placed on confessions obtained in this way. There was apparently no cross-examination of the denouncers, and in very few cases were they confronted with the accused. Yet, notwithstanding all this, very few persons were found to be actually guilty, and even the extent of their guilt is very doubtful. There does not appear to have been any plot for the murder of Peter, although attempts were made to excite the Streltsi against Peter's friends, and in private it was hinted that it would be an advantage if the Tsaritsa Natalia, the Naryshkins and two or three other of the nobles were out of the way. In no case was the Princess Sophia at all implicated by the testimony, although it is very probable that she knew of what had been going on—that is, of the attempts to excite the Streltsi. She was ambitious; the habit of power had fed the love of it; and she would doubtless have been glad to take advantage of a successful rising, by which she might have contrived to retain for some time to come a certain share of the supreme authority.

On the 21st of September, Shaklovíty, Petróf and Tchérmny were beheaded. Major Múromtsef, Colonel Riazántsef and the private Lavréntief were beaten with the knout, and after having their tongues torn out, were exiled to Siberia. Sylvester Medvédief had escaped from Moscow, and had gone toward the Polish frontier, where he was arrested in the monastery of Biziúk, together with Major Gládky, and sent to Tróïtsa. When tortured, he refused to confess himself guilty of conspiracy, admitted that he had heard proposals against the lives of some of Peter's adherents, but that he had threatened those who spoke in such wise with ruin in this life and hell-fire in the life to come, if they should engage in any such attempt; he denied that he had committed any act whatever against the Government, or had any designs against the Patriarch; but admitted having written an inscription with complimentary verses for the engraved portrait of Sophia. He was degraded from the clergy, and was placed in a monastery under strict surveillance. Here he was induced to retract the views expressed in his book on religion, called "The Heavenly Manna." He was subsequently again denounced by Strizhóf, who had been in the confidence of Shaklovíty, and who accused him of having been in league with a Polish sorcerer who had come to Moscow to cure the eyes of the Tsar Iván; that there they had told him of the approaching marriage of Sophia to Prince Basil Galítsyn, and that Medvédief would be made Patriarch instead of Joachim. Medvédief was again subjected to the severe torture of fire and hot irons, and was finally executed in 1691.

After the surrender of Shaklovíty, Peter wrote from Tróïtsa to his brother Iván that the scepter of the Russian state had been

confided to them—two persons—by the solemn decree and ceremony of the church, and that nothing had been said about any third person who should be on equality in the Government, and that, as their sister Sophia had begun to rule of her own will, and had interfered in affairs of state, in a manner disagreeable to them and hard for the people, and as Shaklovíty and his comrades had made criminal attempts against his life and that of his mother, he therefore thought the time had come, as he was now of full age, for himself and his brother to govern the country without the interference of a third person such as his sister, who, to their lasting shame, had even wished to be crowned. He therefore begged his brother to grant him permission to change all unjust judges and to appoint just ones,—without specially consulting him in each case,—for the good of the state, and ended by asking his paternal and fraternal blessing. The demands of Peter were of course complied with. Nothing was said at that time about the future fate of Sophia, but shortly after an order was given excluding the name of Sophia from all the official documents where it had previously been inserted. Immediately afterward, Peter sent Prince Ivan Troekúrof to his brother to request the removal of his sister Sophia from the palace of the Kremlin to the Novodevítchy monastery, where he had appointed her to live in a sort of honorable confinement. Sophia for a long time was unwilling to retire into this monastery, and did not remove there until about the end of September. Well-furnished rooms were prepared for her there, looking out on the Devíchy plain. She had a large number of servants and everything which was necessary for a pleasant and peaceful life. She was not, however, allowed the liberty of going out of the monastery, and could see no one but her aunts and her sisters, and these only on the great festivals of the church.

So long as Sophia remained in the Kremlin, Peter refused to return to Moscow, and it was only after she had gone to the convent that he set out from Tróïtsa, passed a week or more in cavalry and infantry maneuvers, under the direction of General Gordon, in the neighborhood, and finally arrived at Moscow on the 16th of October. He went first to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where he was received by his brother Iván, who rushed to his embrace, and afterward, arrayed in his robes of state and standing at the top of the Red Staircase, showed himself to his people as their lawful ruler.

In the middle of this revolution, when the city was all in confusion and terror, Mazeppa, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, arrived at Moscow. By order of the Regency, he was met at the Kalúga gate by a secretary with one of the Tsar's carriages, which, apparently, was somewhat the worse for wear, for Mazeppa, on taking his seat, said: "Thank the Lord! Through the grace of the Tsar I am now riding in one of the Imperial carriages. But what sort of a carriage is it?" (with a sniff). "It is apparently an old German one." "In this carriage the extraordinary embassadors of foreign rulers always ride," answered the secretary, with dignity. In his further conversation, and also in the speech which he made on being received at the palace, he spoke of the unheard-of victories which Galítsyn had won in the Crimea, as surpassing those of Darius, the Persian King.

When matters began to go badly for Sophia and Galítsyn, when Shaklovíty had been surrendered, and every one was going to Tróïtsa, Mazeppa became alarmed about his relations to the new Government, fearing it might be remembered against him that he had been an ardent partisan of Galítsyn. He, too, therefore, hastened to Tróïtsa. Among the advisers of Peter, there were some who thought it better to get rid of Mazeppa, but others more wisely represented that the Hetman had been changed for misconduct or unpopularity only; that it would be dangerous to introduce a new precedent; and that in any case, in the disturbed state of affairs, it would be difficult to find a successor to Mazeppa without the expenditure of much money. Mazeppa was therefore well received, and, seeing his good reception, he thought to make sure of the future by breaking completely with his past. He said that Galítsyn had extorted large sums of money from him before being willing to install him as Hetman, and begged to be remunerated from the property of the traitor. This request was regarded as a sign of complete submission, and all his demands were complied with. He received a charter confirming all the previous rights and liberties of Little Russia; he obtained additional Russian troops for the defense of the Ukraine; he induced the Government to consent to keep the Russian officials and soldiery in better order and under stricter discipline, and with less inconvenience to the Cossacks; and was also

successful in carrying out some plans of vengeance against his personal enemies. Satisfied with this and with the presents of money he received, he returned to the banks of the Dnieper.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUTBURST OF FANATICISM.

THE only practical result of the downfall of Sophia was that the aristocratic party filled the offices of state and administered the Government. Peter himself left everything in the hands of his counselors, and for several years took nothing but a merely formal part in the administration. He confined himself almost entirely to military exercises and boat-building, and to indulging his mechanical tastes. He had no care for things of state, and felt no interest in them. His uncle, the Boyár Leo Naŕyshkin, occupied the most prominent position in the new Government as Director of Foreign Affairs, in which office he was assisted by the councilor Ukraíntsef, a man of great experience and capacity. The other prominent offices were divided among the chief families of the aristocratic party, especially among those most nearly connected with Peter, his mother and his wife,—Urúsof, Ramodanófsky, Troekúrof, Stréshnef, Prozorófsky, Lopúkhin, Golóvkin, Lvof, Sheremétief, Dolgorúky, Lýkof,—so that the whole cabal was well represented. Prince Boris Galítsyn, in spite of his difficulty with the Naŕyshkins, retained his old position as Director of the Department of the Palace of Kazan, and four other prominent men who served under Sophia—Répnin, Sokóvnin, Odóiefsky and Vinius—were kept in their posts. The provincial administration, and even the government of the army, remained almost untouched. The Boyár Boris Sheremétief, in spite of the favor with which he was regarded by the Regency, was maintained as general-in-chief of the army which protected the southern frontier against the Tartars. General Gordon, too, kept his place and his influence. Except that the energy of Sophia, Galítsyn and Shaklovíty was wanting, the policy of the new ministers differed little from that of their predecessors.

One of the first consequences of the change of administration was an outburst of the popular hatred against foreigners, a hatred which had long been accumulating in the minds of the people, and which had not infrequently manifested itself in various and even violent forms. There was a seemingly ineradicable feeling in the Russian mind that the country suffered from foreigners, that foreign merchants came like a swarm of locusts and ate up all the good things of the land, and that foreign countries were in conspiracy to keep Russia poor. The political economists, Iván Pososhkóf and Yúry Krýzhanitch, sensible men as they were in other respects, shared this feeling, and wished to put a sort of Chinese wall around Russia, so as to keep people from going in or out. They were protectionists in the most positive form. Very few Russians had been abroad, except on Government embassies, and those were diligently occupied in carrying out the prescriptions of a formal etiquette, and were cut off, by their ignorance of foreign languages, from the possibility of understanding western Europe. There was the fear lest contact with the west and with foreigners should corrupt Russia, and above all lead to heresy, especially Roman Catholicism. The few cases where Russians had gone abroad for purposes of study were not re-assuring. Of all the young men sent abroad by Boris Godunóf, not more than two or three returned, and the son of the celebrated Boyár Ordín Nastchókin, who had been educated by a Polish teacher and had traveled in Poland, finally ran away from his father and his country, and renounced his religion. This possible corruption of Russian orthodoxy and of Russian manners seemed to weigh the most heavily on the mind of the Russian Conservatives. There were but few men at different epochs who rose superior to this prejudice—Iván the Terrible, Godunóf, the so-called false Demetrius, Theodore, Sophia, Prince Basil Galítsyn and Peter. But the aristocratic party that surrounded Peter was deeply conservative, and, therefore, very prejudiced. The Patriarch, who was now one of the leaders of the aristocratic party, had, even before the last Crimean campaign, protested against the employment of foreign soldiers, and especially of that arch-heretic General Gordon, and had predicted disaster to the Russian arms in consequence. His advice was naturally disregarded, for the foreigners were the only officers capable of taking command; but, as disaster did come, his predictions were by many thought to be verified. Prince Basil Galítsyn, in a way an enlightened man and well-disposed to foreigners, had, to a certain degree, protected the Jesuits. Such protection was

necessary, for, in spite of the toleration at the Court of Moscow toward Calvinists and Lutherans, the Catholics were never allowed for long to have churches specially set apart for the purpose, although they were admitted at times to say mass in private houses. As soon as Galítsyn was overthrown, a decree was issued for the banishment of the Jesuits within two weeks, and the Austrian Envoy found it impossible to obtain exceptions, or even much delay. It required a long diplomatic correspondence, the urgent demand of the Emperor Leopold, and all the personal influence of General Gordon with Peter, to get permission for one priest, not a Jesuit, to reside in Moscow.

One case of religious persecution had begun months before. A German fanatic from Breslau, Quirinus Kuhlmann, another German preacher, Nordermann, and a painter, Henin, were accused of teaching and disseminating heretical and blasphemous doctrines. Their case was investigated by the translators of the Foreign Office, and, for better information, referred to the Protestant pastors then living in Moscow, as well as to all the Jesuits then there. Apparently Kuhlmann was a sort of Quaker, but had developed a body of doctrine based on the mystical works of Jacob Böhme. The report of Pastor Meincke was very strong against Kuhlmann, and after the three men accused had been subjected several times to violent tortures without bringing them to yield, they were condemned to death. Kuhlmann and Nordermann were burned alive in the Red Place at Moscow on the 14th of October, four days before Peter came to the capital. Henin avoided a like death by taking poison in prison and committing suicide.

We must remember the time at which this took place. Thomas Aikenhead was executed for heresy at Edinburgh in 1696, witches were burned in England in 1676, and hanged even in 1716. A witch was burned at Wurtzburg in 1749, and nineteen were hanged at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692.

Not only were the Jesuits expelled, but, within a year from the permission given to the exiled Huguenots to settle in Russia, strict orders were sent to the frontier to stop all foreigners and thoroughly examine them as to where they came from and what reasons they had for visiting Russia, and to detain them until orders were received from Moscow. Among others kept in this way was Dr. Jacob Pelarino, a Greek physician recommended to the Tsar by the Emperor of Germany. Another physician of Peter, Dr. Carbonari, also recommended by the Emperor Leopold, had his letters and papers seized and was strictly forbidden to carry on any further correspondence with Vienna or with the Jesuits, under pain of expulsion. At the same time, orders were given to Andrew Vinius, the Director of Posts, to inspect all letters which passed the Russian frontier, either going or coming. This measure regarded especially the exchange of correspondence with persons in Poland. The Polish minister complained greatly that either he did not receive his letters at all, or else that they had been opened. According to Van Keller, this was denied by the Government, but General Gordon wrote to his son, who was in Poland, not to date his letters from any place in that country, and always to send them by the way of Riga or Danzig, in order to prevent their being opened or confiscated.

The previous system of exclusion had, in fact, changed very little. The second son of General Gordon, James, had been educated in the Jesuit College at Douai. In 1688 he came to Moscow, but showed an unwillingness to enter the service of the Tsar and went to England, took up arms for King James II., was wounded in a fight with the Dutch and forced to leave the country. He next went to Warsaw with the intention of entering the Polish service, but his father pressed him hard to come back to Russia. One thing only stood in the way—James did not desire to enter the Tsar's service unless he could have the privilege of leaving Russia at the expiration of the term for which he should be engaged. This was an unheard-of thing in Russia, for all foreigners in the Russian service were obliged to remain there until they died, and even General Gordon himself, in spite of his excellent position at court during the whole of the reign of Sophia, although allowed to go abroad for business and on special missions, could never get permission to resign. After many requests on Gordon's part, all he could obtain was that if his son came to Russia he would not be compelled to enter the Russian service, and could return, but that if he once took the oath he must remain. Gordon, on this business, was in frequent correspondence with his son during the whole of 1690, and finally advised him to come to Russia, but not to engage himself, and to remain a free man "until circum-

stances changed." By this expression—"until circumstances changed"—General Gordon evidently meant the same thing as he did when, in a letter, he said: "If the Tsar Peter should take upon himself the government," referring to the fact that Peter not only took no part in public affairs, but had very little influence with the real rulers of the country, who were nominally his ministers.

On the 10th of March, 1690, Gordon was invited to dine at court at the banquet given in honor of the recent birth of Peter's son, Alexis; but the Patriarch, who now felt himself strong, protested against the presence of foreigners on such an occasion, and the invitation was withdrawn. On the next day, nevertheless, Peter invited him to a country house, dined with him there, and rode back to town with him, conversing all the way.

A few days later, on the 27th of March, the Patriarch Joachim died. In the form of a testament especially directed to the Tsars, he left a powerful expression of his hatred toward the foreigners. He counseled the Tsars to drive out from Russia all heretics and unbelievers, foreigners and enemies of the orthodox church, and warned them against adopting foreign customs, habits and clothing, begged them to forbid all intercourse of any kind with heretics, whether Lutherans, Calvinists or Catholics, and laid great stress on the danger fraught to the country if, in the blessed land ruled over by the Tsars, foreigners should hold high places in the army and thus rule over orthodox men. He advised the immediate destruction of the foreign churches, and was especially bitter against the Protestants for their attacks on the adoration of the Virgin and the saints. He held up the fate of the Princess Sophia and of Basil Galítsyn as a warning; they had rejected his advice about the employment of foreigners in the last Crimean campaign. He said, in confirmation of his complaints: "I wonder at the counselors and advisers of the Tsar who have been on embassies in foreign countries. Have they not seen that in every land there are peculiar rites, customs and modes of dress, that no merit is allowed to be in any one of another faith, and that foreigners are not permitted to build churches there? Is there anywhere in German lands a church of the orthodox faith? No! not one. And what here never should have been permitted is now allowed to heretics. They build for their accursed heretical gatherings temples of prayer, in which they evilly curse and bark against orthodox people, as idle worshipers and heathens."

Great difficulty was found in choosing a new Patriarch, and it was five months before the election was made. Peter and the higher and more educated clergy were in favor of Marcellus, the Metropolitan of Pskof, "a learned and civilized person," while the Tsaritsa Natalia, the monks and the lower clergy were in favor of Adrian, the Metropolitan of Kazán. According to General Gordon, "the greatest fault they had to lay to the charge of Marcellus was that he had too much learning, and so they feared and said he would favor the Catholics and other religions, to which purpose the Abbot of the Spasky monastery had given in a writing to the Queen Dowager, accusing him of many points, and even of heresy. But the younger Tsar, continuing firm for him, removed with the elder Tsar and the whole court to Kolómenskoe." At a later date, the 3d of September, Gordon says: "The Metropolitan of Kazan, Adrian, was chosen Patriarch, notwithstanding the Tsar's inclination for Marcellus, the Metropolitan of Pskof, whom the old Boyárs and the generality of the clergy hated, because of his learning and other great good qualities, and chose this one because of his ignorance and simplicity." Subsequently, when Peter passed through Livonia, according to Blomberg: "He told us a story that, when the Patriarch in Moscow was dead, he designed to fill that place with a learned man, that had been a traveler, who spoke Latin, Italian and French; the Russians petitioned him, in a tumultuous manner, not to set such a man over them, alleging three reasons: (1) because he spoke barbarous languages; (2) because his beard was not big enough for a Patriarch; (3) because his coachman sat upon the coach-seat and not upon the horses, as was usual."

(To be continued.)

COR CORDIUM.

THE freshness of the woods is mine.
I lie in baths of mountain air;
The forest's depths of beech and pine
Fold grandly round me everywhere.

The thrush's song is sweet and low;
A water-spirit stirs the ferns
Down where the silvery trickles flow
O'er em'rald brims of sylvan urns.

On leafy glade and granite walls
The sunshine's misty splendors stream.
Afar a lone dove sorrowing calls
As if the wood moaned in its dream.

I see where purple lichens glow,
Where mosses drink supreme content,
Where spreads the clematis, like snow,
The curtains of its spotless tent.

I see what chronicles are graved
On splintered cliff and weird ravine,
And how the teeming ground is paved
With beauteous forms of what has been.

The pine-tree's sigh and brooklet's mirth
Are in my heart with joy and pain,
And all the sad and sweet of earth
Pleads in the pathos of the strain.

Far o'er me palpitates the blue,
As if Love hovered softly there,
And, from her tender bosom, drew
The holy calm that fills the air.

O sky above and world below!
What is the secret of your speech?
Oh, why, beyond your glorious show,
Does soul with restless yearnings reach?

What is the Life that life conceals?
The inner force? the primal fire?
The potency that makes, and feels,
And baffles most as we aspire?

What is the end, the good at last,
When each appointed task is done,
When every phase of change is past,
And being's goal of conquest won?

The mystic pageant comes and goes;
The old is new; the sad is gay;
The Everlasting Order flows
While hearts grow still and suns decay!

Amid the Infinite I grope;
I faint with reaching for a shore,
But hear the angels, Faith and Hope,—
"To Love shall life be more and more."

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S ETCHINGS.

[WE venture to preface Mr. Hamerton's notice of Mr. Seymour Haden's work with a few words upon th general subject of etching. The uninitiated public seems to be divided in its estimate of the place whicl etching should take among the arts; it is considered by some as mere pen-drawing, and by others as a inferior kind of engraving. It is, however, an art quite distinct from either, with capabilities and limitation peculiar to itself. Briefly, the process is as follows: A metal plate, preferably copper, is covered with coat of blackened varnish or wax. On this surface the artist—with a needle not unlike a common sewing needle, set in a handle—sketches in his composition. The needle usually only removes the varnish, leav ing the design in glittering lines upon a black background. The plate is then immersed in an acid bath and when the lines have been sufficiently bitten it is removed. If variation of tone and a difference of forc in the lines is required, as is usually the case, the more delicate portions of the sketch are "stopped out," that is, covered by varnish so that they shall not be affected by any subsequent exposure in the bath. Th plate is again immersed, and the process of stopping out repeated. In the plate by Maxime Lalann entitled "Fribourg, Switzerland," for example, the copper was five times subjected to the action of the acid After three minutes' biting, the most delicate lines, indicating the extreme distance, were stopped out an the plate was exposed for three minutes more. After this the nearer distance was stopped out, and so o with successive portions of the plate, protected from the action of the acid for four, ten and again te minutes respectively—making the entire time occupied by the biting process only thirty minutes.

It will be seen, even from this cursory explanation of etching, not only that the work is autographic, but tha it requires the mastery gained only by thorough artistic training, as well as natural powers of no mea order, to become a master etcher. The hand must be firm and true, the lines must all have meaning, th mind must be clear to grasp essentials, and the whole process must be purely intellectual, as no greate difference in effect can be imagined than that produced by glittering lines on a black surface, on the on hand, and that of delicately graded black lines upon a white background, on the other. A positive proces is sometimes used, when the etching appears upon the plate as black lines upon a white surface, but i this process other difficulties occur—as the lines have to be etched in the order of their depth to insur the relative amount of biting. The numbers in this article refer to Sir William Drake's recently publishe catalogue.]

THE mental constitution of mankind differs so very widely in different individuals that the old adage, "What is one man's food is another man's poison," is as true of the intellectual as it is of the physical life. The stronger the nature of the food and poison the more decided are its effects when administered; one recipient affirming that it is particularly good food, and another that it is a particularly toxic poison. In art criticism, the ultimate reason is never anything more than a statement of the relation between the critic's own mental constitution and the sort of art which it rejects or assimilates.

The art of etching, as practiced by the few powerful men who have really attained to mastery in it, is an excellent example of the double effect which I have just been attempting to describe. Some minds accept it with avidity as a kind of art precisely adapted to their natures,—a language they were born to understand; while others reject it at once as a coarse, rude and imperfect means of expression. Before examining Mr. Haden's work, it may be well, as an introduction to the subject, to state the case for and against as briefly and clearly as possible.

The two sides of the question are represented in England by two writers upon art, Mr. Ruskin and the writer of this article Mr. Ruskin is hostile to etching as practice by Rembrandt and other great etchers; th writer of this article is in its favor. Th English public has thus the opportunity o hearing both sides of the question.*

Mr. Ruskin's argument is to the followin effect: Etching is at the best an indolen and blundering art: indolent because it i easier to draw a line with the etchin needle than to engrave it with the burin blundering because the biting cannot b properly controlled, and the result, such a it is, is attained by a mixture of art an accident. Nobody can shade properly i etching; even Rembrandt's shading is coars and imperfect, and bad as chiaroscuro. Th art is so imperfect that nature cannot b satisfactorily imitated by its means: nobod ever etched a cloud, or a head of hai Artists ought not to etch,—they should lear to engrave; and art students ought not t study etchings. If, however, etching i done at all, it should be of the simplest kind with one or two deep bitings,—one i enough,—and shade should only be indi cated, all delicate bitings being avoided.

* Every word of the paragraph given as th expression of Mr. Ruskin's opinion can be substan tiated by quotations from his writings.

disapprove of chiaroscuro altogether, in engravings of all kinds. I dislike it in etching especially, and only like engraving in pure line, without shade, done patiently with the burin, like the engravings of the early Italian masters.

The answer to this may be divided into two parts. There is room in the fine arts for the most various and opposite tastes, and we must learn not only to tolerate them but to welcome them, because they keep up an interest in the subject. Nevertheless, although a critic may say that he does not like an art, he ought not to be unjust, as Mr. Ruskin is in this instance, to the art which is the object of his dislike, and to those who pursue it. It is unjust to say that etching is an indolent art, merely because it is comparatively rapid; for an artist may be as industrious in etching as in anything else, and good etching, however apparently slight, can never be done in a really careless or indolent spirit. It is quite true that there is a certain manual facility in etching as compared with engraving with the burin; but this facility imposes responsibilities of its own which the etcher does not accept without anxiety, and yet which he cannot avoid. Having a free instrument, he is expected to put all the more knowledge and intelligence into his drawing. Now, as to the accusation of blundering, Mr. Ruskin says that biting is uncertain, so that the etcher blunders to his result. Bad etchers do, no doubt, but bad workmen blunder in everything. Etching is well within the command of a good workman, who knows beforehand how to advance safely to his conclusion. When Flameng engages to deliver a plate at a fixed date, and a near date, too, leaving no margin for any serious mistake, the plate is always delivered, properly bitten, at the date agreed upon. If errors are committed, the art has abundant resources for their correction, but they may generally be avoided by proceeding gradually. If a plate happens to be insufficiently bitten in parts, it can be made darker by rebiting in the old lines—a process which has become much easier since the use of the roller has been properly understood. If the plate is over-bitten, the lines can be made paler with a burnisher, or reduced still further with charcoal. A consummate etcher under-bites and over-bites on purpose during the progress of his work, with the intention of reducing or deepening certain parts afterward. Flameng always does this. Again, Mr. Ruskin describes Rembrandt's work as a mixture of art and accident. To this it may be replied that in all the fine arts, as in the military art, when accidents happen favorably the true master always avails himself of them, and when they happen unfavorably he takes care to neutralize their effects.

Our most serious conflict with Mr. Ruskin refers to the use of chiaroscuro, which he dislikes. I should say that it is far too valuable a means of expression to be sacrificed, more particularly in landscape. At the same time, I want to point out an injustice in Mr. Ruskin's way of thinking about the chiaroscuro of etchers. He seems to think that, when their chiaroscuro is arbitrary or incomplete, it is so from ignorance of the true relations of tones in nature. This is a misunderstanding. The etchers may know, and in some instances certainly have known, as much about chiaroscuro as the most delicately observant painters; but they have used their right of selection and given what they pleased—what seemed to them most necessary to the effect to be produced upon the mind. I have not space to enter fully into this question of chiaroscuro here, but may say that I am clearly aware of all that criticism has to say on the subject, and that when I praise an etching which is arbitrary and incomplete in its chiaroscuro, I know that it is so, and am content that it should be so. There is a stage in criticism beyond that of simple fault-finding—a stage in which the critic sees quite clearly the difference between art and nature, perceives the liberties which the artist has taken, but does not blame them because he knows the reasons for them.*

Etching is a valuable art because it enables the artist to express himself plainly and directly to people scattered all over the world. To this it may be answered that, since the invention of the photographic process of reproduction, a simple drawing does as well, because it can be photographed and so distributed. No, this is a mistake: photographic reproductions are always different from, and generally very far inferior to, the originals, whereas an etching, properly printed, is the original expression itself. Again, the best photographic processes (those on plates of metal) really *are* etchings, bitten with acid as we bite our plates, and under conditions

* We cannot but think that Mr. Hamerton makes too much of his controversy with Mr. Ruskin—since it is to be doubted whether another man in England, other than Mr. Ruskin himself, holds his views on the subject of etching and of Rembrandt; in a word, whether his opinions on the subject really do exist in England.—ED. S. M.

of still greater technical difficulty.* How much better, then, that the artist should do the work himself, when he *can* do it! Again, with reference to drawings, I have seen it asserted, by a critic who ought to have known better, that an etching has only the technical qualities of any other sort of drawing. This is entirely untrue; an etching has technical qualities which cannot be imitated by any other process. Mr. Haden has shown the reasons for this in his excellent lectures on etching, delivered at the Royal Institution, and published afterward, though very incompletely, in "Cassell's Magazine of Art." An impression from an etching is not simply stained paper; it is really a cast, and so much so that a plaster cast of an etched plate, without ink or stain of any kind, will reveal the state of the plate better to a practiced eye than a flat copy of it with pen and ink. A line etched in metal is a hollow of a very peculiar kind, which gives a cast quite unlike any other sort of line, drawn or engraved, and the peculiar quality of a properly bitten etching is due in great measure to the nature of this cast. Again, one of the advantages of etching on metal over simple drawing on paper is that dry-point work can be combined with it on the copper, and dry-point, again, has its own peculiar qualities of softness like mezzotint when the bur is not removed, and extreme delicacy, far surpassing any delicacy attainable with the pen, when the bur is removed.† Now a critic may or may not like these technical qualities of etching, and we have seen that Mr. Ruskin does not like them; but only a very ignorant critic would deny their existence, and say that etching had only the qualities of any other kind of drawing.

"Opinions differ," says Mr. Haden, "as to what is the best metal on which to etch. Steel is never used by etchers; it is entirely an engraver's material. Copper is usually used, but I prefer zinc. Copper is sometimes soft, sometimes hard, and this very materially affects the execution, the biting-in and the endurance of a plate. An etching on copper is, perhaps, more delicate and refined, but one on zinc gives a more painter-like and artistic impression, is richer in color, and is bolder and bigger; it has besides the advantage of being more easily bitten.

"The biting-in of the etching is, though it may hardly be thought so, the most important part of the whole process; it corresponds to the painting of the picture—on it depends all the color and effect of the work. It is astonishing how few of our etchers possess the two essentials to a good etching—the power of drawing and biting-in. Many have one without the other. Samuel Palmer and Meryon, Herkomer and Hook combine both. Turner possessed the power of biting-in to a marvelous degree."

Samuel Palmer is the most astonishing master of biting whom I have ever known personally, because he gets his results (which are always just what they ought to be) without rebiting. Flameng, as we have seen, is very sure, but his work is systematically tentative. Mr. Haden himself effects the biting-in of his plates grandly and with much power, but his chiaroscuro is often very much simplified by intentional omissions of tones which a professional etcher from pictures would be obliged to render; and, besides this, as Mr. Haden's purpose is generally more artistic and intellectual than technical, he does not mind over-biting occasionally. Of the two faults, under-biting and over-biting, he prefers the latter as giving more vigor and force. Any kind of acid that will eat into the metal will do for biting, and the most different mordants are used by different artists. I give those employed by Mr. Haden:

FOR COPPER.

1.		2.	
Nitrous acid,	33⅓	Hydrochloric acid,	20
Water,	66⅔	Chlorate of potash,	3
		Water,	77
	100		100

FOR ZINC.

1.		2.	
Nitric acid,	25	Hydrochloric acid,	10
Water,	75	Chlorate of potash,	2
		Water,	88
	100		100

The chlorate of potash is first dissolved in boiling water, the hydrochloric acid is mixed with cold water, and then the two are mixed together. The above are slow but safe mordants.

Before quitting this part of the subject, I may mention that Mr. Haden has been the

* I know the inside of M. Amand Durand's private laboratory, where he works without an assistant, and I know all the instruments he uses, and all his processes. The only secret of the extreme perfection with which he reproduces the etchings of Rembrandt is that he himself, Amand Durand, is an uncommonly skillful master of the common processes of etching. The photographic work is merely preparatory, and gets nothing but the drawing of the plates.

† The bur is the copper raised by the dry-point as it makes its furrow.

first to practice in any complete way the biting of an etching while the drawing was going on. Some of his plates have been drawn in the bath itself, and bitten as they were drawn. This is what he calls the "continuous method." It is, of course, a great saving of time, and is practically available for sketches; but it hurries the artist unpleasantly for plates of importance, unless he does them part by part, and it is not pleasant, when working in the house, to have acid always under one's nose. In the continuous method, the dark lines have to be all drawn first, and the pale lines reserved to the last, which is a cause of embarrassment. I have done a good deal of work according to this method, and fully appreciate those advantages which it possesses, but, for the reasons just given, I do not consider it likely to come into general use.*

Mr. Haden owes much of his knowledge of etching to his long-established habit of having a printing-room. An etcher can hardly be expected to print whole editions of his works, but he ought to be able to take his own trial proofs, which will teach him more than anything about the progress of a plate. Mr. Haden has been for many years handsomely equipped as a printer, and of recent years magnificently. Whilst on this subject, I may tell a little anecdote in illustration of the importance of a press. Mr. Samuel Palmer had etched a beautiful plate, which had been a good deal printed, but nobody ever suspected how beautiful the plate really was until, some years after, Mr. Palmer set up a press, and his son took impressions under his superintendence which were quite incomparably superior to all the earlier ones. A parallel anecdote is narrated by Mr. Haden: "The most exquisite series of plates which Whistler ever did—his sixteen Thames subjects—were originally printed by a steel-plate printer, and so badly, that the owner thought the plates were worn out, and sold them for a small sum in comparison to their real worth. The purchaser took them to Goulding, the best printer of etchings in England, and it was found that they were not only perfect, but that they produced impressions which had never before been approached, even by Delâtre." Mr. Haden recommends etchers to print their works themselves,—good advice so far as the trial proofs are concerned, but an etcher might prefer, for the other impressions, to follow Mr. Haden's own practice, which is to have his plates printed by a good workman under his own superintendence.

Messrs. J. Hogarth & Sons, of Mount street, Grosvenor Square, London, published in 1877 a list of Mr. Haden's etchings, which was nearly complete up to that date. It included one hundred and thirty-five works, but others have since been executed or published. Sir William Drake has just published a complete catalogue, which mentions about one hundred and eighty works of the most various degrees of importance.*

It was known long ago, amongst artists and lovers of art in London, that an eminent London surgeon had been pursuing etching with some success, but the subject of this notice did not become famous as an etcher till the appearance of his "Etudes à l'Eau-forte," in 1865. This set, published in a portfolio, contained twenty-five etchings mounted on boards and six of minor importance pasted on the title-page, and the sheets of a printed introduction by Mr. Burty. There was also a catalogue of fifty-four subjects, both catalogue and introduction being in the French language, as the intention was to publish the work in Paris, because it was supposed that the English public would receive a set of etchings with comparative indifference. The result proved that the progress of general information about the fine arts in Great Britain had prepared a sufficient number of people for the appreciation of original work in etching. Many reviews in the London press, and especially an article in "The Times," made people flock to Mr. Colnaghi's, where Mr. Haden's works were exhibited, so that he became, in the course of a few weeks, one of the most famous artists in town. There has never been a previous instance of an amateur who attained such a position, and what is still more remarkable is that, during the fifteen years which have elapsed since then, the position has not only been kept,

* My positive process is a further development of the continuous method. In this process, the plate is first thinly coated with pure silver, and then with a very thin covering of pure white wax. Being placed in a potash bath (No. 2, copper, in preceding note), it is then etched on the continuous principle. The lines show black upon white, and, though all are drawn with a fine point, the dark lines enlarge gradually and regularly in a manner that can be calculated upon. The process is good for clever sketchers in the open air, but by no means to be recommended for tyros.

* A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Works of Francis Seymour Haden, by Sir William Richard Drake, F. S. A. Large 8vo. Macmillan. 1880.

but strengthened, notwithstanding many attempts at rivalry which have never in a single instance done anything to displace the etcher of "Shere Mill-pond."

Of the "Etudes à l'Eau-forte," two hundred and fifty sets were announced for publication, but only one hundred and eighty were printed, because some of the more delicate plates began to show signs of wear. The edition was soon exhausted, and a good copy, when it happens to fall into the market, now commands at least double its published price.* The earliest period of Mr. Haden's work was not represented amongst the "Etudes." He began to etch in the year 1843, producing six Italian subjects in that and the following year.† He then seems to have abandoned etching entirely until the year 1858, though he drew in other ways. That year was productive, as we find its results to be nineteen plates. There is nothing to the credit of 1859, but the following year gives ten plates, and by this time the artist's skill had attained its full development. Then there is a pause, till 1863 comes with eleven plates. The next year is a good one, giving thirty-three etchings, and there are twenty-two in 1865. The following year is a blank, but the art was resumed in 1867 with two plates, and fully resumed in 1868 with nineteen. There are three plates for 1870, including the famous "Breaking up of the *Agamemnon*," three for 1873, and seven for 1874, including the *magnum opus* after Turner, "Calais Pier." Since that date five or six etchings have been executed by Mr. Haden, the last being a view of Greenwich with which he intends to close his career as an etcher, though without abandoning the practice of the fine arts, amongst which he has, of course (like all good etchers), other means of expression at command.

The "Etudes à l'Eau-forte" were a selection from the plates executed up to the year 1865. They were very various in subject and in treatment, some being rapid and slight sketches, whilst others were much more elaborately finished, but they had one or two valuable qualities in common. They all, without exception, possessed a remarkable freshness. However much labor may have been bestowed upon them, there was never, in any instance, the slightest appearance of weariness, and so the spectator in his turn was refreshed by them instead of being wearied. Again, they had been done in the true spirit of an amateur, which is the best of all spirits for the production of happy art; I mean that the artist had worked from a pure love of nature and art, not for some outside purpose, such as the acquisition of fame or wealth. In an excellent essay on "Elementary Principles in Art," Professor Seeley has shown, conclusively, as it seems to me, that art even of the most serious kind is a play of the faculties, accompanied, of course, by earnest endeavor to play well, but still the presiding spirit of art is not labor but delight. Whatever there is of toil and trouble in art should be kept as much as possible out of sight, and conquered in preliminary and preparatory training. We do not wish to see the poet squeezing his brains for similes or consulting the rhyming dictionary; we like to believe that poetry flows easily from the lips of the inspired poet, as a form of speech natural to him though so superior to ours. We do not care to hear the violinist conquering the difficulties of his instrument, but we like to hear him play as if it presented no difficulty whatever. So, in the graphic arts, we are not perfectly satisfied till they look easy. Mr. Haden's etchings had the merit of seeming to be done without an effort, and they were really done without effort in this sense, at least, that there was no *strain*, though the etcher always did his best, even when apparently most careless. He understood, too, the real nature of a *sketch*, which did not prevent him from drawing more elaborately when he had time, and felt disposed so to employ it. "The Teivy at Cardigan" (D. 60) was a rapid memorandum of a sunset on a broad stream, with houses and trees on the opposite bank, the whole done at a single sitting, whilst the impression was quite fresh, and scarcely retouched afterward, except by two or three scratches of dry-point. "Kilgaren Castle" (D. 58) was another sketch of the same class, with a simple opposition of light and dark, the

* The "Etudes a l'Eau-forte" were published at a loss at fifteen guineas a copy (of which only twelve guineas found their way into the pockets of the artist), while every copy in reality cost him sixteen guineas. Now, when a copy comes to auction it brings thirty guineas, and when broken up (as it generally is by the dealers), they make sixty guineas by it. In this way an artistic work passes at once out of the possession of the artist and becomes the property of the trade, and this is the reason why the trade are always anxious that there should be as few impressions taken from a plate as possible.—ED. S. M.

† The titles of these may interest some readers. They are as follows: 1. "Tomb of Porsena." 2. "Castle of Ischia." 3. "Gate of Belisarius." 4. "Houses on the Tiber." 5. "Pisa." 6. "Villa of Mæcenas."

castle and the ground on which it stood being all in light, and the wooded foreground bank in shade. There is not two hours' work in the whole plate, though it quite conveys the idea of a castle's grandeur, both of construction and situation. "The House of Benjamin Davis" (D. 57), "Kenarth" (D. 55) and "Newcastle in Emlyn" (D. 56) are three other small etchings of the same rapid character, with simple and exaggerated oppositions of light and dark, and point-sketching too hasty to be accurate, yet always in the highest degree suggestive.* "Shere Mill-pond" (D. 35) is a work of quite different character, much larger in size, the copper measuring thirteen and a quarter inches by seven, and much more elaborately finished. I have always considered that this and the "Herdsman" of Claude ("Le Bouvier" in the French catalogues) were the two most perfect landscape etchings ever executed. Mr. Haden chose to represent the pond at a moment of extreme calm, disturbed only in the right corner by the motion of a wild duck starting in hasty flight from the rushes. There are no clouds in the sky, which is left blank (white paper often plays a very important part in fine etchings), and there is nothing in the water but the reflection of the trees and plants. A very few words will suffice to explain the whole artistic purpose of the plate. Its object is to convey the idea of calm, and to present a contrast between very massive, rich trees and very delicate and elegant ones, each having its own virtue and quality. There is also a contrast between bold, strong work in the nearer rushes, and very delicate work in the details of the opposite shore. This plate has been copied on wood for a French illustrated newspaper and is here represented also, but from the nature of etching its qualities cannot be really represented in block-printing of any kind, and the reader who cares about the subject should try to see the original, if he can. Another of the more highly finished plates was "Lord Harrington's House from Kensington Gardens" (D. 12), executed in an effective combination of etching and dry-point work, and worth attention as a fine example of Mr. Haden's treatment of trees. He always pays loving attention to stems and branches, especially rugged ones, of which he gets the texture admirably, and he is a master of foliage in the mass, but hardly ever troubles himself to draw individual leaves, even when they would be clearly visible. As the foliage is thin in the plate under consideration, it is nearer to leaf-drawing than is generally the case with Mr. Haden's work, and it has the advantage of letting us see the branches. There are some vigorously sketched poplar-trunks in the foreground of the plate called "Fulham" (D. 18), but they are printed too black. There is no objection to the most intense blackness of *line* in etching (when it occurs in the right place), but a perfectly black *space* of any breadth is always heavy and objectionable. The houses and tower in this plate are beautifully sketched, and Mr. Haden lets us see in the trees to the right, and in the bridge, some work left intentionally in its very earliest stage. It is not, as a general rule, prudent to attempt much finish, or any complete tonality in etched skies. The best way to etch a sky, unless the artist is able to give the tone as soundly as Samuel Palmer does, is to sketch it frankly like a memorandum with the point of a hard pencil—a method of treatment of which Mr. Haden has given an admirable example in the view "Out of Study Window" (D. 17). Another very good example of his treatment of skies, this time with fuller tone, is the "Sunset on the Thames" (D. 83), which in its own way can hardly be surpassed. It is easy, of course, to imagine clouds with more form in them, but it is always rather a perilous experiment to draw clouds too definitely, and it is very possible that, if these had been more carefully defined, we should have lost the flush of light which radiates from the setting sun to the upper part of the picture. This word *picture* has just been used by a happy accident, and is preserved because the etching really suggests color and light, so that the spectator's imagination easily turns it into a painting. The dry-point called "Sunset in Ireland" (D. 44), or "Sunset in Tipperary," is rich in tone, but not very luminous, so that the idea of sunset does not occur to us before we read the title. The same subject was afterward etched in the bath (by the continuous process) and published in the "Fine Arts Quarterly Review," and the etching was more luminous than the dry-point. The softness of dry-point is pleasing to many, but the intrinsic superiority of etching as a kind of drawing is plainly visible after any serious comparison. The etcher can give rapidly the most various lines; the worker in dry-point is confined either to straight lines or to restrained curves, at least when he works with facility, though drawing appar-

* These five Welsh plates were all done out-of-doors in one day—17th August, 1864. Drake catalogue.

ently free may be done in dry-point, with an effort, by a very clever man. "Mytton Hall" (D. 13) is one of the finest of Mr. Haden's dry-points; the entrance to the house is shown at the end of a very deeply shaded avenue, with two large stone balls on the ground near the spectator. The rich soft blacks attainable in this kind of engraving always win the admiration of critics not much accustomed to it, but the real merit of a dry-point is to have luminous quality in its darks—anybody can make a dark smudge with the necessary amount of labor. On this ground, I prefer the right side and the middle of this plate to the left side, which is like midnight, though there is sunshine on the house-front. A similar criticism might be applied to the etching of "Kidwelly" (D. 22), in which the roofs of the houses are unfortunately much too black for their distance and for the light work around them, so that they produce the effect of spots or patches.

When these etchings appeared, in 1865, Mr. Palgrave considered the "Egham" (D. 14) to be the best of the whole collection. It is one of the best, but I do not quite like the license by which the trees in the middle distance (a good way from the spectator) are made absolutely black. Of course, this was not done from ignorance,—Mr. Haden knows as well as any of us that they could not be so; but he wanted the true opposition between the trees and the sky, and sacrificed everything to that. The distance is charmingly drawn, and with the minimum of labor. The "Egham Lock" (D. 15) is a more perfect plate, though not so pretty and pleasing, nor so rich; it has throughout the qualities just noticed in the distance of the "Egham." A very beautiful plate in a mixed manner, including etching, dry-point and a *salissure* of the copper in imitation of mezzotint, is "Early Morning in Richmond Park" (D. 21), a poetical and luminous piece of work with many of the qualities of a good charcoal drawing. After this success, it is rather surprising that Mr. Haden did not make more use of a combination which, in his hands, whether legitimate or not, promised such good results. In the plate the artist showed us some of those noble trunks of trees which adorn Richmond Hill, lighted by the early sunshine, with a sketch of the view over river and plain, not made out topographically, but sufficiently suggested. A lark just visible in the sky illustrates a quotation from Shakspere lightly scratched in dry-point in the foreground,—"The lark at heaven's gate sings."

This hasty account of the "Etudes à l'Eau-forte" does them insufficient justice, but it is scarcely possible to go much further into detail without wearying the general reader who can take little interest in technical matters. It will be enough to say that, in the way of free etching from nature, nothing so good as these plates had ever appeared in England, and to find their equals in their own kind we must cross over to Holland and go back to another century.* The only English landscape etchers who stand on the same level of absolute rank with Mr. Haden are Turner and Samuel Palmer, but their art is so fundamentally different in principle that a comparison cannot properly be made. Turner never executed etchings which were intended to stand by themselves. He was a very powerful workman in what we call the organic line, but he did not combine much shading with it,† as the shading in his scheme was dependent upon mezzotint, which was allowed for from the beginning. In Mr. Haden's work, line and shade are conceived and drawn simultaneously in a complete synthesis. Again, there is no evidence that Turner ever etched from nature; his plates are studio compositions, either from various sketches or, in many instances, from pure invention. Mr. Haden has always preferred, whenever possible, to etch from nature directly upon the copper, and as engravings are never done from nature, this practice widely differentiates his etchings from all engravers' work whatever. When we come to Samuel Palmer we find a great artist, both in conception and in extraordinary technical skill, but the principles of his work are deliberation and elaboration, whilst its qualities are those which come of patient and profound thinking, whereas Mr. Haden has made it his principal business to seize passing impressions in their freshness. Some attempts have been made in recent years to elevate John Crome to the rank of a master etcher, but he is not to be compared for one moment with Haden, either for mental or technical power. Crome was a niggler with the needle, with the ideas

* A letter is extant from Meryon, the great French etcher, to the editor of the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," cautioning him against being taken in by these plates, which he declared were "not done by Mr. Seymour Haden, and moreover not in that century."—ED. S. M.

† There is a little shading in the etchings of Turner, always simply and deeply bitten to sustain rather dark or very dark parts.

F. Seymour Haden

nd execution of an amateur,* Haden is a arge-minded and powerful artist. He is a far etter etcher than Ruysdael ever was, and the nly master of landscape etching with whom e can be fairly and profitably compared is is illustrious master, Rembrandt, who taught im nearly half of what he knows, whilst ature taught the other half. Of course, he is not to be compared with Rembrandt in range and extent of invention, or in the delineation of humanity, but in landscape the comparison is fair and reasonable. In this department, Mr. Haden has had the advantage of combining Rembrandt's teaching with the beneficial influences of the modern English mind, in which the love of landscape is more connected with a poetic feeling for beauty than it ever was in Holland.

After the publication of his "Etudes à l'Eau-

* This refers exclusively to Crome's etchings, hich have all the characteristics of amateur's ork, and not to his pictures, some of which are ne.

forte," the etcher continued at intervals the practice of his art. It had been at first a relief for physical and mental fatigue brought on by overwork in the medical profession, but after recovery from this the love of the art remained, and production could not be wholly abandoned, though it was suspended at times for considerable intervals. Etchings were quietly accumulating for another projected portfolio, but after

OUT OF STUDY WINDOW. (1858.)

some time this idea was abandoned, the artist fearing that the trade would break up the collection and sell the etchings separately. The history of Mr. Haden's next publication, the isolated plate of the *Agamemnon* (D. 128), is for a peculiar reason better known to me than to most people. I had asked Mr. Haden, in the beginning of 1870, to etch a plate for an art magazine edited by me and then recently founded. The following letter, which I am permitted to print, as the reader will see by the postscript, explains itself and is a document of great interest in the history of etching, for reasons to be given shortly:

"MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON: Yesterday, in the belief that I had lost the power of working on copper in the open air, and with a load on my conscience as to a request of yours that I would furnish an etching for the 'Portfolio,' I went out and made, or rather tried to make, a free-handed drawing (on the plate *sous entendu*) of the hull of the *Agamemnon*, now breaking up opposite Deptford. That drawing I take the liberty to offer to you. From its size and the space it occupies on the plate it is scarcely capable of pictorial treatment, and you are to be good enough to regard it as a conscientious effort only to lay down on copper, without mechanical aid, the lines, curves and proportions proper to a ship-of-the-line of the old class. I do not mind confessing to you that, simple as it looks, I never undertook a more perplexing job. I had thought of making the sun set behind the old hulk and the distant cupolas of Greenwich, and of using the sinking luminary as typical of the departing glories o both, and I will try to do this yet if, when you hav taken off the impressions you require, you will le me have the plate back again—reserving the secon state for the new book which I hope one day, bu not yet, to publish.

"Be so kind as to let me know whether you fee inclined to accept a crude performance of this sor and, if so, where and how I am to get it printed The plate is sixteen inches long by seven and a hal high, and the object itself no less than nine inches If it is too big and gaunt for your purpose, tell m so, please, at once, as I will try in that case to fi ish the plate whilst the ribs of the old warrior hol together.

"I hope you are well and that your labors do no try you. For me, I am old, blind and unhandy The faculties (*i. e.*, the mechanical ones) no longe obey the will.

"Yours,

"F. SEYMOUR HADEN.

"P. S.—As I read this letter over before commi ting it to the post, it strikes me that it may help yo to explain to your readers the ghost I am offerin you. If so, print it with the etching just as it is SLOANE STREET, July 3d."

It was determined not to print the etchin of the *Agamemnon* in the "Portfolio," wher it could not have appeared, on account o its length, without being folded, and instea of it we published a small plate called i the catalogue "Brig at Anchor, Purfleet" (D 130).

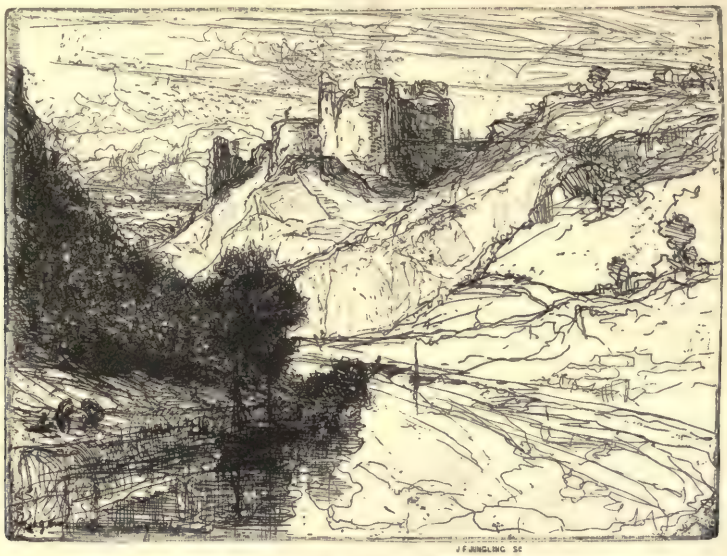
This decision was most fortunate, as i turned out, for an appearance in the maga zine would have entirely taken away th freshness from the plate in the eyes of th public and of collectors, whereas when pub lished separately at Colnaghi's, at the con siderable price of five guineas a copy, reached an extraordinary sale, which ma be accounted for in various ways. First, was an excellent etching, which counts fo something, but, besides this, the now famou

"Etudes à l'Eau-forte" had created a desire to possess some specimen of Mr. Haden's work, and the price (fifteen guineas) was so high and the copies printed (one hundred and eighty) too few for that publication to be generally accessible, so people seized on the new opportunity. Besides this, patriotism had something to do with it, as it had with the fame of Turner's analogous subject, "The fighting *Temeraire* tugged to her last berth, to be broken up." Whatever may be the reasons, this etching, in its pecuniary return, was the most successful ever published in the world. It brought in a regular income of more than a hundred pounds a week for a considerable time, and, even after that slackened, the sale was still very profitable. As I happen to have calculated, on imperfect information, that the "*Agamemnon*" paid its author a guinea a minute for the time spent upon it, I may say here that a more accurate calculation, made since on fuller data and including subsequent sales, proves the etcher's payment to have been three guineas a minute for the time spent in actual work. This does not affect the rank of the performance as a work of art, but it is a curiosity of art-history, and the more remarkable that the artist in this instance had no thought of pecuniary results.*

There is an interesting melancholy expression at the end of Mr. Haden's letter —"for me, I am old, blind and unhandy"; but this is not to be taken literally. It means simply that the artist was no longer disposed for minute work, and was passing to a broader style of drawing, which he has since pursued and developed. Again, as to the plate being a ghost, this has reference only to the very first state. After the addition of the sky and some other work, the etching at once showed the inherent strength of its nature, and revealed itself as one of the most robust things ever produced either by its author or anybody else. The work is extremely simple in style, the lines

A BY-ROAD IN TIPPERARY. (1860.)

* The first state of the *Agamemnon* brought, from first to last, 2500 guineas. Money could not fall into better hands. As Mr. Haden is not a professional artist, the profits of his etchings enable him to increase his charities, and especially to help the Hospital for Incurables, of which he was really the founder. He has also made etching support etching by devoting the sums it has brought him to the acquisition of his magnificent collection of etchings by the great masters, in the formation of which he has more than once given as much as £300 for an impression at auction.



KILGAREN CASTLE. (1864.)

being kept very visible and well open and strongly bitten, without any attempt at completeness of tone, though effect is well suggested. On this some dry-point work was used in moderation. It is seldom really necessary to carry etching much further, if the artist has the intelligence to make it suggestive in the right way. The dismantled vessel was presented to the spectator with a directness which was most impressive, occupying as much of the drawing as it could without being too overwhelming, and very artfully prevented from appearing too monotonous by being shown beyond a floating crane, which, with all its cordages, was etched with remarkable power. A distant view of Greenwich hospital to the left recalled the old age of sailors, whilst that of ships was still further illustrated by the hull of the *Dreadnought* in the middle distance.

The strong style of etching adopted for the *Agamemnon* was carried still further in the same direction when Mr. Haden success-

FROM THE BRIDGE AT CARDIGAN (1864.)

fully attempted to translate into his own art an important picture by Turner, the well-known "Calais Pier" in the National Gallery. This etching measures two feet nine inches by one foot eleven inches, and in its earlier states has no pretension to the full tone of the original picture, of which it gives the drawing and composition powerfully, with a suggestion of the chiaroscuro, but in a much lighter key. It is a grand etching, but as it is carried out entirely on the principles of interpretation, and exhibits no work which can be called imitative either of painting or of nature, it generally offends those who are not accustomed to interpretative work. The large size of this etching and its high price (twenty-five guineas) have also been obstacles to its popularity. Even the depth of the biting offends some people, who look at it too near and do not bear in mind that it is intended for its own distance. I remember a very mistaken criticism on it, in which the writer affirmed that it had been over-bitten, and that to conceal this defect it had been printed in brown. The fact is, that the sepia printing was decided upon from the beginning, most probably in deference to the example given by the "Liber Studiorum" of Turner, which is also remarkable for very deep bitings. There has been some intention of having the plate mezzotinted, as Turner's were. Both this plate and the "*Agamemnon*" would sustain mezzotinting well, but a real lover of etching does not feel the necessity for it, as his imagination easily supplies what is wanting when the suggestion is made intelligently. Suggestive etching, when of the right kind, is decidedly of a higher class than imitative etching, cleverly as the latter is often done in these times. Really good suggestive work, not carried too far, is a noble exercise of the mind, both in the artist who brings the whole force of his mind to its execution, and in the student or critic who uses his intelligence to understand it.*

Since the publication of "Calais Pier," Mr. Haden has applied the same style of execution to a plate called "Greenwich" (D. 184), measuring twenty and a half inches by thirteen and a half. In this etching the sun is declining very nearly in the same place as in the "*Agamemnon*," and we have a noble view of the fronts of Greenwich hospital catching the evening light. The sky is cloudy and vigorously sketched, the water a blank,—in nature probably a dull gray,—

ERITH MARSHES. (1865.)

* Mr. Haden says that "Calais Pier" was done as an interesting study and in homage to the genius of Turner, of which it was a sort of analysis. It was never intended as a copy. One hundred impressions (of which ten only remain) were taken from the plate, which was then prepared for mezzotinting. A press had to be built to print it.

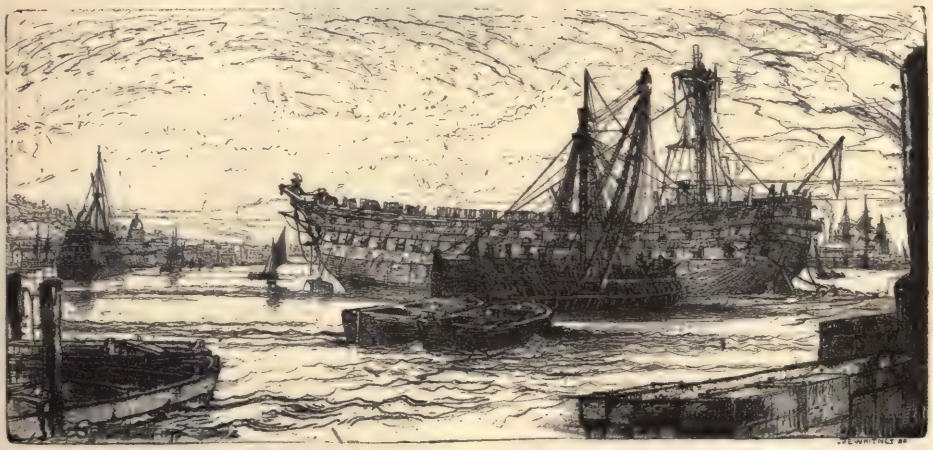
which Mr. Haden has not attempted to render in its equivalent of tone. Everything in the plate is treated with a settled determination not to go beyond a certain well-understood point in the rendering of light and shade, which is indicated but not imitated. This restraint may be disapproved of by artists accustomed to the full tones of painting, and we know that the regular professional etcher-engravers now take a pride in getting as near full tone as they can, whilst there are critics who always look for it and blame a work as inferior when they do not find it. To this the answer is simple. You cannot possibly have the peculiar qualities of a sketch-etching in line and those of an etching in tone at the same time. The line-etching is the more conventional and the more intellectual and rapidly expressive; the tone-etching or engraving (when the tones are correct, which they very seldom are) comes nearer to the aspect of nature. For example, take the sky and water in this "Greenwich." The sky itself is left blank, by which the tranquillity of the natural sky is conveyed to the spectator's mind, but not the shade-value of its color. The clouds are boldly outlined with the point, and there is a rough indication of shade without the slightest attempt to hide the lines; but all these lines would have been inadmissible in a tone-sky, and the blank water would have required a week's work in delicate shading—work perfectly unnecessary to the intellectual result, and which would have completely destroyed the effect of the performance as a rapid and spontaneous expression. There is no objection to laborious tone-etching when it is good, but it is another thing—it is a slow expression full of technical delays and elaboration, whereas line-etching, in which tone is suggested but not imitated, is a direct and rapid expression, suitable for working from nature. I ask pardon for insisting so much upon this distinction; I do so because it ought to be generally understood, and might be understood quite easily if people would give it a little serious attention. The importance of it is such that, when critics will not take the trouble to master it, they fall of necessity into sins against justice, which are as deplorable as they are easily preventable. For example, I remember seeing an etcher blamed because he had left a country lane white in summer, no country lanes in nature being really white, except under snow. The criticism would have been just if the artist had pretended to full tone, as painters generally do, but he had been working, with perfect judgment, in limited tone, which the critic was too ignorant to understand. So with Mr. Haden's "Greenwich": it is a work in line with restricted tone, suggestive of more than it expresses, and a critic who did not understand this would be sure to write about it unjustly. It is a noble work in its own order, perfectly suggestive of light and space, of water and sky, of magnificent buildings and stately shipping. It is perfectly harmonious throughout, being the clear statement of one mental impression, and if the reader cares to know the difference between art and fact, he has nothing to do but to compare this etching with a photograph of the same well-known and very accessible locality.

The twelve etchings published for Mr. Haden, by Messrs. J. Hogarth & Sons, in 1878, were not all of recent production. "Mount's Bay" (D. 114), the "Three Sisters" (D. 116), "Battersea Bridge" (D. 120) and "Purfleet" (D. 122) were etched in 1868. "On the Test—Twilight" (D. 19) was done ten years earlier. The plates produced after the beginning of 1874 were "The Complete Angler" (D. 149), "Dusty Millers" (D. 165), "Windmill Hill" (D. 146) and "Grim Spain" (D. 168). Notwithstanding these wide differences of date, there is little inequality of treatment until we come to "The Mill-wheel" (D. 136), 1874, and "Dusty Millers," 1877, which are plainly in the later and broader manner that began with the "*Agamemnon*" and culminated in the "Greenwich."

Of the plates just enumerated, some contain a good deal more than others. "The Complete Angler" and "Dusty Millers" are very slight sketches, legible by a practiced eye, but which the general public might well be excused for not appreciating. "Mount's Bay" is a study of tumbling sea waves with a cloudy sky, and St. Michael's Mount in the distance. The waves are well sketched, but the clouds are hard and too much shaded, considering the crude quality of the horizontal shading. The sentiment of this plate is fine, and this is all that can be fairly said in its favor. "Battersea," etched on zinc, is fine in intention but too hasty in execution, more particularly in the sky, where the clouds are formless. "Grim Spain, Burgos," makes us feel the grim grandeur of the towers on the city walls most efficaciously. "A Water Meadow" (D. 20) is a lovely etching of a meadow partly flooded from a sluice, with some groups of trees in the mid-

dle distance, exquisitely drawn. Another very charming plate is "The Three Sisters"—three old trees near a forest glade, on sloping ground. This is a capital specimen of Mr. Haden's masterly treatment of trunks. Here, with a moderate allowance of deeply bitten lines, he gives the texture of the bark, the light and the reflection at a minimum cost of labor. There is a charming variety of lighter tone in other parts of the plate. "On the Test" is a rich dry-point, a kind of drawing on copper done entirely without corrosion by acid, in which the bur raised by the point catches the printer's ink and produces soft darks very much resembling mezzotint.* It is very good for the soft mystery of twilight effects, and Mr. Haden is one of the very few etchers who can use it. Engravers' dry-point, as used with great skill by Waltner, is quite a different thing, the bur being removed. If the bur were taken off such a plate as "On the Test," all the tone would be gone in an instant. The sketch on zinc, "The Mill-wheel," is good and fine in method for a rapid sketch, but the subject is rather unfortunately chosen because the view is entirely blocked up by an uninteresting house. Another etching on zinc, "Purfleet," is admirable for the lively confusion of boats on the water, all of them capitally sketched, with a true understanding of a boat's nature. The two figures in the foreground seem too big, but altogether this is one of the liveliest and most expressive plates in the collection.

The general impression left by a careful examination of Mr. Haden's works is that he is really a good and even a great etcher, worthy on some points to be compared with the very greatest. Without pushing eulogy too far, it is evident, I think, that Mr. Haden is the most accomplished and most powerful landscape and marine etcher of modern times amongst original artists. It is of no use to compare him with etchers from pictures, who are engravers in another form. His purposes are as distinct from theirs as oratory from parliamentary reporting. It is their business to make themselves masters of set methods of interpretation; it has been Mr. Haden's purpose and pleasure to convey to others by means of etching the sensations he receives from nature, with as small a loss of freshness as possible. The public can hardly know how very rare such a talent as that of Mr. Haden's is in the world and how very common, in comparison, are the abilities required to make a respectable etcher from pictures. The one talent is as rare as that of the poet, the other as common as that of a respectable translator. It is for this reason that the position occupied by Mr. Haden in the world of art is superior to that of the very cleverest etcher-engravers, though his work may often appear rude and defective in comparison with their skilled and careful handicraft. It may seem wonderful that an amateur should have attained to such a position that his works should be treasured in the most exclusive collections,



BREAKING UP OF THE AGAMEMNON. (1870.)

* Dry-point and mezzotint are really just the same thing, the only difference being that in dry-point the bur is raised in lines, whilst in mezzotint it is raised with sharp points in small dots; but the tone of both is got by bur, whilst there is no bur at all on a pure etching.

SAWLEY ABBEY. (1873.)

and admired by the most fastidious artists and critics, but if the reader could only know as I do how miserably low the level of amateur performance in etching generally is, the wonder would seem to him far greater. It can be explained, however, in two ways. Mr. Haden was born with a strong artistic gift, which is quite distinct from the mere love of nature,—the gift, I mean, of a masterful power and disposition, which impels an artist to deal with natural material in his own fashion. Besides this, Mr. Haden has constantly surrounded himself with the best works of the great masters, especially Rembrandt, whom he knows so well that, on any given occasion, he can almost divine the treatment Rembrandt would have adopted. It is something to have the spirit of such a master always by your side to give you a kindly hint; but although Rembrandt is always in Mr. Haden's mind to be referred to, the English master works in his own way. It is this mixture of originality and tradition in his style which makes his work attractive to the intelligent. That work is often willful and apparently careless, full of those deviations from absolute truth which abound in all masterful drawing, and it is open enough to the attacks of criticism, which the artist treats with a wise indifference. Whatever may be its defects it has great and rare virtues—vitality, intelligence, freshness, not merely knowledge, but also the free play of the human faculties in the enjoyment of knowledge, and in the communication of that enjoyment to others.

[We are indebted to Mr. Samuel P. Avery for kind assistance in the illustration of this article and for his courtesy in loaning us proofs of the etchings, here reproduced.]

AT NIGHT.

THE skies are dark, and dark the bay below,
Save where the midnight city's pallid glow
Lies like a lily white
On the black pool of night.

O rushing steamer, hurry on thy way
Across the swirling Kills and gusty bay,
To where the eddying tide
Strikes hard the city's side!

For there, between the river and the sea,
Beneath that glow—the lily's heart to me—
A sleeping mother mild
And by her breast a child.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

THE world was not very old in civilization when it began to advertise. Disinterred Pompeii reveals among its ashes many appeals of its tradesmen and public entertainers for patronage. The populace was reminded of the location and existence of the school by the sign of a boy enduring a penitential thrashing; of the dairy by the sign of a goat and of the baker by the sign of a mill-stone or a sheaf of wheat. The symbols were made of stone or terra-cotta relievo, set in pilasters at the sides of the buildings, and more explicit announcements were made in tablets affixed to pillars. In Rome, the physician proclaimed himself by putting a cupping-glass outside his door; the poulterer by a coop of fowls; the surveyor by a measure; the perfumer by the representation of four men carrying vases filled with his exquisite distillations, and the tavern-keeper by a bush, which, from its omission by certain conservative and, no doubt, self-sufficient vintners, gave existence to the proverb flatteringly cherished among themselves—"Good wine needs no bush."

But commerce leads to competition and competition to pressure, and whether the wine is as pure as April snow on the top of the Matterhorn or as vile as the *ordinaire* served at some dinners we have experimented with, it must be "bushed" nowadays, or, except by some old and steady (or unsteady) topers, it

will never be found out. If man universally could make a point of ascertaining precisely what he wants, and having done that have the leisure to devote himself to a search for the most appropriate place in which to obtain it, the "bush" would be unnecessary. But the world is either too preoccupied or too lazy to find out many of its own wants, and the advertisement is a perpetual reminder, insistent and omnipresent, and

A BAKERY IN ANCIENT POMPEII.

indispensable under modern conditions. When newspapers were invented—between the middle and end of the seventeenth century—the notices and puffs of tradesmen and others found them a more convenient vehicle than had hitherto been known, and the merits of advertising were appreciated as they had not been before. The announcements were brief and simple. We read that "the excellent China drink called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay *alias* Tee, is sold at the Sultan's Head Cophee House"; that at "the Queen's Head Alley, in a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink, called chocolate"; that "Mr. Theophilus Buckworth doth at his house, on Mile-End Green, make and expose to sale, for the public good, those so famous lozenges or pectorals"; that "most excellent and approved dentifrices to scour and cleanse the teeth, making them as white as ivory, fastening them and sweetening the breath," may be obtained at the Holy Lamb, East End of St. Paul's Church-yard; that "the barber and perrywigge-maker, over against the Grayhound Tavern, gives notice that any one having long flaxen hayre to sell may repayr to him and shall have ten shillings the ounce"; that at the Miter is to be seen "a rare collection of curiosityes, much resorted to and admired by persons of great learning and quality"; and that "small bagges to hang about children's necks, which are excellent both for the prevention and cure of rickets, are prepared by Mr. Edmund Buckworth."

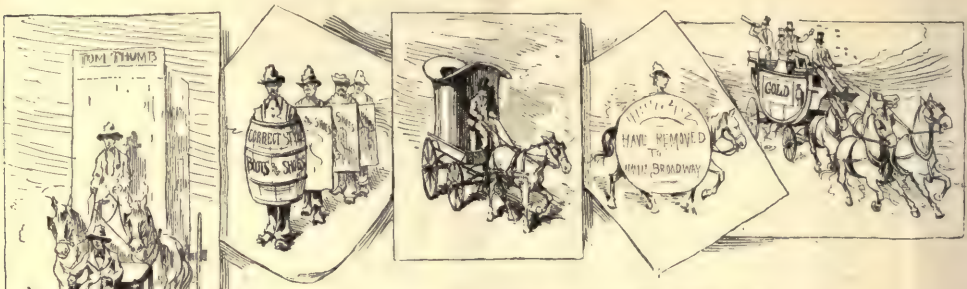
The quack, the showman and the publican are here with lineaments that are little different from those we are familiar with in our own day. But out of these five and ten line paragraphs have grown this modern wonder that we spread out before us with breakfast—the newspaper of twenty pages—twelve of them filled with advertisements that are so various in motive and object and so comprehensive of all current affairs, that we question if they are not the most inviting as they are the preponderating part of the contents; for while the news may be unauthentic and the comments biased, the advertisements are *ex parte* and obviously give us only the advertiser's views, without the pretense of

AN ANCIENT PERFUMER'S ADVERTISEMENT—ROME.

admitting an opponent's light upon the subject. Here, indeed, is "Vanity Fair" revealed to us at a glance through the compactly set columns—"bullies pushing about; bucks ogling the women; knaves picking pockets; policemen on the look-out; quacks bawling in front of their booths and yokels looking up at the tinseled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folks are operating on their pockets behind." Here we can see the traffic of the world, the condition of trade, the fashions and the manners of the hour.

To those who read between the lines there are humor, mystery and many salient elements of character beyond the epitome of the times; the commercial activity or quiet is infallibly reflected, and we, at least, find no end of entertainment in these columns, which often contain much more than commonplace announcements of things for sale and services to be disposed of. A grocer,

A MODERN PERFUMER'S ADVERTISEMENT—NEW YORK.



MANY ADS OF MANY KINDS.

with a vocabulary that would do credit to a penny-a-liner, advertises, not tea and coffee, but "the peculiar delicacies of the far-off Ind, and the finely flavored and humanizing leaf of the still farther-off Cathay; the more exciting though not less delicious berry of Brazil, and the spices, sugars and luscious fruits of the Antilles; the sugar, condiments and blood-enriching wines of the Mediterranean, and the salt-cured and brain-renewing fish of our own waters."

A young lady "who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as washer and ironer." A converted burglar is announced to preach at a certain hall, where he will "break the doors of hell with a gospel jimmy." A large number of "oil paintings by the ancient masters of the day" are offered for sale, and "Reformation" wants a pew in "a Protestant Episcopal Church, where the services are the same as they have been for three hundred years —no candles, no choral services, no incense, no gaudy robes or other mummery or nonsense."

Too often truth is sacrificed to personal interest in advertisements, but here are two instances of extraordinary disinterestedness. A large quantity of whisky is offered, "not particularly good, but as good as most of the whisky sold in this neighborhood," and a country-seat, in a village where fever and ague prevails, is thus described by its tenant: "I hereby offer for sale my country residence, at West Morrisania, near Melrose station, where I have lived for the past three years, and where I could not live much longer. I have always heard that people looking for places to purchase could never find one where they had chills and fever—they always had it about a mile, a mile and a half or two miles off, but never right there at the place for sale. Now I offer for sale, as a curiosity, something rare—the precise

THE TWO DROMIOS.

A PANTOMIMIC ADVERTISEMENT.

and exact spot where fever and ague is. I will warrant it to be there. Three of my children have it; my groom has sure premonitory symptoms of it, and I have it myself. The place, in fact, is beautiful, and beside fever and ague has all that befits an American gentleman's country residence. I bought it to please my wife, and I leave it to please the whole family."

In another column, a farmer warns the public against harboring his wife, who has left him at the beginning of summer's work, though he has had the expense of "wintering her," and a laundress is wanted who will be willing to "take her pay in lessons on the guitar, and board on washing days."

The facetiæ is but incidental, however, and the predominant effect is that of the extraordinary variety of interests put in juxtaposition, and the freedom with which space is used. In the afternoon and evening long strings of people may be seen in the main office of the paper, patiently waiting to deliver their advertisements—people of the most diverse aspect, purpose and condition: the threadbare clerk out of a position; the amply proportioned cook, conspicuous and unmistakable Anonyma in illy-earned gorgeur; the small tradesman and consequential advertising agents. At the branch offices about town the crowd is also great on some nights, and, as the advertisements are delivered, they are telegraphed by private wires to the main office. Thousands of dollars are paid for the announcements of one issue—millions of dollars in a year, and of twenty pages three-fifths are filled by advertisements.

Let us glance at those perambulatory advertisements which are set in motion through the busy arteries of a city, following the movements of the crowds, and pertina-

THE SHIRT MAN.

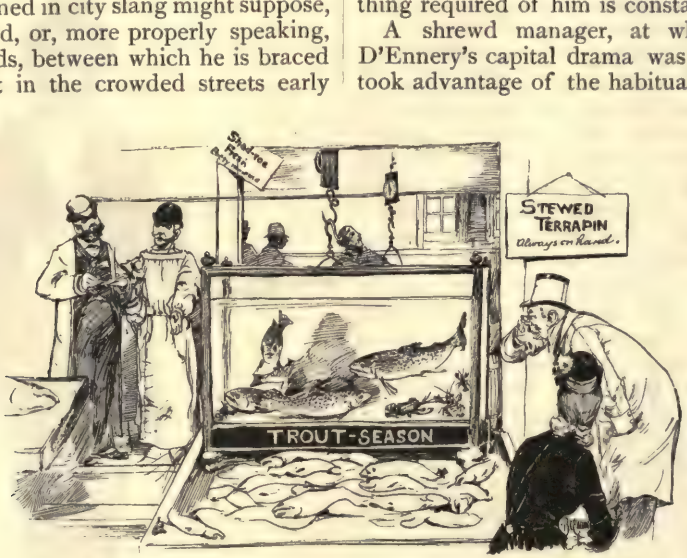
ON THE FENCE.

THE ROCKS BELOW.

ciously thrusting themselves into positions where they must be observed. The strong element of human interest which the peripatetic "sandwich man" excites is often supplemented by the grotesqueness of his apparel. Caring little for what his announcement is, there is a disposition on the part of most pedestrians to look into the face of the unfortunate, who, with all his emotion and immortality, is reduced to the level of a bill-board, and from the face, which often enough is sad and worn, the glance is continued to the big lettering which emphasizes the fame of Brown's shirts or Kydd's indestructible pen-wipers. The sandwich man, so far from being a purveyor of any kind, as the reader unlearned in city slang might suppose, is a bill-board, or, more properly speaking, two bill-boards, between which he is braced and set adrift in the crowded streets early in the morning, to confront the public with his employer's advertisement until dusk brings him a welcome relief. His pace is not hurried, but his motion is constant. If he were an observer, he might find much to interest him in the stream of traffic—motives to fathom and passions to read; but he bears himself with an air of preoccupation, and, being himself a cynosure, pays no attention to the other sights that surround him. Up and down the street, puffing at a phenomenal pipe which, apparently without refilling, emits smoke in all sorts of positions, and which neither wind nor rain puts out, solitary and uncommunicative, he marches hither and thither; and no wonder that his countenance sours, that the purposes of existence seem frustrated, when his eye falls upon any vacant wall covered with posters, and he is forced to exclaim: "That wall is as much as I am, and that automatic bear, in the toy-shop window, is a more versatile creation than *me!*"

The world knows little of the wounds it inflicts on the peripatetic sandwich man; and he conceals his embitterment under a placid condition of mental reservation, unrippled by the faintest indication of any disturbance. He is silent and cogitative, like a philosopher. Nothing is left to his discretion. Pinned to his back or heart is a small open case containing his employer's cards, with a request to "take one" painted across it; even the courtesy of offering the passing crowd a circular is not left to him, and the one thing required of him is constant motion.

A shrewd manager, at whose theater D'Ennery's capital drama was being acted, took advantage of the habitual and characteristic gloom of the sandwich man to advertise his attraction. He selected two of the saddest he could find, and set them adrift in the bleak November weather, bearing between them the name of the play, the



OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

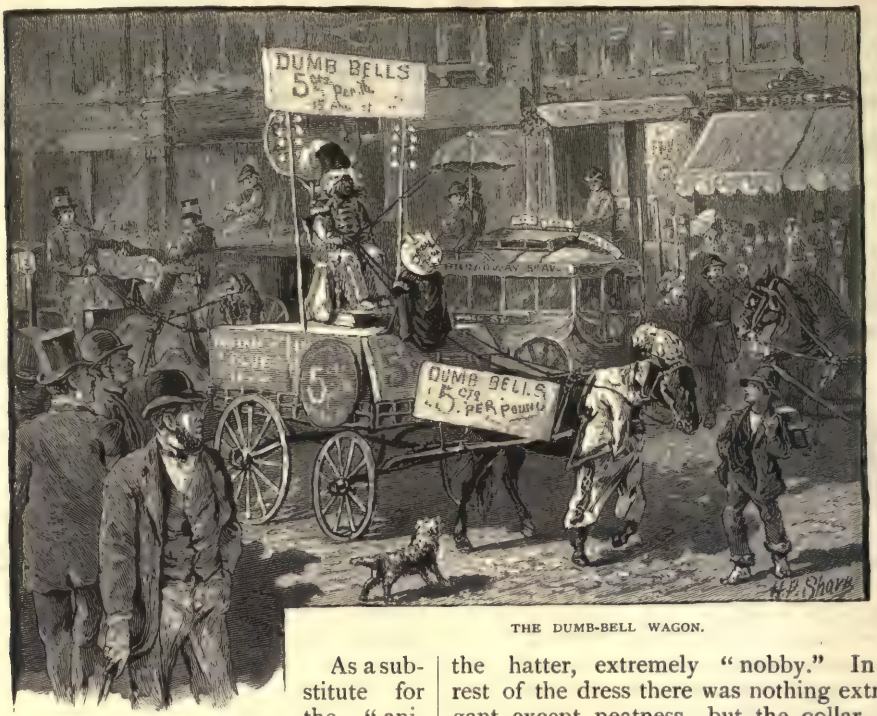
"Two Orphans." The two orphans were met in the street when the rain was soaking them, and when the sleet was falling chill against the panes. Smileless, voiceless and bedragged, those men embodied in unconscious burlesque the bereavement of the parentless; and as Brown, Jones or Robinson saw them trudging along in the twilight, as he went home from business to dinner, he naturally mentioned so good an advertisement to his wife, and that lady, being reminded of the piece, of course insisted upon his taking her to see it. The very woe of the sandwich men thus became a medium of the astute manager's success, and while they braved the wintry weather for an incredible pittance, he sat in the box-office contentedly smoking a "big cigar."

THE CHIROPODIST.

The sandwich man of London is the object of an amusing sketch in "Punch." He is boarded between an advertisement of Mr. Toole, the comedian, in the farce of "*Ici on Parle Française*." "Ha! Un interprète ambulant. Quelle bonne idée!" exclaims a stranger from Paris who meets him in the street, and who wishes to know the way to the South Kensington Museum. "Pardon, Monsieur Tôle," this gentleman says, "mais par où faut-il prendre, s'il vous plait, pour arriver au Musée de Soutte Quinzingqueton?"

But, after all, extravagantly lugubrious as he is—sometimes carrying a scarlet umbrella, with great white letters and stars upon it, that invites custom to a certain manufacturer when the country is suffering from a drouth; sometimes exhibiting two immaculate shirt bosoms, framed and glazed, counterparts of which may be purchased at the small price of a dollar, though no shirt at all is visible upon him, and sometimes bearing above the double sign-boards, or "sandwiches," which conceal his body, a third advertisement imposed upon a heavy pole—after all, his melancholy goes too far in some instances for any mirth. No one who saw a lofty and handsome old man, straight, except in the shoulders, with a large-featured, candid face and white hair, patrolling Nassau street last Christmas Eve, with a banner advertising some sort of stuff, could have smiled at him. This ignoble and wearisome business, with its few cents a day, had spared him from starvation when that gaunt wolf was staring him in the face, and one need not have been very penetrative to see the humiliation and despair that lay beneath his faded overcoat. At the same season there was another old man, with a foreign, aquiline face like that of Meissonier's organ-grinder, who marched to and fro on Broadway with an announcement of a cheap edition of the "Turkish March"; and though there was something nearly laughable in the incongruity between his own abject appearance and the lively, martial tune that he proclaimed, his misery turned the laugh into more decent pity.

A CONFERENCE.



THE DUMB-BELL WAGON.

As a substitute for the "animated sandwich," the tradesmen occasionally employ men and boys whom they bedeck in fantastic costumes and place in the streets to distribute circulars. But, in the opinion of experts, the hand-bill as a means of advertising is worth little, and whoever has seen how it is treated by the unwilling persons upon whom it is thrust must also conclude that its value is, at least, obsolete.

The most valuable advertisement is that which creates a permanent impression by the pertinence, wit and freshness of the device. Devices of this sort are not often seen, but a clever one was set in motion some months ago by the manufacturer of a certain soap, and the writer's experience of it was probably identical with that of thousands of others who happened to be in Broadway.

There came down the street, with long strides and an air of ineffable superiority, a handsome young negro, full six feet high, with broad shoulders, and an assiduously cultivated moustache. A new yachting suit of blue flannel fitted him like a glove; his boots were polished to a degree of luster unattainable by ordinary methods; a dainty cane swung between his fingers, and a Derby hat of the latest fashion was set on his head, with a fastish inclination over the right eye. The whole effect was, in the vernacular of the hatter, extremely "nobby." In the rest of the dress there was nothing extravagant except neatness, but the collar, of a standing pattern known as the "clipper," was tremendous; the collar made us all smile, though it was not at all so ostensible as the articles worn in negro-minstrel entertainments. The good taste that had served him in other things vanished at the collar, which was more than he could manage, and with it he degenerated into a silly vulgarian.

Amused at the self-consciousness of his magnificence, we continued on our way uptown, thinking, perhaps, that some lucky stroke had befallen him; but not far ahead we were confronted by two exact counterparts of him, each wearing the same sort of blue suit, the same sort of hat, the same sort of shoes, and the same amplitude of linen about the neck. They were the same height, and carried themselves with the same mock dignity and indifference to observation as their precursor, twirling their canes with the same elegance, and having their Derbys set with precisely the same inclination. They came toward us and passed us with a lofty and inimitable unconcern for the attention which they attracted. This was too much for human curiosity; it was impossible to resist looking after them; we yielded, and saw, in clear black letters around the backs of those wonderful collars, a simple invitation to use

Lye's German Laundry Soap! Had the collars been half an inch narrower, they would not have been noticed; had they been half an inch broader, their purpose would have been obvious. There was genius in the advertisement: a nice sense of comedy, and a masterly control of resource; those who saw it will always remember it, though other soaps than Lye's may be as unfamiliar to them as to the Patagonians.

In addition to his bill-boards, the sandwich man carries in glass cases sample boots, sample shirts, sample weather-strips, and a variety of other incumbrances; but his strength is human, and when the advertiser to whom he belongs wishes to make what he would call a "splurge," he supersedes him, or compliments him by a wagon with various devices erected upon it. When "Pinafore" was being played at a west-side theater, a full-rigged frigate, at least eight feet long, was carted through the principal avenues of traffic as a counterfeit presentment of that famous vessel; when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was revived at the Grand Opera House, a large truck was seen in the streets with a little log house built upon it, and out of the window an old negro with white hair was peering; when the Modoc war was dramatized at the Old Bowery Theater, a detachment of real Indians, with the genuine brogue of Killarney, were displayed in Broadway on fine afternoons; and at all times elaborate exhibitions are made on wheeled vehicles by certain tradesmen.

One of the most familiar in lower Broadway is the perambulatory advertisement of a dealer in dumb-bells and Indian clubs, who is evidently somewhat uncertain in ethnology and as to the derivation of the name of his principal article. His sign is made conspicuous on a wagon fantastically decorated, and drawn by a feeble and pitiable nag, whose extreme attenuation is partly covered by a diverse and incongruous mass of adornment, including plumes, bells and the American flag. In front of the wagon a *papier-maché* cat blinks with vacuous solemnity at the hurrying crowds, and the reins are carried over her ears to the driver, who sits high upon a pedestal behind, and embodies his employer's confusion in a nondescript dress, mixing the Oriental, the American and the undefinable with bewildering license. The designer of the costume seems not to have known whether the muscle-developing implements were an invention of the prairies or of the land of the Taj Mahal, and he has nearly crushed the patient little colored boy, who sits upon the seat with smileless dignity, under a composite *ensemble* which at one glance recalls a Cossack of the line, a scout and a feather-duster. The "big Injun," as the business men call the little fellow, is imperturbable in his gravity, and continues his parade all day long, nodding now and then to an unmounted comrade on the sidewalk, who is also a slave to the Indian clubs, in a dress almost as heterogeneous as his own.

One of the more recent advertisements is a vast balloon secured to a truck, and a more familiar one is the wagon carrying an enormous transparency, illuminated after dark, upon which some panacea or patent dentifrice is extolled. Sometimes a bell placed within the transparency is rung by an invisible small boy, and a few months ago, a cornet player discoursed his music under the cover of a transparency announcing the production of a thrilling new serial, the "Brigand's Lair, or, the Tin Sixpence," and the "Mystery of Sir Hildebrand," in the "Chambermaid's Companion." The variety of street advertisements in New York is almost inexhaustible. Furniture dealers, nostrum venders, tobacconists, clothiers and grocers compete in the display, and though an advertisement-hater may confine himself to the news matter in his paper, refuse every circular offered him, and close his eyes wherever the bill-poster has been, he cannot avoid having impressed upon his mind the existence and location of certain indefatigable tradesmen. People who will not waste time at the shop windows loiter to see the street-show. The inventor of a portable bed finds a large audience when he exhibits his article upon a wagon, taking it apart, putting it together, lying down upon it, and refolding it in a minute. The stereopticon at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue never fails to hold a crowd. Up there, on the roof of a small building, magic-lantern pictures are cast upon a screen, the disinterested ones alternated by advertisements. Niagara Falls dissolves into a box of celebrated blacking, and the celebrated blacking is superseded by a jungle scene, which fades into an extraordinarily cheap suite of furniture. On very cold and unpleasant nights the stereopticon has spectators, and, though it is no longer a novelty, its attractiveness continues.

The pertinacity of the American advertiser, which lets no circumstance thwart it, was forcibly instanced at Coney Island last summer. All the city was there, and all

eyes were turned seaward; but intervening between them and the soft purple horizon were innumerable sloops, cruising up and down the beach, with staring advertisements painted on their sails. The procession of sandwich men, the banners and transparencies, and the various advertisements on wheels are usually unobjectionable, and lend additional activity and, perhaps, interest to the city streets, as a sort of every-day carnival. But many advertisers have exceeded both taste and discretion, especially the proprietors of quack medicines and patent soaps; they have emblazoned the ridiculous names of their wares upon the loveliest spots, and have invaded the most sacred precincts of nature with their undesirable notoriety. The offense given to all sensible people by their vandalism counteracted any beneficial effect their advertisements might have had, and now, when there is scarcely a prominent cliff or bluff in a frequented part of the country that is undefaced by them, they perceive the profitlessness of the method.

One thing about the otherwise monstrous business compelled some degree of admiration. It was the ubiquity and audacity of the sign-painter, who, in many instances, must have imperiled his life to accomplish his purpose. When—last summer—whirling toward the Pacific, we saw his handiwork high up on the colossal escarpments of Echo Cañon; again on the somber granite cliffs of Weber; further west on the arid rocks of the Humboldt; even on the forlorn wigwams of the Piutes, straggling over the fallow desert, and continuously over the sierras and down the golden valley of the Sacramento —sign after sign high above the level, and often in positions the manner of reaching which was inexplicable,—our first impulse of indignation was mitigated by a faint stirring of admiration for the pluck and impudence of the one individual whose name under most of the inscriptions indicated how completely he had done his work.

When we came back to New York, we sought him out and found him. He was neither penitent nor apologetic. "I guess I've desecrated more nature than any other man in the United States," he said, with cool defiance and a twinkling eye that told us he appreciated his own audacity, "and what of it? I guess a pretty bit of lettering's a heap nicer than an ugly rock, and though I use the word 'desecrate,' and a whole crowd of people and newspapers are blowing at me, I guess I've *beautified* more or less every city in the United States. I'm a gazetteer of the United States; not a town or village I aint been into, and I can paint S——— (mentioning the name of a patent medicine) standing on my head with my eyes shut. Often do it with my eyes shut, too, especially when they are tired and the sun's strong. I've walked six times up and down the Hudson; painted on rocks while standing up to my neck in water, and I've put up the name of 'Vitality Bitters' on Lookout Mountain. Seen a good deal of human nature and had many queer experiences in our business. That was one at Lookout Mountain. I'd slung myself up on a face of rock with my brushes and pots, and was slapdashing away, when *spat!* something hit the rock. I supposed may be it was a stone rolling from above, when *spat!* came another one, and *spat! spat! spat! spat!* four more. Well, I glanced at the rock and saw a lot of little dents in it, like bullet marks; but couldn't see where they came from. *Spat* again—five more *spats!* This was beginning to get lively, and I stretched myself out to make an investigation, and away down below I saw a mean old photographer who took pictures of the fellows and their girls who came to see the mountain. He was standing in the smoke of his own revolver, and was loading it again to peppers me because I was painting a part of the mountain that came into the background of his darned old photographs. Well, I dabbed away as fast as I could; *spat!* six times more, but I finished the sign and then vamoosed. Didn't I remonstrate with the old man when I got down? No, sir; you bet I didn't. They shoot remarkably well in that country, and it was lucky for me that I was just out of the old man's range."

He was evidently exhilarated by his own recital, and, as he lighted a fresh cigar, his eyes were sparkling and his face was smiling with immense satisfaction.

"Why, my partner, old man Brad," he continued, "painted 'Kaiser Bitters' on the pyramid of Chops, or whatever you call him, and just after the war I stuck up 'Buffalo's Liver Pills' in letters three feet high around old Fort Sumter. You see, I got a darkey to take me over from Charleston in one of those little boats that they sail down there, closer to the wind than anything I ever saw before. The fort was unoccupied except by an old soldier, who showed me all over the place. 'Have a drink, corporal?' said I to him, after a while. 'No objections,' said he, and we walked and

talked a little further. 'Pretty lonesome here, eh, sergeant?' 'Very, indeed,' answered the old duck, warming to me as I brevetted him a grade higher every two or three minutes. 'Ah,' said I, 'it's a tough old biz, the army, aint it, lieutenant?' 'Faith, an' it is, upon me life,' said he. Well, I brought my flask out again, and pressed it upon him. 'Now look here, captain,' said I, 'you don't mind me painting a sign around the old fort, do you?' 'Not a bit, my son; paint as much as ye plaze,' he answered, quite willingly, and away I went to work, finishing the lettering before sundown. That little business nearly got me into trouble; it raised an awful dust, and I left Charleston in a hurry. Nearly as bad as the time when I was painting 'Dr. Didler's Elixir of Life' on a bee-hive. I was walking along the railway track with my pots and brushes, and saw the hive, which was in an A No. 1 position, bound to be seen by everybody in the trains. I stole up to it and slathered on the paint, taking care not to make much noise. Buz-z-z! one little fellow came to look at me, then another, then another, and then a score or more all at once. They didn't seem to object—in fact, seemed to admire the richness of the coloring; but in slinging my leg over the top of the hive I upset my can of turpentine, and not one bee in the crowd would listen to a word of reason. I was laid up for a week or two after that; but I can't be quiet long; it aint in me to be still; I'm an out and out Yankee, and it warms my heart to be off with the paints—and it aint incumbent upon me now."

He added this with a complacent and pregnant glance at his massive watch-chain and jeweled sleeve-buttons, which indicated no little prosperity.

"When anybody gets his back up at me, I just let him blow his steam off and then I talk to him," he continued. "Down in Maryland, one day, I was painting a sign on a fence, and a fellow working in a field near by hollered out: 'Hi! Get away from that yar fence!' I let on not to hear him. 'You git, now!' the old man shouted once more, but I dabbed and dabbed away as industriously as ever. 'You wont, wont yer?' said he, and then he came for me with a pitchfork in his hands. Folks in Maryland are generally pretty much in earnest when they are mad, but I didn't move an inch; he'd have lifted me like a piece of toast if I had, and instead of toast it would have been a roast for me. I looked as mild and innocent as I could; shaped out the letters, and held my head back now and then as if to study the effect. 'Don't you like it?' said I, as he got up to me. Well, he met me with some highly seasoned expostulations, but, as I told you, I never interfere with a man when he's blowing off steam—it isn't safe. The pitchfork did not look salubrious, but I held to my work, and as I was finishing it he began to cool off, and at the same time to take an interest in the sign. 'Got a family?' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Young uns, too, may be?' 'Yes,' said he, again. 'Well, now,' said I, 'aint you ashamed of yourself, to let your temper get the better of you in this way? Think of the bad effect on the children. But I'll paint it out.' 'No; leave it on, stranger; I like it,' he answered, and we went over to the house together, which proves that, when a man's blowing off, it's best not to sit on his safety-valve. I went up the Mississippi with old Captain Leathers, in the *Natchez*, with her smoke-stacks painted crimson to signify that they would be burned red-hot before she should be passed; and at the first landing I set to work on all the rocks. The old captain was immensely tickled with the idea. 'Look at that darned Yank!' he cried to the passengers. 'How long before you start, Cap?' shouted I. 'We'll wait till you get through,' he answered, and he did the same thing at every other landing. But the newspapers have made such an outcry against the desecration of nature, as they call it, that a law forbidding it has been passed in some of the States, and on the whole rock-painting is discouraged by our patrons, who think it spoils the sale of their articles, and we are limited to bill-boards and fences, in which we've got the prettiest business to be found. Yes, I'm a Yankee, and have gone through life with one motto: 'Don't be bashful, and never allow yourself to be set down upon by nobody.'"

These very simple principles have led him to a most substantial success. In the winter of 1858, a young sign-painter in the Bowery found his business failing, and, having nothing else to do, went along Harlem Lane painting his name, occupation and address on the rocks and fences. Several business men were struck by the novelty of the method, and employed him to advertise their wares in a similar manner. His customers increased in number. He traveled with his brush and paint up the Missouri River by steamer, and across the plains and

Rocky Mountains by pack-mules in 1858, when that expedition was not the easy matter it is to-day. His signs appeared under the palmettos of the Gulf and among the flowers of the Antilles. He reached Oregon; he daubed the pyramids; the railways were hedged in by his handiwork. But his success was harassed by a competitor, who was as bold, as pushing, as adroit and as irreverent as he was. He converted this enemy into a friend, and the two together continued the profanation of nature, until the whole face of the country near the main lines of traffic was degraded into a vast bill-board.

"We traveled over a million and a half of miles, sir," said the arch vandal whose adventures we have given; "painted more than ninety thousand signs, and used more than five hundred barrels of linseed oil, mixed with five hundred barrels of turpentine and a hundred and fifty tons of white lead. I say tons, sir, and will show you the books to prove it."

He beamed with exultation in mentioning this stupendous fact, and seemed to breathe with difficulty whenever he recurred to it. He overwhelmed us with figures, and begged that, if anybody questioned their authenticity, he would either "put up or shut up," jingling the coin in his own pockets to indicate that he was prepared to back all his assertions.

The firm has over eighteen hundred agents, he told us, and in addition to painting it has facilities for distributing and posting bills in every city. The cost of painting the name of any article containing not more than ten letters, each about eight inches long, is about one dollar, and small posters are designed, printed, distributed and hung in every city east of Omaha at a cost of about six cents each. Over three million "gutter-snipes" are distributed for one tobacco-manufacturing concern in a year, and a certain patent medicine was "billed and painted" in seventeen different States one year for thirty thousand dollars. A "gutter-snipe," let us add, is a long, narrow bill usually pasted on the curb-stones of prominent streets. In all large places the bill-stickers' privileges are valuable, and there is a good deal of competition where any are to let. They consist of dead-walls, fences and boards, upon which one concern usually acquires by purchase the right of exhibiting their advertisements; and as an example of the prices sometimes paid we may mention that, during the erection of a new building on Broadway, three thousand dollars were offered for the use of the boards surrounding it. There are also "window privileges," of which theatrical managers avail themselves, exhibiting their programmes and lithographs in the windows of the smaller stores and saloons, and rewarding the tradesmen for their permission with three or four gratuitous tickets a month while the season lasts. But the average bill-sticker does not limit his operations to the extent of the privileges which he has purchased; he has a lawless instinct to put up one of his posters in every position where it can possibly attract attention, and through his lack of principle he sometimes becomes involved in dispute with the competitor upon whose space he has encroached. A bill-sticker's war is chiefly damaging to the advertisers whose posters are being distributed, as the combatants efface the bills of one another as fast as they are put upon the walls. The bill-sticker is also open to the charge of being a nuisance, from his habit of using his paste where it is obviously inappropriate; but, charitably overlooking these proclivities, which are less the outcome of evil than of excessive zeal, he is an industrious, honest and sober person; and if in a bleak winter you should see him starting out at midnight on his round, with ladder, brushes and paste, to cover his boards with announcements that will be fresh in the morning, your antipathies would vanish.

The craft is so numerous, prosperous and special in its nature that it has a newspaper wholly devoted to its interests—a curious publication, which is printed on one side with red ink and on the other side with blue ink, and which sometimes appears on yellow paper, the object being that of all bill-stickers' endeavors—to excite interest and comment by its dress, if not by its contents. But the contents are unique and forcible. The column of editorial scraps is called "snipes," after the gutter posters which we have mentioned, and a department of biography is devoted to the vicissitudes and successes of various "men of paste." The style is as unrestrained and familiar as the conversation of a smoking-car filled with drummers. "Give ample credit to fair and square men," says the editor to his correspondents, "and the interlopers and cheats, lash them unmercifully,"—which indicates a lofty interpretation of the functions of journalism. "To be successful in this vocation," he says further on, in tribute to the bill-poster, "is a guarantee of ability that cannot be surpassed in any class of society or position in life. The bill-poster's is a

rough experience, and the actor is a bold, eccentric fellow. But for generous, genial, kindly traits of character, the bill-poster and sign-advertiser are proverbially noted." He acknowledges a compliment to his paper thus: "Thanks; the boys in all directions are shouting the same tune, and if we did not keep a very level head, our blushes would scorch our shirt-collars." Announcing that a certain issue will be on red, green, blue and yellow paper—"We are open," he writes, "for comment or ridicule. You ghostly white metropolitan dailies; all-powerful country weeklies; dry, stale and staid old monthlies, we've got the cake! Chew us up, annihilate us—we can stand the blunt —twig?"

Probably we have gone far enough with these choice extracts; the reader is mystified by the "blunt—twig," and we cannot enlighten him as to its meaning. Among the other contents is a catechism worth reproducing, however:

"*Q.* What is advertising?
A. The art of exciting curiosity.
Q. What is curiosity?
A. A feeling of inquisitiveness, which nothing short of investigation or trial will satisfy.
Q. What is the result of creating this feeling?
A. Prosperity and riches to the advertiser.
Q. Who are the most inquisitive people in the world?
A. Americans. Therefore, if you would succeed in advertising, excite curiosity, and you will hit the mark every time."

Some of the advertisements are metrical, and are worthy of Silas Wegg. Here is poetry for you:

"Go forth in haste
With bills and paste;
Proclaim to all creation

"That men are wise
Who advertise
In this our generation."

"Would you have your pasting done,
Your bills put up quite natty?
Then do not fail to send the same
Straightway to your friend Batty.

"To post and paste in proper haste
Such orders as you'll send him,
'Tis his delight; he'll do it right,
You bet; now don't forget him.

"He'll circulate your *ads* wide-spread,
Through Mystic's pleasant valley;
So call attention to your wares,
That buyers soon may rally."

The name of the paper is elaborately designed on a landscape of town and country, but both town and country are almost invisible under examples of the bill-sticker's and sign-painter's "art." The same advertisements that have appeared far and wide on rocks and fences are reproduced in miniature; the pyramids are "decorated" with the legend of "Fizzler's Bitters"; "stove-polish" is inscribed around a mountain peak, and an extended arm in the clouds, with a paste-brush in hand—the symbol of the trade—is branded: "A power in the land."

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

FROM my earliest childhood there has been a tradition in my family that the Mormon Bible was taken from a manuscript written by my great-uncle, the Rev. Solomon Spaulding. Recently, while in Washington, D. C., I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Mrs. M. S. McKinstry, the only child of Mr. Spaulding, and received from her lips full confirmation of the story. Mrs. McKinstry is a remarkably intelligent and conscientious woman, of about seventy-five years of age. She has lived for fifty years in Monson, Massachusetts, and has a son, who is a well-known physician at Long Meadow, near Springfield, in the same State, and a son-in-law, Mr. Seaton, chief clerk in the Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Soon after the first excitement on the subject of Mormonism, Mr. Spaulding's widow and daughter were interviewed by the reporter of a Boston newspaper; but the following statement, taken on oath from Mrs. McKinstry, is the first full statement of the subject, and the only attempt ever made by Mr. Spaulding's family to set this matter right.

In order to give the statement its full force, it will be necessary to prelude it by a slight explanation of some facts bearing upon the subject. Solomon Spaulding was born at Ashford, Connecticut, in 1761, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1785, studied divinity, preached a few years and then, from ill-health, gave up the ministry. He was a peculiar man, of fine education,

especially devoted to historical study, and with a great fondness for the writing of romances. In 1812, he resided in Conneaut, Ashtabula county, Ohio. In the vicinity there are several earth-mounds, which excited his curiosity and fired his imagination. He was one of the earliest persons, if not the very first, in that part of the country to become interested in these curious monuments of a past civilization. He caused one of the mounds near his house to be explored, and discovered numerous portions of skeletons and other relics.

This discovery suggested to him the subject for a new romance, which he called a translation from some hieroglyphical writing exhumed from the mound. This romance purported to be a history of the peopling of America by the lost tribes of Israel, the tribes and their leaders having very singular names —among them Mormon, Maroni, Lamenite, Nephi. The romance the author called "Manuscript Found." This all occurred in 1812, when to write a book was a distinction, and Mr. Spaulding read his manuscript from time to time to a circle of admiring friends. He determined finally to publish it, and for that purpose carried it to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to a printer by the name of Patterson. After keeping it awhile, Mr. Patterson returned it, declining to print it. There was, at this time, in this printing-office a young man named Sidney Rigdon, who twenty years later figured as a preacher among the Saints.

In 1823, Joseph Smith,—a disreputable fellow who wandered about the country professing to discover gold and silver and lost articles by means of a "seer stone,"—gave out that he had been directed in a vision to a hill near Palmyra, New York, where he discovered some gold plates curiously inscribed. In 1825, he called upon Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was the proprietor of a newspaper in Rochester, New York, and asked him to print a manuscript, as appears from the following statement, which has never before been given to the public:

MR. THURLOW WEED'S STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, April 12th, 1880.

In 1825, when I was publishing the "Rochester Telegraph," a man introduced himself to me as Joseph Smith, of Palmyra, New York, whose object, he said, was to get a book published. He then stated he had been guided by a vision to a spot he described, where, in a cavern, he found what he called a golden bible. It consisted of a tablet which he placed in his hat, and from which he proceeded to read the first chapter of the Book of Mormon.

I listened until I became weary of what seemed to me an incomprehensible jargon. I then told him I was only publishing a newspaper, and that he would have to go to a book publisher, suggesting a friend who was in that business. A few days afterward Smith called again, bringing a substantial farmer with him named Harris. Smith renewed his request that I should print his book, adding that it was a divine revelation, and would be accepted, and that he would be accepted by the world as a prophet. Supposing that I had doubts as to his being able to pay for the publishing, Mr. Harris, who was a convert, offered to be his security for payment. Meantime, I had discovered that Smith was a shrewd, scheming fellow who passed his time at taverns and stores in Palmyra, without business, and apparently without visible means of support. He seemed about thirty years of age, was compactly built, about five feet eight inches in height, had regular features, and would impress one favorably in conversation. His book was afterward published in Palmyra. I knew the publisher, but cannot at this moment remember his name. The first Mormon newspaper was published at Canandaigua, New York, by a man named Phelps, who accompanied Smith as an apostle to Illinois, where the first Mormon city, Nauvoo, was started.

(Signed) THURLOW WEED.

In 1830, the Mormon Bible was printed at Palmyra, New York, by E. B. Grandin. Two years later, the Mormon religion seemed to be gaining ground. A band of thirty were settled at Kirkland, Ohio. Later, these converts, with large accessions to their numbers, went to Missouri, from which place they were expelled. They then crossed the river and made a settlement at Nauvoo, in Illinois. In 1845 they removed to Salt Lake, where their numbers have enormously increased.

Joe Smith seems to have lacked the inventive genius common to religious fanatics. He followed the story of Mr. Spaulding with almost servile closeness. Mr. Spaulding's book purported to be a translation from some metal plates found in the earth-mound to which he had been guided by a vision.

This was precisely Smith's story. As the new-made prophet could scarcely lay claim, with any hope of credence, to sufficient learning to translate the hieroglyphical writing, he added to the original story the Urim and Thummim,—the great spectacles which he professed to have found in a stone box, together with the golden plates, and by means of which he could decipher the mysterious characters.

Smith had now become a prophet, and he proceeded forthwith to add his peculiar tenets in regard to marriage, etc., to the original manuscript.

The statement of Mrs. McKinstry is as follows:

MRS. MATILDA SPAULDING MCKINSTRY'S STATEMENT REGARDING THE "MANUSCRIPT FOUND":

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3d, 1880.

So much has been published that is erroneous concerning the "Manuscript Found," written by my father, the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, and its supposed connection with the book called the Mormon Bible, I have willingly consented to make the following statement regarding it, repeating all that I remember personally of this manuscript, and all that is of importance which my mother related to me in connection with it, at the same time affirming that I am in tolerable health and vigor, and that my memory, in common with elderly people, is clearer in regard to the events of my earlier years, rather than those of my maturer life.

During the war of 1812, I was residing with my parents in a little town in Ohio called Conneaut. I was then in my sixth year. My father was in business there, and I remember his iron foundry and the men he had at work, but that he remained at home most of the time, and was reading and writing a great deal. He frequently wrote little stories, which he read to me. There were some round mounds of earth near our house which greatly interested him, and he said a tree on the top of one of them was a thousand years old. He set some of his men to work digging into one of these mounds, and I vividly remember how excited he became when he heard that they had exhumed some human bones, portions of gigantic skeletons, and various relics. He talked with my mother of these discoveries in the mound, and was writing every day as the work progressed. Afterward he read the manuscript which I had seen him writing, to the neighbors, and to a clergyman, a friend of his who came to see him. Some of the names that he mentioned while reading to these people I have never forgotten. They are as fresh to me to-day as though I heard them yesterday. They were "*Mormon*," "*Maroni*," "*Lamenite*," "*Nephi*."

We removed from Conneaut to Pittsburgh while I was still very young, but every circumstance of this removal is distinct in my memory. In that city my father had an intimate friend named Patterson, and I frequently visited Mr. Patterson's library with him, and heard my father talk about books with him. In 1816, my father died at Amity, Pennsylvania, and directly after his death my mother and myself went to visit at the residence of my mother's brother, William H. Sabine, at Onondaga Valley, Onondaga county, New York. Mr. Sabine was a lawyer of distinction and wealth, and greatly respected. We carried all our personal effects with us, and one of these was an old trunk, in which my mother had placed all my father's writings which had been preserved. I perfectly remember the appearance of this trunk, and of looking at its contents. There were sermons and other papers, and I saw a manuscript about an inch thick, closely written, tied with some of the stories my father had written for me, one of which he called "The Frogs of Wyndham." On the outside of this manuscript were written the words, "Manuscript Found." I did not read it, but looked through it and had it in my hands many times, and saw the names I had heard at Conneaut, when my father read it to his friends. I was about eleven years of age at this time.

After we had been at my uncle's for some time, my mother left me there and went to her father's house at Pomfret, Connecticut, but did not take her furniture nor the old trunk of manuscripts with her. In 1820, she married Mr. Davison, of Hartwicks, a village near Cooperstown, New York, and sent for the things she had left at Onondaga Valley, and I remember that the old trunk, with its contents, reached her in safety. In 1828, I was married to Dr. A. McKinstry, of Monson, Hampden county, Massachusetts, and went there to reside. Very soon after my mother joined me there, and was with me most of the time until her death, in 1844. We heard, not long after she came to live with me—I do not remember just how long,—something of Mormonism, and the report that it had been taken from my father's "Manuscript Found"; and then came to us direct an account of the Mormon meeting at Conneaut, Ohio, and that, on one occasion when the Mormon Bible was read there in public, my father's brother, John Spaulding, Mr. Lake, and many other persons who were present, at once recognized its similarity to the "Manuscript Found," which they had heard read years before by my father in the same town. There was a great deal of talk and a great deal published at this time about Mormonism all over the country. I believe it was in 1834 that a man named Hurlburt came to my house at Monson to see my mother, who told us that he had been sent by a committee to procure the "Manuscript Found," written by the Reverend Solomon Spaulding, so as to compare it with the Mormon Bible. He presented a letter to my mother from my uncle, William H. Sabine, of Onondaga Valley, in which he requested her to loan this manuscript to Hurlburt, as he (my uncle) was desirous "to uproot" (as he expressed it) "this Mormon fraud." Hurlburt represented that he had been a convert to Mormonism, but had given it up, and through the "Manuscript Found" wished to expose its wickedness. My mother was careful to have me with her in all the conversations she had with Hurlburt, who spent a day at my house. She did not like his appearance and mistrusted his motives; but, having great respect for her brother's wishes and opinions, she reluctantly consented to his request. The old trunk, containing the desired "Manuscript Found," she had placed in the care of Mr. Jerome Clark, of Hartwicks, when she came to Monson, intending to send for it. On the repeated promise of Hurlburt to return the manuscript to us, she gave him a letter to Mr. Clark to open the trunk and deliver it to him. We afterward heard that he did receive it from Mr. Clark at Hartwicks, but from that time we have never had it in our possession, and I have no present knowledge of its existence, Hurlburt never returning it or answering letters requesting him to do so. Two years ago I heard he was still living in Ohio, and with my consent he was asked for the "Manuscript Found." He made no response, although we have evidence that he received the letter containing the request. So far I have stated facts within my own knowledge. My mother mentioned many other circumstances to me in connection with this subject which are interesting, of my father's literary tastes, his fine education and peculiar temperament. She stated to me that she had heard the manuscript alluded to read by my father, was familiar with its contents, and she deeply regretted that her husband, as she believed, had innocently been the means of furnishing matter for a religious delusion. She said that my father loaned this "Manuscript Found" to Mr. Patterson, of Pittsburgh, and that, when he returned it to my father, he said: "Polish it up, finish it, and you will make money out of it." My mother confirmed my remembrances of my father's fondness for history, and told me of his frequent conversations regarding a theory which he had of a prehistoric race which had inhabited this continent, etc., all showing that his mind dwelt on this subject. The

"Manuscript Found," she said, was a romance written in Biblical style, and that while she heard it read she had no especial admiration for it more than for other romances he wrote and read to her. We never, either of us, ever saw, or in any way communicated with the Mormons, save Hurlburt, as above described, and while we had no personal knowledge that the Mormon Bible was taken from the "Manuscript Found," there were many evidences to us that it was, and that Hurlburt and others at the time thought so. A convincing proof to us of this belief was that my uncle, William H. Sabine, had undoubtedly read the manuscript while it was in his house, and his faith that its production would show to the world that the Mormon Bible had been taken from it, or was the same with slight alterations. I have frequently answered questions which have been asked me by different persons regarding the "Manuscript Found," but until now have never made a statement at length for publication.

(Signed) M. S. McKinstry.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 3d day of April, A. D. 1880, at the city of Washington, D. C.

Charles Walter, Notary Public.

I wrote this statement at Mrs. McKinstry's dictation, and was obliged to change it and copy it four times before she was satisfied, so anxious was she that no word nor expression should occur in it to which she could not solemnly make oath.

About forty years ago, affidavits were made by John Spaulding, the brother, and Mr. Lake, the partner of Mr. Solomon Spaulding, and afterward published, containing the statement that they had heard the author read his manuscript in 1812, and that there was a striking similarity between it and the Book of Mormon; but these affidavits cannot now be found.

There is no possible way of finding out what Hurlburt did with the manuscript which he carried away, since he has ignored the letter of application which was personally put into his hands. There was a report to the effect that he sold it to the Mormons for $300, and that they then destroyed it.

The question remains: how did Smith become possessed of the "Manuscript Found"? Rigdon, who was in Patterson's office while the manuscript was lying there, had ample opportunity of copying it, and as he was afterward a prominent Mormon preacher and adviser of Smith, this is not improbable. Smith, however, could easily have possessed himself of the manuscript if he had fancied it suitable to his purposes, for it is understood that he was a servant on the farm, or teamster for Mr. Sabine, in whose house the package of manuscript lay exposed in an unlocked trunk for several years. At all events, it is evident that Smith had access to the manuscript, since both stories are alike,—the peculiar names occur nowhere else but in these two books,—and that Mr. Spaulding's romance had been read by a number of people in 1812, while the Mormon Bible was not published till 1830, and not heard of earlier than 1823. Out of the curious old romance of Solomon Spaulding, and the ridiculous "seer-stone" of Joseph Smith, has grown this monstrous Mormon State, which presents a problem that the wisest politician has failed to solve, and whose outcome lies in the mystery of the future.

SKETCH OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

[At the dinner given by the American residents in Paris, on February 19th last, to General Lucius W. Fairchild, on the occasion of his quitting his post of Consul-General, at that city, for the office of Minister to the Court of Spain, Mr. Richard H. Dana responded to the toast respecting the diplomatic history of the United States. At our request, he has written out the notes prepared for this occasion.—Ed. S. M.]

Mr. President, my Countrymen and Country-women: You have done well, Mr. President, in selecting as one of your subjects to-night the international relations of our country—not only because they form one of the noblest chapters of our history, but because this place, Paris, was the birthplace of American diplomacy. Few probably consider how instantly, and with what zeal, those who had charge of our public affairs in the struggle for our independence betook themselves to international relations. They saw that the cause of our independence hung upon a war of diplomacy on the continent of Europe, and not solely upon a contest with the weapons of war at home. Before we declared our independence, immediately after Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, our Congress appointed a Committee on Foreign Affairs, and a secret agent was sent out to France, who succeeded in sending home half a million of pounds sterling, with ammunition and clothing for our troops, on the credit of a government which could be hardly said to exist; for we had not even adopted any articles of confederation. Yet

this committee did a good deal of work, and had the management of all foreign correspondence, already voluminous and critical. Within two months of the Declaration of Independence, hoped-for treaties of commerce and of alliance were drawn up at Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin was sent out at the head of our commission,—for commissioners we are obliged to call our agents, as our independence had been nowhere acknowledged. Little could be expected in Europe for a country which fought a year before committing itself to independence, and two years more before establishing a form of confederate government; yet, during all that time, with both the instinct and fact of unity determining everything, our Congress levied men, borrowed money, sent ministers, concluded treaties, and performed most of the acts of a sovereign government; and the world, with the same kind of prescience, seemed to take us at our word.

When the confederation was adopted, among the foremost of its provisions was the following:

"The United States, in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right and power of determining on peace and war, of sending and receiving embassadors, entering into treaties and alliances."

And when, in 1781, a "Department of Foreign Affairs" was created, in place of the committee, the preamble to the report declared:

"The extent and rising power of these United States entitle them to a place among the great potentates of Europe, while our political and commercial interests point out the propriety of cultivating with them a friendly correspondence and connection. That, to render such an intercourse advantageous, the necessity of a competent knowledge of interests, views, relations and systems of those potentates is obvious. That a knowledge in its nature so comprehensive is only to be acquired by a constant attention to the state of Europe, and an unremitted application to the means of acquiring well-grounded information. That Congress are, moreover, called upon to maintain, with our ministers at foreign courts, a regular correspondence, and to keep them fully informed of every circumstance and event which regards the public honor, interest and welfare. Whereupon, resolved, that an office be forthwith established for the Department of Foreign Affairs."

From that time until the adoption of the Constitution, the post of head of that department was held successively by Robert R. Livingston and John Jay.

I am mentioning these things, my countrymen and country-women, to show you how the United States from the beginning met and dealt with its foreign relations. Poor and ill-equipped as we were, we filled every post abroad creditably to ourselves, and with an eye to the creditable appearance of our representatives. Dr. Franklin was at the head of the French Commission; John Adams was added to it. John Jay was sent to Spain, Arthur Lee and William Lee to Vienna and Berlin, Francis Dana to Russia, Henry Laurens to Holland and Ralph Izard to Tuscany. However slight might be our chance of obtaining a treaty of commerce with a power having but one port, we must not let it escape us: it might, perhaps, at least give shelter to our cruisers and privateers.

I have said that Congress meant our agents to present a creditable appearance. The report of the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs says:

"Dr. Franklin has a part of Mr. Chaumont's house at Passy. He keeps a chariot and pair, and three or four servants, and gives a dinner occasionally to the Americans and others. Mr. Adams lives in lodgings, keeps a chariot and pair and two men servants. Mr. Dana's salary, even if he should assume a public character in Russia, where the value of money is so high, is very ample. Of Mr. Jay's manner of living I have been able to give no account; but I should conclude from the price of the necessaries of life in that part of Spain in which he lives, from the port, the court and the people maintain, and, above all, from its sitting in different parts of the kingdom, that to live in the same style with Dr. Franklin, his expenses must amount to nearly double of theirs."

Comparing the cost of living now in Europe, with what it was in 1780, Mr. Lyman is justified in saying, in his history of our diplomacy: "The confederation generally paid their ministers better than is now done." Among the documents sent to the ministers was an engraved design of the uniform to be worn by them at foreign courts when full-dress should be required.

But these liberal preparations led at first to no results. No nation would acknowledge our independence; not even France nor Spain would move. Tuscany, with her one sea-port, Leghorn, was in fear of Great Britain, and would make no treaty of any kind nor receive our minister, and Mr. Izard returned to Paris. As far as I recollect, the Lees could accomplish nothing in Austria nor Prussia—not even the prevention of the Hessian mercenaries. But whatever else failed, Franklin triumphed. His reputation as a philosopher put him very high in France, and his dress and manners made him a great favorite with those ladies of the court who were wearied with stars and ribbons,

with pomatum and perfume. Besides his receptions among men of letters, think of that hour when, amid the court beauties, the most beautiful out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels on his head, and to implant two kisses upon his cheeks! Ah, Benjamin! Benjamin! I fear it was then thou feltest that thou hadst indeed drawn the electricity from heaven!

The cause of the colonies at the close of 1777 was at its lowest ebb. New York and Philadelphia had been taken; our army had been driven through the Jerseys into the interior of Pennsylvania and was dwindling away, and an expedition of the highest promise had been formed by Burgoyne, to march from Canada to join Clinton from New York, on the Hudson, and so separate New England, which furnished the most men and money; and he seemed to be carrying everything before him. The French were apologizing and explaining to England, and abandoning us. But the turn in the tide was to come. Beaumarchais, in a state of agony and despair, in December, 1777, was at the house of Franklin, at Passy, when the intelligence was brought of the surrender of the army of Burgoyne. He set off instantly for the capital, but in such haste that he overthrew his carriage and dislocated his arm. But such news did not depend upon one man. It spread itself. The rapidity with which events followed was remarkable. In the same month in which the news was received, the American commissioners were informed that, after long and mature deliberation, His Christian Majesty had determined to acknowledge their country's independence, and the commissioners were invited to a formal conference as diplomatic agents of an independent country; and a little more than a month after all the details of two treaties, one of commerce and one of alliance, had been agreed upon and were signed on the 6th of February, 1778.

I have said, Mr. President, that Paris was the birthplace of American diplomacy. Am I not justified? Our first commission was sent to Paris. Paris was made the head-quarters of our European diplomacy, with which all the more distant members held correspondence. The first diplomatic letter dispatched by an American agent from Europe was dated at Paris, January 17, 1777. After the recognition of our independence, the first minister ever sent from the United States was sent to Paris, and the first minister we ever received came from Paris. Our negotiations with Holland were mostly conducted at Paris, and it was at Paris that a Swedish embassador, specially instructed to that purpose by his king, made a treaty with Dr. Franklin, in January, 1782, saying that Sweden was the first country in Europe which had volunteered to make a treaty with the United States, without request on our part, and that he hoped it would be remembered. The treaties of peace with England, the provisional treaty of 1782 and the final treaty of September 3d, 1783, were executed at Paris. And, lastly, it was at Paris that Dr. Franklin, in July, 1785, affixed his signature to the celebrated treaty with Prussia of that year, the last public act of his life in Europe.

But the war had again its vicissitudes. We lost more cities and some battles, the expectations from the French fleet were disappointed, and all this had its effect in Europe. Holland, sinking in naval importance and obliged to pass her commerce through the British Channel, was unwilling to give any cause of offense to England, though her feelings were favorable to us. William Lee, on his way back from Berlin, made at Frankfort a treaty with the Dutch agent, in such a way that the Dutch Government need not acknowledge it, unless the treaty itself should be seen; and this did take place by a singular accident. The treaty was hustled safely out of Europe and put on board a Congress packet, and got as far as the banks of Newfoundland, when the packet was pursued and taken by the British frigate *Vestal*, Captain Keppel. The precious document was thrown overboard, but an enterprising sailor from the *Vestal* sprang after it and brought it aboard in safety, but little injured. It was dried and sent to the Foreign Office, and dispelled all misconception the British were under as to the real position of the Dutch. We sent Mr. Henry Laurens Minister to Holland, but he was captured on his way over and confined in the Tower nearly two years. But Mr. Adams, Mr. Lee and Mr. Dana succeeded in getting considerable loans from Holland, and, in 1782, Mr. Adams, after vexatious and annoying delays, succeeded in completing a treaty of amity and commerce. With Russia we had no direct success, for the Empress had reserved for herself the office of mediator, and would not acknowledge our independence nor receive our minister. Yet Russia hung poised, a menacing avalanche that might at any time descend upon British trade and commerce in the Baltic and German

Ocean. But, if nothing else, we escaped a misfortune. In its zeal to obtain the co-operation of Russia, Congress had authorized Mr. Dana to accede to the armed neutrality of the North. This is the only instance in our history in which we have volunteered to become a party to European belligerent affairs, and had it taken effect it might have seriously altered the history of the United States. And, after the peace, Congress was very anxious lest some step of this kind had been taken. But, fortunately, the rigid neutrality of Catherine forbade all treaties, and the general peace that followed the treaty of Paris broke up the league of the armed neutrality.

If my hearers, Mr. President, are willing to go with me farther, we will transfer the scene to the other continent, the home of most of us. The Constitution had been adopted less than four years, and was still an experiment as to which many were doubtful and some hostile; the Government was but little experienced, and Washington was without a navy, or even a naval department; we had only a few troops employed on the Indian frontiers, with a very long coast and numerous bays and harbors to look after, when the ground-swell of the great war of the French Revolution broke upon our coast. Yielding to the necessity of obtaining the French aid in 1778, we had incorporated into the treaty of that year some provisions respecting maritime warfare which were inconsistent with neutrality and impartiality, in case France should be engaged in a war of that description. The republic had taken the place of the monarchy, and the envoy of the republic, M. Genêt, a hot-headed man, relying upon the sympathy of the Americans for his republic, and our gratitude for the aid of France, as well as what he supposed would be a natural hatred on our part against England, had pushed the claims of the French Government for the exclusive use of our ports for all purposes of naval outfitting and prize tribunals, beyond all endurance. And so little respect had he for our sparse and unarmed republic that, when Washington remonstrated, he appealed from the President to the people. Great Britain objected to what had been done, and was still going on, and with reason. It was impossible to stop M. Genêt, for he had in truth the sympathy of a considerable part of the American people, especially in the more southern sea-ports. A history of this famous struggle is too long and complex for me to hope to hold your attention to it. Let it be enough for me to say that our affairs were in the hands of three such men as Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson. On the 22d of April, 1793, Washington issued his renowned proclamation of neutrality, and on the 25th of May following, Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State, wrote his celebrated letter laying down the principles of maritime neutrality as regards both commerce and belligerency, in a manner which will move the admiration of the student of those subjects who has followed them through the subsequent eighty-seven years. The next week appeared Washington's dispatch to the British and French ministers. In that, he admitted to Great Britain the range he had been compelled by the treaty to allow to France; gave notice to France that from the date of the dispatch the articles of the treaty were terminated; declined to make compensation for what had preceded his proclamation, and made it understood that from that time the United States would hold itself answerable to do its utmost to preserve neutrality upon the principles laid down by these several documents. In a circular letter of August following, Washington gave directions of the most stringent character to the officers of the revenue and the customs, to prevent any acts in violation of neutrality; and, immediately upon the assembling of Congress, Washington suggested legislation for the preservation of neutrality, and on the 5th of June, 1794, we passed the first statute for that purpose, known in the history of the world. And these statutes and proclamations were put into execution, feeble as our Government was in military force by sea or by land. The militia of New York seized one French vessel and held it for a year, and a company of militia from Richmond, Virginia, on a few minutes' notice, marched a hundred miles to seize an armed vessel about to sail from the James River under French colors. Washington complained of the conduct of M. Genêt, and the French Government recalled him, substituting a reasonable and acceptable person. Nor let it be forgotten that, in addition to all his other difficulties, Washington had to contend against Jacobin clubs and journals, which had started up through the country, and against a strong party which did not wish to see neutrality enforced, and scarcely recognized its obligations. Let me conclude this part of what I have to say, by the assertion, I make without fear, that there is no part of the internal administrative history of any country of

modern times which, under all the circumstances, has done more honor to its ability and purposes than has the preservation of the neutrality of the United States under the administration of Washington. And, besides the acts done, we may take pride in remembering that the documents composed and issued by him and his cabinet are regarded as masterpieces by the scholars of jurisprudence throughout Christendom.

Nearly one generation after this, our neutrality was put to a severe test by the wars, largely maritime, between Spain and Portugal and their South American provinces, which had declared their independence. As they had all adopted the republican form of government and were struggling against foreign powers which they had outgrown, the sympathy with them in the United States was very general, and cupidity was appealed to by the opportunities for American privateering under the South American colors against a rich Spanish and Portuguese commerce. Besides, our coast was very long, including our side of the Gulf of Mexico, and full of harbors and rivers in which those clipper schooners which did most of the privateering could be easily fitted out and dispatched. The case was not one of large steamers built in great seaports like New York or Boston, whose purpose and destination would be seen and known of all men. It must be acknowledged that the Spanish and Portuguese suffered greatly at our hands. From the port of Baltimore alone twenty-three vessels had sailed under the American flag, to bring up their armaments and crew and hoist their privateer colors as soon as they had passed the capes of Virginia. But we have some things to say in our favor. The republic had a complete judicial system extending over the whole country, with prosecuting officers in every State, and a neutrality statute which had satisfied Great Britain and which we thought sufficient. The Portuguese minister suggested additions to our neutrality act of a preventive character. We have not found that our own suggestions of improvement in statutes of that character have been well received, even by our nearest relations. President Monroe immediately suggested these additions to Congress. They were adopted at once, and in less than two months from the date of his letter of request, the Portuguese minister had occasion to express his satisfaction to the Secretary of State. We had previously, at the request of the Spanish minister, introduced into that statute a new clause adding to the word "state," wherever it occurred, the words "colony, district or people," to quiet his apprehension that the South American republics, whose independence had not been acknowledged, might not be included by the courts under the previous phrase. And, at the request of the Portuguese Government, we went beyond our obligation and suppressed by a naval force semi-piratical establishments at Amelia Island and Galveston, beyond our jurisdiction, which were preying upon her commerce. We prosecuted criminally both citizens and foreigners, made restitution of prizes brought into our courts, and with an admiralty court in every State, opened for complaints for any violation of the neutrality laws, the Government put itself in such a position that the Portuguese minister did not allege that the executive had failed of its duty, but, on the contrary, spoke of its "conscientious earnestness." Still, the claims of her citizens for losses have not been met to her satisfaction. With Spain, a series of negotiations and balancing of claims must be considered as having settled all questions arising out of those wars.

I wish I had time to speak to you of our judicial system, and to remind you of its glories achieved upon the sea. There is nowhere in the world a court having so great a jurisdiction and such enlarged functions as the Supreme Court of the United States. Among other things, it is our supreme court of admiralty and prize. During the period when these great questions principally came up, we had Marshall and Story upon the bench, and Pinckney, Webster—I was going to mention other names scarcely less illustrious, but I must stop. We had a great bar, and the officers of the inferior courts of admiralty were men of high reputation. Look at any book on the international laws of war, and especially maritime war, published within this generation, and your American hearts will beat high with pride as the long rolls of those now world-renowned decisions pass before you, and you see what honor and authority are accorded by all nations to your judicial tribunals.

But the South American wars of independence did not cease without putting the diplomatic powers of the United States again to the test. The result of the congresses at Leybach and Verona was an alliance between Russia, Prussia, Austria and France, against all changes in the direction

of liberal institutions not made with the entire consent of the sovereign. In accordance with the spirit of this alliance, the movements for free constitutions in 1821, in Spain, Naples and Piedmont, were put down by armed intervention, and absolutism re-instated. And, in 1823, France invaded Spain, suppressed the constitutional government of the Cortes and restored absolutism in the person of Ferdinand VII. Immediately there were signs, which could not be misread, that it was the purpose of those powers to assist Ferdinand in regaining his American possessions. Against this England stood alone,—England, the home of free principles—though sometimes persecuted—the birthplace of popular government, and, above all, the inventor of that political and judicial machinery which can only work in free air, and without which no declarations nor constitutions, whatever their language, furnish any real security. The popular feeling of England had been for war in defense of Spain, and it could hardly be controlled even on the question of the colonies; but the odds were overwhelming. England sought to counteract the purposes of the alliance by diplomacy, and Mr. Canning was in the midst of his manly correspondence with Prince Polignac when the message of President Monroe, of December 2d, 1823, was received in London. It was received not only with satisfaction, but with enthusiasm. Mr. Brougham said, in the House of Commons:

"The question with regard to Spanish America is now, I believe, disposed of, or nearly so; for an event has recently happened than which none has ever dispersed greater joy, gratitude and exultation over all the free men of Europe; that event, which I think is decisive, is the language held with respect to Spanish America in the message of the President of the United States."

It was on that occasion that Sir James Mackintosh spoke of England and the United States as "the two great English commonwealths," which he prayed might ever be united "in the cause of justice and liberty," and "whose attitude now cannot be contemplated without the utmost pleasure by every enlightened citizen of the earth." And the question was settled, and without any further diplomacy. Those absolutist dynasties had no disposition to hazard a war with such a power, moral and material, as Great Britain and the United States would have presented, when united in the defense of independent constitutional governments.

What more I might say in honor of the diplomacy of my country would be too near to our own times to be presented without fear of exciting sensibilities which it is just and generous to respect. If I were to point out the few cases which present themselves most strongly to my mind at this moment, I would refer to the management by Mr. Seward of the attempt of Napoleon III. to establish an empire of the Latin races in place of the Mexican republic, to his meeting the demand of Lord Palmerston in the matter of the Trent—a demand couched in terms which made it very difficult for the administration of a popular government not to resent, even after it had been shorn of its worst features by the intervention of the kindly spirits of Her Majesty and her admirable consort—acts for which their memories will always be cherished by American patriots, for they probably made it possible for us to extend the mantle of diplomacy over an embarrassing maritime occurrence.

I will add to my list what is perhaps the shortest diplomatic letter on record,—that with which Mr. Adams closed his correspondence with Lord Russell respecting the rams building for the Confederates at Liverpool, in which he says:

"It is superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that *this is war*."

I know you all have in your thoughts what many will esteem the most honorable achievement of the diplomacy of this generation: I mean the arbitration at Geneva. It was our latest act of marked diplomatic distinction, and may well form a close of this sketch of our diplomatic history. That, too, was not without its intimate connections with Paris. Paris was, for much of the time, the head-quarters of the members of the tribunal and of the counsel of the respective countries; and it was here that a diplomatic arrangement was skillfully made between the leading counsel on each side, and acceded to by the tribunal, without which it is probable that the arbitration could not have gone on. To carry through and close this international debate and adjudication, "the two English commonwealths" came together in that spirit of "unity, peace and concord" which the Litany invokes for all nations.

MARRYING TITLES.

It is the subject of general remark that the majority of the marriages of American girls with foreigners are unhappy. This is sufficiently indicated in the newspapers, where, from time to time, is recorded the evidence of such domestic infelicity. There are naturally many instances of the kind which do not reach publicity, through a desire of those concerned to avoid the exposure of private misfortune and the common discussion of their domestic affairs. A natural inquiry arises as to the cause or causes of such unfortunate result, in response to which several reflections suggest themselves.

In this case, the Englishman can hardly be regarded as a foreigner, for his mode of life and thought approximate to our own, and his language is the same. Hence he must be regarded as exceptional. What brings him still nearer to the American in the matter of marriage, is the absence of the dowry system which prevails in most of the other countries of Europe.

The countries which chiefly furnish these titular distinctions to American aspirants are Germany, Italy and France, where, it is hardly necessary to say, the titles are not held in much esteem unless they represent talent, character or wealth; not being in this respect as in England, where the title is usually backed by houses, lands, stocks, and social and political power.*

There is in America, perhaps more than in any other country, a desire for some kind of distinction, which is another and characteristic form of the ambition of a young people. Indeed, the desire to be something better than their neighbors belongs, in greater or less degree, to all people. The ancestral lines which mark out the elect in old countries are absent here, and the Americans are obliged to seek for superiority in the material they have at hand. To be wealthy is of course desirable; but there are now so many who are wealthy that to be so does not confer the distinction it once did. Riches, being largely held in the hands of the vulgar as well as the refined, something else is found necessary. Men strive to be distinguished in the arts and sciences; but as special gifts are requisite, comparatively few reach the coveted honors, and it never can be otherwise. The old question, Is he rich? is now supplemented with, What has he done? If the man is neither rich nor talented, he must, under pain of social excommunication, belong to a "good family."

The desire to be of good family is intense throughout the Union, and the man is yet to be found who admits that he belongs to a bad one. One thinks of the child, reading the records of tombstone virtues, who asked where the wicked were buried. It is exhibited in the popular speech by F. F. V.'s, F. F. K.'s, and so on. The subject is so dwelt upon that a stranger might suppose that we were made up of Montmorencies and Howards. He finds, to his surprise, that more importance is attached to this feature in this democratic country than in an aristocratic one. This naturally arises from the insecurity of the position here, where no strong lines of demarkation separate the ordinary from the distinguished people. Hence, every town, village and cross-roads is composed principally of "good families," a notification thereof being communicated to the stranger immediately on his arrival. This reaches a point that is grotesque in some States, where almost every shanty is pointed out as containing "blue blood."

It has passed into a proverb that the Englishman loves a lord; but he must be an English lord, with an ancestral scroll, and the Englishman who loves him most, belongs to the middle and lower classes. To see an obsequious tradesman of London, in his self-abasement before such a one, is a painful sight, which, so far, is foreign to American experience in these States. In the intellectual class of England, however, much less importance is attached to a title. Many Englishmen think Disraeli made a mistake in becoming the Earl of Beaconsfield, meaning that he has thereby lost political influence. The same affirm that a good share of Pitt's influence arose from remaining himself a commoner, whilst distributing titles to others with a generous hand. There is another influence operating against the acceptance of titles in this class, and that is the Englishman's inbred distaste of novelty and

* A distinction which is, of course, due to the law of primogeniture in regard to titles and the custom of entail of property in England; whereas, on the Continent, while the property is dissipated by frequent subdivision, the titles often belong alike to all the descendants.—Ed. S. M.

innovation, and his love of his identity in name, character and associations.

This is still more the case with the intellectual class of France. Under the reign of Louis Philippe, when a distinguished person persisted in addressing Guizot and Thiers as barons, the former at length observed: "We are not barons, Thiers and I; if we wanted titles we would be at least dukes."

Italy has furnished the United States with a good many gentlemen of rank, who have put foot on the soil at the Battery, from the steerage. A number of them, in the pursuit of a livelihood in the country of their adoption, have shown a familiarity in the manipulation of the razor and the making of lather, which has led to some doubts in the minds of the young women with rank aspirations as to the authenticity of the names they bear, especially as there are enough of undoubted titles from whom to choose. The genuine and the spurious, however, are always alike in their poverty. The fortunes of Italy's nobility appear to have been pursued with especial disaster. In Naples I saw a tailor who was a marquis, and a water-carrier who was a prince, and several gentlemen of the same race and caste have come within my observation in America in the pursuit of various callings, such as the vending of fruits and nuts, and the playing of a hand-organ as an accompaniment to the performance of a monkey. This is not noted as a reproach, but as an interesting fact in connection with the titled. They were sad-faced men, not disposed to make light of their misfortunes. As one turned the crank of the organ to the air of "Lannigan's Ball," and the other turned the roasting chestnuts, the minds of both, probably, dwelt on the splendor of ancestral halls. There were tears in their voices as they spoke to each other, and no allusion was made to another life beneath Italian skies. Their lips uttered no title. The chestnut-roaster addressing the monkey-carrier as "my dear marquis" would have produced a grotesque effect of which only an American humorist, or a French *claqueur*, would have been capable.

As has been intimated, the young woman who desires rank no longer encourages the interesting stranger who is introduced to metropolitan society through the Battery. A rude experience has taught her that, even when the noble foreigner comes in the cabin, it is well to wait for confirmatory testimony as to the name he bears before accepting his account of himself.

Germany also furnishes America with a number of noblemen—as a rule, barons; but as almost every fourth man one meets in that land is a baron, the title is not so highly esteemed among the title-hunters of the United States as some others. Germany may be considered as the home of titles, for professional names are used in ordinary conversation as well as those created by royal patent. Not only is the doctor, the director and the lawyer spoken to with this prefix, but it is shared in by their wives, and is exacted by the rules of politeness.

There are conditions under which marriages may be effected in a foreign land, with approximate chances of happiness, as in the native one. They involve a long residence in the country, and intimate acquaintance with its people and friendly relations with some honest families. Familiarity with the language is naturally implied. The exercise of ordinary prudence under such circumstances is attended with the results following marriage at home. These conditions are hardly feasible to Americans, who are generally travelers, or at best sojourners of a year or two. Those who reside abroad longer are usually deprived of the prudent presence of the head of the family, who cannot absent himself from his business, whatever it may be, for an undue length of time. There are men, however, entertaining this singular idea of domestic life, who permit their families to dwell in foreign parts for years, they remaining at home to toil and supply them with money, from which separation, it is hardly necessary to add, estrangement and unhappiness frequently follow.

To establish friendly relations with honest, decorous and esteemed families of, say, a country like France is exceedingly difficult for the foreigner, unless opened up with kindred ties, and these very few Americans possess. If the American girl does not encounter the nobleman on what is considered, by a fiction of international law, American soil—the floor of the legation—she meets him in one of the houses of the American colonists which keeps up a social connection therewith, and where a group of noblemen may always be found. Although such a colonist may have been residing ten years or more in the place, it is rarely that a French woman is seen in her house; of the sisters and mothers of these needy noblemen she knows nothing. The freedom and accessibility of such a

drawing-room are contrary to the customs of the country, and, if no other reason existed, this would be sufficient to account for their absence. The nobleman in quest of money goes there rather for business than pleasure, in his continuous hunt after the American heiress. Indeed, this practical way of looking on marriage is a feature that extends through all classes of the French nation; and yet it is a fashion among French publicists to look upon the French as a people of sentiment and ideas, while they regard Americans as a positive, practical people, given over to the pursuit of the dollar to the exclusion of the gentle sentiments of romance. For instance, that impractical leaning toward mysticism which conduces to vague, unsatisfactory results, in theology and spiritualism, is a trait of American character which the Frenchman cannot comprehend, and, not comprehending, he attributes it to what he calls American humbug,—that is, something done with an ulterior motive of pocketing a gain. In all the affairs of material life, the French are really the most practical people in the world.

The nobleman in quest of money to regild his blazon says in his defense that a title should be regarded in the same way as a valuable commodity; it has a high market-value in America,—higher, perhaps, than in any other country,—and of this he proposes to take advantage; the young woman wants his title and he wants her money, and the marriage becomes a fair exchange. The owner of the titular ornament of course holds it at its highest value, and garlands it with the traditions of his ancestors, from the founder of the family down to himself. This account often produces the same effect on the fair American listener which the story of Othello did on the gentle Desdemona. What most probably contributes to the birth of this love, however, is the coronet of a countess on cards, coupé-panels, plates, knives and forks, and all the paraphernalia of a household.

This explanation or defense of the nobleman, from his point of view, may satisfy his conscience, but as much can hardly be said of the father of the young woman, reared in the midst of republican institutions, who pays down the money. With an equanimity surprising in one who has been taught from childhood that marriage should be based on affection, and affection only, the father sometimes enters into money stipulations, as if he were selling a horse or a bale of cotton. In thus disposing of his daughter, he has nothing to say in vindication of the home principles in the midst of which he has been reared, and they go down before the first vigorous attack in a foreign land. The cause of this surrender is naturally to be found in a new-born vanity. He is going to become the father of a countess. He would probably like to become a count, but, that being unfeasible, he contents himself with the second part; and it is this variance between profession and practice which often makes of the American father a fair target for ridicule.

It is not the intention of the writer to be understood as saying that moral deficiencies are the traits of noblemen as a class, for there are probably as many good men among them in proportion to their number as in any other class, but these the young American woman seldom meets, for they are not the kind to haunt legations and the houses of Americans in quest of marriage settlements, making of it the business of their lives.

Thus it is that the young stranger from the other side of the Atlantic is apt to meet only the worst of the titled people. It is a rule in France that those who are of easiest access in social life are the least desirable as friends or acquaintances. Among these, the titled who are bankrupt in character and money press forward, at the possible chance of filling their purse by marriage with some stranger who knows nothing of them and their past.

All this before the wedding; for the American father and mother and sisters of the bride expect, after that event, that the doors of the noble groom's family will be thrown open to them, and that they will enjoy intimacies before denied. This hope is dwelt and built upon by the expectant republicans with an alacrity and joyousness sad to contemplate. Their future entry into the noble world is made known to friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Copies of the coat-of-arms of the husband that is to be are contained in most of their letters. A slight damper may be thrown over this expectant gladsomeness in the rigid persistency of the noble groom in drawing up each clause of the marriage contract, and in his insisting that the exact sum shall be paid down previous to the ceremony. They, however, soon recover from this passing chill, in view of the great results which are to follow the marriage.

This ante-marriage draft on the fortune of the American family is not so much

minded by the women as by the father, who probably himself has made every cent he possesses, and knows, in consequence, the value of money.

Generally, it then occurs to him, if it has not before, that he is paying a heavy sum for an unknown, unsubstantial thing which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. And yet he is obliged to recognize that it has a market value among his own fellow-countrymen. The women-members of the household are in such a state of beatific hope, usually, that they would as soon think of haggling with St. Peter about the price of admission within the celestial gates as to challenge that demanded by the noble groom for opening unto them the portals of the new world to which it is his privilege to belong.

After the marriage consummation, the American family are prepared to become the friends of the noble husband's family. Calls are exchanged, and politeness is shown to the transatlantic people—a politeness that is unexceptionable. The Americans wait for that expansion which usually precedes intimacy, and, as they wait, discover that the newly made countess is being gradually withdrawn from them, that she is surrounded, and that barriers are being erected between her and them. In a word, the parents learn that they have served as a ladder to what they considered a higher social life. The relatives of the new husband have virtually said to him: "Your wife is now one of us, and we receive her, but you have not married her relatives, and we draw the line there."

The young American woman, with the natural affection which belongs to her sex, may protest against this virtual separation from her parents, but is trained and amused in such a way that she, as a rule, gradually becomes accustomed to it.

The separation does not take place at once, but the visits between mother and daughter become fewer and then at longer intervals, until finally the mother ceases to enter into the daily life of the daughter. And yet neither the father nor mother can find an act or a word in their brief intercourse with their daughter's new relatives which they can term positively unfriendly or impolite. Everything, in appearance, is smooth and conventional, and an objection is difficult to find.

The American father chafes under this. He would rather receive some act of provocation, give them a piece of his mind and be done with it; but the provocation never comes, and at last he finds it inconsistent with his dignity to hold any intercourse with people who keep him at such a distance, and he will have nothing more to do with them. The mother may still yearn for her daughter, but the aroused father will permit her to make no further visits to the daughter's house; then, only once in a long while, the countess comes to them. Thus is brought about what the husband and his family have desired.

The following case, which will throw light on another side of this subject, came within the personal knowledge of the writer. The count, a good-looking fellow with a fair family name and no money, sought to remedy this deficiency by wooing a young American woman, and in a short time he won her affections—after he had ascertained that her father was rich. The titular ornament on sleeve-buttons, handkerchiefs and note-paper, joined to an agreeable person, did their work speedily and effectively.

The count whispered in her ear, between love's murmurings, that he would be moderate in his demands on the paternal purse—enough in hand to repair the house of his ancestors, and ten thousand dollars a year. The infatuated young woman was not affrighted at the language of tenderness thus sandwiched with financial demands. But when he proposed to put on his black coat and white cravat, in accordance with the custom of his country, to talk over the matter with her father, it occurred to her that the latter, with his American notions, might discover some impropriety in the overtures of the man she loved, and she begged him to leave the matter in the hands of herself and mother. This was "irregular," but he submitted in deference to the wishes of his beloved.

The ornaments appertaining to the title, set in sleeve-buttons and wearing apparel, had also produced their effect on the mother, and she was ready to do anything in her power, to enable her daughter to share the privilege of the count, in wearing and displaying this Gallic wampum; but, knowing her husband as she did, she stood aghast at the conditions which her proposed son-in-law imposed, and that person was informed by the daughter that the terms were out of the question.

Between love's murmurings, the count knocked off the sum intended for the repair of the ancestral home, because he could not live without her. When the mother was in-

formed of this concession, she thought, even without that, the terms were still excessive, and he was made acquainted with her opinion.

The count consulted with his sister and his cousins, and particularly with his uncle, who also was a count, the head of the family, and nearly as penniless as his nephew. The result of this conference was that, at the next interview with the young woman, interlined between the tender speeches, he softly confided to her that he would make it five thousand dollars a year,—only twenty-five thousand francs,—because he loved and could not possibly live without her. He gently whispered, as he told her that she was an angel, that this was his ultimatum—his uncle, sisters and cousins would not permit him to come down another dollar.

When the mother was persuaded that the nobleman would not recede from this position, she communicated his proposition to her husband, an oil-striker, who had worked with his hands for a living, before he "struck oil." It was received with an expletive which was too forcible to write, and coupled with the remark that he would never give one cent to the man who married his daughter, count or no count. This stern resolution was made known by the weeping daughter to her noble swain, who kissed away her tears, swore he loved her more than ever—but was obliged to adhere to the last figures he had named.

With a view of further impressing the American family with the dignity and importance of his title and connection, he invited them to make a visit with him to his uncle, who dwelt in the country, about two hours' ride from Paris by rail. The oil-striker refused the invitation, but the mother and daughter accepted. The head of the noble family burnished up everything for their reception. An additional servant was had up from the neighboring village, and put into a black coat to do general duty during the visit of the Americans. The old woman-cook did her best in the preparation of a *déjeûner à la fourchette* at twelve. The man-of-all-work had dusted down the old furniture and waxed the floors. The repast was flanked with two or three of the last bottles of the old gentleman's wine. He received the visitors with the suavity of the old school, exhibited to them the parchments of the family, showing the deeds and honors which had crowded thick and fast along the whole ancestral line, and when he had satisfied their hunger with appetizing food, and their thirst with toothsome Yquem, he brought them out in front of the old house, by way of crowning his work, and showed them the statue in bronze of the founder of the family. This, in a word, the language of his own countrymen, he had reserved as the bouquet.

Mother and daughter were more enamored than ever with nobility, and a systematic suit was instituted by them to induce the oil-striker to make the marriage-settlement asked for; but he remained obdurate. The twain averred that the nobleman was not the mercenary person which the ancient striker of oil believed him to be, but wanted to be married because he loved; whereupon the old man proposed to submit the matrimonially inclined nobleman to a test, to which the women reluctantly consented.

In two or three days it came to the ears of the count that the oil-well belonging to the father of his beloved, which heretofore had poured forth its oleaginous wealth in a continuous stream, had stopped, and the large stock of oil comprising the bulk of his fortune, held for a rise, had caught fire, and there was no insurance thereon.

The count and the members of his family held a consultation, after being apprised of the double disaster, when it appeared to them that the path of duty was clear. In accordance with and in pursuance of this general conclusion, the love-smitten nobleman presented himself before the object of his adoration and told her that he had come to perform the saddest task which could possibly be imposed upon him—to relinquish all claim on the woman he loved. It "tore his heart" to do so, but a sense of duty impelled him to rise above all other considerations. Her father could give her no assistance; he, himself, had no money; and if he were to be united to her, the union would compel her to live a life of privation and misery. He, himself, might undergo the misfortunes which such a union offered; but he never could entertain the idea of asking her to share them—he loved her too much for that. Even were he so far to forget himself and what was due to her as to ask her to share such a humble and miserable life, his family would never consent to it. Saying which, the French Æneas, with a face of anguish, bowed himself out, never to return, and left a pale American Dido on the sofa who refused to be comforted.

The comment of the oil-striker was significant. It was comprised in the question of, "What did I tell you?" The result of the test, however, did not bring the daughter

to the same conclusion as her father, and it is an article of faith with her to this day that the count loved her, with a love unknown to ordinary men.

Six months later, it was discovered by the count and his uncle that the well continued to flow, and the stock of oil, held for a rise, was unburned, except in lamps, after furnishing a handsome profit on the topmost wave of the rise. Another family conference was held, when the path of duty again became clear, and in compliance therewith the young nobleman, at the earliest moment, presented himself at the residence of the oil-striker; but, through the orders of that person, admittance was denied to him.

Another instance is found of a Frenchman who met this demand in a way that is not new, but it was successful. Learning, soon after his arrival in America, that some of the young women were possessed of an intense desire to become countesses, he straightway called himself a count, which it is needless to say he had never done in his own land. "*Il n'avait que jeter son mouchoir.*" He selected a good-looking young woman with money, whom he married. She experienced the sensation of hearing herself called a countess, and of seeing the appellation inscribed on her visiting-cards. He could not take her to his provincial home in France, where he and his father were known as ameliorated peasants, but he took her to Paris, where she at present resides under the pleasing fiction that she has become part of a noble and illustrious family.

In conclusion, it must be owned that the evidence of conjugal unhappiness, however strong, will hardly deter the young American woman from striving to be a countess, if her head be once filled with the notion. Were it proved to her that, in nine cases out of ten, such unions are miserable, she would with a fatal facility believe hers to be the exceptional tenth, and unhesitatingly place upon her head the coronet destined in the end to become a crown of thorns.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Life in Large and Small Towns.

It is said, by those who have good opportunities of judging, that fifty thousand strangers spent last winter in this city. Every hotel and every boarding house was full. Of these fifty thousand, probably more than half were permanent boarders for the winter, while the remainder were merchants, coming and going, on errands of business. The fact shows that New York is becoming more and more regarded as the great capital of the country, and is beginning to hold toward the country the same relation that London holds to Great Britain, and Paris to France. This latter fact means more than winter boarding: it means that New York is coming to be regarded as a desirable home for all who have money enough made to enable them to live at leisure. The Californian who has become rich has, in many instances, brought his family to New York, and bought his house on Fifth avenue. The country manufacturer, who has grown to be a nabob in his little village, domiciles himself on Murray Hill, that his family may have a better chance at life than they get in the narrow village.

What is true of the commercial capital of the country is also true, to a considerable extent, of the political. Washington has grown to be a beautiful city, and nothing has more directly ministered to its growth than the gathering to it from far and near of wealthy and cultivated families, who have sought it as a residence and a resort. New York, the commercial capital, and Washington, the political, will, for many years, divide between them those families whom wealth, instead of binding to the place where its stores were acquired, has made migratory. Those who wish to hear the best operas and witness the best acting, and who desire to be where the best in art of all kinds is to be found, and especially those whose tastes are commercial, will come to New York; while those who are fond of politics, and the peculiar social life that reigns at a political center, will go to Washington; and it is hard to say which will have the better home. Few who have not kept themselves familiar with Washington can appreciate the long strides she has made, during the past few years, in population, and in all desirable conditions as a residence. Her climate, her lovely position, her possession of the national Government, the residence she gives to the high officials of the nation and the representatives of other nations, conspire to make her one of the most attractive cities in America.

But we do not undertake to represent the beauties and attractions of the two cities. They do not seem to need our help; but we would like to say a word about those conditions of life in small towns which make these changes of residence desirable. Interested in New York, it is pleasant for us to see it

prospering and growing, but our interest in its growth does not blind us to the fact that it ought not to grow because life within it is more significant and fruitful than it is in the country. It seems to us a great mistake for a man to leave the region where he makes his money to spend it and his life in another. If the life he leaves is not significant to him, it is quite likely to be his fault more than that of any and all other men. For he has had the money more than others to enrich the character of the life around him; and the possession of that money has placed upon him the burden of certain duties which he has left unperformed. Wealth acquired in any modest locality belongs there, by a certain right, for it cannot exist there for a moment without assuming certain very definite relations to the popular needs and the public good. To take money away from where it has been made is to impoverish all the life of the community. It reduces its means of living and its possibilities of progress. It not only takes bread and clothing from the poor, but it reduces all its means of social improvement.

The city of Cincinnati has recently held another musical festival, and won to herself the glory of surpassing New York and Washington in musical culture and the power of producing great musical works. It cannot be hard to see that the life of Cincinnati has been made so significant to its people that they can have no temptation, however rich they may be, to go to New York or Washington to live. A commercial town that can give up a week to music, and furnish all the money and the time necessary to produce a great musical triumph, has no call to go elsewhere to find a more interesting life than it secures at home. People are much more apt to go to Cincinnati to live than to go away from there, because it is an honor to live there, and to be associated with the generous life and development of the place.

What we say of Cincinnati illustrates all that we have to say about the smaller towns and cities. Men of wealth who have sense enough to long for a better life than they can find in their little city or village are to blame for not making the life around them as good as they want it to be. There is not a city or a village in America that has not within itself—in its men and women and money—the means for doing some good, or noble, or interesting thing, that shall lift its life above the commonplace, and hold its own against all the attractions of metropolitan life. Where a man makes his money there he should make his home, and, as a rule, it will be mainly his fault and that of his family if he cannot spend his life there with profit and satisfaction.

Personal Economies.

In this country, we naturally go to New England, and, alas! to an earlier time, for examples of personal economy and thrift. Almost any New-Englander can recall a country minister who, on his little yearly salary of three or four hundred dollars, managed, by the help of his wife, to live respectably and comfortably, educate a large family for self-support and social usefulness, and lay up something every year against the rainy day which comes in all men's lives. We have wondered how it was done, but we know it was done, and that he died at last the possessor of a nice little property. New England has been noted for its hard soil and its hard conditions generally, yet there is no other spot on the face of the earth that contains so much human comfort to the square mile. Every man born on New England soil tries and expects to better his condition during his life, and he goes to work at the beginning with this end definitely in view. The rich men of New England are men who began their prosperity with humble savings. Whatever their income was, they did not use it all. Twenty-five or fifty dollars a year was considered quite worth saving and laying by. These small sums, placed at interest, accumulated slowly but surely, until the day came at last when it was capital, to be invested in business with larger profits. A fortune acquired in this way was cohesive, strong and permanent.

We are quite aware that something of grace and lovableness was lost in the habit of these small economies. Men grew small quite too often, and pinched and stingy, by the influence of the habit of penny savings. This has been brought against New England as a reproach, but New England has replied, with truthfulness and pride, that no people of the country or of the world have been more benevolent than her own economical children. She points to the vast sums she has expended on Christian missions, and to the great public charities whose monuments crown her hill-tops, and shows that at the call of Christianity and humanity her purse, filled with such painstaking and self-denial, flies open and empties itself to fill the measure of the public need. At any rate, we know that there is not a State in all the West that has not gone to New England for the money to build her towns and her railroads, and that if she has ever been laggard in her hospitalities, such as she has practiced have been at her own expense, and not at that of her creditors. New England is rich—and this, after all, is what we are trying to say—notwithstanding a hard soil and an inhospitable climate. Circumstances were against her from the beginning, and economy was what enabled her to conquer circumstances, and to lift herself to the commanding position of wealth and influence which she holds to-day. The men who had an income of $300 a year, at the beginning lived on $200. The men who had an income of $500 lived on $300. Those whose income reached $1000 lived on half of that sum, and so on. They practiced self-denial. They had no great opportunities for making money, and knew that wealth could only come to them through saving money. The old farmer who, when asked what the secret of his wealth was, replied: "When I got a cent I kep' it," told the whole story of New England thrift and comfort. Now, if we look around us here in the city of New York, we shall, in the light of this New England example, learn why it is that so many men and women drop into pauperism with such fearful rapidity on the first stoppage of

income. We know very few men of fixed incomes who do not live up to the limit of these incomes, whatever it may happen to be. A man who this year has a salary of $2000 uses it all, and when it goes up to $3000 or $4000 he uses it all in the same way. It seems to make no difference how much he receives—the style and cost of living expand immediately so as to absorb all that comes. Those who have no fixed income, and are engaged in trade, adopt the style of the prosperous men around them, and strain every effort to bring up their income to meet the requirements of that style. Every family, instead of endeavoring to see how small they can make their expenses, endeavor to see how large they can make them, or how large their income will permit them to be. The fixed purpose to save something out of every year's income, and so to graduate expenses that something shall be saved—the policy of rigid self-denial for the purpose of accumulating property, even though it be slowly, does not apparently exist in this community. So, when the bread-winner is disabled, or dies, his family drops into abject and utterly helpless poverty in a day, and all life is embittered thenceforward, simply because no self-denial had been practiced while the worker lived, or was able to work. The man of small or modest income looks around him and sees many who are rich and who are not obliged to think of every penny they spend. He regards himself as their social equal, and wonders why it should be necessary for him to be so pinched in his spendings and so plain in his surroundings. He does not consider how much, and exactly what, the wealth which moves his envy has cost. He may be sure that somewhere, at the foundation of all the wealth he sees, there was once a man who practiced rigid self-denial, and studiously lived within his income, and saved money although his income was small. All fortunes have their foundations laid in economy. The man who holds the money to-day may have inherited it through the accident of birth, but it cost his father or his grandfather years—perhaps a life-time—of economy and self-denial. There is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to learning. It costs hard work, and the relinquishment of many pleasures, and most men may have it who will pay its price. If they are not willing to do this, why, they must not complain of their lot when their day of adversity comes; and they ought to have the grace to make themselves just as little of a nuisance as possible to those who have secured a competence and paid the honest price for it.

The Legitimate Novel.

It is a curious fact that while the novel, as a form of literary art, is becoming every year more universal, it is hardening into a conventional form. What is a novel in its broadest definition? It is an invented history of human lives, brought into relations with each other, whose first office is to amuse. Some of these inventions have no end nor aim but amusement, and those which have other aims rely upon amusement for effecting them. The novelist who has a lesson to teach, or a reform to forward, or a truth or principle to illustrate, does not hope to do it through his work, unless he can secure its reading through its power to amuse. Mr. Dallas, in his "Gay Science," says that the first business of all art is to please, which, after all, is only our doctrine in other words. Any work of literary art, whether novel or poem, has no apology for existence, if it do not have the power to convey pleasure of some kind.

Now, the fact that the novel has been seized upon the world over, for a great number of offices, shows how naturally it is adapted to a wide range of aims and ends in its construction. Political, moral, social and religious topics can be treated through the medium of invented stories, and they have been treated in this way with the most gratifying success. We have the political, the moral and the religious novel, and we have also the society novel, and it is only at a comparatively recent date that a set of critics have appeared who are inclined to rule out of the category of legitimacy everything but the society novel. Even this must be a certain kind of society novel in order to meet their approval. It must always deal with the passion of love, as its ruling motive, and consist of the interplay of the relations between men and women. It must have absolutely no mission but that of amusement. In performing this mission it must be true to certain ideas of art that relate to the delineation of character, the development of plot, and the arrangement of dramatic situations and climaxes. If the rules are all complied with—if the love is properly made, and the characters are properly handled, and the novel is interesting,—the book is legitimate. If, however, the book is made to carry a burden—if it illustrates—no matter how powerfully—an important truth or principle in politics, economy, morals or religion, its legitimacy is vitiated, or positively forfeited.

Now, it is to protest against this ruling that we write this article. The dilettanti assuming authority in this matter should have no weight among earnest men and women, because they are not earnest themselves. They have no moral, religious, social or political purpose, and they are offended when they meet it in the writings of others. It is beyond their comprehension that a man should have any purpose in writing beyond the glorification of himself through his power to interest and amuse others. If he undertakes anything beyond this, then they pronounce him no true artist, and place his book outside of all consideration as a work of art. In the overwhelming popularity of such works as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Nicholas Nickleby," written with a humane or Christian purpose, these fellows cannot make their voices heard, but Mrs. Stowe has only to retire and Dickens to die, to bring them out of their holes in protest against all that does not accord with their petty notions of novel-writing.

We claim for the novel the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the weak or the ludi-

crous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade—every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written. It may rely upon plot for its interest, or upon the delineation of character, or upon its wit or its philosophy, or upon its dramatic situations, and it may carry any burden which its writer may choose to place upon its shoulders, and it shall never forfeit its claim to legitimacy with us.

The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifler. Things have come to a sad pass when any form of art is to be set aside because a board of self-constituted arbiters cannot produce it, or do not sympathize with its purpose. There is more freshness and interest in "The Grandissimes" of Mr. Cable, with its reproduction of the old Creole life of New Orleans, and its revival of early Louisiana history, than in all the novels these dilettanti have written in the last ten years. It is unmistakable that the tendency of modern criticism upon novels has been to make them petty and trifling to a nauseating degree. It is a lamentable consideration that the swing of a petticoat, or the turn of an ankle, or the vapid utterance of a dandy, or even the delineation of a harlot and a harlot's disgusting life, shall be counted quite legitimate material for a novel, when the great questions which concern the life and prosperity of the soul and the state are held in dishonor, and forbidden to the novelist as material of art.

It is all a part and parcel of the heresy that art is a master and not a minister—an end and not a means. The men who maintain it have a personal interest in maintaining it. Any art or form of art, that does not end in itself or in themselves is one of which they are consciously incapable, or one with which they cannot sympathize. So they comfort themselves by calling it illegitimate; and as they are either in a majority or in high or fashionable places, the public are misled by them, so far as the public think at all on the subject. It is a doctrine of literary pretenders and practical triflers, and the public may properly be warned to give it no heed whatever.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to Young Mothers. Second Series.—III.

THE QUESTION OF ORDER AND SUNDAY.

Now a word as to the disorder and dirt these amusements make.

Have you not a room, that you can devote to the children and their playthings? Not some dark and dismal corner, good for nothing else, but warm and light, and not too far away from you. Such a room needs some furniture, too. An empty room is as desolate and uninviting for them as for you. An old lounge, not too good to be climbed all over and made into a coach or railroad train, a large table for the pasting and painting and drawing, with chairs of the right height for them to sit comfortably at it, an old book-case for the boys' "collections," an old bureau or trunk for the doll's clothes, will make it a child's paradise. Every article of furniture will have a dozen different uses. The girls will curtain off the corners with sheets or mosquito nettings for their separate houses, and will display much taste and ingenuity in arranging their dolls and furniture. The boys can fit up their side with their work-bench and tools, and make ships and shavings without disturbing anybody. If the room has a large closet with shelves and drawers, so much the better. It will sometimes be—as a forcible old lady said once of a similar place—"a perfect old glory-hole." There will be dolls in various kinds of undress uniform all over the floor. The large wooden box you have covered with carpet for the playthings will hold all sorts of toys in all stages of demolition. If a child wants to find one, he tips the box over, empties them all on the floor, then runs away and leaves mamma to pick them up, if she will. But she mustn't—for here is just the place to teach the children *how* to be neat and orderly; a larger *how* than we are apt to think, sometimes. Habits of neatness and order are something to be learned as well as Latin grammar, and for most people they are quite as difficult. The children will enjoy their play-place much better if their playthings are where they can find them. They will not play long in a room in hopeless disorder, though they will do their best to get it so.

I am inclined to think that one cause of our ill-success in teaching our children to be orderly is often that they really do not know where different articles belong; perhaps they do not *belong* anywhere. Ought we to blame a child, when his playthings are kept in a closet at the end of a long, dark passage-way, if he dreads to put them up, and runs off when he can, leaving you to "pick up" after him?

It will be a good deal easier for you to do all this yourself than to teach him to do it. It will be much more convenient for you to clear away blocks than to stand over him and patiently direct his unwilling efforts and firmly insist that no other play shall be begun till these things are put in their places; but mothers must not ask what is the easiest way, but what is the best.

Of course, even if they have the responsibility of keeping their play-place in order, you will have to exercise considerable supervision. But a few minutes of your practiced hand, when you are making your morning rounds, will straighten out a good many matters. The children can spend an hour or two occasionally on a rainy day, under your direction, playing "clean house." Just think what "eternal vigilance" our houses demand of us, and

be charitable toward the children's short-comings in their domains.

Other people's children, visitors, not so carefully trained as yours, perhaps, will sometimes bring dismay and disorder. I knew a mother who was much annoyed by her child-visitors, who would scatter everything over the floor till the instant of departure arrived, then leave the poor little host, tired and flushed, to do the "clearing up," which, of course, seemed very stupid after the fun was all over and the company gone. She told her boy when he went visiting that he might stay five minutes, after the time set for coming home, to help his little playmates put their things away. Whether the other mothers took the hint and gave their children similar directions, I have never heard.

But perhaps you cannot set apart and warm a room expressly for the children. Or even if you could, the children may be too young and timid to be happy away from you. There is no place quite like mamma's room, after all. In such cases, a "children's corner," like the one described in my first letter, and under such restrictions, would satisfy some of the needs of the younger children. For their other plays you must provide other places. For instance, give up one of the lower shelves of your library book-case for their picture and story books. Let the girls have a hall-chamber for their dolls' houses, where boys are not allowed except in slippers and "on good behavior." Give the boys a corner in the wood-shed or attic, for their bench and tools, and you will be able to solve more or less satisfactorily the problem of where to keep the children's things.

I know a household where the boys' turning-lathe and jig-saw occupies a corner of the back-parlor, opposite the piano. A large square of oil-cloth protects the carpet and defines the boundaries, but there the boys make chess-men and chips, wall-pockets and saw-dust, right "in the midst of things." Not every mother could or would give up her back-parlor, but many mothers would be willing to set up a jig-saw in every corner of the house if it would insure her boys growing up into such fine, manly fellows, such a help and comfort, as this mother's sons are to her.

Another very important thing, and one too often forgotten, is to teach the children to respect each other's property. Let each child have his or her shelf or drawer for his most precious possessions, and allow no one else to molest it. Give the older children the high shelves, out of the reach of the younger ones, for their treasures. It is not a small matter to come home from school and find that something very precious has been ruined beyond repair, and to be carelessly told in excuse, "Oh, the baby got it." I fear we do not always appreciate how much suffering the havoc of the "baby" causes the older ones. And see that you respect their rights, too. It may be nothing but a ragged bit of lace, or a string tied to a button, which you are sweeping into the dust-pan, but if you are as well acquainted with your children's pastimes as you ought to be, you will recognize dolly's best lace collar or a part of Ned's "machinery." It is only in your eyes a stray picture from an old SCRIBNER, or perhaps a cast-off blank-book which you are throwing into the fire, but it is the frontispiece for Jane's scrap-book, or Mary's diary, precious to her soul. It takes only a minute to rescue these trifles and put them in their places, and that minute is well and wisely spent; for in it you have shown your sympathy with your children's pleasures and given them a practical lesson on the rights of property.

Amusements of some kind children must and will have. It depends upon you whether they have them under your eye and with your cordial co-operation, or whether, repressed and chidden at home, they steal slyly away to other and quieter, but perhaps disreputable sports. To forbid children doing everything they like is not training them. Children who are constantly hushed and repressed, so far from being trained, grow up spiritless and subdued, or sullen and defiant. Even *noise*, trying as it is to us, is a necessary part of a child's life, just as is his constant restless activity. To play "bear" or "blind man's buff" without the noise is, as Kingsley says of something else, "like playing 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out, and the ghost and queen into the bargain." It is not always, or even usually, the quietest children who are the most trusty. Said a lady of much experience in a boys' boarding-school, "I often think that these noisy fellows, who 'slam and bang' around their rooms and wear out the carpets and nick the crockery, are not half as apt to have vicious habits as these quiet, sly fellows who always move about as if they had rubbers on."

Now as to the question, what to do on Sunday with the little ones who are too young to read. It is true that if the mother spends all her spare time reading and talking to them, Sunday is anything but a day of rest to her, and the children are apt to get nervous and restless, and by night are "too cross for anything." But we recognize that the day must be made different from others. It ought to be the pleasantest and sunniest of the whole week. I know of one family in which the custom was adopted of giving some trifling present on Sunday morning at the breakfast-table. It was often nothing more than an orange or a bunch of white grapes or a paper doll, but, slight as it was, it marked the day and made it one to be pleasantly anticipated. The experiment has been tried of having Sunday toys, or a book of Sunday pictures, not to be brought out except on that day. Noisy plays should be forbidden—the croquet set and the carts should be put away. If the little girls have their dolls, they are not to make dresses for them, but only to take care of them, just as mamma takes care of the baby on Sunday. It is carefully explained to the little ones that when they get old enough to read they will be "too big" to play on Sunday. All this sets apart the day as one of quiet enjoyment, and prepares them to understand real Sabbath-keeping when they grow up. Happy that family where the father, perhaps too busy through the week to get much acquainted with his children, takes an

hour or two of the precious Sunday-time to talk or read to them. We hear a great deal of the value of the mother's influence—the father's ought to be just as valuable. The children need the invigorating influence of another mind, fresh from a new sphere of thought and action. Papa's stories are different from mamma's, and so refresh the children. While the weary mother steals away, out of all the children's chatter and confusion (so necessary and yet so wearisome when you hear it all the time) for a precious quiet hour or two all by herself, she has the inexpressible comfort of feeling that the children are not left to hear the gossip of servants, but are being taught in some things even better than she could do it. Our younger children are sometimes too much left to feminine influence. The servants and their day and Sunday-school teachers are almost always women; good and faithful ones they may be, but the children need the masculine element of strength and enterprise to supplement the feminine teachings of docility and gentleness. One balances and completes the other. The girls ought to be stimulated and strengthened in character by contact with their father's mind; the boys should learn from his example what true manliness is. They see sham manliness enough every week-day among their school-fellows. To our busy business and working men, Sunday is the only time they have to really reach their children. The fact that papa is to be at home all day ought to be the very biggest and best treat of the whole happy Sunday-time. I heard a four-year-old "tot" say, last night, in the midst of the bed-time frolic: "Oh, isn't it most time for Thunday to come again? I think Thunday is the bethtest of all."

Do not be troubled. Children can be taught to be orderly without becoming precise little prigs, and they can have jolly good times without being riotous.

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Taylor's "Critical Essays and Literary Notes."*

BAYARD TAYLOR was by nature an optimist. It gave him pleasure to praise and he was always loth to condemn. His indomitable optimism asserts itself especially in his "Prince Deukalion," and also, though less directly, in his prose writings; it formed, as it were, a rose-colored medium which imparted a tinge of beauty to whatever object he might happen to gaze upon. As a critic, it disposed him to err on the side of leniency, rather than that of severity, and the present volume, containing many of his scattered contributions to newspapers and magazines, gives evidence of a tolerance in æsthetic matters and a moderation and catholicity of judgment which would of themselves suffice to raise him above the herd of modern critics. In addition to this, his scholarship (which was extensive rather than profound) always stood him in good stead, and enabled him to draw his illustrations and comparisons from a wider field of knowledge than was at the command of any of his colleagues in critical journalism; hence the broad and liberal spirit which animates all his writings, their fresh and wholesome tone and their freedom from literary cant.

In the present series of essays, which, belonging to different periods of the author's life, are necessarily of varying quality and merit, Bayard Taylor unconsciously gives the reader occasion to admire the intellectual equipment of his mind. In his review of Tennyson's literary activity, which could have been written by no one but a poet, he traces with minute critical acumen the laureate's slow and gradual growth, emphasizes his complete surrender to his art, and shows how he has pressed every form of knowledge into the service of poetry. We are not surprised to find that he has no sympathy with Tennyson's over-conscientious realism, that he objects to Lilia's "silken-sandaled foot" in "The Princess," and is positively shocked at the elaboration of unessential details in "Audley Court." He would rather remain in ignorance as to the pattern of the napkin and the ingredients of the pasty, and "the flask of cider, * * * prime which I knew" impresses him as being almost ludicrous. On the other hand, he has a very sensitive appreciation of Tennyson's rhythmical gift, and analyzes strikingly the subtly interchanging effects of sound and sense in his finest lyrics. He holds that the laureate has yielded a little too often to what might be styled the musical temptation, that, although a vigorous thinker, he has unduly subordinated the thought to the harmony of his verse, and is thus indirectly responsible for the inane but musical jingle which his many imitators annually present to us under the title of poetry. It is, however, especially in tracing the intellectual ancestry of the Tennysonian poems that Bayard Taylor incidentally reveals the fineness of his own insight, as well as his wide acquaintance with the literatures of many lands. Even so volatile a thing as a rhythm or a musical cadence he is able to pursue to what was probably its source or its first suggestion, and few will question the correctness of the conjecture which derives the melody of Tennyson's "Brook" from Burns's "Hallow-e'en," while perhaps (as Taylor himself hints) the connection between the lullaby in "The Princess" and the Corsican cradle-song quoted by Gregorovius is more than problematic. Another parallelism which is still more striking is to be found between "The Miller's Daughter" and a song by the Danish poet Christian Winther, in which the lover's three desires, to be a jewel in his mistress's ear, the girdle around

* Critical Essays and Literary Notes. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

her waist and the necklace about her throat, all occur; and if Taylor did not cite this instance, it was probably because he was aware that these conceits are as old as love itself and are to be found in the Minnesingers and in the ballads of several nations. In summing up his impressions of Tennyson and defining his position among English poets, Taylor uses the following imaginative comparison:

"When he reaches a high level, he does not hang on moveless wings, like a Theban eagle, but keeps his place by a rapid succession of strokes. Yet, whatever he may lack of that 'supreme dominion' which belongs only to the masters of song, his life has been an effort to conquer and to possess it."

The essays treating of German subjects, which occupy about one-third of the volume, are chiefly made up of personal reminiscences interspersed with literary studies and criticisms. In the latter we are inclined to question some of the conclusions at which the author has arrived, believing that in his estimate of poets like Hebel and Rückert he has accepted a little too readily the uncritical verdict of their compatriots. There can be no doubt that Rückert was an excellent Oriental scholar and a rhythmical artist of surprising dexterity and skill, but with his monstrous productivity (he wrote sometimes more than 400 poems a year) it was but natural that his thought should in time become thin and diluted. His "Sonnets in Armor" impress any one who reads them for their literary worth as mere rhymed patriotism, and his "Wisdom of the Brahmin" is a vast desert of sententious maxims and aphorisms, in whose arid waste are scattered at wide intervals little green oases of poetry. Bayard Taylor, who made the acquaintance of Rückert in his old age and was greatly delighted with his gentle and yet imposing personality, naturally dwells on the indisputable excellence of his versification, his wonderful command of the tuneful resources of his mother tongue and his great accomplishments as an Orientalist, but he passes very lightly over his evident deficiencies, and manages thereby to give the impression of a much greater man than Rückert in reality was. Whether the translations (all extremely cleverly done) of Hebel's Alemannic dialect poems quite sustain Bayard Taylor's high estimate of his poetic gift, we leave to the decision of our readers. And yet there is so much positive knowledge to be gained from these very essays which we have ventured to criticise, and they convey both directly and by inference so much valuable information concerning the authors with which they deal, and concerning the modes of thought and life in the Fatherland, that no one who is interested in modern German literature can afford to ignore them.

The most valuable portion of the book is perhaps the two chapters on Weimar, in which the author sketches in a vivid and entertaining manner the still surviving members of the circle of which Goethe was once the center. Bayard Taylor, being a welcome guest in all the old families of Weimar and having discovered an inexhaustible mine of anecdote in the venerable Alwine Frommann, had the most favorable opportunities for collecting all the facts and documents which (as he devoutly believed) were in time to compel the world to revise its judgment concerning him whom many believe to be the greatest of modern poets. There are, as yet, unpublished diaries and many other important papers in the possession of Goethe's grandsons, who, for reasons of their own, stubbornly refuse to admit the public into their grandfather's confidence. They were, however, comparatively gracious to Bayard Taylor, gave him full liberty to inspect the house, and accorded him other exceptional favors. More valuable, however, in view of Taylor's special object in coming to Weimar, were the personal reminiscences of the artist Preller, and the Frommann family in Jena, of which Minna Herzlieb was once an adopted member. The vast amount of gossip, Taylor argues, which has accumulated concerning Goethe has been too credulously and indiscriminately accepted by his biographers, who were themselves incapable of comprehending a mind of such Titanic structure. The small and distorted anecdotes, circulated chiefly by his enemies, were magnified and elaborated, instead of being guardedly accepted or rejected, allowance having been made for the temper of the original narrator and the myth-making propensity of communities in which a great man has lived. Bayard Taylor agrees with Hermann Grimm (whose admirable "Lectures on Goethe" had not appeared at the time when these essays were first printed) in his essential estimate of Goethe's moral character, and having received the true version of the Minna Herzlieb episode from the girl's surviving relatives, he very naturally concludes that there are many other incidents in Goethe's life that have been as persistently misrepresented. Lewes's "Life" was, in Taylor's opinion, not a biography, but an elaborate apology, written by a man who was clever but had no real sympathy with the spirit of the master's life.

It is very evident to any one who reads these essays attentively that the author was holding back his most important facts regarding Goethe, fearing to commit himself before he could properly fortify his position and give full sway to his mind, as he was yet hoping to do in his projected biography of his hero. But, as this work must forever remain unwritten, we accept with gratitude the vague hints of what it would have been, and the fragmentary reflections contained in this posthumous volume.

Miss Woolson's "Rodman the Keeper."*

POETRY and rhetoric are not necessarily antagonistic elements; but in a mind where they are not perfectly fused they are apt to interfere sadly with each other. Thus, in Miss Woolson's "Southern Sketches," a rhetorical vein appears every now and then and spoils the illusion produced by the vividly

* Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches. By Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of "Castle Nowhere," "Two Women," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

poetic descriptions of Southern life and scenery. We dare not positively assert that Southern girls, when wrought up sufficiently, may not make use of such hollow phrases as the following: "Shall I forget these things? Never! Sooner let my right hand wither by my side!" etc., but if they do, they are not so genuine in their grief or in their wrath as Miss Woolson would have us believe. So, also, when that semi-savage little mongrel Felipa, a girl of twelve who wears a boy's trowsers, remarks, apropos of these same trowsers: "The son of Pedro being dead *at a convenient age*, and his clothes fitting me, what would you have? It was a chance not to be despised,"—we are again incredulous. It is *per se* a delightful little touch, but it is utterly untrue. The humorous idea that Pedro's son died just at the proper age to bequeath his trowsers to her, or rather the consciousness of its being humorous, which is plainly indicated in the above quotation, implies a complexity of thought which is out of keeping with Felipa's primitive nature. In the case of Felipa, however (who is a charming creature, or, we rather suspect, a charmingly elaborated sketch from some living original), this is the only lapse from psychological realism. The passionate attachment of the yellow little savage to the beautiful, fair-skinned Northern lady, her hunger for praise and her resolute despair at being repulsed, are in themselves very pathetic, and the pathos is nowise weakened by the half-humorous manner in which the story is related.

The other nine sketches in the volume also show that Miss Woolson has had excellent opportunities for observation, and, what is more, that she possesses the faculty of observing accurately and of reporting vividly and without exaggeration what she has seen. Her chief merit, to our mind, apart from her mere literary gifts, which are too well known to be commented upon, is that in all essential things she is convincing. It is impossible, after having read her book, to doubt that the South is just as she pictures it. With artistic impartiality she draws the prominent types which now figure on the social and political arena of the Southern States; the unscrupulous carpet-bagger, who incites the negroes to bloodshed and riot and sells them whisky at exorbitant prices; the noble New England enthusiast who, driven by his own stern conscience, grapples with the gravest problem of emancipation, viz.: how to educate the freedmen into intelligent citizens; the embittered and impoverished planter, whom the war has left nothing but his family pride and his hatred of the North; the superfluous little gentleman of blue blood who studies his pedigree, copies family documents and is enthusiastic about the history of the lady who married his grandfather's second cousin; the poor little haughty lady who guards her aristocratic and fiercely relentless heart under a faded muslin or a worn-out calico gown, and at length the wounded soldier, of high and low degree, who finds himself unable to adapt his shattered existence to the altered state of things. Amid all these forlorn and broken lives the Northern tourist appears as a *deus ex machina*, falls in love happily or unhappily, is benevolent or rascally, in accordance with his nature and temperament. There is no indication of partisanship in the author's attitude toward, and treatment of, Southern men and women. She has a deep sympathy for the inevitable afflictions brought upon unoffending individuals by the war. She comprehends fully and respects their grief and even their hatred of their oppressors, and she evidently regrets (as every patriotic citizen would) that the bitterness of the struggle should have been needlessly prolonged by the thievish rule of the carpet-baggers.

The most artistically complete of these ten stories is "Miss Elizabetha," which abounds in delightful situations. Miss Daarg's interview with the prima donna is especially admirable. "Rodman the Keeper" strikes us as being a little superfluously fantastic in some of its minor details; thus, for instance, we cannot help smiling at Rodman's heroism in refraining from smoking because his fourteen thousand comrades under the sod could not partake of the same enjoyment. The best writing (if comparisons were not so odious) is probably to be found in the "South Devil," which is brilliantly tropical and lingers long in the memory. In fact, the whole book makes a strong impression and refuses to be forgotten.

Adams's "Gallatin."*

ALBERT GALLATIN'S career was singularly varied and romantic. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families of the little republic of Geneva. The family was a very ancient one, though not so ancient as it was believed to be by a certain Jean de Gallatin, who maintained that it was descended from Atilius Callatinus, Consul in the Roman years 494 and 498. In support of this opinion, he fought a duel on horseback with Baron de Pappenheim. The family really appears to date from the thirteenth century. The original seat of the future Genevan Gallatins was near the Rhone, and some thirty or forty miles below Geneva. In about the year 1510, the representative of the family had enrolled himself a citizen of Geneva. From that time on, the Gallatins were perhaps the first people in the State.

Albert Gallatin was born in 1761. Both his parents died before he was ten years old, and Gallatin was adopted and brought up by a Mlle. Pictet, a distant relation of his father. Gallatin came to America in 1780, having run away from home. An incident which is described by Mr. Adams as in part the cause of this act is somewhat curious. Gallatin's grandmother was a friend of the Landgrave of Hesse, a Royal Highness somewhat notorious in revolutionary American history. Madame Gallatin proposed to obtain for her grandson a commission of lieutenant-colonel in the service of her friend. On speaking to young Gallatin about the

* The Life of Albert Gallatin, by Henry Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
The Writings of Albert Gallatin, edited by Henry Adams. Three vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

matter, he replied, rather disrespectfully, that he would never serve a tyrant. For this his grandmother gave him a box on the ear. Gallatin's departure from Geneva was secret, and was made in the company of a friend named Serre. The two sailed from Nantes to Boston in an American ship. For several years Gallatin lived in various parts of the country, and was at one time a teacher of French at Harvard College. He found his way afterward to Richmond, where he was very kindly received.

In 1784, he carried out the purpose with which he came to America, which was to settle in the wilderness. He had learned from the philosophers of the French Revolution that a wise man should live away from society. This crotchet, imbedded in a will of unusual strength, accompanied him through life. The mistake appears to have brought him less harm than similar mistakes bring to many able and self-willed people. Gallatin bought land and settled on the Monongahela River. But it was his destiny to live mainly in cities. Nearly forty years later, on his retirement from the mission in Paris, he sent his son home to enlarge and make ready for him the house which he had built in this part of the world. Here he went to live for a time in 1823.

Mr. Adams's work contains a valuable discussion of Gallatin's career as Secretary of the Treasury, and a particularly interesting account of his conduct of the negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Ghent. The book is full of suggestions to persons interested in the present and future of this country. Among these may be mentioned the account given by Mr. Adams of Gallatin's treatment, while Minister in France, of his instructions concerning the seizure of the *Apollon*. The frank expression of his opinion of the badness of their case which Gallatin then made to his Government is most unlike the habit of later diplomatists, who rarely have the hardihood to hold opinions of their own, much less express them. Diplomatists, of course, should be obedient, but they should not be automatons. The telegraph has, no doubt, rendered it unnecessary that they should enjoy their former liberty of discretion, but it has not destroyed the advantage of the man who is on the spot where the negotiation takes place over one who is 3000 miles away; it has not and never can destroy the advantage of intelligence and attainments like Gallatin's.

The book has also many situations of a natural human interest. After making the Treaty of Ghent, Mr. Gallatin took the road to Geneva, which he had not seen since he left it as a boy. Even to one approaching Geneva as a stranger, the impression made by the first sight of Mont Blanc is lively enough. What must it have been to one who, after an absence of thirty-five years, revisits the place as the home of his boyhood and of his ancestors! He left only one allusion to the subject. He said that as he approached Geneva, calm as he was by nature, his calmness deserted him. Just previous to his death, at the age of ninety, one of the signs which he detected in himself of failing mind was that when alone he caught himself talking in French as when a boy. "His mind," says Mr. Adams, "recurred much to his early youth, to Geneva, to his school, to Mlle. Pictet, and undoubtedly to that self-reproach for his neglect of her and of his family which seems to have weighed upon him through life."

Mr. Adams might have made his work possibly more interesting and effective, and certainly more popular, had he made it shorter and less technical. He has investigated the circumstances of Mr. Gallatin's career with great industry and with perfect fairness of purpose. He has evidently spared no trouble which would enable him to comprehend the man himself, his achievements and the time in which he lived. Doubtless all biographers should be as thorough as this—very few, we imagine, actually are. A biographer should aim to know everything about his subject, no matter how much of his knowledge he may think it necessary to suppress. It is possible that, had Mr. Adams written a book of smaller size, he might have produced a better work of art. But he is deeply interested in the history of the time with which Gallatin was connected, and he has thought best to give us, with some detail, the results of his very sincere study. The reader will be the less likely to regret Mr. Adams's course because of the paucity of really good writing upon matters connected with American history. Mr. Adams's work is very simple and conscientious, and entirely devoid of that affectation which is sometimes adopted by weak writers in order to conceal their want of real industry and ability. We have also much pleasure in praising the author for his modesty. Along with the energy and vigor to be expected in one of Mr. Adams's name and connection, we note with satisfaction his freedom from narrowness and bumptious self-conceit.

The life is accompanied by a selection from the writings of Albert Gallatin, prepared by Mr. Adams with great pains. This is in three volumes, the first two containing the correspondence of Mr. Gallatin with distinguished persons, and the third containing essays and publications.

Skelton's "Essays in Romance."*

FROM an author little known perhaps to American readers, comes in goodly dress a volume made up of stories, sketches, and verses, gleaned from the literary work of many years, and covering a wide variety of topic and treatment. Here are Scotch idyl and Venetian romance; love-songs, and rambles like Izaak Walton's, and the experiences of a heretical minister. There is throughout the touch of a skillful workman, and passages of strong feeling and description. The charm is strongest when the author is on Scottish ground. The rugged and picturesque national character comes out in vivid glimpses; but it is especially on the heather and among the hills, alone with nature, that we are conscious of a fresh and invigorating atmosphere, and draw deep breaths of enjoyment, for which we gratefully remember the author.

* Essays in Romance and Studies from Life. By John Skelton, author of "The Impeachment of Mary Stuart," and other works. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Judge Ricord's Translations.*

It would be remarkable, indeed, if the necessary requirements for poetic translating—so rare even in poets of acknowledged ability—could be fulfilled by Judge Ricord, a gentleman whose honored position in his native city leads him in the farthest possible direction from the world of fantasy and art (and who, we understand, has only devoted to this arduous task "his leisure hours during the four or five years that he has been upon the bench"). Like all untrained versifiers, he finds himself, in despite of his literary conscience, frequently obliged to sacrifice the thought to the rhyme; and not being endowed with the broad sympathy and the keen intuition of the true poet, he fails to render the individual spirit and the varying styles of the different authors. Thus in reading these translations, which number about a hundred, and which embrace a range wide enough to extend from the classic French of Voltaire, Molière and Sainte-Beuve, to the Swabian and Alemannic dialects of obscure or nameless authors; from the scholarly elegance of Petrarch to the colloquial freedom of La Fontaine and Béranger; from the dainty grace of Metastasio and Voiture, the grandiose vigor of Victor Hugo, the flawless perfection of Goethe, the finished miniature painting of Leconte de Lisle, to the reckless, almost insolent, charm of Heine—we derive the impression of only a single style. The familiar rhymed prose of La Fontaine and Florian finds a fair interpretation at Mr. Ricord's hands. His excellent translations of "Love and Folly" and "Truth and Fiction" suggest the careless ease of Gay. One of his happiest efforts is an Austrian folk-song, "The World's Way," and he renders very well the spirited archness of a charming song from the French of Malherbe, from which we quote the first and last stanzas:

"That other maids may be desired,
That other maids may be admired,
I will of course, of course agree,
But that one may with you compare
In beauty, fairest of the fair,
Oh that can never, never be.

* * * * * *

"That I, within my silent grave
At last may cease to be thy slave,
I will of course, of course agree.
But that the fear of death can move
Me in my service and my love,
Oh that can never, never be."

We must find space also for two madrigals by Metastasio, which are translated with admirable terseness and skill:

"In dreams while on my bed I lie,
Comes she, for whom I live and sigh,
To say, I'm not forsaken.
If thou be just, O Love, ordain
My dream the living truth contain,
Or that I never waken."

"If each man's deeply hidden woe
Were written out upon his brow,
For many then our tears would flow,
Who rather move our envy now.

"Alas! how many in whose breast
The keenest agonies exist,
Make in appearing to be blest
Their sum of happiness consist."

If the author cannot answer to the definition of the poet, who must be "of imagination all compact," yet this volume proves him to be what our great-grandparents would have called a "man of parts," familiar with an unusual number of languages, endowed with poetic sensibility and a graceful, versatile mind.

* English Songs from Foreign Tongues. By Frederick W. Ricord. New York: For sale by Charles Scribner's Sons.

COMMUNICATIONS.

June 16, 1880.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to an assertion made in an article of your June number, 1880, of Scribner's Monthly, which I deem of sufficient importance to ask you to correct. It occurs in an article entitled "A Year of the Exodus in Kansas," upon page 216, and speaks of the labor of a colored man, practically the colored man himself, being sold for debt in Texas, Alabama and Georgia, by virtue of the laws of these States. A practice of the law in Texas, accompanied by a diligent study of the statutes of that State, for several years past, enables me to state with confidence that no such law there exists, and the practice is wholly unknown. So it is in Georgia, and so I believe it is in Alabama. It is a fact well known to every lawyer in the country, that imprisonment for debt has long since become obsolete both in England and this country, the single vestige being the writ of *ne exeat* (to prevent an insolvent debtor from fleeing the country to avoid process, etc.). To many people, however, ignorant of the law, but otherwise honest and well-meaning, the bare assertion of the fact, in your excellent and usually most reliable monthly, will carry conviction, and will give their minds a very prejudiced idea of the jurisprudence of these States. It is particularly in behalf of Texas, a young and growing State, which invites immigration by every inducement of soil, climate, and laws, that I write; and it is in her behalf, as well as that of justice and truth, that I beg you will insert in your columns the substance, at least, of this correction. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

Wm. Aubrey.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Magazine Guns.

ARMS designed to carry a supply of cartridges in a magazine of some kind attached to the gun, so as to admit of the rapid firing of a number of shots in succession, are already in use, as instanced by the Gatling gun, a number of magazine rifles and even the common revolver. Any improvement in this class of arms must, therefore, be sought in more finished charging and firing mechanism and in an increase in the number of shots that may be carried in one gun. From an inspection of a number of arms of different patterns, now being made in this country, some improvements may be described that may prove of value to the general reader.

The plan upon which these new arms are constructed is essentially the same, whether it is applied to a sporting gun, battery, or machine rifle, or field-gun for horse artillery. It may also be applied to the largest sized siege-gun, though the guns already constructed range only from a shot-gun to a field-gun throwing solid shot or shells. In all, the magazines are placed on either side of the gun-barrel, so that they can be easily removed for loading with cartridges. The cartridges are pushed into the open end of the magazine till it is full, when the coiled spring in the magazine tube is locked automatically, preventing the spring from pushing the shots out until released by pressure of the finger on a stop on the outside of the tube. In the shot-gun, two tubes are placed on each side of the barrel, and are designed to hold from 32 to 64 shots according to the size of the gun. In the military rifle, the magazines are placed in a circle round the barrel, and when filled will carry 128 shots, all of which may be fired in succession in less than one minute. The firing apparatus consists essentially of a steel slide containing two chambers and designed to move laterally in the stock behind the barrel, one chamber always being in line with the barrel. The movement of the mechanism is very simple. While one cartridge is pushed by the spring from the tube into one chamber, another is being fired from the barrel. The next movement repeats this on the other side of the gun, and, at the same time, the exploded cartridge is pulled out and allowed to fall to the ground. The mechanism appears to work with precision and with the least exertion on the part of the gunner. The barrel is screwed into the loading and firing apparatus and is quite distinct from it, so that a new barrel can be put on if required.

This also admits of the use of old barrels in making the improved arm. To compensate for the increased weight of so many magazines and shots, the gun is made quite light, and to compensate for the recoil that is so troublesome in a light gun, a rubber recoil-cushion of a novel form is placed in the firing apparatus, to take up the shock when the gun is fired.

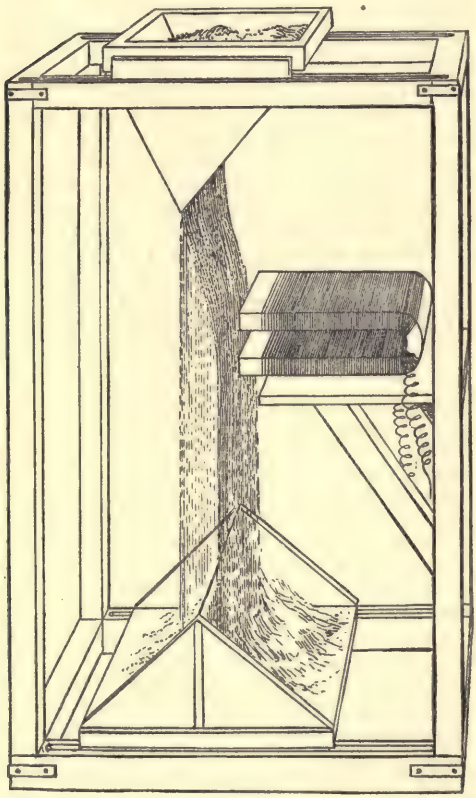
The single-barrel guns examined consist of a small rifled gun on a light carriage, with the slide for loading and firing but without magazines, the cartridges being slipped into the open chamber of the slide alternately exposed on each side as the gun is fired; a long and light rifled gun, and a regular field-piece for throwing shells. In the long rifle, eight magazines are ranged round the barrel in a circle. These may be filled with solid shot, or with case-shot, or with shells. By turning a hand crank, any magazine may be brought to the firing slide, so that shells, case or solid shot may be fired at will. The movement of the slide is controlled by a hand lever, moving from side to side, the charging and firing being all done by one motion, one man being able to fire the gun continuously, at a speed of from one to two shots per second. In the field-gun, four magazines are placed on each side of the gun; the firing mechanism being the same as in all the other guns, and controlled by the movement of a single lever. The barrel is of steel, rifled, and designed for very long range. It is screwed into the firing apparatus, so that if injured it can be replaced in a few minutes. The magazine tubes are loaded in position, though they can be removed if injured, or if more convenient to load them at some other place. This gun is mounted on the usual field artillery truck, and is designed to be handled in the usual way, except that there are no loaders and no swabbers; one man being sufficient to handle the gun till its entire store of shots is spent. In this gun the powder and shot are inclosed in a steel case that serves as a gas check, and at the same time keeps the gun clean. A recoil-cushion is also provided, and by permitting the case to retreat, enlarges the space for the formation of gas. The other rifled gun is mounted on a steel frame moved at two points, so that it can be elevated or depressed by turning a hand crank. This form rests on a table giving it free play in a horizontal plane, so that the gunner, by turning a crank, can swing the gun entirely round the horizon in a few seconds. The whole is placed on a four-wheel carriage, so as to be above the horses, and enabling the gunner to fire directly over their heads, even when on the full gallop. The same general system of construction is designed to be applied to guns of the largest size, but so far only field artillery has been constructed.

In machine guns, the same system has been carried out. In the gun examined, thirty-six heavy rifles are placed in line, and above and below each barrel is a magazine, each carrying 22 shots, making in all 72 magazines, holding 1582 shots, all of which may be fired by one man in less than one minute. This arm is also mounted on a pivoted frame, with mechanism for depressing and elevating, and stands on a table having a free horizontal motion in every direction. The whole is placed on a four-wheeled carriage, designed for horses or men, and is to be accompanied by a one-horse cart, containing a large supply of magazines already filled, besides extra cartridges in boxes. This arm is put forth as the most effective instrument of its kind ever made, both in

simplicity of construction, ease of management and large range of firing, and general usefulness for military purposes. All of these arms are soon to be publicly exhibited in operation, and will, no doubt, be worthy the attention of military people, both from the novelty of their design and the admirable manner in which they have been built.

Apparatus for Treating Metallic Sands.

THE deposits of black and colored sands found in different parts of this country, and containing a large percentage of iron and a trace of gold, or other valuable metals, have been made the subject of frequent experiment for the purpose of extracting the gold, but with few exceptions these experiments have been found to be too costly to be of any commercial value. A new apparatus for extracting the loose iron from the mingled sand, gold and other materials that make up the so-called "iron sands" employs an electro-magnet in a novel and most interesting manner. The apparatus is simple and quite inexpensive, and can be readily understood from the accompanying outline drawing. It consists of a prism-shaped hopper of wood about 1.50 meter (5 feet) long, and having a slit or opening at the bottom 3 m. m. (1-16 inch) wide. This hopper is supported on a wooden frame, as shown in the drawing, and has a slight lateral movement so that it may be adjusted for work. When the apparatus is to be used in buildings, the hopper may be built into the floor and the frame-work omitted. Immediately below the hopper is a box divided into two parts by a wooden partition having a sharp edge at the top. This box has also a movement from side to side to adjust it for work. Suspended on a bracket to the frame is a wide electric magnet, made of a piece of plate iron bent into a horse-shoe and wound with wire, as shown in the drawing. The wires from the magnet are designed to be led to a small dynamo-electric machine, intended to be turned by hand or other light power. In using the apparatus, the dry sand is shoveled into the hopper and falls in a thin shower into the box below. The box or the hopper is so placed that the whole of the sand falls into one of the compartments of the box, and, until the magnet is excited, it all falls in that way and nothing is accomplished. On exciting the magnet, all the particles of iron are drawn out of their path in falling, and tend to approach the poles of the magnet, and would cling to them were it not so adjusted that the attraction of gravitation overcomes the magnetic attraction. The iron sand practically passes through the magnetic field without stopping and then falls to the ground. This alteration of its path, or trajectory, is sufficient to cause it to fall clear of the partition in the other part of the box. All the gold quartz or other non-magnetic material falls through the magnetic field without altering its path. This application of a magnet for separating particles of iron from other materials is quite novel, and differs essentially from the two new methods of accomplishing the same thing recently described in this department. Gangs of magnets are employed in elevators and flour-mills to extract the bits of wire from self-binders found in wheat, and in separating bran from flour by the use of cylinders excited by frictional electricity. Though designed for treating the iron sands of California, the apparatus may prove of use in flour-mills, both for cleaning the bran from flour (by frictional electricity) and in arresting bits of iron in wheat, and in separating iron ore from the rock in which it may be imbedded. It would seem as if it might be less costly to crush and grind iron ores, particularly those of a poor grade, and to pass the sand through such an apparatus, and thus save the iron in a pure state. Many red sands contain a percentage of iron too small to render them of value as ores, and in this apparatus they might prove of value, as the separation of the iron from the sand would cost only the labor of shoveling it into the hopper and turning the crank of the dynamo-electric machine.



New Applications of Dynamo-Electric Machines.

THAT one dynamo-electric machine, driven by steam, or other power, would cause a second machine properly connected with it to reproduce a portion of the power spent on the first machine, has long been known, and a number of practical applications have been made of the fact, such as pumping water, driving machinery, and even plowing. Within a short time, the application of electricity to traction has been made the subject of experiment,

both in this country and in Europe. Detailed descriptions of the European experiments have not been easily obtained, but enough has been learned to show that on a short line of narrow-gauge railway, laid on a level along a garden walk, an electrical engine has been used to drag moderate loads at a very fair speed. The experiment in this country, with characteristic thoroughness, has been made to test the actual commercial value of electrical traction-machines on cheap, rough roads, with sharp curves and steep grades. The science of the thing is familiar—the real question is, what is the good of it? The traction machine (it is not an engine) consists of a Faradic machine, of the pattern described on page 317, Vol. 19, of this magazine, laid down on its side upon an iron frame supported on four flanged wheels. The larger pair of these wheels is insulated with wood between the tread and the hub, having a brass ring fastened to the center on the outside, and insulated from the bearings by hard rubber. Brass rods connect these rings to the outside face of each wheel, near the tread, and electrical conductors made of brushes of wire press against these rings to convey the electrical current that passes from the rails to the tread of the wheel, through the brass connections to the rings and brushes, and thence by wire to the Faradic machine. The revolving armature of the machine carries a small pulley, and from this is taken a steel wire rope, or belt, to a larger grooved pulley, while a third pulley and second rope convey the motion directly to the axle of the driving wheel. The object of this use of wire rope connections is to convey the very rapid rotation of the armature at a reduced speed to the traction wheels, without danger from the sudden starting and stopping of the machine. For stopping the machine, wooden brakes of a simple form are used, and to reverse the machine, the electrical current is reversed by a simple shunting device. The power for moving the machine is obtained from a stationary steam-engine driving one or two Faradic machines in a building near the end of the railroad. From these machines wires are laid underground to the railroad, the positive wire being connected with one rail and the negative wire with the other rail. The road itself is a narrow-gauge single track, laid cheaply and roughly on common fire-wood logs, and ballasted with sand. All the rails are connected with fish-plates, and when each plate is put on, two pieces of copper wire are laid against the rail and held in place by the fish-plate. This serves to give good electrical connection from rail to rail. No insulation is required beyond the wooden sleepers, and even in wet weather the loss of electricity is found to be very small. The operation of the machine is exceedingly simple. The current from the stationary Faradic machines follows one rail till it meets the traveling machine, when it takes the short circuit through one wheel and the machine and down through the other wheel to the other rail and thence back to the station. Practically, it makes no difference whether the machine is at rest or moving at a speed of 30 miles an hour; the electrical current follows the rails to the moving machine, whichever way it may be moving along the road, and is transformed into useful work in moving the machine and its load. The present road has curves of 61 meters (200 feet) radius and is laid along a common country-road, across fields and up and down hills, following the face of the country wherever a horse could drag an ordinary wagon. The machine may yet be materially modified, but it is already proved that it will work, and on a commercial scale. For mining regions, for horse railroads, and all short lines, particularly when water power can be obtained, this method of traction will prove of undoubted value in replacing locomotives and horse power. It will follow any grade that a horse can climb, and will take curves that would be impossible on any steam road. It is silent, swift and safe, and, in spite of the necessary loss of power in the conversion from one form of energy to another, it is thought it will be cheap. It is estimated that a single stationary engine can control the movement of such machines over a line of ten miles, or five miles in each direction.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Parting Lovers.

FROM THE CHINESE.

SHE says, "We tarry late—do you not hear
The silvery clarion of chanticleer?"
He says, "Be still, my love, and do not hark;—
'Tis early yet, and all the sky is dark."

She says, "I see the sun's first glancing ray;
Are we not lingering to the break of day?"
He says, "I fail to note one streak of light,
'Tis you alone that makes the morning bright."

She says, "Can you, in truth, arise and say,
The shades of night are fading not away?"
He says, "I will not say—I only know
For all the world I would not have it so."

He says, "At last, 'tis true, the morning star
Shines in the east like some drawn scimitar;"
She says, "I bid you quickly then depart"—
He says, "But for the tumult in my heart

"I should have gone from here an hour ago—
But curse the bird whose voice proclaimed my woe,
And curse the sun, and all the impertinent crew
That hurry on to sever me from you."

JOEL BENTON.

THE conservatism of most people is nothing more than their radicalism gone to seed.

No man is envious of what he can equal, or even imitate.

The man who is ever ready to take the chances will very probably take his last one in the almshouse.

Men have been known to correct their vanity, subdue their pride and even overcome their superstitions, but, once impregnated with it, it is impossible for a man to get rid of his vulgarity.

The man who lives for others must expect most of his pay in self-satisfaction.

Most successes spring up, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of some failure.

The most cunning of all egotists is the man who never speaks well of himself.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his power as an elephant.

If we would measure our happiness by the condition of those below us, instead of those above, we should find ourselves very well off.

The man who can distinguish between good advice and poor does not need either.

Every man makes his own reputation; the world only puts on the stamp.

There is a great deal of modesty in this world which will gaze at almost anything,—provided it can be seen through a crack.

Silence is a hard opinion to beat.

Next to silence comes brevity—the wise man's strength and the fool's refuge.

A gentleman never will insult any one, and a loafer cannot.

Bigotry knows of but one way to reach heaven, while faith knows of a hundred.

Man is a two-legged, eccentric animal that deals in politics, religion and general merchandise.

It is well to give heed to your doubts, for they are very often the dawnings of truth.

Literary men, as a class, are unsatisfactory companions; if you flatter their vanity enough to make them agreeable, you disgust yourself.

He who does a good deed makes heaven his debtor.

Chastity is like a broken vase; it can be mended, but can never be made whole.

A thoroughly good man is invariably a brave one.

It is much more difficult for a man to make a circumstance than it is for a circumstance to make a man.

It requires wisdom to be able, and it requires honesty to be willing, to call things by their right names.

Man is the only creature that laughs; angels do not, animals cannot, and devils will not.

A Somnolent Vagary.

AN idle dreamer, an idle dream;
A napping sun and a breeze at play;
A vagrant shadow, a drowsy stream,
A lazy, loitering, summer day.

A bold-eyed sunflower in vulgar rags,
A knot of weeds with a sailor air,
A pumpkin-vine with its gaping bags,
To catch what specie the sun can spare.

A spider winding his silver keep
To hold as hostage a fly or two;
A robin rocking himself to sleep,
Serenely reckless that notes are due.

A butterfly-boat on a wave of air,
With all its satiny sails unfurled,
For port in a blossom here and there,
The busiest things in this idle world.

A gossipy corn-field, making weird,
Fantastic bows in a languid way,
A tawny upland, with unshorn beard,
Gone fast asleep with the sultry day.

The sky is teeming with restless ghosts
From Mount Olympus and days of old;
They flit and vanish, and lo, the hosts
Of Jason, seeking the fleece of gold.

As sweet a fable as one can find
Is hid in the "golden fleece," they say—
Oh, you are snoring! Well, never mind;
I'll tell the fable some other day.

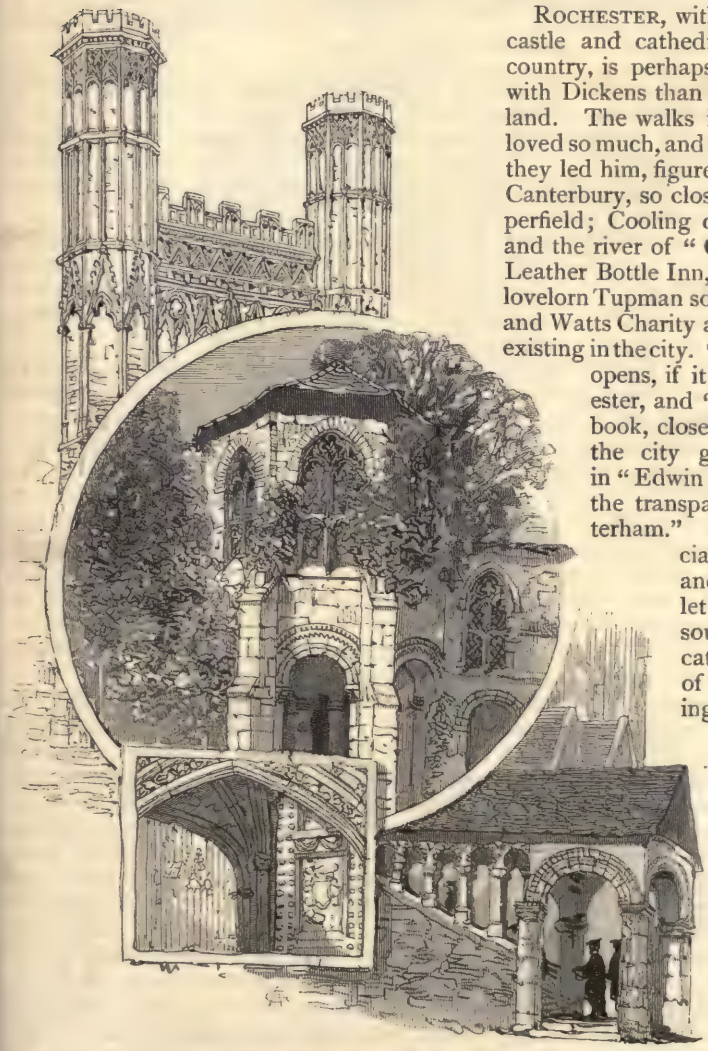
H. O. KNOWLTON.

THERE was a young person of Munster,
Who was such an inveterate punster
That when asked to take tea
He said: "Why not take D?"
Which convulsed a large portion of Munster.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. SEPTEMBER, 1880. No. 5.

MR. PICKWICK AND NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.



COPPERFIELD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CANTERBURY.

ROCHESTER, with its bridge and river, its castle and cathedral, and its surrounding country, is perhaps more closely associated with Dickens than any other place in England. The walks in the vicinity which he loved so much, and the favorite spots to which they led him, figure in many of his books:—Canterbury, so closely associated with Copperfield; Cooling church-yard, the marshes and the river of "Great Expectations," the Leather Bottle Inn, at Cobham, in which the lovelorn Tupman sought retreat. Salis House and Watts Charity are veritable buildings still existing in the city. "Pickwick," his first book, opens, if it does not begin in Rochester, and "Edwin Drood," his last book, closes there. In "Pickwick" the city goes by its own name; in "Edwin Drood" it is veiled under the transparent disguise of "Cloisterham." So intimate is this association with Dickens's life and works that a brass tablet has been erected in the south-west transept of the cathedral, bearing as part of its inscription the following words: "To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighborhood, which extended over all his life."

In the immediate vicinity of the city is Gad's Hill Place, the goal toward which his childish aspirations reached out, and the

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ROCHESTER CASTLE.

place where he drew his last breath. In a letter to his friend, M. de Cerjat, he speaks of the feeling with which it inspired him when scarcely more than a baby:

"It has always a curious interest for me, because, when I was a small boy down in these parts, I thought it the most beautiful house (I suppose because of its famous old cedar-trees) ever seen. And my poor father used to bring me to look at it, and used to say that, if ever I grew up to be a clever man, perhaps I might own that house, or such another house. In remembrance of which I have always, in passing, looked to see if it was to be sold or let, and it has never been to me like any other house; it has never changed at all."

The contrast between the rollicking fun of the Pickwickians on their first outing, and the pathos of those last words which the great novelist ever penned,—the opening and closing scenes of his imaginative work,—is very striking. Jingle's "Old cathedral, too, —earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theaters—queer customers those monks—Popes and Lord Treasurers and all sorts of fellows," forms a pathetic contrast to the touching description of the same place in Edwin Drood: "A brilliant sun shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, or rather from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time,—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

On just such a morning as is here described, within sight of Rochester Cathedral and within sound of its bells, these words were penned, not forty-eight hours before his death.

The old stone bridge across the Medway which David Copperfield crossed, weary and footsore, on his journey to Dover, and over which Mr. Pickwick leaned, meditatively looking at the cathedral, the ruined castle, the placid Medway, is no longer in existence, having been replaced by a handsome iron structure. When the old bridge was demolished, one of its massive balustrades was sent to Dickens in token of the many associations it had with his works. That balustrade, surmounted by a sun-dial, still stands in the grounds of Gad's Hill Place.

The view from the bridge remains unchanged, and cannot better be described than in Dickens's own words: "On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below, in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully around the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when seven hundred years

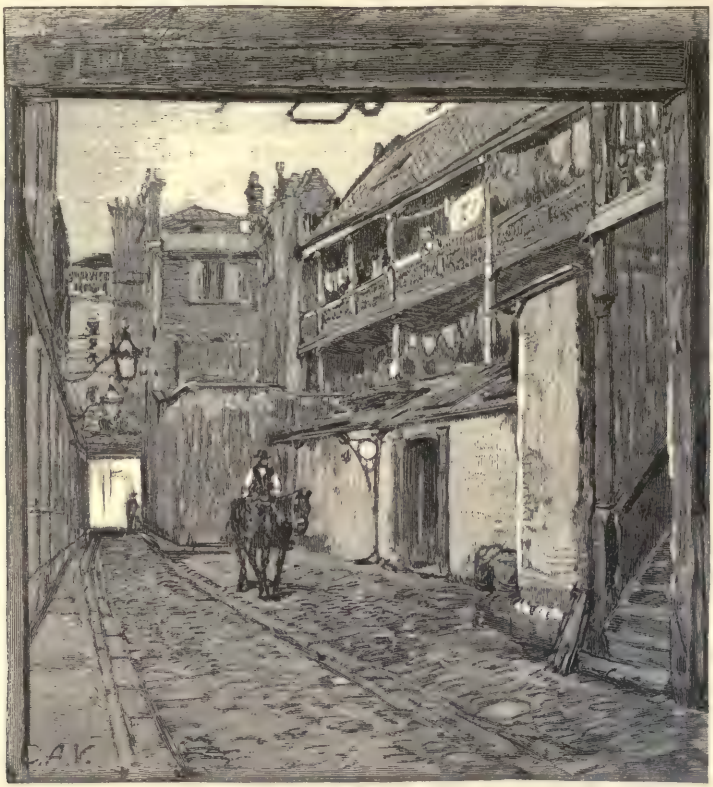
ago it rang with the clash of arms or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry." The description which follows, though charming, is too long for insertion here.

"Pickwick," with the mere thread of plot upon which its stories, adventures and characters are loosely strung, has in it a certain charm, a freedom in the touches of nature and of character, which Dickens does not seem to possess in perfection when hampered by a more intricate plot and a more serious purpose. His works show more ambitious, perhaps more eloquent, descriptions of natural scenery than those found in "Pickwick," but none which flow in a more simple, spontaneous way, or have a flavor so idyllic. This view of the valley of the Medway, the walks through the charming lanes of Kent, or the "deep and shady woods cooled by the light winds," are redolent of the very breath of the country. Kent was alike the home of his childhood and of his imagination; he rarely failed to respond with open heart to her invitations.

The Bull Inn still exists as when Mr. Pickwick and his friends with Jingle drove up; perhaps it remains unchanged since the days when the carrier in King Henry IV. saw Charles's wain rising over its new chimney at "four by the day," in the morning of the robbery at Gad's Hill. Said Dickens, pointing it out "That is the inn with the new chimney. I discovered it as I was walking into Rochester one morning at the same hour, and saw the constellation in that very position." You enter the inn through an archway; on each side-post sign are Jingle's words: "Nice house, good beds, *vide* Pickwick." The great beams above are hung with sides of bacon, with fowls and geese, with huge joints of beef and mutton: through this "mutton grove" one passes to the bar and the coffee-room. These, the wide staircases, hung with old-time engravings, the long corridors, the unexpected corners, the sitting-room half a mile from the bedroom, all stand for what is ironically called the comfort of the old-fashioned English inn. The great ball-room—indispensable adjunct of all old county inns—is now empty and desolate, except to us, who people it with Tupman and Jingle in Winkle's coat, making violent love to the plump widow, and little Dr. Slammer, wild with jealousy.

BULL INN AT ROCHESTER.

Mr. Pickwick's enumeration of the products of Stroud, Rochester, Chatham and Brompton, supplemented by Mr. Jingle's still more laconic description of Kent, give many characteristic features in a very small space.



WHITE HART INN, HIGH STREET.

"The principal productions of these towns," says Mr. Pickwick, "appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers and dock-yard men. The commodities chiefly exposed for sale in the public streets are marine stores, hard-bake, apples, flat-fish and oysters." "Kent, sir," says Mr. Jingle, —"everybody knows Kent,—apples, cherries, hops and women."

Dingley Dell, to which the Pickwickians so often turned their steps, is probably a creation of the author's fancy,—at least, nothing corresponding to it is to be found in that locality. Mr. Frost, in his rambles in Kent, looking up the various points associated with Dickens, made an ineffectual though exhaustive search for the manor farm. Since Muggleton is unquestionably an imaginary place, Dingley Dell and Mr. Wardle's home are no doubt to be classed in the same category.

The chapter introducing Sam Weller opens with a delightful description of the London inns. Even in the days of Pickwick, these rambling old buildings were giving way before the stately hostelries of more modern times. To discover them, the record goes on to say, one "must direct his steps to the obscurer quarters of the town, and there, in some secluded nooks, he will find several still standing with a kind of gloomy sturdiness amidst the modern innovations which surround them. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any." High street was for centuries the great, and, indeed, the only road from the south and west to London Bridge, before crossing which the horses were put up in one of its many inns. It was emphatically a quarter of inns and shops for farmers, carriers and drovers. Many of these inns are still in existence. Crossing the Thames by London Bridge, we find an immense traffic still pouring through High street Borough: we pass the "George," the "King's Head," the "Queen's Head," famous old inns in their day, now dropping to pieces. Their great yards,—once the

starting-place of the mail-coaches, were in Shakspere's day the spot on which the temporary stages were erected for their performances, the spectators grouped about or looking down from the balustraded galleries,—are now filled with huge vans loading the goods for the railway companies, who make use of these yards as local receiving stations for their freight and packages, while the dingy little tap-rooms do a flourishing business with the drivers of the carts and vans. The remains of the "Tabard" inn, from which the Canterbury pilgrims set out, were still standing in 1875, but nothing but the name on the sign of a miserable little drinking-den now remains; the building, or what was left of it, having been replaced by a large warehouse. "It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots." The White Hart Inn is scarcely so memorable from its association with Jack Cade as it is from that with Sam Weller. Strolling into its yard, we find Sam brushing the boots in the open quadrangle, while the plump chambermaid from the galleries above amuses herself with chaffing him. Sam's view of society from the stand-point of boots,—inverted, as it were,—is exquisitely funny. "'There's a wooden leg in number six,' said Sam; 'there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snuggery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room.' 'Nothing more?' said the little man. 'Stop a bit,' said Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. 'Yes; there's a pair of Vellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes in number five.' 'What sort of shoes?' hastily inquired Mr. Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors." Miss Rachel's precautions not having extended to her feet, she is discovered by means of her shoes.

Before the arrival of Mr. Wardle, in pursuit of the mature spinster, Sam gives the story, which has made him immortal, of the inveigling of his famous father by the "two porters as touts for licenses" around Doctors' Commons. To this very

DEAN'S COURT—DOCTORS' COMMONS.

THE ABBEY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

day, as one strolls through that quiet court, just off St. Paul's, with the school for the choir boys on its opposite side, "a cove in a white apron" will glide up, and with a significant show of secrecy and of sympathy, whisper: "License, sir, license?" The will office to which the elder Mr. Weller was going to prove his deceased wife's will, when he was thus inveigled into making his "second wentur," has been removed from Doctors' Commons to Somerset House, though the license office still remains in the old place.

Bury St. Edmund's, to which place Mr. Pickwick and Sam followed Jingle, is described by Dickens as a well-paved, "handsome little town, of thriving and cleanly appearance." The Angel Inn, at which they drew up, is still standing, and in as perfect preservation as it was in on the day made memorable by the appearance of Mr. Job Trotter, with his pink pocket-handkerchief, mulberry suit, and unfailing fountain of tears. Here Sam Weller, for once and only once, met his match; and then follows the absurd scene of Mr. Pickwick's discomfiture at Miss Smithers's school.

The abbey in the square opposite the Angel Inn is the magnificent abbey of St. Edmund, and though it is now seven or eight centuries old, the carvings upon the tower, as well as those upon the ruin, are almost as sharp and clear as they were on the day when it was demolished.

From Bury St. Edmund's let us follow Mr. Pickwick and Sam to Ipswich, whither the elder Weller had directed them, in search of both Jingle and Trotter. They put up at the great White Horse, "rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal, with a flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door." Here occurred the episode of Mr. Pickwick's invasion of the chamber sacred to the lady in yellow curl-papers, and the consequent wrath of Mr. Peter Magnus.

"The morning after this distressing occurrence, Tony Weller sat in a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, awaiting his son, and beguiling the time over a liberal allowance of cold beef, bread and ale, till Sam entered.

"'I am wery sorry, Sammy,' said the elder Mr. Weller, shaking up the ale by describing small circles with the pot, preparatory to drinking,—'I'm wery sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips as you let yourself be gammoned by that 'ere mulberry man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the name of Veller and gammon would never come into contact, Sammy—never.'

"'Always exceptin' the case of a widder, of course,' said Sam.

"'Widders, Sammy,' replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color, 'Widders are 'ceptions to every rule. I *have* heerd how many ordinary women one widder is equal to in pint o' comin' over you. I think it's twenty-five, but I don't rightly know vether it aint more.'"

Sam's repentance in St. Clement's churchyard was soon dispelled by a sudden opportunity for reprisals which offered itself.

"Mr. Samuel Weller had been staring up at the old red brick houses, now and then, in his deep abstraction, bestowing a wink upon some healthy-looking servant-girl, as she drew up a blind or threw up a bedroom window, when the green gate of a

THE GREEN GATE, ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH-YARD, IPSWICH.

garden at the bottom of the yard opened, and a man, having emerged therefrom, closed the green gate very carefully after him, and walked briskly toward the very spot where Mr. Weller was standing." This man, in spite of his ingenious attempt to avoid recognition, by the violent contortions of his features, Sam soon discovered to be Job Trotter.

The last garden gate, in the church-yard shown in the illustration, is the gate which Dickens himself has indicated as the one he meant. The inhabitants of Ipswich take great pride in this gate, as showing the precise place of meeting between Sam and Job Trotter, on the "return match."

Ipswich is a most interesting place, retaining many ancient dwelling-houses, with quaint overhanging gables, not unlike the houses of the old Flemish towns. The gate-way built by Cardinal Wolsey remains, and other evidence to his residence here is still extant in the names of the streets—Cardinal street and Wolsey street, for instance, bearing testimony to the fact.

Now let us return to London for the trial, which brings us to the house of Mrs. Bardell, in Goswell street. This street affords an excellent type of the part of London in which it is situated. It is bordered on either side with long rows of roomy dwelling-houses, which have for many years been steadily descending from their original estate; they were once tenanted by fashionable people, but through the successive stages of surgeries and lodging-houses, they have at last reached the condition of shops.

Though a large part of the street has completely changed character, being now a busy thoroughfare filled with noisy drays and horse-cars, there still remains in the lower part of the street a row of buildings which answer to the description of Mrs. Bardell's house, where, in the pathetic language of Sergeant Buzfuz, the disconsolate widow "courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street, and placed in her front-parlor window a written placard bearing the inscription: 'Apartments furnished for single gentlemen.'"

The view which Mr. Pickwick saw is still the view to be seen from these windows. "Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers; threw open his chamber-windows and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell street was at his feet, Goswell was on his right; as far as eye could reach Goswell street extended on his left, and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way."

"THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF GOSWELL STREET."

The eloquent words of Sergeant Buzfuz just quoted, his "chops and tomato sauce," the little judge's irascibility, Winkle's confusion, Sam's coolness, all the fun of the immortal trial, take visible shape as we stand in Guildhall, where the trial was held. The original building dated back as far as the fifteenth century. In the western side of the hall the tutelary divinities of London are to be seen—the gigantic wooden images of Gog and Magog. The personages thus repre-

GRAY'S INN.

sented boast of a magnificent antiquity, having been found, so saith the chronicler, when the son of Athenor, King of Troy, conquered Britain and founded the city of London, three thousand years ago. Nearly the whole of Guildhall building was destroyed, together with the ancient images, in the great fire of 1666, but both were restored some years afterward.

Fleet street, where Mr. Pickwick was incarcerated for his refusal to pay the costs and damages in the case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick, is one of London's busiest thoroughfares. Its name is derived from Fleet River, the course of which it follows, the brook finding outlet by a sewer-main, running through Holborn valley. On the south side of Fleet street, just opposite the point where Chancery Lane opens into it, lies the Temple Inn and its gardens, stretching formerly to the river but now bordering on the embankment.

Back from the Thames for a mile or more extend the beautiful gardens of the several inns of court—those of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and again the gardens of Gray's Inn, with only the break of Fleet street and Holborn. There is scarcely a part of London more interesting to an American than these inns of court. The life which they house is so alien to our experience that a reader on this side the Atlantic, unless he has either visited or studied up these places, is bewildered in attempting to understand the constant allusions he meets in English books. Of these, the Temple is the oldest; the youngest dates from Elizabeth's time. These inns, with their rich medieval architecture, carving and stained glass, and their associations, infinitely richer still, lie in the very heart of London. Around the ancient gardens, where the York and Lancaster badges—the red and the white roses—were plucked, pours the flood of the modern city's life. The old buildings embowered in their trees or shrubbery form one of those delightful anachronisms which carry to Americans, with their consciousness of youth and rawness, such a peculiar charm.

The Temple was founded thirty years before England had wrested her freedom from the craven John, at Runnymede. It was at first a lodge of the Knights Templar. Upon the dissolution of that order, in 1313, it reverted to the crown; but in 1346 it became the property of the knights of St. John, who leased it to the students of the common law. In 1608, it was declared the free, hereditary property of the corporations of the Inner and Middle Temple. The name inn is somewhat misleading to an American reader, and is yet perfectly appropriate, since the great collection of buildings which go to make up each one of these inns is not

GATE-WAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

only a school of law, but contains sets of chambers, in which lawyers and law students live. The reply of one of the old *habitués* of the inns to Mr. Pickwick's remark about them condenses in a paragraph the ideal history of these places. "I was observing," said Mr. Pickwick, "what singular places they are." "*You*," said the old man, contemptuously,—"what do *you* know of the time when young men shut themselves up in those lonely rooms and read and read, hour after hour, and night after night, till their reason wandered beneath their midnight studies; till their mental powers were exhausted; till morning's light brought no freshness or health to them; and they sank beneath the

unnatural devotion of their youthful energies to their dry old books? * * How many vain pleaders for mercy do you think have turned away heart-sick from the lawyer's office, to find a resting-place in the Thames, or a refuge in the jail? They are no ordinary houses, those. There is not a panel in the old wainscoting but what, if it were endowed with the powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall and tell its tale of horror—the romance of life, sir, the romance of life. Commonplace as they may seem now, I tell you they are strange old places, and I would hear many a legend with a terrific-sounding name rather than the true history of one old set of chambers."

Lincoln's Inn, which comes second in antiquity, is an especial favorite of Dickens; he characterizes it in a single phrase more happily than could be done in pages of mere description, when he calls it the "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the law."

The four inns of court are the Middle and Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn; besides these, there are associated with them a number of inns of chancery, as they were called, which were formerly a sort of preparatory school to the higher inns, but which are now used entirely as chambers. Dickens himself lived in Furnival's Inn early in his literary career. Forster states that he heard Thackeray say, at one of the Royal Academy dinners: "I can remember, when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, in covers which were colored light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable." The author of an article in SCRIBNER for June throws some discredit upon this story. It, however, comes direct upon Forster's testimony, and admits of no question.

Unlike "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby" was written with a serious purpose. In his early childhood, the horrors practiced upon the victims of the Yorkshire cheap schools caught the attention of Dickens, and impressed his imagination. "I cannot call to mind now," he says, "how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Straps, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impression of them was picked up then. * * * The impression made upon me, however, never left me. I was always curious about them; fell long afterward, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them. At last, having an audience, resolved to write about them." He then tells how he went to Yorkshire under pretense of having a poor widow's son to place at school, and endeavored to extract information about these schools. The person to whom he carried letters for this ostensible purpose was a free-hearted, ruddy-complexioned man, whom he found ready to discuss everything *but* Yorkshire cheap schools. At last, however, after vainly dodging the subject, being hard pressed, he "suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table, and looking me straight in the face, said, in a low voice: 'Weel, Misther, we've been vary pleasant toogather, and ar'll spak my moind tiv'ee. Dunot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-measthers while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet, loike. But I'm dom'd ef ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoondrels, while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in!' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away. I never saw him afterward, but I sometimes imagine that I descry a faint reflection of him in John Browdie."

In going through England one cannot fail to be impressed with the great inns, which now scarcely support a landlord in any position above that of a publican. The interior of the house gives back only echoes from the vast, empty rooms and long, winding and deserted corridors. The coffee and smoking rooms are tenantless, and every portion only bears testimony to the glory of the old coaching days, which the railroads have so completely superseded that their very memory has almost faded away. These old county inns are only galvanized into a semblance of life, for a brief period, on a market or fair day, to fall back into forlorner desolation after it has passed,—affording a perfect illustration of Dickens's expression, "the coachfulness of the past and the coachlessness of the present time." In London,

the inns which were the starting points of the mail-coaches, the Saracen's Head, the Belle Sauvage, the George and Vulture, are gone, while the Golden Cross is replaced by a new inn bearing the same name.

Closely related with the ancient hostelries, so often and so lovingly depicted by the author, the mail-coach of the period of his earlier works lives now only in such descriptions as he and others have left us. In the serious business of this age of steam the classic vehicle has no place, though in England, and even in this country, may occasionally be seen a spurious imitation, laboriously and expensively contrived for the delectation of those who aspire to handle the ribbons after the fashion of the days when England rallied around the road as one of her institutions. What a world of cheery, hearty associations revolve about the old coaching times; how the king's highway runs more or less through half the fiction since the reign of the Stuarts! The old lumbering coach, which did the service in the days when Turpin and Duval, and the rest of the gallant crew of road-agents, in cocked hats and laced coats, flourished, and took their tribute in defiance of the guard's blunderbuss, gave place to something more modern, and regarded in its day as the *ne plus ultra* of rapid transit. What school-boy has not followed with envious interest young Tom Brown, in his journey from the Peacock, Islington, down to Rugby, on the top of the fast "Tally-Ho"? What pictures there are of English road-side scenery and incident in this graphic description! Less attractive is the experience of Nicholas Nickleby when, in company with Squeers and the unhappy little recruits for the discipline of Dotheboys Hall, he made his journey by coach to York:

GEORGE INN.

"The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind; for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the ground, and was fast increasing every moment. * * * Twenty miles further on, two of the front outside passengers, wisely availing them-

NEW INN.

selves of their arrival at one of the best inns in England, turned in for the night at the George, at Grantham. The remainder wrapped themselves more closely in their coats and cloaks, and, leaving the light and warmth of the town behind them, pillowed themselves against the luggage, and prepared, with many half-suppressed moans, again to encounter the piercing blast which swept across the open country."

In the description given in "Tom Brown," there are some capital suggestions of the type which Dickens has individualized and personified in the senior Weller—husky of voice and purple of visage from much facing of all weathers and fortifying of the inner man against the same, and bulky of body from the combined effect of these tonics and the good cheer of a more substantial sort for which the road-side inns were justly famed; condescendingly gracious with hostlers and jocosely gallant with bar-maids; supreme authority upon all matters pertaining to the road generally, and with horseflesh in particular; whose society and acquaintance were esteemed rather in the light of an honor by young bloods of a sporting turn—the Kews, the four-in-hand Fosbrookes—who made a point of booking for the box-seat always when on their travels. "Is there any young fellow of the present time who aspires to take the place of a stoker?" says Thackeray; "Where are you, charioteers? Where are you, O rattling 'Quicksilver,' O swift 'Defiance'?" You are passed by racers stronger and swifter than you! Your lamps are out and the music of your horns has died away.

Dickens, either intentionally or by accident, says that "Nicholas, Mr. Squeers, and

the little boys and their united luggage, were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge," as though it were a single inn with a double name, whereas, in fact, there are two separate inns several hundred yards apart, each bearing one of these names. It is very possible that he made the change purposely; a name which struck his fancy he often transplanted to another place. Tony Weller's inn, for example,—the "Markis o' Granby,"—does not exist in Dorking, where the story places it, but in Esher, where it still stands, a queer old road-side tavern on the edge of the village green. The inn described under the name of the Marquis of Granby is, indeed, the King's Head, at Dorking, the name alone having been transplanted, Mr. Hassard tells us. It is hardly probable that Dickens made any mistake, for this was a road he had occasion to travel probably more than once in his capacity of newspaper reporter.

Both of these hostelries, the George and the New Inn, have been converted into comfortable dwellings, while their ample stables, where the post-horses lodged, serve as farm out-buildings. The George seems almost to rise out of the beautiful river Tees.

The principal point of interest in "Nicholas Nickleby" is Dotheboys Hall. It is almost impossible to believe that such enormities as are depicted in this book could ever have been committed upon defenseless children. And yet the testimony already cited from the original of Mr. John Browdie, as well as Dickens's own refutation of the charges preferred against him, in the preface to a later edition, bears evidence to the correctness of his delineation. "The author's object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled if he did not state now in his own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible; that there are upon record trials at law, in which damages have been sought as a poor recompense for lasting agonies and disfigurements inflicted upon the children by the treatment of the master in these places, involving such offensive and foul details of neglect, cruelty and disease as no writer of fiction would have the boldness to imagine."

It is an old story, but none the less to the point, that several Yorkshire school-masters found Mr. Squeers's cap to be such a perfect

DOTHEBOYS HALL.

fit that they threatened to sue the author for damages, as a plaster for their wounded vanity and injured business. It is also well known, and also to the point, that the cheap-school system in Yorkshire from that day began to die.

As a matter of fact, the school-masters

PUMP AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

were not alone to blame for these outrages upon humanity. Some refuge was demanded for repudiated children,—step-children who had no one to stand up for their rights; natural children, who stood as a bar in the way of position, promotion or a desirable settlement in life; children who, having lost their parents, were left to the tender mercies of some distant relation. And those who demanded such a place, where they might hustle out of sight and memory the poor little waifs at the least possible expense to themselves, were equally guilty with those who supplied the demand. The unhappy children were delivered over to a power from which there was no appeal, and which was totally irresponsible—a power which acted with the certainty that, whatever it might effect, the interest of its employer would serve to secure it from punishment or publicity.

Dickens has given such clear indications of the school which stood for the picture of Dotheboys Hall, that it is confidently pointed out by the villagers. We read that Nicholas had time to observe that the "school was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining." The dwelling-house, as seen here, still remains, but the school-room and dormitories have been pulled down. The house would here be called two-storied, but in Yorkshire the term one-story is applied to buildings like this, the ground floor not being counted as a story.

By an oversight, or as a touch of burlesque, which, however, seemed scarcely in keeping with the earnest purpose of the book, Dickens makes the exercises of the school to include "weeding the garden" by "No. Two," on the day following a violent snow-storm, and on the very morning when the pump was frozen, and Nicholas requested to make himself contented with a dry polish in place of a wash.

After Nicholas has broken out into open revolt of the many weeks of dastardly cruelty which he was called upon to witness, he comes with poor Smike—the most touching figure in the book—to London, and there, starting out afresh to seek his fortune, meets Crummles's troop and enlists as a theatrical character. In Portsmouth still remains the little theater in which Nicholas makes positively "his first appearance on any stage."

It is not a very impressive edifice, but who can look at it without smiling at the remembrance of the delicious drollery of the infant phenomenon, the real tubs and pump, and the dramatic company in general?

The story at this point turns aside from following the fortunes of Nicholas, and takes up those of his sister. We find ourselves in a curious old part of London which still stands, unchanged since the days when Kate visited her uncle in Golden Square. This is a favorite spot with Dickens, and he introduces it into several of his books. A stranger might not readily find it, though it lies directly between the two great arteries through which the life of London pours,—Piccadilly and Oxford streets,—and only a few seconds' walk from the brilliant and crowded Regent street. But "it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere, and is one of the squares that have been a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen; and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of for-

eigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards, and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the opera colonnade and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, where they give away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind-instrument from the opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time around the head of the mournful statue—the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs in the center of the square." Ralph Nickleby's dwelling can be identified without question, since it is the only double house on the square.

Around this house on Golden Square and its master the incidents of the story gather. Nicholas, Kate, Smike, Newman Noggs, says that Nicholas Nickleby had taught him singing in his own youth, and that he often wondered how so mild a mannered man could have tackled the school-master. His wonder, however, ceased when he had an opportunity of seeing the original Nicholas passing through Manchester, at the time of the riots. He also speaks of calling at the warehouse, in Cannon street, of the Grant Brothers (the well-known originals of the Cheeryble Brothers). Although finding but one person in the office, and this a clerk perched on a high stool, it did not occur to him, till the old clerk, sticking his pen behind his ear and turning around upon his stool, said, "What is your pleasure, sir?" that here was Tim Linkenwater in the flesh. "It is quite true," he says; "the old fellow refused to be pensioned off."

THEATER AT PORTSMOUTH.

are all closely associated with it, from first to last.

The sunny side of this story is most happily touched in the delineation of Miss La Creery, the good-hearted little portrait-painter, and in the Cheeryble Brothers, with their old clerk, Tim Linkenwater. A writer in the "London Literary World" gives some pleasant glimpses of the originals of some of the characters in this novel. He

Dickens, having mentioned in the preface to one of the early editions of "Nicholas Nickleby" that the portrait of the benevolent brothers was from nature, quotes the paragraph in which he makes that statement, and then adds: "If I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters, from all sorts of people, in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has given rise, I

RALPH NICKLEBY'S MANSION.

should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say, that I believe the applications for loans, gifts and offices of profit which I have been requested to forward to the original of the brothers Cheeryble (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life) would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the rest of the Bank of England."

RECOMPENSE.

HEART of my heart! when that great light shall fall,
Burning away this veil of earthly dust,
And I behold thee, beautiful and strong,
My grand, pure, perfect Angel, wise and just;
If the strong passion of my mortal life
Should in the vital essence still remain,
Would there be then—as now—some cruel bar
Whereon my tired hands should beat in vain?
Or should I, drawn and lifted, folded close
In eager-asking arms, unlearn my fears
And in one transport, ardent, wild and sweet,
Receive the promise of the endless years?

EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

I.

Of the group commonly called the Santa Barbara Islands, so near the main-land that on the map they seem mere crumbs of the Pacific coast, little is known even by Californians. Scarcely an American but has read of the tropical islands where the mythical Robinson Crusoe was wrecked, yet few persons know that over the desolate steeps of a nearer island of the same vast sea hang the mystery, the horror and the pathos of a story of a captive woman; a story, if it could be fully told, more thrilling than that of Crusoe, inasmuch as one is fiction, the other fact; one, the supposed exploits of a hardy man, the other, the real desolation of a suffering woman; one, the tale of a mariner whom the waters flung against his will into a summer-land, the other, of one who voluntarily breasted the waves, and fought death, in response to the highest love of which the human heart is capable.

The Santa Barbara Islands, on one of which this strange romance was enacted, lie to the southward of Santa Barbara channel, the nearest of the group being about twenty-five miles distant from the main-land. The names of the islands are Anacapa, Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Santa Cruz, Santa Catilina, San Clemente, Santa Barbara, San Nicolas. They are now uninhabited, and have been so for years. The islands nearer the coast are used for sheep-grazing; a sail-boat carries over the shearers and brings back the wool. The more distant are known to trappers as fine beds of otter and seal. The sea-lions and sea-elephants in the Centennial Exposition, New York Aquarium and Cincinnati Zoological Gardens were lassoed off the outlying islands of the Santa Barbara group. Boats visit the beaches for abalones, the meat of which is dried and shipped to China for food, while the shells (*Haliotis splendens*, *Haliotis rufescens* and *Haliotis cracherodii*), sold at an average price of fifty dollars per ton at the San Francisco wharf, are bought by dealers in marine shells, cut into jewelry to be sold to tourists, or shipped to Europe, to be manufactured into buttons and other pearl ornaments. Excepting the occasional camps of shearers, seal-hunters and abalone-packers, the islands are totally deserted.

Yet, wild and desolate as they now are, Cabrillo says that in the fifteenth century they were densely peopled by a superior race, and that the main-land was dotted by villages. The children of the islanders are described by early navigators as being "white, with light hair and ruddy cheeks," and the women as having "fine forms, beautiful eyes and a modest demeanor." The men wore loose cloaks, the women dressed in petticoats and capes of seal-skin, heavily fringed and handsomely ornamented. The more industrious and wealthy embroidered their garments with pearl and small pink shells. Necklaces of sparkling stones and carven ivory were worn by the higher caste, and ear-rings of iris-hued abalone were not uncommon. They cooked their food in soapstone vessels, or in water heated by dropping hot stones into water-tight baskets. Bancroft, in his "Native Races," mentions, among articles of their manufacture, needles, awls and fish-hooks of bone or shell; water-tight baskets, ollas of stone, and canoes, deep and long, with both stem and stern equally elevated above the water. Fletcher wrote of the coast when he visited it with Sir Francis Drake in 1579.

In the year 1542, Cabrillo landed at what is now known as San Miguel, and christened it *Ysal de Posesion*. He died on the island in 1543, and is buried in its sands.

Going back still further in our search, we find that before the Spanish fleet, Sir Francis Drake or Cabrillo ever visited the coast, the villages thereon were thrifty and populous, and the isles of the sea swarming cities of the period.

Of San Nicolas, on which the scenes of this wild romance are laid, very little has been known until a recent date. It is the outermost of the group, distant seventy miles from the coast, and thirty miles away from its nearest neighbor. It is thought to have been at one time the abode of a people differing in manners, habits and mode of life from the inhabitants both of the main-land and the neighboring islands. Mons. De Cessac, a gentleman engaged in collecting archæological specimens for the French Government, says that the relics found by him on San Nicolas are more elaborate in form and finish, and show a superiority of

workmanship. This testimony tends to confirm the story of the early voyagers concerning the cultivation and remarkable taste of the handsome dwellers in Gha-las-hat, centuries ago. Mons. De Cessac has found also upon San Nicolas articles of warfare and domestic use, evidently belonging to a northern tribe, similar to those picked up by him on the borders of Alaska. Hence, he infers that the place was at one time the dwelling of north country tribes.

Corroborating Mons. De Cessac's opinion, search through ancient manuscript has brought to light the fact that, many years ago, a ship belonging to Pope and Boardman, of Boston, and commanded by one Captain Whitmore, brought down from Sitka a lot of Kodiaks for the purpose of otter-hunting on San Nicolas Island. They were left upon the island, and years of feud resulted in a massacre, in which every grown male islander was killed by the powerful and well-armed Kodiaks. The women were taken by the victors, lived with them as wives and bore children to the murderers of their husbands and fathers. The fact is recorded that the inhabitants of San Nicolas faded away strangely and rapidly, so that, in 1830, less than two score men, women and children remained of the once dense population.

Meantime, Franciscan zealots poured from the south of Europe into America, and under lead of Father Junipero Serra found their way up the coast, building churches beside the sea, planting gardens of olive and palm, making aqueducts and altars, founding a kingdom of temporal and spiritual splendor, which leaves to Protestant America the names of saints set indelibly on every stream, headland and island along the southern slope of the Pacific. It was the dawn of a temporary civilization, imposing and wonderful, a civilization whose ruins are most artistic and fascinating.

The missionaries pressed the Indians into service. They set them to tilling the soil, herding the flocks and quarrying the rock. The coast Indians having been put to labor, the thrifty padres turned their gaze to the islands in the offing, and brought to the main-land the people from Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Santa Cruz and Santa Catalina. The more distant island of San Nicolas was left a while to repose in its heathen darkness. How affairs progressed during that time on the island we have no account. At this day the queen isle of Gha-las-hat lies bare and silent as a tomb amidst the sea.

In this deserted spot, for eighteen years, a human being lived alone. Here she was found at last by fishermen who are living, and whose affidavits, properly witnessed, stamp as true every detail of the remarkable incident.

II.

In the year 1835, Isaac Sparks and Lewis L. Burton, Americans, chartered a schooner of twenty tons burthen, for otter-hunting on the lower California coast. The vessel was owned by a rich Spaniard of Monterey, and was commanded by Captain Charley Hubbard. The schooner bore the name *Peor és Nada*, and she started out of Santa Barbara harbor, on a fine April morning, followed by the eyes of the entire population. In those times, the sight of a sailing vessel was not an every-day occurrence. It drew the men to the beach, the women to the casements, and attracted the friars from their usual meditative gaze on ground or book. For hours previous to the departure of the schooner, the curving stretch of sand had been alive with racing horsemen and lazy pedestrians, exchanging in Spanish words of praise concerning their visitor.

After a successful cruise, the *Peor és Nada* came, three months later, into the more southerly harbor of San Pedro, unloaded her pelts, and immediately, under direction of Captain Williams, collector of the port, set sail for San Nicolas to bring the islanders to the main-land, in accordance with the will of the church fathers. Before they reached their destination a sudden gale came up, rising almost to the severity of a tempest. The winds—which by the Santa Yuez mountains are deflected from the valleys of the southern coast—struck with full force upon the upper end of San Nicolas, lashing the shoal waters into fury, and shooting the spray in volleys through the picturesque carvings of the low cliffs. The landing was effected with difficulty. The wind increased in violence. The weather became so boisterous as to endanger the safety of the vessel. No time was wasted. The islanders, some twenty in number, were hurried into the boats and all speed was made to reach the schooner.

In the excitement and confusion of the final abandonment of their home, it was not known until they were on the ship that a child had been left behind. The mother supposed it to have been carried aboard in

the arms of an old sailor. She frantically implored the men to return. The captain replied that they must get to a place of safety; after the storm—to-morrow, perhaps—they would come back for the baby. Finding that they were going out to sea, the young mother became desperate, and, despite all efforts to detain her, jumped overboard and struck out through the kelpy waters for the shore. She was a widow, between twenty and thirty years of age, of medium height and fine form; her complexion was light, and her hair of a dark, rich brown. No attempt was made to rescue her, and in a moment she was lost in the seething waves. The ship, already under headway, staggered through the storm; the affrighted islanders huddled together on deck, and fear shut every other emotion for the time from their hearts.

After an adventurous voyage, the *Peor és Nada* eventually reached San Pedro, where the exiles were landed. Some of them were sent to Los Angelos, fifteen miles back from the coast; some were put to work in the neighboring mission of San Gabriel; two of the women were soon married to wealthy men of Los Angelos.

It was the intention of Captain Hubbard to return to San Nicolas immediately, to see if the woman or child were living. But the schooner had orders to come direct to Santa Barbara, to take George Nidiver and a party of otter-hunters to Santa Rosa Island; afterward, carry from Monterey a cargo of timber to San Francisco. The boat was in urgent demand along the coast, and these two trips were imperative before a second visit could be made to San Nicolas. Delaying their errand of humanity and justice a few weeks, they lost it forever; for on that very trip the *Peor és Nada* capsized at the entrance to the Golden Gate. The men were washed ashore in an almost exhausted condition, and the schooner drifted out to sea. It was reported long after, though without confirmation, to have been picked up by a Russian ship.

After the loss of the Monterey schooner, there was no craft of any kind larger than the canoes and fishing-boats on the lower coast. No one cared to attempt a passage of seventy miles to San Nicolas in an open boat, and after a time the excitement and interest faded out. Those who at first had been most solicitous that assistance should be sent, settled into the belief that the couple had perished during the days of waiting; the remainder of the community, never having believed that the woman had reached shore through the storm, were indifferent, supposing that the child had died soon after the tragic death of the mother.

Their uncertain fate lay heavy on the more tender-hearted of the Mission fathers; but it was not until 1850 that Father Gonzales found an emissary to search for the lost. Thomas Jeffries had come into possession of a small schooner, and was offered $200 should he find and bring the woman or child to Santa Barbara alive. Fifteen years having passed since the abandonment of the island and no one having visited the spot during that time, the probability of the death of the parties was universally accepted, although no actual proof of death had been sought or found.

But when Thomas Jeffries's boat was seen, at the close of a balmy day of midwinter, coming up the bay without the signal he was to have displayed provided his search had been successful, the matter was settled. Groups of persons congregated on the sands. Some watched from shore the small craft fold her wings and settle to rest on the mirror-like water, others put off in canoes to meet the boatmen, and gossip concerning the trip. Jeffries had found no trace of living beings on the island, and whether the woman had been beaten to death in the surf, or died after gaining the land, would probably never be known. The schooner was left idly rocking close to shore; sailors and landsmen strolled slowly up to the town. Night mantled the moaning waters, and the great deep was left in possession of another secret.

The return of Jeffries brought up afresh the incident which by some had been almost forgotten. For a few hours, little was talked of save the heroic young mother and her child in the sea-girt isle.

Time passed swiftly on, and in the dreamy full contentment of the land the dead woman of San Nicolas slipped from mind, and thought, and speech.

III.

Tom Jeffries's visit to San Nicolas was the theme of more than one day's gossip. The island he described as seven or eight miles long, by three or four in width; the body of the land near six hundred feet above the beach, the plateau falling in steep gulches to the sea. There were quantities of small lark inland, but no other fowl, save sea-

gulls, pelicans and shags. Numbers of red foxes were seen in the hills, and droves of curious wild dogs, tall and slender, with coarse, long hair and human eyes. On a flat, near the upper end of the island, and half hidden by sand dunes, he found the remains of a curious hut, made of whales' ribs planted in a circle, and so adjusted as to form the proper curve of a wigwam-shaped shelter. This he judged to have been formerly either the residence of the chief, or a place of worship where sacrifices were offered. He had picked up several ollas, or vessels of stone, and one particularly handsome cup of clouded green serpentine. But of all the wonders of the island, the features on which Jeffries liked best to dwell were the fine beds of otter and seal in the vicinity of San Nicolas. So fabulous were his yarns, that the interest of the other hunters was aroused, and early in the following year a boat was fitted out, and George Nidiver, accompanied by Thomas Jeffries and a crew of Indians, started on an otter hunt to the wonderful otter-beds seventy miles away.

A landing was effected near the southern end of the island, and, climbing the cliffs to see where the otter lay, they had a magnificent view of the islands to the north and east. On the south-west the Pacific rolled out its azure breadth, unspecked by shore, or raft, or spot of any kind. The island on which they stood seemed a quiet, calm, deserted spot, in the sunshine that then enfolded it. Butterflies hovered over the wild sage upon the knolls; soft breezes rocked lazily the scant grass about their feet; thickets of chaparral dotted the hills; cactus held out waxen trays, where, on burnished mats of thorns, reposed fringed yellow satin flowers; a trailing sand plant, with thick, doughy leaves, wafted from its pink clusters a most delicious odor,—an odor that had in it the haunting sweetness of the arbutus and the freshness of the salt sea wind.

The otter-hunters did not linger long on the cliff, for on one side they found the rocks swarming with black seal, thousands of them mingling their sharp bark with the heavy roar of sea-lions. The otter were thick on the reefs, and a stranded whale lay in the edge of the crinkling surf.

The party remained six weeks in camp on the beach. Oars stuck upright in the sand, covered by canvas, composed their shelter; a spring was found midway up the cliff, so that during their stay no one had occasion to go inland or wander far from the otter-beds, which were on the side of the island where their tents were pitched. The seal is caught asleep on the rocks, lassoed or knocked in the head; incisions are made in the flippers, lower jaw, lip and tail, and about four minutes are required by a good workman to skin an ordinary seal. The hides are salted, and, after a week or two, bundled and packed. The otter, most timid of the animals of the sea, is caught in nets spread upon swaying beds of sea-weed, or is shot while lying with head buried in kelp to shut out the sound of a storm. It is very sensitive to noise, and so shy that it takes alarm at every unusual sight. The loose hide is taken from the body with one cut, turned wrong side out, stretched and dried.

Before the schooner left the vicinity of San Nicolas, a terrible storm arose, lasting for eight days, carrying away a mast and dragging the anchor, so that another had to be improvised of a bag filled with stone. During the tempest, a sailor fancied he saw a human figure on the headland of the island. Through the washes of spray it seemed to be running up and down the edge of the plateau, beckoning and shouting. The captain was called, but the apparition had vanished. On the eighth day, the schooner was enabled to run over to San Miguel, and from there to Santa Barbara, where the sailor's story of the beckoning ghost of San Nicolas haunted for a long time the dreams of the superstitious on shore.

A second cruise of the otter-hunters failed to bring any additional news of the phantom of the sea. Everything on land was just as before; not a leaf had been disturbed, not a track was found.

In July, 1853, the otter-men made a third trip to San Nicolas, anchored off the north-east side, and established a camp on shore. The party consisted of Captain Nidiver, a fisherman named Carl Detman, who went among sailors by the *sobriquet* of Charlie Brown, an Irish cook and a crew of Mission Indians.

The evening after their arrival, Nidiver and Brown strolled several miles down the beach, enjoying their pipes and discussing plans for work. It was one of those limpid nights, such as California knows—a night when the stars shine large and warm from the low sky, when the moon burns with an amber blaze, and fragrance is in the air.

As the comrades were about to retrace their steps, Nidiver stopped, looked quickly about him, then stooped and closely exam-

ined something on the ground. In the weird moonlight, plainly outlined on the lonely shore, was the print of a slender, naked foot.

"The woman of San Nicolas! My God, she is living!"

He lifted his voice, and shouted in Spanish that friends were come to rescue her. Overcome by the conviction that the lost woman must have been near when he was in camp two years before,—that it was not a creation of fancy, but a living being, they had seen in the storm,—the captain ran to and fro, calling, looking and swearing by turns. Hours were spent by the two men in search, but in vain.

The next day, Nidiver found a basket of rushes hanging in a tree. It contained bone needles, thread made of sinews, shell fish-hooks, ornaments, and a partially completed robe of birds' plumage, made of small squares neatly matched and sewed together. Nidiver proposed replacing the things, but Brown scattered them about, saying that, if they were picked up, it would be proof that the owner had visited the spot. Inland they discovered several circular, roofless inclosures, made of woven brush. Near these shelters were poles, with dried meat hanging from elevated cross-pieces. The grass was growing in the pens, and nothing indicated their recent habitation. In fissures of perpendicular rocks near the springs were wedged dried fish and seals' blubber; but no sign of the near presence of the hermitess.

After several days, the men abandoned the chase. There was no doubt that some one had been on the island very lately. Either the woman, or the child grown to womanhood, had lived there, or, perhaps, both mother and child had survived until recently. But they must have been dead months at least. The footprint was older than at first supposed. The robe had not been replaced in the tree. The captive perchance died of despair after they left her beckoning in the storm.

After that, the fishing went on for weeks, and they were about returning home, when Nidiver said he believed a person was hiding on the island. If she was living he was bound to find her. If dead, he would find her body if he had to scrape the island inch by inch. This provoked a laugh of derision. Of course the wild dogs had devoured her remains. But Nidiver was convinced that the woman was afraid; had concealed herself, possibly on the opposite side of the island, where the shore was precipitous, difficult of access, containing perhaps gulches and caves unknown to them. The men murmured at the delay, were incredulous as to the success of the raid, rebelled at the long tramps over a wild country.

The old captain was firm; suitable preparations were made, and the entire force of otter-men started on their final hunt for a ghost. Near the head of the island they came across the bone-house Jeffries had described. Rushes were skillfully interlaced in the rib frame-work, an olla and old basket were near the door. It stood amidst untrampled weeds. After several days' march, a dangerous climb over slippery rocks brought Brown to a spot where there were fresh footprints. He followed them up the cliffs until they were lost in the thick moss that covered the ground. Walking further, he found a piece of drift-wood, from which he concluded the person had been to the beach for fire-wood, and dropped the faggot on her way home. From a high point on the ridge he saw the men moving about below. Then his eye caught a small object a long way off on the hills. It appeared like a crow at first glance, but it moved about in a singular manner. Advancing toward it stealthily, he was dumbfounded to find that it was the head of a woman, barely visible above the low woven-brush sides of her roofless retreat in the bushes.

As Brown drew nearer, a pack of dogs reclining close to the woman growled; but without looking around the woman uttered a peculiar cry which silenced them, and they ran away to the hills. Brown halted within a few yards of her, and, himself unseen, watched every movement within the hut. Inside the inclosure was a mound of grass, woven baskets full of things, and a rude knife made of a piece of iron hoop, thrust into a wooden handle. A fire smouldered near, and a pile of bones lay in the ashes. The complexion of the woman was much fairer than the ordinary Indian, her personal appearance pleasing, features regular, her hair, thick and brown, falling about her shoulders in a tangled mat. From the time Brown arrived within hearing, she kept up a continual talking to herself. She was leaning forward, shading her eyes with her hand, watching the men crossing the flat below her dwelling. After looking at them with an anxiety impossible to be depicted, she crouched in terror, but immediately started up as if to run. The men on the flat had not seen her, and Brown, putting his hat on the ramrod of his gun, alternately lifted and lowered it to attract their attention, then by

signs he intimated that the woman was found, and they should spread out so as to catch her if she tried to escape. Before the men reached the knoll, Brown stepped around in sight and spoke. She gave a frightened look into his face, ran a few steps, but, instantly controlling herself, stood still, and addressed him in an unknown tongue. She seemed to be between forty and fifty years of age, in fine physical condition, erect, with well-formed neck and arms and unwrinkled face. She was dressed in a tunic-shaped garment made of birds' plumage, low in the neck, sleeveless, and reaching to the ankle. The dress was similar to the one found in the tree. As the men came up, she greeted them each in the way she had met Brown, and with a simple dignity, not without its effect on both Indians and white men, made them welcome and set about preparing food for them from her scanty store. The meal consisted of roasted roots, called by Californians *carcomites;* but when was there known a more touching hospitality?

Among the Indian crew, there were several dialects spoken, but none of the party were able to converse with their hostess, or understand a word she uttered, and they were forced to try and make her know by signs that she was expected to go with them. Brown went through the motion of packing her things in baskets, shouldering them, and walking toward the beach. She comprehended instantly, and made preparations to depart. Her effects were neatly placed in pack-baskets, one of which she swung over her back, and, taking a burning stick from the fire, she started with a firm tread after the Indians to the shore. Beside the load the female Crusoe carried, Nidiver and Brown had their arms full. Upon reaching the boat, she entered without hesitation, going forward to the bow, kneeling and holding to either side. When the schooner was reached, she went aboard without any trouble, sat down near the stove in the cabin, and quietly watched the men in their work on board. To replace her feather dress, which he wished to preserve, Brown made her a petticoat of ticking; and with a man's cotton shirt and gay neckerchief, her semi-civilized dress was complete. While Brown was sewing she watched him closely, and laughed at his manner of using a needle. She showed him that her way was to puncture the cloth with her bone needle, or awl, and then put the thread through the perforations. She signified that she wished to try a threaded needle, and Brown good-naturedly gave her sewing materials, but she could not thread the needle. Brown prepared it, and gave her an old cloak of Nidiver's to mend, and while she took her first lesson in sewing, she told her teacher on shipboard, by signs, portions of her life on the island.

She had from time to time seen ships pass, but none came to take her off. She watched as long as she could see them, and, after they were out of sight, she threw herself on the ground and cried, but after a time she walked over the island until she forgot about it and could smile again. She had also seen people on the beach several times. She was afraid and hid until they were gone, and then wept because she had not made herself known. She said that he had taken her by surprise and she could not run, and she was glad because he would take her to her people; her people had gone away with white men in a ship. Brown understood by her signs that at the time of the desertion of the island she had a nursing baby, which she represented by sucking her finger, and placing her arm in position of holding an infant at the breast; she waved her hand over the sea, to indicate that the ship sailed away, calling back "*Mañana*" (to-morrow); then she could not find her child, and wept until she was very ill, and lay prostrate for days, in a bed of plants resembling cabbage, and called by Californians "*Sola Santa.*" She had nothing to eat but the leaves. When she revived somewhat, she crawled to a spring, and after a time, as her strength returned, she made fire by rapidly rubbing a pointed stick along the groove of a flat stick until a spark was struck. It was a difficult task, and she was careful not to let her fire go out; she took brands with her on her trips, and covered the home fire with ashes to preserve it.

She lived during her captivity on fish, seals' blubber, roots and shell-fish; and the birds, whose skins she secured for clothing, were sea-birds, which she caught at night off their roosts in the seams of the crags. The bush inclosures she made for a screen from the winds, and as a protection while asleep from wild animals. She made frequent excursions over the island from her main dwelling, which was a large cave on the north end of San Nicolas. She kept dried meat at each camping-station; the food in the crevices by the springs was for the time when, from sickness or old age, she would only be able to crawl to the water and

live on what she had there stored out of reach of the dogs.

That the woman had faith in a supreme power was evinced soon after the schooner set sail from the fishing-grounds. A gale overtook them, and the passenger made signs that she would stop the wind. With her face turned in the direction from which the storm came, she muttered words of prayer until the wind had abated, then turned with a beaming countenance and motioned that her petition had been answered. They anchored under the lee of Santa Cruz, where the woman was highly interested in seeing another island than her own. When they approached the shores of Santa Barbara, an ox-team passed along the beach. The stranger was completely bewildered. Captain Nidiver's son, who had been on the look-out for his father's sail, rode down to the landing on a handsome little bronco. The islander, who had just stepped ashore, was wild with delight. She touched the horse and examined the lad, talking rapidly, and, if the sailors turned away, calling to them to come back and look. Then she tried to represent the novel sight by putting two fingers of her right hand over the thumb of her left, moving them to imitate the horse walking.

Captain Nidiver conducted the woman to his home, and put her in charge of his Spanish wife. The news spreading, Father Gonzales, of Santa Barbara Mission, came to see her; many persons gathered from the ranches round about, and the house was crowded constantly. The brig *Fremont* came into port soon after, and the captain offered Nidiver the half of what he would make, if he would allow her to be exhibited in San Francisco. This offer was refused, and also another from a Captain Trussil. Mrs. Nidiver would not hear of the friendless creature being made a show for the curious.

The bereft mother evinced the greatest fondness for Mrs. Nidiver's children, caressing and playing with them by the hour, and telling the lady, by signs, that when she swam back to the shore her baby was gone, and she believed the dogs had eaten it. She went over, again and again, her grief at its loss; her frantic search for it, even after it had been gone a long time; her dread of being alone; her hope, for years, of rescue, and at last the despair that in time became resignation.

The visitors sometimes gave her presents, which she put aside until the donors had departed, seeming to know by intuition that they would be offended if she refused to accept them; but as soon as the guests were gone she called the little children, and distributed her gifts among them, laughing if they were pleased, and happy in their joy.

A few days after her arrival, Father Antonio Jimeño sent for Indians from the missions of San Fernando and Santa Yuez, in hope of finding some one who could converse with the islander. At that time there were Indians living in Los Angelos county, belonging to the Pepimaros, who, it was said, had in former years communication with the San Nicolas Indians. But neither these, nor those from San Buena Ventura, or Santa Barbara, could understand her, or make themselves understood. In less than two decades after the little band had left San Nicolas, their whereabouts could not be discovered. They were a mere drop in the stream of serfs known by the general name of Mission Indians. Beyond a few words, nothing was ever known of her tongue. A hide she called *to-co (to*-kay′); a man, *nache* (nah′-chey); the sky, *te*-gua (taý-gwah); the body, *pinche* (pin-*oo*-chey). She learned a few Spanish words: *pan* (bread), *papas* (potatoes), *caballo* (horse). Sometimes she called Captain Nidiver, in Spanish, *tata* (father), sometimes *nána* (mother).

The gentleness, modesty and tact of the untutored wild woman of the Pacific were so foreign to ideas of the savage nature, that some parties believed that she was not an Indian, but a person of distinction cast away by shipwreck, and adopted by the islanders before their removal from their home. Others were certain, from her evident refinement, that she had not been long alone, but had drifted to San Nicolas after the Indian woman perished in the surf, and had by mistake been taken for the original savage. The old sailors who rescued her affirm that she was an Indian, the same who jumped from the schooner to save her child. The representative of a lost tribe, she stands out from the Indians of the coast, the possessor of noble and distinctive traits; provident, cleanly, tasteful, amiable, imitative, considerate, and with a maternal devotion which civilization has never surpassed.

She was greatly disappointed when none of her kindred were found. She drooped under civilization; she missed the out-door life of her island camp. After a few weeks she became too weak to walk; she was carried on to the porch every day in a chair. She dozed in the sunshine, while the children

played around her. She was patient and cheerful, looking eagerly into every new face for recognition, and sometimes singing softly to herself. Mrs. Nidiver hoped a return to her old diet would help her. She procured seal's meat, and roasted it in ashes. When the sick woman saw it, she patted her nurse's hands affectionately, but could not eat the food. She fell from her chair one morning, and remained insensible for hours. Seeing the approach of death, Mrs. Nidiver sent for a priest to baptize her *protégé*. At first he refused, not knowing but that she had been baptized previously, although the burden of proof was against it. At length, heeding the kind Catholic lady's distress, he consented to administer the rite, conditionally. As she was breathing her last, the sign of the cross was pressed on her cold brow, and the unknown and nameless creature was christened by Father Sanchez, in the beautiful Spanish, "Juana Marie." In a walled cemetery, from whose portals gleam ghastly skull and cross-bones, close to the Santa Barbara Mission, under the shelter of the tower, is the neglected grave of a devoted mother, the heroine of San Nicolas.

The abandonment of San Nicolas occurred forty-six years ago. The survivor of eighteen years' solitary captivity arrived in Santa Barbara the 8th of September, 1853. Captain Nidiver's house, where the stranger died, stands in sight of the ocean, and can be pointed out by any school-boy in the town. Nidiver and his wife are living, and their son George follows the sea, as his father did before him. Carl Detman, or Charlie Brown, as he is called by old sailors, may be found any day where the retired boatmen congregate. Thomas Jeffries walks the streets in blouse, wide hat, and flowing gray hair. Dr. Brinkerhoff, who attended the woman of San Nicolas, is a well-known physician of the city. Father Gonzales died a few years ago, after a continuous residence of more than a quarter of a century in the Mission. For a long time he was partially paralyzed, and was carried about in a chair. I remember him as a little dark man, with eyes that blazed unnaturally from sunken sockets, his appearance rendered more startling by a white turban bound around his head. He is buried under the floor of the old chapel. The rambling mansion on State street, known as the Park Hotel, may have sheltered tourists who read this account. It was the first brick house built in Santa Barbara, and was the private residence of Isaac Sparks, the lessee of the sail-boat from which, in 1835, the woman jumped overboard. "Burton's Mound," a picturesque knoll, threaded by rows of olive trees, belongs to Lewis L. Burton, another lessee of the *Peor és Nada*. A lady in San Francisco has some of the islander's needles. Nidiver and Brown retain her curious water-tight baskets. The Mission fathers sent her feather robes to Rome. They were made of the satiny plumage of the green cormorant, the feathers pointing downward, and so skillfully matched as to seem one continuous sheen of changeful luster.

The record of baptism is in the church register. Her grave will be pointed out to any one by the Franciscan brothers on the hill.

THE ROSE.

'Tis Summer: the days are long,
Long with the breath of June,
And the air is full of song,
And broken snatches of tune,
And broken whispers of winds that pass;
The butterflies drop in the tender grass,
And breezes die on the fainting air
That throbs with the heat of the sun,
And the earth is full of a power rare,
And the earth and the air are one!

And now, in the heart of June,
With her sudden life and light,
With the fullness of her noon,
With the silence of her night,
The rosebud loosens her outer dress
And blushes in fainting loveliness,
Nor opens her heart to the common air,
Nor shows you her inmost light,
But leaves you to dream what is hidden there
With the dews of the falling night.

WORLD-MUSIC.

JUBILANT the music through the fields a-ringing,—
Carol, warble, whistle, pipe,—endless ways of singing;
Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little hushes,
Broken suddenly again—
Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
In reiterate refrain,
Thither, hither, going, coming;
While the streamlets' softer voices mingle murmurously together;
Gurgle, whisper, lapses, plashes,—praise of love and summer weather.

Hark! A music finer on the air is blowing,—
Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things a-growing,
Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy cover,
Odors shy floating by, clouds blown swiftly over,
Kisses of the crimson roses,
Crossings of the lily-lances,
Stirrings when a bud uncloses,
Tripping sun and shadow dances,
Murmur of aërial tides, stealthy zephyrs gliding,
And a thousand nameless things sweeter for their hiding.

Ah! There is a music floweth on forever,
In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or endeavor,
Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet with a profounder sweetness,
Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into completeness;
For its wide, harmonious measures
Not one earthly note let fall;
Sorrows, raptures, pains and pleasures,
All in it, and it in all.
Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord the refiner,
Pipe of Pan was once its naming, now it hath a name diviner.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.*

IT is well that the distant prospect of a college should have in it something picturesque and poetic—some liberal suggestion of other than commonplace life. He who gets from the Virginia shore a glimpse of the towers of Georgetown College, through the kindly haze of a September sunset, with the yellow vineyard and wooded slopes beyond and above them, the noble many-bridged and islanded river rolling a golden flood below, may dream for a moment of the Rhine. Nor does a nearer approach too rudely shake the illusion. The quaint old town, whose rest the disenchanting hand of traffic has lightly touched, with its old-fashioned houses, and drowsy streets, attunes itself easily to his fancy, and if he came from a bustling place, there will be in its very quiet something foreign and remote. By the college gates stands a

* Since the following account was written, some three years ago, many changes and improvements have been effected in the college grounds and buildings, chief of which is the completion of the new college, pictured on page 675. This will explain to the friends of the college certain discrepancies between its present aspect and its description here.

DECATUR'S MEDAL.

church which might have been caught up bodily out of some old California mission, and near it a queer little house that has, if not a history, at least that sort of poor-relationship with history which enables it to hold its shaky head up among its thriftier neighbors. Here Stephen Decatur's widow lived for twenty years, and here she died, bequeathing to the college museum many curious relics of the gallant sailor. The house is picturesque enough to make the idea of dying in it more attractive than that of living in it.

Once inside the gates, our illusion fades a little "into the common light of day." Yet the view has still a placid charm of its own. Passing between two whitewashed gate-houses which look like guard-houses, and were, indeed, used as such during the military occupation of the College in the war, we are in the play-ground, some half-dozen acres of greensward, divided into two nearly equal fields by a road bordered with trees. The field to the left is used for the foot-ball matches, and the odd-looking structure of brick at its upper end, like the standing center-wall and gable of a ruined house, is the ball alley. Here, in days gone by, the "joyous science" of hand-ball had fit interpretation. More modern pastimes, base-ball, boating, billiards, now usurp its place. Here, too, after class-time, would sometimes repair belligerent youths, who had learned to scoff at Dr. Watts. For these dark deeds, however, "The Walks" were preferred, because, being then "out of bounds," to go there was to break several rules at once—a temptation irresistible to the under-graduate mind. "The Walks" are a charming sylvan road through the college grounds, which comprise in all one hundred and fifty-six acres, sixty-four of them woodland. These we shall visit later. Now we must hasten to the college pump in the middle of the yard, whence, after a draught of waters that are thought to have the age, if not the virtues, of Hippocrene, we are at leisure to view the buildings.

These are some half-score in number, and include the North Building, that of the Towers, the South Row and Infirmary overlooking the Potomac, the Observatory on a slight eminence, distant some 400 yards to the west, the Gymnasium and greenhouse, together with various shops and offices connected with the College Farm. In the North Building are the dormitories and class-rooms of the senior department, the college library and museum, the chemical laboratory and philosophical cabinet, besides a billiard-room, reading-room and smoking-room for the students. Here, too, are the visitors' reception parlor, and the president's room, where hangs a fine painting by Luca Giordano, surnamed Fa Presto, "The Calling of St. Matthew," one of the few art-treasures the college can boast. In the South Row, the West Building contains the students' refectory and chapel and the senior study-hall; the Middle Building, the oldest of all, is the community house, and the East Building holds the dormitory, study-hall, and class-rooms of the junior students, who have likewise a separate play-ground, and whose domain is known as the "small boys' side." The Infirmary, kept in excellent order, is the college hospital, where the sick student is cured and the lazy one sometimes gets himself endured, until found and put out. The views from its windows up and down the river, and away over smiling farm and forest land to the blue Virginia hills, are almost enough of themselves to make a sick man well, or to entice a well man to be sick.

Seen thus near, the buildings hardly bear out the gracious promise of the further shore. The North Building is said to have been built upon the model of a French chateau, but the pattern seems to have been followed with a freedom of detail not perhaps unbecoming in a republic. One of these amendments, no doubt, is the spacious porch, a favorite lounging-place at all times, especially in summer. In its shadows famous men have sat and talked. Thirty or forty years ago the statesmen of the capital would

sometimes stroll up to the college for a chat with the learned fathers, or perhaps a dip into their library. Benton, Clay and Calhoun are said to have been fond of it. Another departure from the plan was the famous towers, which were only (sad irony of chance!) an after-thought, to strengthen the rear wall. The view from their upper windows repays the climb, and has, no doubt, lent a pensive solace to the captivity of many prisoners of state, confined there for forbidden trips to the ball-alley or "The Walks."

The other buildings, like this, are of brick, and designed with that severe simplicity which marks our earlier college architecture. The first founders thought more of adorning minds than of embellishing façades, and indeed, had seldom means for both. Of Georgetown this is pre-eminently true. From the first, want of money was a let and a hindrance. Wholly unhelped, as its faculty have been, by endowment, subscription or donation, it is a wonder they have been able to do so much with the tuition fees which have been practically their sole resource. Yet they have at most times had free scholars—an ornament better, perhaps, than Gothic finials. The general effect of the pile, plain as it is, is not unimpressive even at hand, and (one feels that) a more pretentious architecture might have had a less happy effect. Chance and time sometimes render the justice the architect denies to a landscape's divine right that nothing unseemly shall be obtruded on its beauty.

About the close of the Revolution, the opportunity came to a young Maryland priest to carry out a pet project of founding a Catholic college. The undertaking could have had no better sponsor. First cousin to Carroll of Carrollton, and afterward the first American Catholic Bishop and Archbishop, John Carroll was even then a man of mark. With his cousin he had done yeoman service in the struggle just ended. The opening of the Revolution found him domiciled at Wardour Castle as chaplain to Lord Arundel, the suppression of the Jesuits, of whom he was one, in 1773, having driven him from his professorship at Bruges to England. The revolt once a certainty, Father Carroll sailed instantly for home to cast his lot with his countrymen. In 1776, by request of Congress, he went with a committee of that body, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, to Montreal, to aid in securing the alliance or neutrality of the Canadians. To the friendship with Franklin thus begun, F. Carroll owed perhaps his miter, for when the former was Minister to France, in 1784, it was partly on his advice to the Papal Nuncio that Carroll's name was chosen from the list submitted, for appointment as "Superior of the Catholic Clergy in the United States." Dr. Carroll was a man of learning, of lofty character and unaffected piety, of courtly address and winning manners. (From the Archbishop's portrait by Gilbert Stuart our engraving is taken.)

Dr. Carroll's removal to another sphere, with its engrossing duties, left him little leisure for personal supervision of the infant college; but his character and influence had certainly much to do with its final success. The site was chosen by himself. Though the first building was put up in 1789, classes were not formally opened till the fall of 1791, when the first Catholic college in the United States started with the Rev. Robert Plunkett for first president and William Gaston, of North Carolina, for first pupil. The career of that eminent jurist and statesman made it an auspicious beginning. A pane in one of the windows of the old college still bears his name where he cut it in 1791. His son and namesake was a student at the college many years after, and, graduating at West Point, was killed by the Indians in the Mormon war. In the same first class with the elder Gaston were Enoch and Benedict Fenwick, both in turn presidents of the college, and the latter subsequently Bishop of Boston. From the first, attention was given to the classics, which soon won for the college a reputation not since lost, and the new school grew so rapidly in favor that the corner-stone of the North Building was laid in 1794, though lack of funds deferred its completion to 1808. Father Plunkett was succeeded by Rev. Robert Molyneux, who, after a short service, gave way to the Abbe Dubourg, afterward Bishop of New Orleans and Archbishop of Besançon, in France.

Father Dubourg's term yields us one interesting episode—a formal visit of Washington to the college, in response to a call of its Faculty upon him. This must have been in 1797, since "he was received with a poetical address of welcome by Robert Walsh, ætat 12," afterward to become widely known as editor and publicist, and, later, as United States Consul to Paris. Robert Walsh was twelve when he entered college in 1797. Washington rode up unattended to the gate, where he alighted and

hitched his horse to the palings. He was welcomed by Professor Matthews, afterward president of the college (in 1808). This visit of the first President may almost be said to have set a precedent, since for many years his successors have not failed to give out the medals and premiums at the college commencements. The name is a familiar one on the college rolls, Augustine and Bushrod, sons of Judge Bushrod Washington, the General's nephew, having entered in 1793, George W., son of the younger Bushrod, then residing at Mount Vernon, in 1830, and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1834.

Mr. Dubourg was succeeded, in 1799, by another of the Bishops, for whom the college seems then to have been a nursery —Rev. Leonard Neale, second Archbishop of Baltimore.

About this time the change occurred which raised the college from the level of an academy to something nearer the promise of its name. In 1806, the society of Jesus, having been re-organized in the Province* of Maryland, the schools at Georgetown were put under their care, where they have since remained. The severe and systematic training of the Order not only removed one great stumbling-block—the lack of skilled teachers, but their *ratio studiorum* supplied for the first time a full and symmetrical college course. The completion of the North Building soon after gave house-room to the students and professors who had been, the former always, the latter often, forced to reside in the town.

Nevertheless, the new custodians had to face serious difficulties. The number of students in 1806 had sunk to fifteen, and the faculty were often put to sore straits. The earlier presidents, being for the most part missionary priests, were much of their time in the saddle, and could naturally give but a divided attention to their office. Energy and perseverance, however, so far overcame these obstacles that not only was the North Building finished, as we have seen, in 1808, but in the following year the faculty were able to establish in New York, under the Rev. Benedict Fenwick, a seminary which may be regarded as the first of the many offshoots of the college, planted, from time to time, in various cities. This was called "The New York Literary Institution," and the school-building was erected on the site of the Fifth Avenue Cathedral, the land being bought at the then high price of $13,000.

Congress, on May 1st, 1815, granted to the University of Georgetown the charter which empowers it to confer degrees in any

"BE TO MY FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND."

*In the internal polity of the Society, a "province" answers nearly to a secular diocese, and its "provincial" to a Bishop.

of the faculties. It was not, however, till many years later that the departments of Medicine and Law could be established, the former in 1851, the latter in 1870. A school of theology, for many years held at the college, was some time since removed to Woodstock, Md.

The charter was obtained under the presidency of Fr. Grasse, and had, no doubt, its share in swelling the attendance to 100 in 1817. In that year the college established in the capital Washington Seminary, now Gonzaga College. From that point, however, the number of students fell off till it touched low-water mark with 30, in 1826. But in that year a new departure again turned the tide, and began an era of prosperity, which continued steadily brightening till the war, and is now, after weathering that almost fatal storm, nearly restored.

The initial impulse came with the return of several young American Jesuits from Rome, whither they had been sent to perfect their literary culture. Assuming various positions in the faculty, these new-comers speedily infused fresh life and vigor into every department. Foremost among them were Messrs. Mulledy, Ryder, George Fenwick, Young and McSherry, the first of whom became president in 1829, with F. Ryder as vice-president and Father Fenwick as prefect, or director of studies. To these three men Georgetown College owes, no doubt, in great measure, whatever prominence she has since won.

Father Mulledy, or Father "Tom," as he was generally called, was a man not only of great executive ability, but a certain brusque geniality combined with a native force and resolution, by no means unserviceable in dealing with the turbulent elements then common among the students. More than once concerted rebellions threatened not only the life of the college but even of some obnoxious prefect, as the officers charged with the discipline of the school are called. In the famous *émeute*, still fondly embalmed in college legend as the Great Rebellion of '37, a prefect, it is said, had to intrench himself in his room against a mob of malcontents, thus unpleasantly reversing the old-time school trick of "barring-out." A story is told of President Mulledy, while still a scholastic,—a Jesuit is so known previous to ordination,—which marks the temper of the man, and the occasional roughness of the material he had to mold to ways of peace and gentleness. While teaching class one day, a burly backwoodsman, renowned for fistic prowess, defied his authority, and proposed to throw him out of the window if he insisted on it. It was a crisis, as all present knew, and unless the teacher could command it, his usefulness was gone. Mr. Mulledy, without stopping the lesson, quietly sent to his President for permission to treat the defiance in his own way, and, that obtained, tucked up his *soutane* and gave battle to his refractory pupil, polishing him off artistically, to the delight of his class. It is even said that he completed the challenger's prescription by pitching him out of the window, which, for the story's sake, as the window was a low one, one would like to believe. However this may be, it is safe to say that that teacher's authority was not again questioned, nor was there ever a more popular president. Boys do not dislike to see their teacher abdicate his throne on occasion, and show himself of the same flesh and blood as themselves. Perhaps few schools in the country had a wilder set of students than sometimes gathered in Georgetown, and about the borders of the skating pond and

FEEDING THE PRISONER.

the canal yet linger vague but thrilling traditions of terrific "town and gown" rows in days gone by.

President Mulledy's term of eight years was a period of activity and progress. The number of students was largely increased, especially from Virginia, his native State, where his popularity was great. Many improvements were made, and new buildings erected. In 1831 the west building of the south row was begun, and finished in 1833. This gave a long-needed hall for studies and commencement exercises, which, up to that, had been held in old Trinity Church. At the same time the west half of the infirmary was built.

A no less important achievement in the eyes of every true lover of the college was the completion of "The Walks." The origin of this charming woodland promenade is said to have been an ordinary cow-path, first enlarged by the then owner of the land in 1826. Upon his joining the Order as a lay brother, soon after he extended his labors, and with no other instrument than a spade, a natural turn for landscape gardening, produced a little sylvan paradise. Starting from the greenhouse and gymnasium at the east end of the north building, "The Walks" wind along the sides of a romantic, deeply wooded glen, in an irregular semicircle about the college buildings, for nearly a mile. Through the center of this glen bickers a slim rivulet, under hospitable shades of pine and poplar that make one think involuntarily of the lovely lines he dares not quote, however, even in academic solitudes. Nowadays Huxley has dismounted Horace, and only the pedantry of science is forgiven. Here has always centered much of the poetry and pleasure of college life; here the student came to fight his battles, physical and metaphysical—to cram for examination in its cool silence or to pummel his enemy in its unguarded remoteness; hither stole to enjoy the furtive pipe in days when smoking was a college crime. It sometimes chanced that an amiable professor was encountered "on like errand bent," when the freemasonry of the weed would triumph over the harshness of discipline in a pleasant little comedy of diplomatic blindness. Now that "The Walks" are free, and smoking is no longer forbidden to the senior students, these fearful joys of the past must be sadly curtailed. It seems improbable that a collegian should ever enjoy a permitted pastime as thoroughly as a forbidden one. But since these privileges are sometimes denied by way of penalty, even the student of the present may have his taste of precarious delight.

During Father Mulledy's term also, in 1830, the college museum and library were arranged in the rooms they now occupy, at opposite ends of the tower corridor in the north building. These quarters are quite inadequate, and the library, in particular, needs urgently the roomier accommodations designed for it in the new building which is to make the west side of the college quadrangle, and which it is hoped to begin during the current year.* The present library, 23 by 33, holds, with the octagonal tower chamber adjoining, only a part of the 30,000 books of the college. The usefulness of the collection, in many respects valuable and in some unique, is impaired by its enforced want of order. The museum has a rare assortment of shells, a good one of birds, and, for its size, an excellent cabinet of mineralogy and geology. There are, too, many interesting reminders of famous men besides those of Decatur already mentioned. But, for the reasons given, neither library nor museum is quite what the friends of the college should wish, though far better than could have been expected from the limited means at the command of the faculty.

Considering the small number of her alumni, Georgetown counts among them a fair proportion of distinguished names in every walk of life: United States senators and congressmen, judges and lawyers of eminence, bishops and governors of States.

The record of this period would be incomplete without some notice of Father George Fenwick. An admirable talker, a good teacher, a sound scholar, he seems to have had an especial gift in winning the affections of all with whom he came in contact, and no one has left a deeper personal impression upon the college history. Father Fenwick did much to improve and expand the order of studies; but it is as a man and not as professor, though an excellent one, that he is still fondly remembered. The "boys" of his day have scores of stories concerning his kindliness, his wit, his good-humored help in shielding them against the consequences of college scrapes. He died at the college in 1857, and is buried in its pretty little grave-yard.

* 1877. As already stated, this building is now completed, and the library, museum, etc., removed to it.

Father McSherry, who had been the first provincial in Maryland, succeeded F. Mulledy; he was in ill health at the time, and died during his term. Thence till 1851 Dr. Ryder alternated with Dr. Mulledy in the rectorship, and the college continued to prosper. Under the former, in 1843, with the aid of Fathers Stonestreet, Curley and Thomas Meredith Jenkins, of Baltimore, the Astronomical Observatory was established.

At the observatory Father Curley has since been in charge, and here he first determined the true meridian of Washington. A distinction his unassuming nature would value more highly is to have won an abiding place in the affections of so many generations of his pupils, for whom his gentle erudition has realized Pope's character of Gay.

In 1843, also, was established the fourth of the colleges that trace their origin to Georgetown—the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, opened on November 2d of that year, with Father Mulledy as president, and a faculty from the banks of the Potomac. For many years, also, the parent university conferred degrees on the graduates of Worcester, to which a charter had been denied by the Massachusetts Legislature. This disability was removed, and a charter to confer all degrees but that of medicine granted to the college at Worcester, in 1865. A like charter had been given two years before to Boston College, the faculty of which was in like manner chiefly supplied from Georgetown. Both Worcester and Boston colleges have already attained a vigorous and independent growth. It is not the least of Georgetown's claims to praise that she has been able, out of her slender resources, to establish such schools, and to furnish such masters for them.

In 1848, the political troubles in Europe gave the college faculty an accession of strength, including Fathers Sestini, Ciampi Rosa, Secchi and Sacchi—Secchi being the famous Roman astronomer, and Sacchi perhaps the most finished Latin poet we have had in America, and one of the foremost linguists of the day. At this time the gas-works were constructed, by which the college buildings became the first in Georgetown to be lighted with gas, and in 1851 the medical department was opened and has since been in successful operation.

The Reverend C. H. Stonestreet brought to the presidency in 1851 many admirable qualifications for the office, which he had, however, short time to exercise. Being made provincial the year after, he was succeeded by the Reverend B. A. Maguire, a name familiar to Washington ears, under whose energetic guidance the college reached its climax of success. In 1854, the large east building of the south row was erected for younger students, and a greenhouse built and gardens laid out behind the north building.

Since 1859 the college has boasted of two military companies (of senior and junior students), drilling as light infantry, with arms and accouterments furnished by the Government. Their parades in Washington, when, to the inspiring strains of the college band, they were sometimes reviewed by the Secretary of War, were occasions of much joy and excitement, not only in college but in Georgetown, the staid old borough actually waking up to honor her youthful warriors. The war came, to turn, for many of them, their mimic wars to deadly earnest, and kept them facing each other on Southern battle-fields, from which too few were to return.

The war was a sad blow to the college, not alone in lessening the attendance, but in the military occupation which, beginning on May 1st, 1861, at an hour's notice, lasted till the 4th of July following. In turn the Sixty-ninth New York and the Seventy-ninth Highlanders were quartered in the south row, which they nearly filled,—professors and students being often halted for the countersign in going about their necessary duties. So, for two months, the gown made way for the sword, and the boys found a new reading for their Cicero. It was a strange medley of war and science—the rattle of musket-butts in the corridors punctuating a recitation, and military battalions deploying on the ball-field. Nor was greater excitement wanting,—the enemy being so near that night-alarms were frequent, and the "long roll" often broke the students' sleep.

Nevertheless, during this and a much longer occupation in the following year,—when the college, having served as a barrack, was again taken for a hospital after the second Bull Run,—studies went on uninterruptedly, though the attendance fell from 350 to 120. The presidency of the Rev. John Early had opened, in 1859, with brilliant prospects, thus speedily clouded. With the close of the war, however, students came back; among them more than one who had made his campaigns, and, like Napoleon's

conscript, was a veteran before his beard; and the college has now something like its old numbers, while it is, in point of comfort for the pupil and efficiency in the methods and appliances of study, better equipped than ever before.

The opening of the Law School, in 1870, added a third faculty to the university. Like the medical department, it is situated in Washington, and gains thereby similar advantages. Besides having the Congressional Law Library at command, the student can follow all the forms of judicial procedure, from the lowest local tribunal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its usefulness is enhanced by the fact that the lectures are delivered in the evening. Up to this time, the university diploma has been conferred on seventy-nine Bachelors of Law.

Father Early—replaced by Father Maguire in 1866—received the presidency in 1870, but died in 1874, as deeply regretted as he was greatly beloved. He was succeeded by the Rev. P. A. Healey, whose progressive and enlightened policy, administered by an able corps of professors, has promoted at once the comfort of the students and the effectiveness of their studies. In the former respect the college now lacks few of the ameliorations which the modern collegian deems essential to his welfare,

REV. B. A. MAGUIRE, S. J.

except that of separate rooms. This privilege is, as yet, accorded only to the graduating class; for the others the general dormitory system still prevails, but only for want of proper accommodations. With these, in

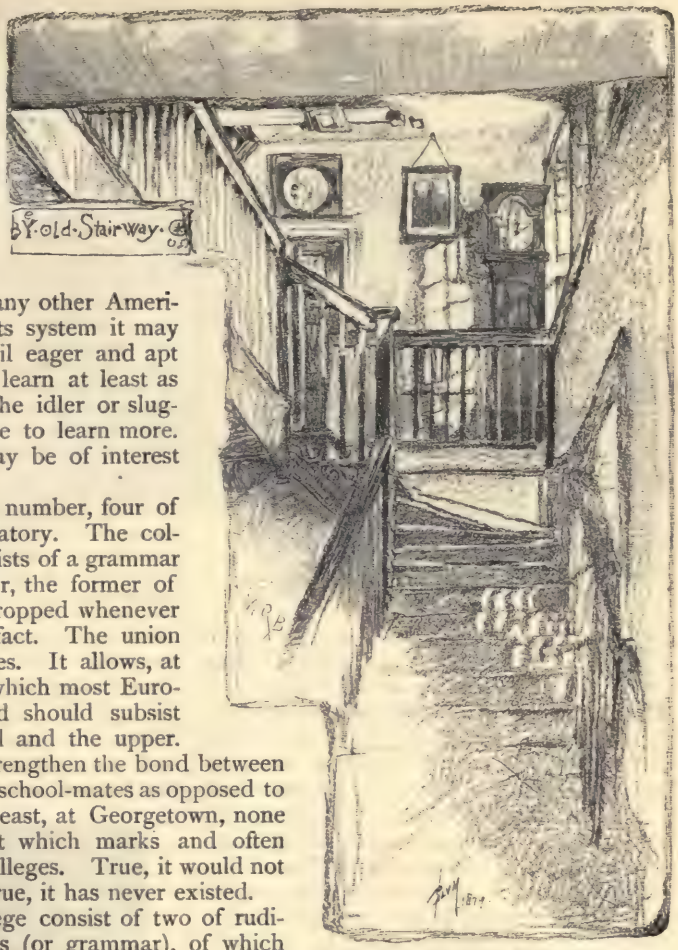
REV. JAMES RYDER, S. J.

time, it is intended to allot separate rooms to all, at least, of the senior students. A new gymnasium was lately built by the faculty; a billiard-room was opened and a boat-club organized. That other present necessity of American college life, a college paper, has likewise been in existence since 1872. It is called "The Georgetown College Journal," is a neat, twelve-page quarto, published monthly by a stock association of the students, and is edited by a committee of the stockholders chosen by themselves and presided over by a member of the faculty, who acts as editor-in-chief. It is owing perhaps to this that "The Georgetown Journal" shows a degree of thought and a quietness of style not often found in papers of its class.

Such, in its main outlines, is the history of the college. It remains to ask what peculiarities of discipline and study distinguish it from other like institutions. Enough has been said to show that the system is quite unlike that of colleges modeled on the general plan of Yale and Harvard. Georgetown College at present is more akin to an English public school, or to the French Lyceum described by Matthew Arnold in the "Essays in Criticism" as a French Eton. The Petit College of the latter has its counterpart in the "small boys' side" of Georgetown. But the latter has a somewhat wider scope and higher aims than either the French or the English Eton. These are and are meant to be but stepping-stones to a university, of which Georgetown might rather be called the corner-stone.

At present, Georgetown College does not

claim to have reached, in its academic department, the highest standard of its hopes and aims. This would be, under existing conditions, impossible to achieve, injudicious to attempt. It does claim to be thorough, so far as it goes, and to dismiss its graduate the equal in scholastic attainments of the graduate of any other American college. Indeed, of its system it may be said that while the pupil eager and apt to learn will be able to learn at least as much here as elsewhere, the idler or sluggard will perhaps be made to learn more. What that system is, it may be of interest briefly to explain.



THE OLD STAIR-WAY.

The classes are eight in number, four of them being strictly preparatory. The college, indeed, virtually consists of a grammar school and a college proper, the former of which will, no doubt, be dropped whenever the university becomes a fact. The union is not without its advantages. It allows, at least, that unity of design which most European educators are agreed should subsist between the primary school and the upper. It tends, perhaps, also to strengthen the bond between teacher and pupil, between school-mates as opposed to class-mates. There is, at least, at Georgetown, none of that singular class-spirit which marks and often mars so many American colleges. True, it would not be tolerated, but, equally true, it has never existed.

The classes in the college consist of two of rudiments, three of humanities (or grammar), of which the first answers to the freshman; poetry, rhetoric and philosophy—these names corresponding to sophomore, junior and senior, with the advantage of having an idea behind them. Up to the class of philosophy, the student follows three parallel courses: the classical and main one embracing Latin, Greek and English grammar, literature and history; the mathematical, as far as calculus and mechanics; and one of modern languages, including French and German, as far as poetry, becoming there eclectic. No attempt is made to read many or recondite authors, the most difficult Latin being Tacitus and Juvenal; the hardest Greek, Sophocles and Demosthenes; the aim is to ground the pupil thoroughly in the principles of each language—to imbue him with its spirit and style. Frequent compositions and translations, in prose and verse, are therefore required in every language studied.

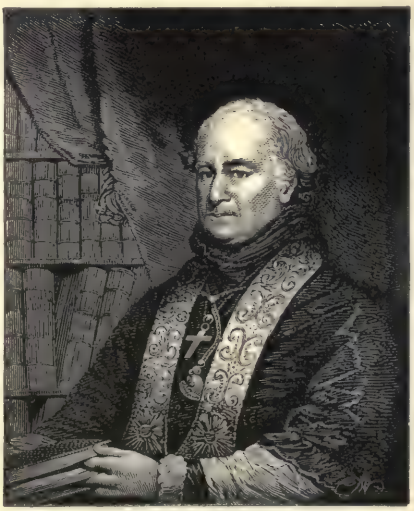
THE OLD PUMP.

OLD TRINITY CHURCH.

With the latter class the study of belles-lettres and mathematics ends. The pupil has hitherto been providing and sharpening his tools; he is now to learn to use them. The highest class is given to the study of logic, metaphysics, ethics and natural right in rational philosophy, and, in natural science, physics, mechanics, astronomy, geology and botany. In the former branch his text-books and lectures are in Latin, which he is now supposed to have mastered sufficiently for that purpose; and in that language, too, his public disputations once a month are held, and his essays often written. In the latter branch the students deliver public lectures and essays, with experiments. In a post-graduate course, natural right is continued, with the fundamental principles of civil, political and international law.

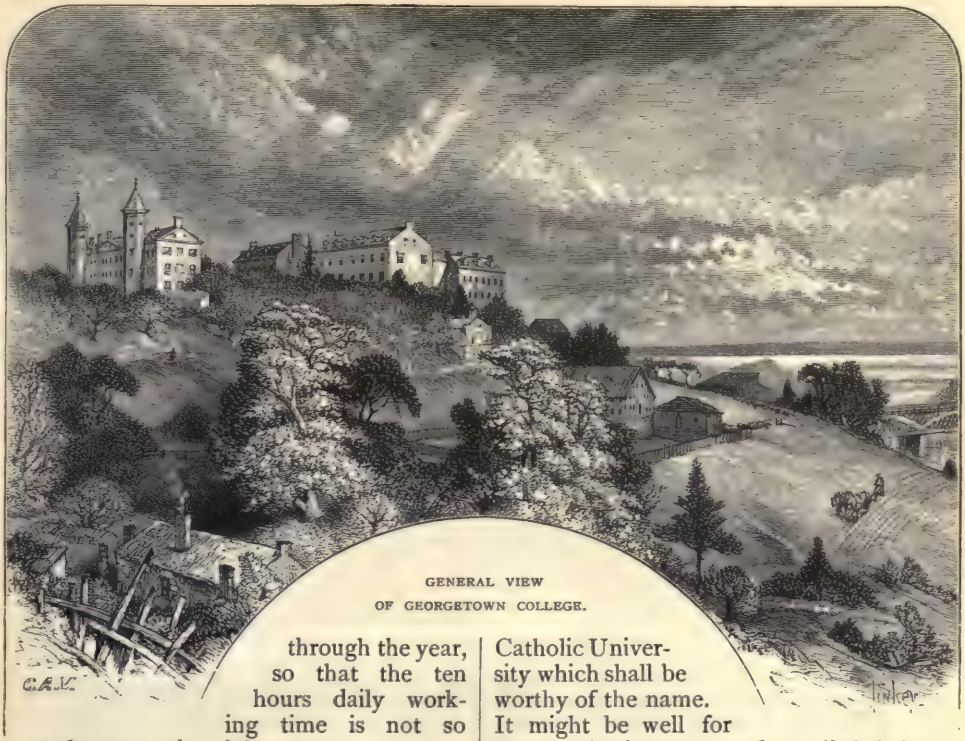
The merit of this plan seems to consist in its symmetry, its simplicity, and what may be termed a certain elastic reserve. It does not crowd the pupil's mind, while it gives him a taste for study and trains him to think. Certainly it has stood the test of time and success: for practically the same to-day as Father Maldonatus arranged it 300 years ago, this *ratio studiorum* has produced as many men eminent in every branch of human learning as any other system in the world. It does not teach a man everything; it does not try; that would be folly within the limits of an ordinary college-course; but it teaches him to teach himself.

The discipline is of the kind called paternal, and is, doubtless, in many points stricter than would be possible or useful in the university. For students of the average age of those at Georgetown, an age much below the average of most American colleges, the discipline is probably salutary. From much of it the graduating class is exempt. The students, who, with few exceptions, board in the college, go to bed and get up, go to studies as they go to meals, and to class at stated hours. Studies occupy something over four hours a day, in the common study-hall, under the eye of a teacher; an hour in the morning, before breakfast, known as morning studies; an hour at noon, after dinner, middle studies; and night studies, from supper till bed-time at half-past nine o'clock. Classes take three and a quarter hours in the morning and two and a quarter hours in the afternoon. For sleep eight hours are allotted in summer, eight and a half in winter. The remainder of the day, about six hours, is given to meals and recreation, with the exception of a half-hour in the morning and a quarter-hour in the evening devoted to religious exercises. These, of course, follow the Catholic ritual, and all students—about one-fourth of the number are usually non-Catholic—are



ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

required to attend them. Of Catholic students it is besides exacted that they shall comply with certain obligations of their faith. Tuesdays and Thursdays are half-holidays, and there are many others



GENERAL VIEW
OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

through the year, so that the ten hours daily working time is not so arduous as it might seem.

Following this scheme of education, and in the face of difficulties few colleges have had to contend with, Georgetown College has attained a position in which her friends and alumni may take a just pride. Her faculty are not content to stand on this; they mean to go forward. The new building to be begun this year, and which is to include a library and chapel, is an earnest of their sincerity and vigor. With but a tithe of the support so freely lavished on other schools, they would speedily go not forward only but far. There has been much talk in Catholic circles of establishing an American Catholic University which shall be worthy of the name. It might be well for these enthusiasts to try what a little help would do toward lifting to that dignity the one American Catholic College, which has as yet even "saluted it from afar." No university was ever built on tuition fees, or in a day; no real university was ever aught but the slow accretion of years. The university must have traditions; it must have the dignity of age—an ancestry of culture, the "grace of a day that is dead." There must linger about it that aroma of learning which time alone can give. Georgetown has not all of these; but it is nearer, by a century, to having them than any university whose foundation shall be dug to-day.

THE NEW COLLEGE.

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN.

"Than longen folks to gon on pilgrimages."

If he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, surely he is a lover of his kind who discloses one more hidden haunt where woods are green.

It is one requisite of a summer resting-place that it shall be easy of access and yet not easily accessible; by which we mean that those who want to go there must be able to reach it comfortably, while those whom you do not wish to have there will never think of trying it. Few of us really wish to retire to the "interior of Massachusetts" beyond the reach of necessary telegrams; news from the humming city must be able to come to us, even if never deliberately sought. It is scarcely a disadvantage that the New York and New Bedford propeller does not stop at our way-side wharf, when a little steamer of our own will bring travelers back within an hour to a cluster of cottages matronized by one hotel, which, with no glorious rocks like Gloucester, no sounding surf like Narraganset, no notoriety like the Vineyard, no wooded loveliness like Naushon, and no splendid beach like Nantasket, seems at first to offer no attractions that need bind us to pause here rather than at any other point along the shore. The sea is, of course, indispensable; but communication by land is by no means undesirable; and, far from sharing the present general enthusiasm for islands, let us choose rather a peninsula, where the neck of land connecting us with the city shall be so long and so narrow that cottages will be far removed from the dusty highways, and we may walk the woods and fields for barberries or cardinal-flowers with no fear of meeting any but those "rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane" of which we are deliberately in search.

THE SOUTH BEACH.

Whatever charm may tempt you to linger here week after week, and lure you back again summer after summer, will be due solely to the place itself. We have positively no associations; no trace is to be found of even the ubiquitous Washington; nor will you find a quaint country-folk, among whose homes you may search for old clocks and china. There will be here none but yourselves, for the few outlying farms that supply the occasional berry and the much-desired tomato are occupied by a sturdy race of practical farmers, who bring your household supplies early in the morning and are gone again before your eyes have opened to the necessity for omelet and beefsteak.

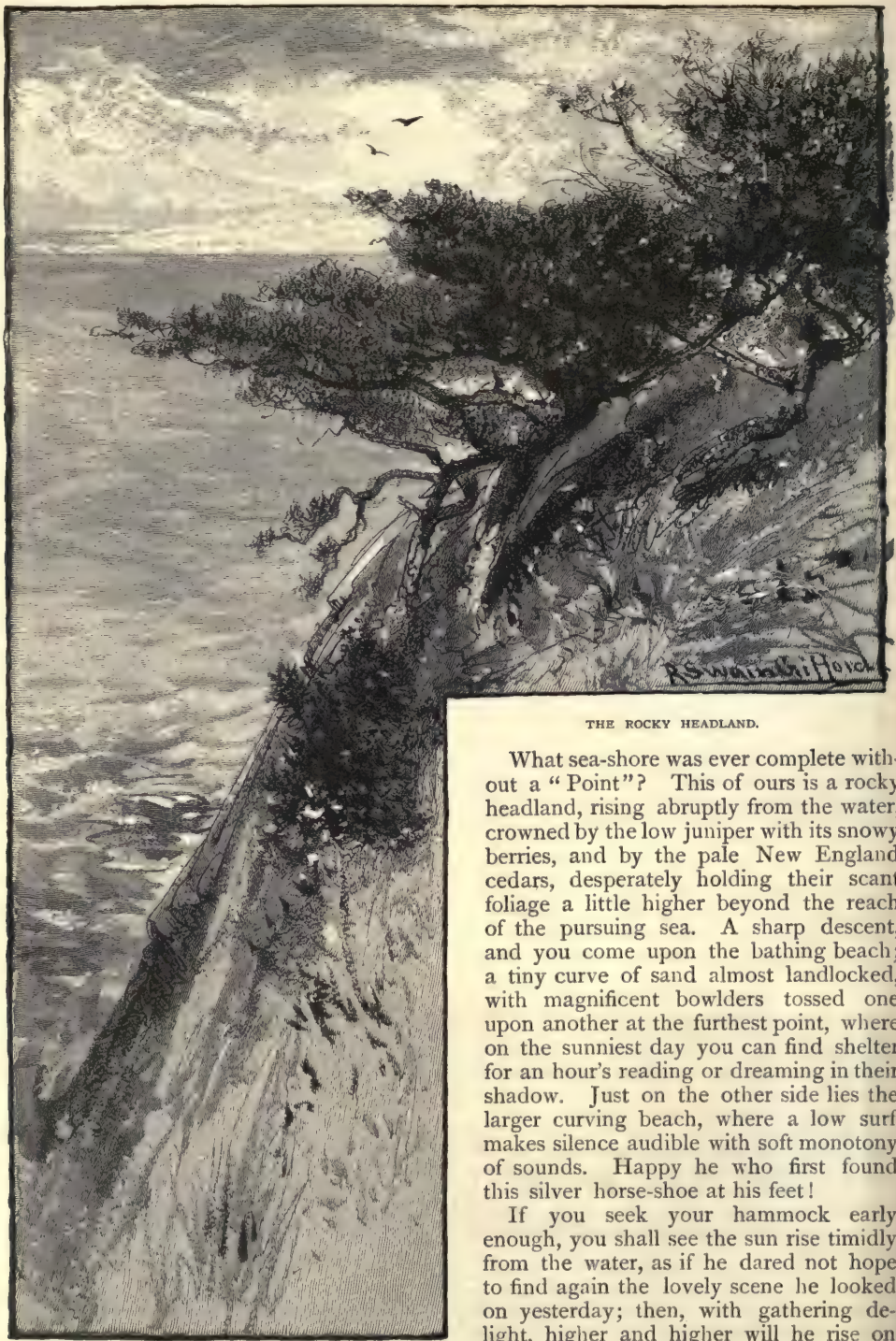
A certain historical haze pervades the atmosphere, it is true; for tradition hath it that this was once part of the hunting-grounds of King Philip, and that the Nonquitt, which is said to bear the name of King Philip's brother, was part of the town-

THE BATHING BEACH AND HEADLAND.

ship originally purchased by Mr. William Bradford, Captain Standish and others, for "thirty yards of cloth, eight moose-skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pair of breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one clock, £2 in wampum, eight pair stockings, eight pair shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings in another commoditie." But the sign-boards bearing Indian names, which are elaborately erected in the fields and marshes, point rather to the future than the past glories of the place; for a map is known to exist in the minds of present proprietors of the soil, on which those who appear to be lodging in a vast wilderness are seen really to reside on the corner of Pequot and Massasoit avenues, or on the edge of a park skirting the shore, which is still with blossomed furze unprofitably gay.

That its architecture will never be the means of rescuing Nonquitt from oblivion, will be inferred on learning that fifteen days after one of the "first families" decided to build here, they were in the house. The early settlers, attracted hither by the delight of boys who had camped out year after year at "Bare-kneed Rocks," intended only a release from culture that should be of the most primitive description; but man is at heart a civilized animal; the instinct for luxury is unquenchable in his breast; one day a delicate hammock is swung quietly on a shady piazza, where it is thought it will escape observation, and, finding that we all take kindly to it, a brilliant awning, of the most desirable city make and texture, makes its more conspicuous appearance at the eastern windows. People who thought nothing so delightful as to boil their own eggs for breakfast over a spirit-lamp, begin to build out kitchens and to hire maids. The flannel dresses, that were not only "*so* sensible," but "*so* comfortable," are gradually exchanged at twilight for the soft, white camel's-hair, or even for an occasional muslin with knots of pale-pink ribbon. We begin to have three mails a day, and the Sunday papers. One by one we add red roofs and little balconies and quaint towers to our houses, till suddenly we find a real little Newport cottage nestled among us, so graceful, so unassuming with all its beauty, that we have not the heart

LIGHT-HOUSE BY DAY.



THE ROCKY HEADLAND.

What sea-shore was ever complete without a "Point"? This of ours is a rocky headland, rising abruptly from the water, crowned by the low juniper with its snowy berries, and by the pale New England cedars, desperately holding their scant foliage a little higher beyond the reach of the pursuing sea. A sharp descent, and you come upon the bathing beach; a tiny curve of sand almost landlocked, with magnificent bowlders tossed one upon another at the furthest point, where on the sunniest day you can find shelter for an hour's reading or dreaming in their shadow. Just on the other side lies the larger curving beach, where a low surf makes silence audible with soft monotony of sounds. Happy he who first found this silver horse-shoe at his feet!

If you seek your hammock early enough, you shall see the sun rise timidly from the water, as if he dared not hope to find again the lovely scene he looked on yesterday; then, with gathering delight, higher and higher will he rise on the horizon, scattering before him a largess of rosy gold that ripples on till it reaches your very feet, while instantly every

to cast it out, and secretly plan how to make our own look exactly like it.

little light-house flame that has been watching all night for his coming, darts from sight; like Semele, struck dead by the glory of the god she had herself invoked.

And now all the bay dimples with breezy

One cannot find the large white wings to bear
A strong soul where it will,—high in the air
I see the little sea-gulls rise, and fly
Swifter than yon swift ship through her low sky,
Swifter than aught save longing to be there!
Are small white wings then best for daring flight?

"THE SHIP HAS SPREAD HER CANVAS."

life and sunshine. Anon comes the merry company of bathers, swinging their towels; and though at first the little landlocked beach may look monotonous to the bold swimmer from Narraganset or Long Branch, one morning's plunge will convince him that there are compensations in a silvery meadow, where swimming ceases to be exertion and becomes absolute rest. So safe, so gently shelving is the beach, that children of a year venture fearlessly into sunny depths where undertow was never heard of, unchilled by the caress of the warm waters. And this may even be the very morning when the New York yachts, with all sail set,

What is it that the sea-gull hopes to win?—
A nest in the low sand, beyond the white
Cool breakers, where the slender reeds begin
To mark the lonelier marsh; and where two light
Soft-folded wings hide all that lies within.

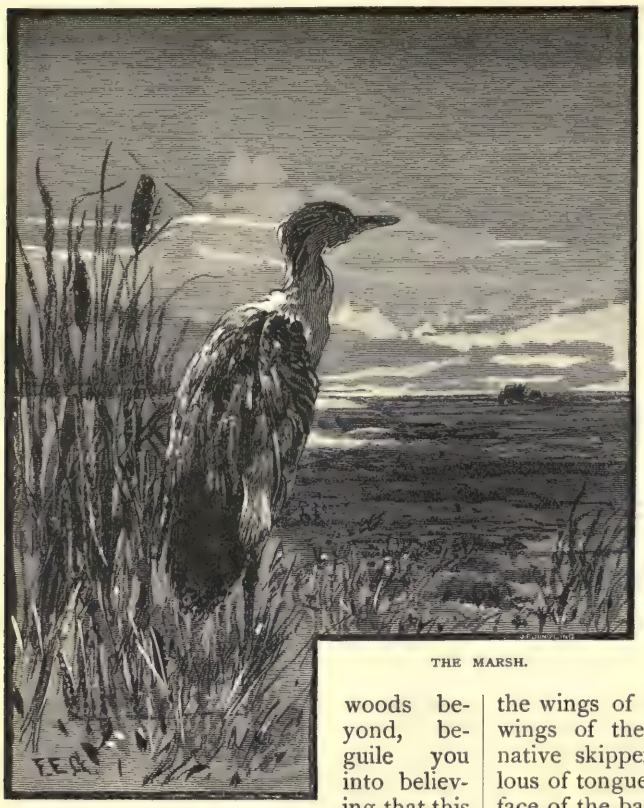
As the splendor of high noon approaches, and your eyes tire of the dazzling bay, you have only to turn your head on the pillow in your hammock, and look away to the westward, over the restful beauty of the marsh. No dread miasma need be feared from that soft green meadow; it is healthfully drained, and the pools that dot it here and there are full of bright clear water, and edged with deep borders of meadow pinks.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE BY NIGHT.

sweep into the bay, "a sight to make an old man young."

The ship has spread her canvas wide to dare
A cold, defiant deep; and as I lie
Here on the listless shore, and wonder why

The droning hum of insects, "like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence," the distant mowers busy with their scythes, the tall grasses glistening in the sunlight as if sprinkled with bright rain, and the belt of



THE MARSH.

woods beyond, beguile you into believing that this is the country rather than the shore; till, with the lengthening shadows, your eyes gain strength again to sweep slowly to the southward, past Mishaum Point, beyond which the open sea is tossing, past Round Hills, with their sudden slopes of tender green, and over the sunlit bay again to linger on the islands.

You shall spend a summer of three months here, and never see those lovely islands twice alike. Sometimes, indeed, you shall not see them at all, though the sun shines clear in the heavens, and the haze that hides them is so delicate that it is an added grace to the landscape; till here and there it lifts on the horizon, revealing the warm glow of deep-tinted cliffs, a slope of sunny greenery, or a bank of dazzling, snow-white sand.

The shadows gather. Across the bay a lonely fisherman, with steady sweep of the oars, comes bringing for your early tea the delicious lobster, whose life he has considerately relieved you of taking, knowing you to be a director of the "Society for the," etc. The sun sets in a splendor of blue and gold, and instantly the light-house lamp flashes across the water, though it is not yet dark,—bringing into the landscape the one element that to Ruskin would have been all day lacking: the element of human endurance, sympathy and valor. For a brief while the timid crescent of a young moon tries to maintain the supremacy of nature; but it soon hides itself, discouraged; while with superb self-reliance the human glow shines on across the sea, and is still shining when you seek your couch, to be wrapped in slumber which even the undismayed mosquito here thoroughly respects.

If, happily, you are not condemned by indolence or invalidism to the slender joys of a hammock, great are the resources for further entertainment. You may take the wings of the morning—the large white wings of the *Comet* or the *Flash*, with a native skipper, skillful of hand and garrulous of tongue—to skim over the bright surface of the bay; either dreaming in the lazy shadow of the sail, or pursuing the exhilarating blue-fish. *Pursuing*, did I say? Nay; for there is a charm peculiar to this manner of fishing that renders it especially suitable to the tender conscience of a director of the "Society for the," etc. You are not pursuing the fish, the fish is pursuing you; you flee before him on the wings of the *Comet* or the *Flash*, as if in horror at the temptation to catch him that assails you. If he chooses to follow, if he even catches at the slender line with which you negligently troll, are you to blame? So fair he is, so shining, so eminently adapted to the frying-pan and the fire, that you feel like addressing him in his last writhings with the satire of the cannibal Mother Goose:

"Not *wish* to be eaten? Not *want* to be stewed?
Then go and be raw!"

If you prefer to furl your sail and lie at anchor, you may bring up in an hour fifty or more fish with whose names the waiter at the tea-table will startle the uninitiated, by shouting, with an emphasis to which no printer's ink can do justice: "Scup! Squitteague!! Tautog!!!"

Or you shall walk; and, if your nature is scientific, you shall make many a discovery in a land so near the favorite Penequese of the lamented Agassiz. And, even if your love of nature is more like Wordsworth's than like Agassiz's,

> —"a feeling and a love
> That has no need of a remoter charm
> By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye,"

great shall be your delight in the minuter pleasures of the landscape. The little four-leaved clover will spring up before your feet, entreating to be gathered. The ground is bright everywhere; yellow, not with the plebeian buttercup, but with the sensitive wild acacia, or, later in the season, splendid with golden-rod. It is either red with ripening cranberries, that you may crunch pleasantly beneath your feet if not minded to gather them, or purple with marsh rosemary, or pink and blue with a hundred pretty blossoms that you cannot and do not care to name. It may be to you that the rare Siamese lily reveals itself—two water-lilies growing from a single stem; or the scarlet and gold Indian-pipe, growing gorgeous beside her snowy sister. For you the tall and slender milkweed skirts anxiously the road-side, hoarding its white loveliness from common gaze, longing to be borne to a city home, where, in the warm atmosphere of culture and refinement, like the beggar-maid whom King Cophetua loved, it will burst slowly its sheath of green, not casting it away in scorn of old associations, but leaning forth from it, a silvery, silken cloud of feathery beauty. The boughs of the old apple-trees in the orchard are laden with rich lichen; the cat-o'-nine-tails, stiff and straight in the marshes, and the tall grasses waving in the wind, are ready with a thousand suggestions for embroidery. You will find here woods so beautiful that you shall believe yourself for the moment at Campton or Gorham; and, if you are brave enough to leave the half-worn roads for the tempting wilderness on either side of you, great shall be your reward. Splendid tiger-lilies, seven feet high, shall light you on a path otherwise dark with the heavy underbrush through which you must push your way; now and then you will come upon a noble oak whose magnificent growth is a marvel at the sea-shore; and perhaps you will stumble on a small primeval forest of queer old trees, so different from the lighter woods about them that they seem like a colony of Wends, come down from the north into the very midst of modern life, but refusing to assimilate anything of either the strength or the beauty that is around them. And the woodland ramble will end at a stone wall, beyond which lies, in the peaceful afternoon sunshine, a farmer's field, with a hay-rick so picturesque that, if you have the soul and pencil of an artist, you may easily compel it to pay all your expenses for the summer; and beyond the field is a leafy lane, where the barberry "droops its strings of golden flowers" and green boughs meet above

"THE SEA-GULLS WHEELING THROUGH THE AIR."

your head; and, as you wander through it, suddenly all the splendor of the sea will burst upon you. It will be as wonderful as if you had not known all the time it must be there, and, for an instant, there will fill your mind something of the ecstacy of him who stood

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Every summer resort must be like New Hampshire, "a good place to emigrate from." There must be pleasant excursions not only in it, but away from it. Our *pièce de résistance* is Gay Head. There are few days in the summer when wind, weather and tide will combine to let you land there; three, four or five times, you shall set sail with everything apparently in your favor, yet not be able to reach it. Rare then is the exhilarating excitement when at last you find yourself beyond the swift tides of Quicks Hole, with the glorious headland shining in the distance. In the shifting morning lights, the color of Gay Head is not simply that of a red cliff; it pales and deepens and changes with ever-varying tinge, till, as we draw nearer, the other colors come out in bold relief, green and purple, yellow and white and black,—not in a mottled mixture of unmeaning brilliancy, but in broad, alternate bands, distinct in their separation. Three hours' sail from Nonquitt leaves us at anchor where the Indians of the place, or even strong young oarsmen of our own party, row us easily ashore. We climb the steep bank, feeling it a duty to pause awhile at the beacon crowning the precipice with one of the finest lights on the coast, as if man had felt himself challenged to match his most splendid achievement with the marvelous creation of nature; then we hurry down the cliff again, feeling as if the red clay beneath our feet must be a burning lava, till we reach the foot and gaze up at it from beneath with ever-increasing sense of its singular beauty. For the charm of Gay Head is stronger the closer you are to it; to the "peasant gathering brushwood in its ear" it is even more wonderful than to the distant sailor who can scarcely believe his vision. Your awe is never greater than when you stand upon its shore with some of the red clay in your hand; for so yielding is the beautiful bright surface that you can pick it up in handfuls, or shape it with a penknife into any form you choose. Indeed, so easily does it crumble into a fine powder that perhaps the best way of preserving it, if you care to preserve it, is in vials. But those of us

AUTUMN FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

THE SALT VATS.

who are not geologists, who care in nature for no charm "unborrowed from the eye," and who believe firmly with Emerson that all these things will "leave their beauty on the shore," since we cannot "bring home the river and the sky," prefer to carry away with us only a memory of the splendid headland, as we trim our sail for the afternoon return.

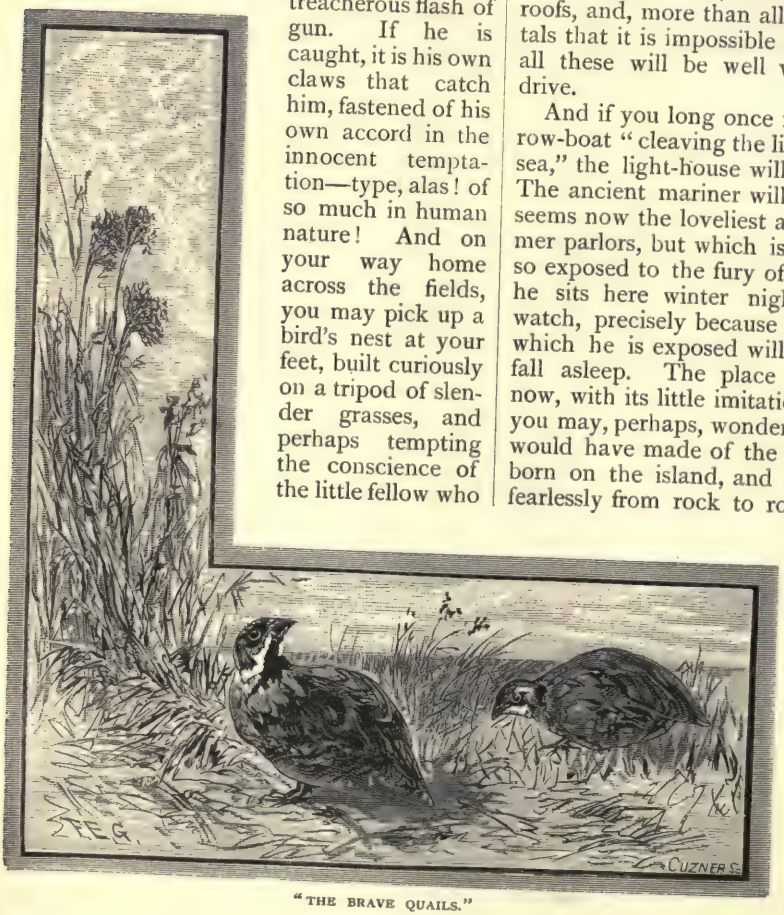
The bay is broad enough to give one a wild, free sense of being unrestrained; yet we have the advantage over places directly on the ocean, that there are innumerable charming spots which can be made the object of a sail, if sailing is not in itself to you its own excuse for being. Of these, perhaps the loveliest is Naushon. First, catch your breeze, and, once caught, you may be reasonably sure of its continuance. It has been the remarkable experience of one summer that no sailing party has been becalmed. Eight o'clock has invariably found us at our moorings, not too late to secure the cup of coffee or tea which is all we ever desire after the delicious lunches that result from the combined resources of the hotel and the housekeepers.

Hadley's Harbor is the most beautiful entrance to Naushon; a narrow opening, more of a river than a cove, compelling you to a series of short tacks by the picturesque windings that lead you on beyond each beckoning bend. Tempting woods skirt the very shore, pleasant with the hum of insects, the flight of birds and drowsy wanderings of cattle. The delicate, shining verdure, the fragrance and freshness and delicious summer-sounds, are in singular contrast to the barren and uninviting shores of every other island that you know.

And now it is the very last of August. For the beauty and the belle the melancholy days have come when there will be no more visitors, no more officers from the *Constellation*, no more hops, no more clam-bakes, no more moonlight drives. The water is colder, though not yet cold, and the bathing-houses have a pitiable appearance of having outlived their usefulness. There will be fewer sails and very little rowing, for white caps dot the bay, the quickened breezes send a lovely surf upon the shore, and if a south-east storm should come up, glorious will be the fine white spray that dashes high over the rocks. But if the sun shine, what royal pleasure for the domestic "tramp!" Cast aside your shade-hat for the season, and revel in the exhilarating brightness; for who shall sing aright of September sunshine? The pale-pink rose still climbs over the stone wall, beside the more brilliant woodbine; water-lilies still linger on the ponds, though low bushes are beginning to take the vivid coloring that will make them by and by a glory in the marshes. If you still haunt the woods, little brooks will startle you by running suddenly across your path with a handful of cardinal flowers, which they leave gracefully at your feet, and rumor says that after you are gone the shy fringed-gentian ventures out into the sun.

Nor shall you be confined to the silent companionship of flowers and leaves. The sparrows walking your piazza; the little field-mice that build beneath the steps and sit at their door-ways, nibbling fearlessly in

your very presence; the brave quail running through the grass between you and the shore, or the white-throated plover falling an easy prey to your gun; the meadow-lark, with its few lovely notes; the friendly chipmunk, unable to control his curiosity at your invading footsteps; the sea-gulls wheeling through the air, or those will-o'-the-wisps of the sea, the white-winged coots, that dive and re-appear in such unexpected places if you startle them from their stately, swan-like swimming; the lone woodpecker, clinging with forlorn hope to the post of a rail fence; the reflective kingfisher, standing solitary on a small rock in the water, or the still more reflective heron, erect on one leg in the marsh, and stiff as the cat-o'-nine-tails behind him,—all these shall yield their charm to you. You may even go crabbing, and with a slender pole which has a bit of meat fastened to a string, attract the unsuspicious crab, who is lured on to his supper—or, more especially, to your supper—by no cruel hook or treacherous flash of gun. If he is caught, it is his own claws that catch him, fastened of his own accord in the innocent temptation—type, alas! of so much in human nature! And on your way home across the fields, you may pick up a bird's nest at your feet, built curiously on a tripod of slender grasses, and perhaps tempting the conscience of the little fellow who woke at midnight to ask, in an impressive whisper: "Jimmie, do you suppose it is wicked to rob birds' nests *for purposes of science?*"



"THE BRAVE QUAILS."

On the 10th of September, if the weather is favorable, you shall see a pretty sight. Then the swallows begin to think of migrating. In little groups they sweep round and round above a single cottage, or cling to a twig or bending reed,

> "Clatterin' in tall trees,
> An' settlin' things in windy congresses;"

till the sense of the meeting is discovered to be favorable, and they gather in one large group to wing their swift way southward.

A pleasant excursion for a clear, cool day, is to the salt works; the ancient windmills, the queer rocks filled with brushwood through which the salt water is allowed to trickle, the curious low vats where it afterward accumulates, with their tiny movable roofs, and, more than all, the exquisite crystals that it is impossible to carry far away—all these will be well worth the walk or drive.

And if you long once more to send your row-boat "cleaving the liquid paths of silver sea," the light-house will well repay a visit. The ancient mariner will be sitting in what seems now the loveliest and coolest of summer parlors, but which is in reality a place so exposed to the fury of the elements that he sits here winter nights when on the watch, precisely because the discomfort to which he is exposed will not suffer him to fall asleep. The place is pretty enough now, with its little imitations of luxury; and you may, perhaps, wonder what Hawthorne would have made of the little girl who was born on the island, and taught to leap so fearlessly from rock to rock that, when she was first taken to the shore and had to walk on level ground, she stumbled and fell as other children do on rocks.

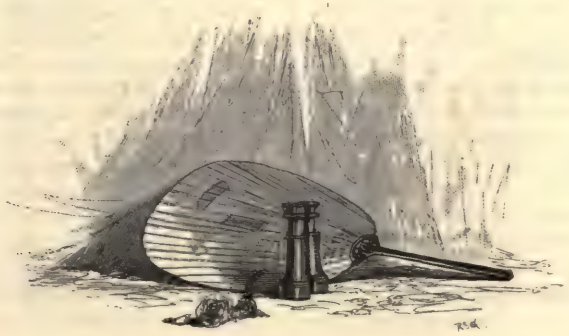
But there comes a time when even our loyalty begins to yield. The days are not only colder, but cold. The doors

"THE WHITE-WINGED COOTS."

that all summer have opened hospitably from the piazza directly into the parlor, are now inhospitably closed against the intruding wind. The white matting and uncushioned Wakefield chairs make us shiver to look at them. Golden-rod and cardinals brighten, but cannot warm. At evening we gather in the billiard-room or bowling-alley; sometimes even in the kitchen, for the ostensible purpose of making caromels; but the pleasures peculiar to the place are gone; we can make caromels at home. The dreariness of empty corridors at the hotel, and of shuttered cottages at the Point, begins to impress us with the beauty of the brotherhood of man. We begin to have less faith in Thoreau, and more in the friend who said: "Of men and trees, if I cannot have a judicious mixture, I must say I prefer men!"

We first ponder and then pack, for the brotherhood of man has conquered.

Dear land, where only glad suns rise and set,
Whose only shadows are the grateful shade
Of cool, delicious woods; where joy has made
Her bright abiding-place, nor where as yet
The restless care and anxious thought that fret
Elsewhere our souls, have ever dared invade;
How strange that I can see thy beauty fade,
And turn away from thee without regret!
So have I faith that it will be with me,
When all the lovely world shall fade before
My dying eyes; its beauty will no more
Lure me to linger; though I cannot see,
Nor my heart know, what fate may be in store,
So have I faith in God that it will be!



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

It is said that the ink of the great Declaration is slowly fading from the parchment on which it is written. After fifty centuries shall have followed the one that has gone since its date, even the ideas that frame its substance will have dropped out of their combination, forgotten as a whole, resolved into atoms of the common fund of human conceptions, to be recomposed at some other time in some other form. There can be no such thing as originality in modern ideas. The poet does not create—he merely varies the aspects of existing thought. And as this mental process has been going on since letters began, it can be only the strongest poetic instinct that inspires a newcomer to seek for unexhausted material, and to attempt molding it into yet unused images. Such a strong poetic instinct has urged Stoddard to the work of his life. The volume of his poems* lately produced gathers up the fruits of the labor of thirty years, originally offered to the public at long intervals, a great part of them in scattered fragments. For many readers, the book will recall their early days of delight in verse, and will afford to many others the first occasion for forming a judgment upon the author's productions and poetic character as a whole.

Richard Henry Stoddard was born about fifty-five years ago, in Hingham, a small sea-port of Massachusetts. His forefathers were sea-faring men, his early surroundings those of the plainest life in that rude region. If the stern beauty of its rocks and waves impresses the memory, and its simple habits strengthen the character, while both are forming, they seldom inspire passionate attachment. Homesickness is a luxury rather than a malady for the New-Englander, whose *Ranz des Vaches* has yet to be composed. Stoddard's widowed mother tired of the incoming and outgoing tide, the old home overlooked by a hill crowned with immemorial grave-stones, and the glimpses of mill-interiors, before the boy was old enough to have more than a confused recollection of those elements of monotony. After migrations that included a few months of hard and sickly life in Boston, followed by an effort for his own support, showing even then his independent character, by working in a cotton-factory, the family made its last removal, and fixed their residence in New York.

The life of a city at that early age was for Stoddard a season of literal toil and hardship. He began work as a lawyer's clerk, but was quick to perceive that such uses of the pen could only lead for him to a future of impecunious leisure, like that of his employers. With them he had idle hours enough to read poetry, and to write it, too. His resolve to become a poet was formed early, and he began betimes to practice his real art, and, under all discouragements, never paused in following it with industry. After a brief experience as a reporter, and after trying and quitting the yet more uncongenial business of keeping books for some small tradesman, he found a place for downright sledge-hammer labor, as apprentice to an iron-molder. These stern early lessons tempered that earnestness, that straightforward virility, which strengthen all his work.

> "The steel, enduring blows and battering long,
> Grows at the last more keen and glittering."

Adept in the primal art of Tubal-Cain, he might have likened his own genius to the solid stubborn mass beneath his hand, slowly suffusing with glow and color, then flowing at white heat into enduring forms of beauty. He wrote incessantly, while he read steadily, feeding at once and feeling his powers, modest in presence of the high models, yet persevering to be like them. His earliest publications are of this period, in the form of contributions to the weekly and monthly magazines—all alike, the poems and the periodicals, soon perishing. In 1848 he first presented himself to the public as an author, offering it a little volume of verse, entitled "Foot-prints." It made him known, at least, to the smaller and juster public of literary people. Dr. Griswold, the Lucina of the time for embryo reputations, gave him a place among the poets of America. It was one of the selections of the critic which were not mistakes.

A little earlier than this turning-point in his literary life, Stoddard made the friendship of Bayard Taylor, and a little later he married. If any effect of others' personality ever touched so independent a genius as his, that influence is to be traced in these

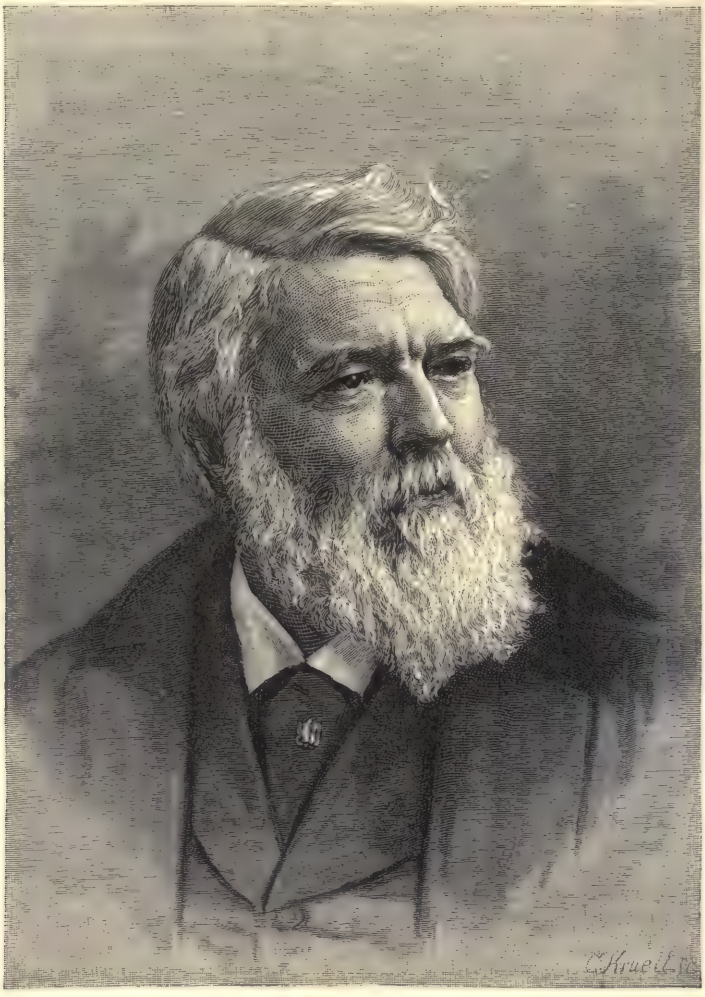
* The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard. Complete Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

two unions. It is easy to measure the value to a poet of kindness joined with keenness in a critic who could write such books as "The Morgedsons" and "Two Men." The pen of their author is a divining-rod, pointing to the deep springs. The outward conditions of New England being, both of nature and of men, are all in them, rugged, plain, and cold, as they exist. So, too, are the resolved tenderness, the enduring sense of duty, that are to character in that region as the May-flower is to its stern woods. Not single lives or motives, but their implications in a whole, are drawn in these books. They are pungent, real, and shot through with fine threads of elective affinities between nature and man, man and woman.

Between Stoddard and Taylor a friendship grew up, welded by generous emulation in the same pursuit, which continued intimate and unbroken until the hour came that severs all ties. They read together the same books and compared their own productions, probably with mutual indulgence. Sometimes they chose the same or similar subjects for the practice of their differing theories. From this early seclusion while both were fledglings, Taylor soon issued, through the definite adoption of a literary career, into a wider life of wanderings. His related experience, his treasures of adventure and store of picturesque material, as they were unfailing sources of pleasure generously open to all who knew him well, so they must have been of peculiar advantage to Stoddard, limited by his lot to one place and one range of associations. Not that either ever borrowed from the other. The method in art and the cast of mind of each were too original to admit such exchange. A curious proof of this independence is found in the fact that not a trace of German influence appears in Stoddard's writings. He will have none of their introspection. Their mysticism is not his mysticism. His simplicity differs from theirs as a man's does from a child's. So far as they are not respectively original, Stoddard orientalizes, as Stedman Hellenizes, and Taylor Germanizes. The beautiful sonnet to Taylor on page 219 of the volume expresses more warmly than Stoddard's reticence usually permits him to do the affectionate relation between Taylor and himself.

If it was denied to Stoddard to learn by travel strange regions and the ways of various men, it did at least befall him to find a niche in an institution where all products of foreign climes pass in review, and many a traveler who has reached the end of his usefulness or his hopes in life comes to a harbor,—the New York Custom House. Remembering Hawthorne at Salem, Lamb in the East India House, and our author and others here, one might pronounce such a retreat of dry routine to be the true *arida nutrix leonum*. For nearly seventeen years he discharged the duties of his place, which offered at least more easy and agreeable employment than mechanical toil, with something of the leisure and release from care essential to careful literary production. During these years, his growing powers and maturing taste found expression in good and various work. The "Songs of Summer," which may be judged as his first serious contribution to literature, contain some of his freshest and most original verse. The "King's Bell," published in 1863, and the composition of the "Book of the East" belong to this period, together with much that was mere task-work, though valuable to letters for the accuracy and research with which it was done. He edited during these years the "Life and Travels of Humboldt," "Loves and Heroines of the Poets," "Melodies and Madrigals from old English Poets"—the last perhaps the most thorough work of this description he has produced. In several volumes of children's stories, and in the versification of old legends in ballad form, he showed a turn for narrative and a mastery of simple old English indicating powers capable of very finished performance in composition of that nature.

During these quiet years that graver friend whom men call sorrow took Stoddard's hand and led him into darkness first, and then into clearer regions of feeling and knowledge. To this passage in the poet's life we owe that series of little poems called "In Memoriam," of which "What shall we do when those we love" and the "The dreary winter days are past," are the most impersonal, and therefore the most profoundly poetic. An echo of deeper seriousness from this grief sounds faintly in whatever Stoddard has since written. His verse from that time gained a manlier fullness, marked by less of imitative fancy, more of original treatment. It was two years later, in 1863, as if after a pause in the growth of his creative power, a concentration and new nerving of faculty under the weight of feeling, that his longest poem, the "King's Bell," was published.



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Through the war and for several years after it, Stoddard held his post in the Custom House, although his politics were those of the minority, until it was taken from him in 1870, without censure of his discharge of its duties, or disapproval of anything but his convictions. After a few months, he entered official life again, in a sphere that offered him a share in real work among accomplished workmen, becoming secretary to General McClellan in the Dock Department of the city. There was literary occupation enough besides, of a homely kind, to employ all his leisure, even if idleness could have had a charm for a nature so strenuous as his. The vacant place at his hearth-stone was filled again, as the sweet pathos of "A Follower" tells us, and the years bringing new household cares had not been liberal with the favors of fortune that might give him ease to bear them. He traversed diligently and resolutely in many directions that middle ground between conception and commentary that may be called useful literature. There was hardly a magazine of note in the country that did not receive his contributions, in the form of tales, critical notices and occasional stanzas. Those of the daily journals not too one-sided to spare from politics a column for letters, welcomed his aid in essays and reviews. His peculiar ability as an editor found scope in such presentations as "Political Essays by General Lyon," "Twenty-one years round the world," by Vassar, "Griswold's Poets, and The Female

Poets of America," and the "Bric-à-Brac Series," in ten volumes, a collection of sketches of persons not notable enough to be personages, principally theatrical and literary. Many of these books were brought out with carefully written prefaces, providing them with a symmetrical setting and finish. Often these preludes surpass in interest and value the works they introduce.

For most students unblessed with fortune, the post of a salaried librarian would seem the crown of their wishes. To have the range of a good collection of books, "to be the daily guest of those immortals, finding them always at home, always ready for converse,"—what a society it promises! To have the control of them, giving each its ordered place, and fitting dress, and indexed history,—what a curious felicity for the scholar! No wonder Dominie Sampson's occupation never came to an end, nor fairly made a beginning, even. If any such fancy crossed Stoddard's mind when he was made keeper of the City Library, in 1877, it soon vanished. A glance convinced him that all those shelves held less to feed the intellect than one of the book-stalls he used to loiter past in younger days. That municipal treasure of literature is a collection of which the old part is not valuable, and the valuable part is not old. Its foundation was the contribution of Alexander Vattemare, an agent for international book-exchanges—the volunteer Cadmus of two continents—who visited New York a little more than thirty years ago. The lawyer may find in this disorderly collection of six or eight thousand volumes some broken sets of statutes; the publicist, a complete copy of "Niles's Register," and a few imperfect newspaper files; old directories and Patent Office reports fill up odd shelves,—the greater part of it deserves the coal-hole. This Alexandrine museum had been further despoiled by the Ring underlings, just before Stoddard took charge of it. In this dingy den he sat for nearly two years, unvisited, except by City Hall vagrants, court reporters, and occasional book-thieves. About a year ago another turn of the political wheel displaced him, to become once more free master of himself and of his muse. The publication of his later poems, written between 1871 and 1880, completes the poetical work of thirty years, and displays the maturest fruits of his genius.

The peculiar traits of Stoddard's genius are distinct through all the changing forms and preparing studies that taught him the mastery of his art. At the first, as at the last, his thought is clear, virile and single, and uttered in words of force and simplicity. There is not in all his work a hazy conception nor a wavering line. There are in it combinations purely original, and sentences cut like gems. Its sincerity bespeaks freedom from conceit and strained effects—its direct purpose compels it into Saxon syllables and lucid phrase. The outline of his subjects is firm, positive as a swift-drawn circle, bounding the parts in proportioned concord. Why is it that precision, that priceless classic quality of ancient art, is held in less regard by the moderns? Perhaps because sculpture and architecture, earliest of arts, imperatively demand perfect contour to satisfy the eye; while painting, perfected later, triumphs by color independent of form, touching through sight a subtler inner sense of harmony; and music, youngest of them all, released from restraint of space and matter, loses itself vaguely in emotion. Or is it that the modern spirit, imbued with the feeling of the universal, insists that each separate work shall involve all the relations and embody all the dependences of its guiding idea—expanding toward infinity the old definition of beauty, *il più nell' uno?* Even in literature, the strain is not after condensed simplicity in work, but after large generalizations "that sail among the shades like vaporous shapes half seen," as if "all thoughts that wander through eternity" might be bodied forth with all their implications. We need not call the metaphysicians to witness, with Browning at hand. Under the stress of a philosophy, language may suffer itself to be so subtilized into indefiniteness; but the canons of literature as an art forbid it. Precision is the practice of unity as a theory. It demands in subject the choice of a single definite topic; it exacts in arrangement proportion of parts to the whole, and among each other, for singleness of effect; and it requires in language congruity of expression and descriptiveness of epithets, with economy of words. The careful reader of Stoddard's poetry must concede his faithfulness to these rules. And this study of precision must be observed in the smallest as in the greatest. It is one of the laws of the lyric—how well obeyed in the main by our author we may clearly see, in the two irregular odes to "History" and the "Guests of the State," which are the highest flights of his muse. It is not only one of the laws, but almost the single law, of the sonnet; and here, too, the few speci-

mens Stoddard has given us are models of fidelity to it.

Such rules, prescribing the body and dress of a subject, are common to poetry and prose. The animating soul is a thing apart. In this respect Coleridge's definition of the distinction between the two modes of composition seems faulty. "Prose is—words in the best places; poetry, the best words in the best places." This is Coleridge's "Table-talk," not the impulse that created "Christabel"

"With the loveliness of a vision."

Unless it is restricted to the arrangement of the signs of thought, there is more point than truth in the saying. That is only the power of selecting and disposing. The power to create is of another order. The psalmist unconsciously touches the real distinction:

"While I was musing, the fire kindled."

Through imagination, poetry springs into light and life. It was not alone set purpose, working by system, that made Stoddard a poet. The fire could never have kindled unless the spark had been born with him. It is our assured belief that to no American poet has this gift been given in fuller measure. All of his best performance is so conceived and inspired. Whether we "walk the solemn shores of death" with Charon, or hear, with the King's Sentinel, the voice "wailing like some magic bird," or see the blood-stained snow and feel the grim despair of Valley Forge, or go forth to meet the shadowy Two Kings, or welcome the great shapes of the Guests of the State, it is this wand that evokes them all from the past or the unknown. Sometimes it gives spirit to the simplest themes, as in "The Messenger at Night," or "The Necklace of Pearls"; sometimes it thrills us with the lightest touch, like those of "Adsum," and, again, sweeps the soul away into regions of darkness that may be felt, as in the story of "Teberistan," or of unsounded mystery, such as "Brahma's Answer" shadows. In certain of the longer poems appear specters of the mighty past, and trains of processional grandeur that only a powerful imagination could summon up. Of these are the Ode to Rome, History, and the Centennial Ode. Again it is condensed into single phrases, lambent among the lines. "Where, little seen but light, the only Shakspere is," "like liquid pearls through golden cells," "the light that sleeps in the air," "gone like a wind that blew a thousand years ago"—these, and innumerable others like them, sparkle down the page. In his earliest poems the faculty luxuriated in imitation, wandering through paradises of sense, which Keats might have dreamed, or pursuing the ghostly trace of Greek fable. When it had felt its own vigor it ceased to copy, and its later creations issue from its native force, showing an ordered energy, a tempered fire, that reveal the complete mastery Stoddard has gained of his powers and his art.

He perfected the last through understanding both of the quality and the limitations of the first. This consciousness dictated his preference for the models that first fixed his regard, as he listened to the sensuous swell of Keats's music, with its undertone of pain, or caught the voices, vibrant though thin, of early English song-writers. In his long-drawn descriptions of what is vivid and splendid in nature, his pictures of luxurious elegance, in the vague sighs that echo Shelley, of his "Hymn to the Beautiful," even in the slight early songs, the person is nothing, only that which is outward to it is perceived. It was of nature he was thinking most in saying, "And the self-same canons bind nature and the poet's mind." This, then, is one of his limitations —that the world of the individual is sealed to him. Nor can it be said that this is seeming, and due to the freshness of inexperience. Always in his poetry the picture comes first, and the reflection follows it. It is that the inner life of reasoning, and motives, and silent struggle interests him little. He often puts a single doubt into a startling question, or utters a simple emotion in a musical strain, but complex feelings, and contending purposes, and what makes the growth of a soul, remain unspoken by him. The isolated problem "Why are we here?" or "When we are ended does all end?" may seize his wonder a moment, but he does not pause to reason about it; a sigh or a tear may glide into his verse, but he does not hold and vex and analyze it. We are so used in this day to Princesses and Sordellos, so much of the alloy of philosophy is mingled with the fine gold of poesy, the harsh and crabbed notes of speculation so drown the music of Apollo's lute, that we welcome the bringer of peace in beauty who offers us pure poetry, not caring whether it is because he cannot give us metaphysics with it.

He escapes, too, perplexities of language

and the temptation to use inexact forms, the undress of indistinct sense. For his clear themes the frank words struck out while our tongue was new suffice—they do not need composite tokens, coined in the labor to express intricate thought. His smooth page is blurred by no conceits of language, no neologisms or harsh compounds that vague conceptions grope for to wrap themselves in. His command of the original stores of English speech is extensive. Bryant praised the purity of his prose. He drew it from pure sources, seeking it through familiarity with authors earlier than the English Augustan age. The splendid, if uncouth, vigor of Marlowe among dramatists, the natural turn of Herrick among singers, nourished his style. It need not be said that the greatest of the masters was his constant study. His acquaintance with early English literature, indeed, is so wide and sympathetic that he might well have served the cause of letters by teaching from a professor's chair, if he had not preferred that form of devotion to it which proved itself by authorship.

The language employed by Stoddard in his poems flows with a natural felicity that seems spontaneous. It is, in truth, the product of faithful conscientious labor. As in his ordinary work the slightest inaccuracy annoys him, and he will hunt for weeks after an exact date or fact, so in poetic composition he is content with no word that does not fit the thought as closely as if both had sprung together from the brain. It follows that his conceptions clothe themselves always in congruous style. The simple sentiment of a song flows into melodies as simple—he lingers with caressing amplitude of diction over luxurious fancies and the richness of nature; his narrative is even and dignified; each phrase of the sonnets has its polish—the few verses of war exult in stern, short syllables—and the lyrics unfold in a large and splendid utterance. Yet—as the extreme of merit runs the risk of becoming a fault—the accurate critic cannot neglect to note that the author's severe selection of the Anglo-Saxon elements of our language leaves sometimes in his style—the instances are infrequent—a trace of baldness and constraint. If, justly confident in his true ear and his trained taste, he had ranged with larger freedom of choice among the materials liberally and legitimately gathered from ancient and alien speech by our mother tongue, he might have enriched his verse with even readier flexibility of form and fuller variety of expression.

Stoddard's facility in the use of standard material forms, and his ingenuity in adapting new ones to the varying demands of his subjects, deserve attention. He begins writing with a measure little less regular than the favorite one of his first master, moving in long, even passages of rhymed ten-syllabled lines, with an occasional shorter quatrain interposed as a point of rest. As his themes, passing from description to invocation, ask a less monotonous movement, he adopts alternating lengths of line, separating the rhymes more widely and producing the effect aimed at by Keats in some of his minor poems—grave with tenderness. "Spring," "Autumn," and "Triumphant Music" are among our author's instances. At last, impatient of restraint, his verse beats with higher, swifter pulse in the splendid "Carmen Naturæ," that picturesque confession of his religion of nature, with its frank "Creation is enough for me." Still more broken and effective in its returns is the measure of that singular allegory, "The Children of Isis," and that of "Why Stand Ye Gazing?" that creed of non-religion, startling, but not irreverent in its boldness, which reads like something forgotten out of the Book of Job. His lyrical faculty soars at length to its highest sweep and largest freedom in the "Guests of the State," the fine centennial ode, with its stately, intermitting march. The noble poem, "History," more symmetrical in its numbers, falls naturally into the Spenserian stanza. This poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Harvard, fifty-six years later than that of Bryant on the same subject, pronounced on a similar occasion, the "Hymn of the Ages." It is modeled on a like plan, presenting a rapid review of the progress of mankind in a series of grand pictures, irregularly outlined, and not all equally sharp and clear. In the eager rush of its development, the poet seems always on the point of breaking the fetters of that cramping measure and spreading into the looser rhythms of the ode. It must be owned that this gives an effect of precipitancy, and that the long lines closing the separate stanzas of this poem are too often harsh and unmusical, jarring upon the cadence into which each period in this species of verse should smoothly subside. "Abraham Lincoln; a Horatian Ode," is composed in a special measure, yielding a solemn effect like

requiem music. It is written in worthy imitation of Andrew Marvell's "Ode to Cromwell." Its fire and dignity deserve the title to which it aspires, of Horatian, though its construction does not copy any of that poet's lyric meters. In the sequence of two shorter upon two longer lines, it resembles his favorite Alcaic measure, but the arrangement of the feet is quite different, and the prevalence of spondees weights it with mournful gravity. In this poem the first two lines of a stanza frame an idea, which the last two iterate or complete, with a short, sudden stroke, like the beat of a muffled drum. It is Hebraic in tone and cadence. It evokes and concretes all the great associations belonging to the man, set to the notes of his passing funeral pomp.

* * * * * * * *

"One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above,
Their shifting hate and love.

"Common his mind, (it seemed so then,)
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words, and poor,
But now they will endure!

"No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, courteous, pliant still;
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.

"Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appeared to halt,
And was, of course, at fault;

"Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both;
Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

"No hero this of Roman mould,
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the state."

* * * * * * * *

Stoddard is always thus attentive to adjust the movement of his numbers to the character of the subject they sustain. After the best word for the thought, he seeks the best modulations for combined expressions. When he recognized his capacity for narrative, he perceived that its sustained course required the support of a flowing, even verse, a little less simple than the ballad, rather less dignified than blank verse. He found it in the ten-syllabled rhyming lines chosen for the earliest of his poems of this class, the "Stork and the Ruby" and the "King's Sentinel." Improving on this choice, as his execution grew more sure, he adopted, for the more elaborate of these poetic legends, the "Pearl of the Philippines" and "Wratislaw," the more rapid octo-syllabic verse, giving greater spring and animation, and condensing the thought through the quicker recurrence of rhyme. Lastly, in the management of blank verse, the despair of ordinary poets, the touchstone of ear and judgment, Stoddard has studied to as fortunate a result. The Greek subjects presented themselves to his mind in that classic frame of "monumental verse." The workmanship of these poems is very remarkable for an author unfamiliar with the originals of ancient literature. The substance of them is transfused, not translated. Long studies of imitation would fail to imbue an ordinary mind with the spirit of the antique as thoroughly as Stoddard's kindred genius has caught it. "Charon" and "Persephone" have more to tell of suffering than of joy, but the suffering is calm. Their controlled emotion, under the aspects of unsympathizing nature, their cold grace, could only express themselves in that high, passionless measure. Some of the Eastern poems of a graver cast, as the "Abdication of Noman," are well suited to its character. And in his latest and most thoughtful work, the "Hymn to the Sea," the poet employs it with vigor and aptness to embody large ideas and reflections.

Beyond the precepts, and apart from the labor of composition, the poet is aware of something variously called impulse, mood, inspiration, that prepares and spurs his mind. The moment may melt away in dreamy longing, impotent to create, or the will may guide the mind, yielding and kindled by the happy influence, to strenuous production. Few of such moments that came to Stoddard have been wasted, and as the earnest habit of seizing and improving them became fixed, the energy that compelled them to transmute inspiration into effect grew constantly more facile and fruitful. Something of the impress of habit may be perceived in this—that he has not deserted any of the forms of composition he first chose. The early poems—as is the rule—are imitations. He confesses and is grateful to his first master. The few songs scattered among them taught him his inventive touch. The first effort of narrative appears in "Leonatus"; the "Arcadian Idyl," part Greek, part Tennysonian, betrays an experiment in classic style; and, in still another strain, the "Household Dirge" rehearses

the elegiac feeling that is to deepen through reality into "In Memoriam." In his next collected volume the performance is limited within the same varieties. It is chiefly made up of short poems framing detached thoughts. The narrative power gains distinctness, with an unusual touch of playfulness, in the "Squire of Low Degree." Once more classic models declare their influence, in the two longer poems on Greek subjects. The lyric faculty first asserts itself, though not all free as yet from imitative descriptions; and an occasional adaptation shows traces of Oriental impression, probably then due to Taylor.

> "We read your little book of Orient lays."

The "King's Bell," following in the series, is again a narrative, of no clime or age, only not here and now, illustrating the vanity of life, and carefully elaborated within the limits of an imaginary picture, free from local color. Next in the order of production comes the "Book of the East," half of which is employed with subjects indicated by its title, while in its later pages the poet resumes his practice with song and story, writes some striking poems of occasion, and develops perfectly his exact and comprehensive management of the ballad form. At this period the shadow of the East first falls on his spirit, chasing the sunshine and roses of his earlier knowledge. With reflection and absorption of its nature into his own, he learns to dwell on the mysteries of the region where questions as to the origin and meaning of life were first asked. The later poems, closing the present volume of collected works, show originality working itself clear, and preference for lyric and legend become nearly exclusive. A graceful strophe breathes regretful farewell gratitude to Keats, "master of my soul." "Songs unsung" are modulated in chords that foretell their own disuse. Orientalism, imbuing the mind till it no longer reflects mere accidents of clime, broods over the oldest divinations of Indian philosophy. On the other hand, the accent of the narrator, like the improvisatore's trained talent, gains its fullness of intentness and vivacity, and the lyric voice of the odes closes in triumphant music.

This rapid review of Stoddard's poetic development may point the value to the artist not only of the selection of such subjects as are within his powers, but also of continuous method in the use of those forms most consonant with them. Satisfied, after trial, with the figures he chose, as the ones in which his poetic conceptions could be most deftly molded, Stoddard does not quit them in caprice, but perseveres in their fashioning till they yield, as plastic under his hand as the forms of prose. Constant practice has made certain shapes of verse so familiar that he needs to heed only the spirit that shall inform them—as the expert musician forgets the mechanism of his instrument, caring only for the harmonies he may call forth from its strings.

A glance is all that space permits to test the correctness of these judgments as applied to our author's separate works. In that outburst of song with which our bards saluted the Centennial festival, no notes were stronger, more passionate with patriotism than those poured out by Stoddard, in the "Guests of the State." This ode is a grouping of colossal national forms, lifted to sight from afar, like the array that sweeps in living grace and urging force over the breadth of frieze belting an ancient temple. The figures are firmly outlined with few strokes, filled in with distinct lines of character. The construction of the piece accords strictly with the elemental rules of art. Introduced by direct statement, the theme breaks, as it expands into suggestions of distinct impersonations, then, kindling into more vivid life, rises to bold, pure embodiment. It takes no strain of allegory, the impulse being that of high, direct action and description, not veiled in metaphor, nor pointing moral. The historic past and the present of each shape fuse into unity. The political spirit animating the disjointed frame of Russia is clearly touched. Stupendous Asia and wrinkled Egypt, in their twofold life of what has been and what is, rise large and solemn. Japan, "the lady of the East," advances lovely in her strangeness. Africa, an uncouth, brutish, half-born thing, prone in ooze and parched by sun, is an original conception. This poem is composed with unusual richness of language, with many bold compulsions of rhyme, in an "exulting and abounding" measure, not too broken to suit the dignity of the subject. It is full, both by assertion and contrast, of patriotic fervor; the same fire that in many of the poet's strong minor pieces shows that it is by his heart and not only by rules that he writes.

The "Book of the East" is one of the ripening—not the ripest—fruits of Stoddard's genius. Why it was turned in this direction

it is difficult to say—perhaps won by the simplicity of Oriental themes, or by their bold speculations on the unseen, both elements of largeness. Or it may be that the spoils of travel brought home by Taylor tempted him, too, to visit that ancient treasure-house of legend. He may have remembered that "better half a year of Europe than a cycle of Cathay" was only an epigram of action, flung from the unquiet heart of complex Western civilization at the solemn calm of those slow, unchanging ages; may have felt that humanity glassed itself more truly in that vast, pulseless surface lying close to Nature, than in the million sparkling facets of Occidental life. Many of these pieces are wrought up from hints and fragments found in the publications of Oriental societies; others form a part of the common fund of fable among Western nations, popularized from unknown Eastern sources. The verses of this collection are often reflections of reflections, being derived from prose translations. Yet this double transmission imparts no weakness to the thought nor remoteness to the tone. Stoddard has polished and set rough diamonds dug out by others from that mine of ancient literature. Narrow as is the range of feeling covered by these poems, the differences of color and expression peculiar to each people are carefully preserved. Among all these songs, breathing little else than passion, it is curious that the Chinese have the most of a certain homely tone—of humor, even—and delicate imagery. We quote from the "Chinese Songs" the following:

"Before the scream of the hawk
The timid swallow flies;
And the lake unrolled in the distance,
Like a silver carpet lies.

"The light that sleeps in the air,
Like the breath of flowers, is sweet;
The very dust is balmy
Under the horses' feet.

"We sit in the tennis court,
Where the beautiful sunlight falls;
The mountains crossed by bridges
Come down to the city walls.

"The houses are hid in flowers,
Buried in bloomy trees;
But under the veils of the willows
Are glimpses of cottages.

"What makes the winds so sweet?
Is it the breath of June?
'Tis the jasper flute in the pear-tree,
Playing a silent tune."

There are many among the "Hymns of the Mystics" that recall the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, that Persian combination of Horace and Voltaire, who wrote two hundred years before Dante. Should the task of translation again invite Stoddard, he might find material for an interesting contribution to human thought in the hundreds of stanzas, yet without a paraphrase, of this poet, richly imaginative as they are, and penetrated by a tone of sadness strangely consonant with the pessimism of our day.

The attentive reader of this volume will note many things unmentioned that might heighten the praise given in this sketch to its author's merits. He will discern many more sure to win his consent to the general opinion that Stoddard is a poet largely gifted with imagination, an assiduous student of his art, who with slender early opportunities has attained, through mastery of its rules, to a forcible expression of original combinations, easy control of its resources of melody, and a manner always direct, and by turns dignified, or pathetic, or impassioned, rising at moments into grandeur. His productions in prose, in the form of criticism, essays and comments, have insensibly become for the public a part of the elements of education, and gained for him a literary reputation. The judgment of men of letters has bestowed on him that which does not always follow common reputation—the promise of fame. It is idle to predict immortality for any work, even of transcendent power, remembering how short is the date of fame among men, and that a shred of papyrus rescued from a tomb, or a potsherd scratched with the name of some forgotten king, are all the relics of letters that have come down to us from five thousand years ago, through a moment only in the duration of the race. Yet, until the history of our country has grown so old that its earliest records have lost all distinctness, we may believe that Stoddard's name will remain written in them as that of one of the few poets—less than a score would round the tale—whose genius illustrated the first century of its national literature.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE RED DISK.

SPOKEN BY A CITIZEN OF MALTA—1300.

A CURIOUS title held in high repute,
One among many honors, thickly strewn
On my lord Bishop's head, his Grace of Malta.
Nobly he bears them all,—with tact, skill, zeal,
Fulfills each special office, vast or slight,
Nor slurs the least minutia,—therewithal
Wears such a stately aspect of command,
Broad-cheeked, broad-chested, reverend, sanctified,
Haloed with white about the tonsure's rim,
With dropped lids o'er the piercing Spanish eyes
(Lynx-keen, I warrant, to spy out heresy);
Tall, massive form, o'ertowering all in presence,
Or ere they kneel to kiss the large white hand.
His looks sustain his deeds,—the perfect prelate,
Whose void chair shall be taken, but not filled.

You know not, who are foreign to the isle,
Haply, what this Red Disk may be, he guards.
'Tis the bright blotch, big as the royal seal,
Branded beneath the beard of every Jew.
These vermin so infest the isle, so slide
Into all byways, highways that may lead
Direct or roundabout to wealth or power,
Some plain, plump mark was needed, to protect
From the degrading contact Christian folk.

The evil had grown monstrous: certain Jews
Wore such a haughty air, had so refined,
With super-subtile arts, strict, monkish lives,
And studious habit, the coarse Hebrew type,
One might have elbowed in the public mart
Iscariot,—nor suspected one's soul-peril.
Christ's blood! it sets my flesh a-creep to think
We may breath freely now, not fearing taint.
Praised be our good Lord Bishop! He keeps count
Of every Jew, and prints on cheek or chin
The scarlet stamp of separateness, of shame.

No beard, blue-black, grizzled or Judas-colored,
May hide that damning little wafer-flame.
When one appears therewith, the urchins know
Good sport's at hand; they fling their stones and mud,
Sure of their game. But most the wisdom shows
Upon the unbelievers' selves; they learn
Their proper rank; crouch, cringe and hide,—lay by
Their insolence of self-esteem; no more
Flaunt forth in rich attire, but in dull weeds,
Slovenly donned, would slink past unobserved;
Bow servile necks and crook obsequious knees,
Chin sunk in hollow chest, eyes fixed on earth
Or blinking sidewise, but to apprehend
Whether or not the hated spot be spied.
I warrant my lord Bishop has full hands,
Guarding the Red Disk—lest one rogue escape!

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER L.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

THERE was always some flutter among Frowenfeld's employés when he was asked for, and this time it was the more pronounced because he was sought by a housemaid from the upper floor. It was hard for these two or three young Ariels to keep their Creole feet to the ground when it was presently revealed to their sharp ears that the "proffis-or" was requested to come upstairs.

The new store was an extremely neat, bright, and well-ordered establishment; yet to ascend into the drawing-rooms seemed to the apothecary like going from the hold of one of those smart old packet-ships of his day into the cabin. Aurora came forward, with the slippers of a Cinderella twinkling at the edge of her robe. It seemed unfit that the floor under them should not be clouds.

"Proffis-or Frowenfel', good-day! Teg a cha'." She laughed. It was the pure joy of existence. "You's well? You lookin' verrie well! Halways bizzie? You fine dad agriz wid you' healt', 'Sieur Frowenfel'? Yes? Ha, ha, ha!" She suddenly leaned toward him across the arm of her chair, with an earnest face, "'Sieur Frowenfel', Palmyre wand see you. You don' wan' come ad 'er 'ouse, eh?—an' you don' wan' her to come ad yo' bureau. You know, 'Sieur Frowenfel', she drez the hair of Clotilde an' mieself. So w'en she tell me dad, I juz say, 'Palmyre, I will sen' for Proffis-or Frowenfel' to come yeh; but I don' thing 'e comin'.' You know, I din' wan' you to 'ave dad troub'; but Clotilde—ha, ha, ha! Clotilde is sudge a foolish—she nevva thing of dad troub' to you—she say she thing you was too kine-'arted to call dad troub'—ha, ha, ha! So anny'ow we sen' for you, eh!"

Frowenfeld said he was glad they had done so, whereupon Aurora rose lightly, saying:

"I go an' sen' her." She started away, but turned back to add: "You know, 'Sieur Frowenfel', she say she cann' truz nobody bud y'u." She ended with a low, melodious laugh, bending her joyous eyes upon the apothecary with her head dropped to one side in a way to move a heart of flint.

She turned and passed through a door, and by the same way Palmyre entered. The *philosophe* came forward noiselessly and with a subdued expression, different from any Frowenfeld had ever before seen. At the first sight of her a thrill of disrelish ran through him of which he was instantly ashamed; as she came nearer he met her with a deferential bow and the silent tender of a chair. She sat down, and, after a moment's pause, handed him a sealed letter.

He turned it over twice, recognized the handwriting, felt the disrelish return, and said:

"This is addressed to yourself."

She bowed.

"Do you know who wrote it?" he asked.

She bowed again.

"*Oui, Miché.*"

"You wish me to open it? I cannot read French."

She seemed to have some explanation to offer, but could not command the necessary English; however, with the aid of Frowenfeld's limited guessing powers, she made him understand that the bearer of the letter to her had brought word from the writer that it was written in English purposely that M. Frowenfeld—the only person he was willing should see it—might read it. Frowenfeld broke the seal and ran his eye over the writing, but remained silent.

The woman stirred, as if to say "Well?" But he hesitated.

"Palmyre," he suddenly said, with a slight, dissuasive smile, "it would be a profanation for me to read this."

She bowed to signify that she caught his meaning, then raised her elbows with an expression of dubiety, and said:

"'E hask you ——"

"Yes," murmured the apothecary. He

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shook his head as if to protest to himself, and read in a low but audible voice:

"Star of my soul, I approach to die. It is not for me possible to live without Palmyre. Long time have I so done, but now, cut off from to see thee, by imprisonment, as it may be called, love is starving to death. Oh, have pity on the faithful heart which, since ten years, change not, but forget heaven and earth for you. Now in the peril of the life, hidden away, that absence from the sight of you make his seclusion the more worse than death. Halas! I pine! Not other ten years of despair can I commence. Accept this love. If so I will live for you, but if to the contraire I must die for you. Is there anything at all what I will not give or even do if Palmyre will be my wife? Ah, no, far otherwise, there is nothing!"

Frowenfeld looked over the top of the letter. Palmyre sat with her eyes cast down, slowly shaking her head. He returned his glance to the page, coloring somewhat with annoyance at being made a proposing medium.

"The English is very faulty here," he said, without looking up. "He mentions Bras-Coupé." Palmyre started and turned toward him; but he went on without lifting his eyes. "He speaks of your old pride and affection toward him as one who with your aid might have been a leader and deliverer of his people." Frowenfeld looked up. "Do you under——"

"*Allez, Miché,*" said she, leaning forward, her great eyes fixed on the apothecary and her face full of distress. "*Mo comprend bien.*"

"He asks you to let him be to you in the place of Bras-Coupé."

The eyes of the *philosophe,* probably for the first time since the death of the giant, lost their pride. They gazed upon Frowenfeld with almost piteousness; but she compressed her lips and again slowly shook her head.

"You see," said Frowenfeld, suddenly feeling a new interest, "he understands their wants. He knows their wrongs. He is acquainted with laws and men. He could speak for them. It would not be insurrection—it would be advocacy. He would give his time, his pen, his speech, his means, to get them justice—to get them their rights."

She hushed the over-zealous advocate with a sad and bitter smile and essayed to speak, studied as if for English words, and, suddenly abandoning that attempt, said, with ill-concealed scorn and in the Creole patois:

"What is all that? What I want is vengeance!"

"I will finish reading," said Frowenfeld, quickly, not caring to understand the passionate speech.

"Ah, Palmyre! Palmyre! What you love and hope to love you because his heart keep itself free, he is loving another!"

"*Qui ci ça, Miché?*"

Frowenfeld was loth to repeat. She had understood, as her face showed; but she dared not believe. He made it shorter:

"He means that Honoré Grandissime loves another woman."

"'Tis a lie!" she exclaimed, a better command of English coming with the momentary loss of restraint.

The apothecary thought a moment and then decided to speak.

"I do not think so," he quietly said.

"'Ow you know dat?"

She, too, spoke quietly, but under a fearful strain. She had thrown herself forward, but, as she spoke, forced herself back into her seat.

"He told me so himself."

The tall figure of Palmyre rose slowly and silently from her chair, her eyes lifted up and her lips moving noiselessly. She seemed to have lost all knowledge of place or of human presence. She walked down the drawing-room quite to its curtained windows and there stopped, her face turned away and her hand laid with a visible tension on the back of a chair. She remained there so long that Frowenfeld had begun to think of leaving her so, when she turned and came back. Her form was erect, her step firm and nerved, her lips set together and her hands dropped easily at her side; but when she came close up before the apothecary she was trembling. For a moment she seemed speechless, and then, while her eyes gleamed with passion, she said, in a cold, clear tone, and in her native patois:

"Very well; if I cannot love I can have my revenge." She took the letter from him and bowed her thanks, still adding, in the same tongue, "There is now no longer anything to prevent."

The apothecary understood the dark speech. She meant that, with no hope of Honoré's love, there was no restraining motive to withhold her from wreaking what vengeance she could upon Agricola. But he saw the folly of a debate.

"That is all I can do?" asked he.

"*Oui, merci, Miché,*" she said; then she added, in perfect English, "But that is not all *I* can do," and then—laughed.

The apothecary had already turned to go, and the laugh was a low one; but it chilled his blood. He was glad to get back to his employments.

CHAPTER LI.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

WE have now recorded some of the events which characterized the five months during which Doctor Keene had been vainly seeking to recover his health in the West Indies.

"Is Mr. Frowenfeld in?" he asked, walking very slowly, and with a cane, into the new drug-store on the morning of his return to the city.

"Is Professo' Frowenfel's in?" replied a young man in shirt-sleeves, speaking rapidly, slapping a paper package which he had just tied, and sliding it smartly down the counter. "No, seh."

A quick step behind the doctor caused him to turn; Raoul was just entering, with a bright look of business on his face, taking his coat off as he came.

"Docta Keene! *Teck* a chair. 'Ow you like de noo sto'? See? Fo' counters! T'ree clerk'! De whole interieure paint undre mie h-own dirrection! If dat is not a beautiful! eh? Look at dat sign."

He pointed to some lettering in harmonious colors near the ceiling at the farther end of the house. The doctor looked and read:

MANDARIN, AG'T, APOTHECARY.

"Why not Frowenfeld?" he asked.

Raoul shrugged.

"'Tis better dis way."

That was his explanation.

"Not the De Brahmin Mandarin who was Honoré's manager?"

"Yes. Honoré wasn' able to kip 'im no long-er. Honoré isn' so rich lak befo'."

"And Mandarin is really in charge here?"

"Oh, yes. Profess-or Frowenfel' all de time at de ole corner, w'ere 'e *con*tinue to keep 'is private room and h-use de ole shop fo' ware'ouse. 'E h-only come yeh w'en Mandarin cann' git 'long widout 'im."

"What does he do there? *He's* not rich."

Raoul bent down toward the doctor's chair and whispered the dark secret:

"Studyin'!"

The doctor went out.

Everything seemed changed to the returned wanderer. Poor man! The changes were very slight save in their altered relation to him. To one broken in health, and still more to one with broken heart, old scenes fall upon the sight in broken rays. A sort of vague alienation seemed to the little doctor to come like a film over the long-familiar vistas of the town where he had once walked in the vigor and complacency of strength and distinction. This was not the same New Orleans. The people he met on the street were more or less familiar to his memory, but many that should have recognized him failed to do so, and others were made to notice him rather by his cough than by his face. Some did not know he had been away. It made him cross.

He had walked slowly down beyond the old Frowenfeld corner and had just crossed the street to avoid the dust of a building which was being torn down to make place for a new one, when he saw coming toward him, unconscious of his proximity, Joseph Frowenfeld.

"Doctor Keene!" said Frowenfeld, with almost the enthusiasm of Raoul.

The doctor was very much quieter.

"Hello, Joe."

They went back to the new drug-store, sat down in a pleasant little rear corner inclosed by a railing and curtains, and talked.

"And did the trip prove of no advantage to you?"

"You see. But never mind me; tell me about Honoré; how does that row with his family progress?"

"It still continues; the most of his people hold ideas of justice and prerogative that run parallel with family and party lines, lines of caste, of custom and the like; they have imparted their bad feeling against him to the community at large; very easy to do just now, for the election for President of the States comes on in the fall, and though we in Louisiana have little or nothing to do with it, the people are feverish."

"The country's chill day," said Doctor Keene; "dumb chill, hot fever."

"The excitement is intense," said Frowenfeld. "It seems we are not to be granted suffrage yet; but the Creoles have a way of casting votes in their mind. For example, they have voted Honoré Grandissime a traitor; they have voted me an incumbrance; I hear one of them casting that vote now."

Some one near the front of the store was talking excitedly with Raoul:

"An'—an'—an' w'at are the consequence?

The consequence are that we smash his shop for him an' he 'ave to make a noo-start with a Creole partner's money an' put 'is sto' in charge of Creole'! If I know he is yo' frien'? Yesseh! Valuable citizen? An' w'at we care for valuable citizen? Let him be valuable if he want; it keep' him from gettin' the neck broke; but—he mus'-tek kyeh—'ow—he—talk'! He-mus'-tek-kyeh 'ow he stir the 'ot blood of Louisyanna!"

"He is perfectly right," said the little doctor, in his husky undertone; "neither you nor Honoré is a bit sound, and I shouldn't wonder if they would hang you both, yet; and as for that darkey who has had the impudence to try to make a commercial white gentleman of himself—it may not be I that ought to say it, but—he will get his deserts—sure!"

"There are a great many Americans that think as you do," said Frowenfeld, quietly.

"But," said the little doctor, "what did that fellow mean by your Creole partner? Mandarin is in charge of your store, but he is not your partner, is he? Have you one?"

"A silent one," said the apothecary.

"So silent as to be none of my business?"

"No."

"Well, who is it, then?"

"It is Mademoiselle Nancanou."

"Your partner in business?"

"Yes."

"Well, Joseph Frowenfeld,——"

The insinuation conveyed in the doctor's manner was very trying, but Joseph merely reddened.

"Purely business, I suppose," presently said the doctor, with a ghastly ironical smile. "Does the arrangem—" his utterance failed him—"does it end there?"

"It ends there."

"And you don't see that it ought either not to have begun, or else ought not to have ended there?"

Frowenfeld blushed angrily. The doctor asked:

"And who takes care of Aurora's money?"

"Herself."

"Exclusively?"

They both smiled more good-naturedly.

"Exclusively."

"She's a 'coon;" and the little doctor rose up and crawled away, ostensibly to see another friend, but really to drag himself into his bed-chamber and lock himself in. The next day—the yellow fever was bad again—he resumed the practice of his profession.

"'Twill be a sort of decent suicide without the element of pusillanimity," he thought to himself.

CHAPTER LII.

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

When Honoré Grandissime heard that Doctor Keene had returned to the city in a very feeble state of health, he rose at once from the desk where he was sitting and went to see him; but it was on that morning when the doctor was sitting and talking with Joseph, and Honoré found his chamber door locked. Doctor Keene called twice, within the following two days, upon Honoré at his counting-room; but on botb occasions Honoré's chair was empty. So it was several days before they met. But one hot morning in the latter part of August,—the August days were hotter before the cypress forest was cut down between the city and the lake than they are now,—as Doctor Keene stood in the middle of his room breathing distressedly after a sad fit of coughing, and looking toward one of his windows whose closed sash he longed to see opened, Honoré knocked at the door.

"Well, come in!" said the fretful invalid. "Why, Honoré,—well, it serves you right for stopping to knock. Sit down."

Each took a hasty, scrutinizing glance at the other; and, after a pause, Doctor Keene said:

"Honoré, you are pretty badly stove."

M. Grandissime smiled.

"Do you think so, Docta? I will be mo' complimentary to you; you might look mo' sick."

"Oh, I have resumed my trade," replied Doctor Keene.

"So I have heard; but, Chahlie, that is all in favor-h of the people who want a skillful and advanced physician and do not mind killing him; I should advise you not to do it."

"You mean" (the incorrigible little doctor smiled cynically) "if I should ask your advice. I am going to get well Honoré."

His visitor shrugged.

"So much the betta. I do confess I am tempted to make use of you in yo' official capacity, rhight now. Do you feel strhong enough to go with me in yo' gig a little way?"

"A professional call?"

"Yes, and a difficult case; also a confidential one."

"Ah! confidential!" said the little man,

in his painful, husky irony. "You want to get me into the sort of scrape I got our 'professor' into, eh?"

"Possibly a worse one," replied the amiable Creole.

"And I must be mum, eh?"

"I would prhefeh."

"Shall I need any instruments? No?"—with a shade of disappointment on his face.

He pulled a bell-rope and ordered his gig to the street door.

"How are affairs about town?" he asked, as he made some slight preparation for the street.

"Excitement continues. Just as I came along, a prhivate difficulty between a Crheole and an Américain drhew instantly half the strheet togetheh to take sides strhictly accawding to belongings and without asking a question. My-de'-seh, we ah having, as Frhowenfeld says, a war-h of human acids and alkalis!"

They descended and drove away. At the first corner the lad who drove turned, by Honoré's direction, toward the rue Dauphine, entèred it, passed down it to the rue Dumaine, turned into this toward the river again and entered the rue Condé. The route was circuitous. They stopped at the carriage door of a large brick house. The wicket was opened by Clemence. They alighted without driving in.

"Hey, old witch," said the doctor, with mock severity; "not hung yet?"

The houses of any pretension to comfortable spaciousness in the closely built parts of the town were all of the one, general, Spanish-American plan. Honoré led the doctor through the cool, high, tesselated carriage-hall, on one side of which were the drawing-rooms, closed and darkened. They turned at the bottom, ascended a broad, iron-railed staircase to the floor above, and halted before the open half of a glazed double door with a clumsy iron latch. It was the entrance to two spacious chambers, which were thrown into one by folded doors.

The doctor made a low, indrawn whistle and raised his eyebrows—the rooms were so sumptuously furnished; immovable largeness and heaviness, lofty sobriety, abundance of finely wrought brass mounting, motionless richness of upholstery, much silent twinkle of pendulous crystal, a soft semi-obscurity—such were the characteristics. The long windows of the farther apartment could be seen to open over the street, and the air from behind, coming in over a green mass of fig-trees that stood in the paved court below, moved through the rooms, making them cool and cavernous.

"You don't call this a hiding-place, do you—in his own bed-chamber?" the doctor whispered.

"It is necessary, now, only to keep out of sight," softly answered Honoré. "Agrhicole and some othehs rhansacked this house one night last Mahch—the day I announced the new firm; but of co'se, then, he was not heah."

They entered, and the figure of Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c., came into view in the center of the farther room, reclining in an attitude of extreme languor on a low couch, whither he had come from the high bed near by, as the impression of his form among its pillows showed. He turned upon the two visitors his slow, melancholy eyes, and, without an attempt to rise or speak, indicated, by a feeble motion of the hand, an invitation to be seated.

"Good morning," said Doctor Keene, selecting a light chair and drawing it close to the side of the couch.

The patient before him was emaciated. The limp and bloodless hand, which had not responded to the doctor's friendly pressure but sank idly back upon the edge of the couch, was cool and moist, and its nails slightly blue.

"Lie still," said the doctor, re-assuringly, as the rentier began to lift the one knee and slippered foot which was drawn up on the couch and the hand which hung out of sight across a large, linen-covered cushion.

By pleasant talk that seemed all chat, the physician soon acquainted himself with the case before him. It was a very plain one. By and by he rubbed his face and red curls and suddenly said:

"You will not take my prescription."

The f. m. c. did not say yes or no.

"Still,"—the doctor turned sidewise in his chair, as was his wont, and, as he spoke, allowed the corners of his mouth to take that little satirical downward pull which his friends disliked,—"I'll do my duty. I'll give Honoré the details as to diet; no physic; but my prescription to you is, Get up and get out. Never mind the risk of rough handling; they can but kill you, and you will die anyhow if you stay here." He rose. "I'll send you a chalybeate tonic; or—I will leave it at Frowenfeld's to-morrow morning, and you can call there and get it. It will give you an object for going out."

The two visitors presently said adieu and retired together. Reaching the bottom of the stairs in the carriage "corridor," they turned in a direction opposite to the entrance and took chairs in a cool nook of the paved court, at a small table where the hospitality of Clemence had placed glasses of lemonade.

"No," said the doctor, as they sat down, "there is, as yet, no incurable organic derangement; a little heart trouble easily removed; still your—your patient——"

"My half-brother," said Honoré.

"Your patient," said Doctor Keene, "is an emphatic 'yes' to the question the girls sometimes ask us doctors—'Does love ever kill?' It will kill him *soon*, if you do not get him to rouse up. There is absolutely nothing the matter with him but his unrequited love."

"Fawtunately, the most of us," said Honoré, with something of the doctor's smile, "do not love hahd enough to be killed by it."

"Very few." The doctor paused, and his blue eyes, distended in reverie, gazed upon the glass which he was slowly turning around with his attenuated fingers as it stood on the board, while he added: "However, one *may* love as hopelessly and harder than that man upstairs, and yet not die."

"There-h is comfo't in that—to those who must live," said Honoré, with gentle gravity.

"Yes," said the other, still toying with his glass.

He slowly lifted his glance, and the eyes of the two men met and remained steadfastly fixed each upon each.

"You've got it bad," said Doctor Keene, mechanically.

"And you?" retorted the Creole.

"It isn't going to kill me."

"It has not killed me. And," added M. Grandissime, as they passed through the carriage-way toward the street, "while I keep in mind the numbe'less otheh sorrows of life, the burhials of wives and sons and daughtehs, the agonies and desolations, I shall nevvah die of love, my-de'-seh, fo' verhy shame's sake."

This was much sentiment to risk within Doctor Keene's reach; but he took no advantage of it.

"Honoré," said he, as they joined hands on the banquette beside the doctor's gig, to say good-day, "if you think there's a chance for you, why stickle upon such fine-drawn points as I reckon you are making? Why, sir, as I understand it, this is the only weak spot your action has shown; you have taken an inoculation of Quixotic conscience from our transcendental apothecary and perpetrated a lot of heroic behavior that would have done honor to four-and-twenty Brutuses; and now that you have a chance to do something easy and human, you shiver and shrink at the 'looks o' the thing.' Why, what do you care——"

"Hush!" said Honoré; "do you suppose I have not temptation enough alrheady?"

He began to move away.

"Honoré," said the doctor, following him a step, "I couldn't have made a mistake—it's the little Monk,—it's Aurora, isn't it?"

Honoré nodded, then faced his friend more directly, with a sudden new thought.

"But, Doctah, why not take your-h own advice? I know not how you ah prhevented; you have as good a rhight as Frhowenfeld."

"It wouldn't be honest," said the doctor; "it wouldn't be the straight up and down manly thing."

"Why not?"

The doctor stepped into his gig——

"Not till I feel all right *here*." (In his chest.)

CHAPTER LIII.

FROWENFELD AT THE GRANDISSIME MANSION.

One afternoon—it seems to have been some time in June, and consequently earlier than Doctor Keene's return—the Grandissimes were set all a-tremble with vexation by the discovery that another of their number had, to use Agricola's expression, "gone over to the enemy,"—a phrase first applied by him to Honoré.

"What do you intend to convey by that term?" Frowenfeld had asked on that earlier occasion.

"Gone over to the enemy means, my son, gone over to the enemy!" replied Agricola. "It implies affiliation with Américains in matters of business and of government! It implies the exchange of social amenities with a race of upstarts! It implies a craven consent to submit the sacredest prejudices of our fathers to the newfangled measuring-rods of pert, imported theories upon moral and political progress! It implies a listening to, and reasoning with, the condemners of some of our most time-honored and respectable practices!

Reasoning with? N-a-hay! but Honoré has positively sat down and eaten with them! What?—and h-walked out into the stre-heet with them, arm in arm! It implies in his case an act—two separate and distinct acts—so base that—that—I simply do not understand them! *H-you* know, Professor Frowenfeld, what he has done! You know how ignominiously he has surrendered the key of a moral position which for the honor of the Grandissime-Fusilier name we have felt it necessary to hold against our hereditary enemies! And—you—know ——" here Agricola actually dropped all artificiality and spoke from the depths of his feelings, without figure—"h-h-he has joined himself in business h-with a man of negro blood! What can we do? What can we say? It is Honoré Grandissime. We can only say, 'Farewell! He is gone over to the enemy.'"

The new cause of exasperation was the defection of Raoul Innerarity. Raoul had, somewhat from a distance, contemplated such part as he could understand of Joseph Frowenfeld's character with ever-broadening admiration. We know how devoted he became to the interests and fame of "Frowenfeld's." It was in April he had married. Not to divide his generous heart, he took rooms opposite the drug-store, resolved that "Frowenfeld's" should be not only the latest closed but the earliest opened of all the pharmacies in New Orleans.

This, it is true, was allowable. Not many weeks afterward his bride fell suddenly and seriously ill. The overflowing souls of Aurora and Clotilde could not be so near to trouble and not know it, and before Raoul was nearly enough recovered from the shock of this peril to remember that he was a Grandissime, these last two of the De Grapions had hastened across the street to the small, white-walled sick-room and filled it as full of universal human love as the cup of a magnolia is full of perfume. Madame Innerarity recovered. A warm affection was all she and her husband could pay such ministration in, and this they paid bountifully; the four became friends. The little madame found herself drawn most toward Clotilde; to her she opened her heart—and her wardrobe, and showed her all her beautiful new under-clothing. Clotilde, Raoul found to be, for him, rather—what shall we say?—starry, starrily inaccessible; but Aurora was emphatically after his liking; he was delighted with Aurora. He told her in confidence that "Profess-or Frowenfel'" was the best man in the world; but she boldly said, taking pains to speak with a tear and a half of genuine gratitude,—"Egcep' Monsieur Honoré Grandissime," and he assented, at first with hesitation and then with ardor. The four formed a group of their own; and it is not certain that this was not the very first specimen ever produced in the Crescent City of that social variety of New Orleans life now distinguished as Uptown Creoles.

Almost the first thing acquired by Raoul in the camp of the enemy was a certain Aurorean audacity; and on the afternoon to which we allude, having told Frowenfeld a rousing fib to the effect that the multitudinous inmates of the maternal Grandissime mansion had insisted on his bringing his esteemed employer to see them, he and his bride had the hardihood to present him on the front veranda.

The straightforward Frowenfeld was much pleased with his reception. It was not possible for such as he to guess the ire with which his presence was secretly regarded. New Orleans, let us say once more, was small, and the apothecary of the rue Royale locally famed; and what with curiosity and that innate politeness which it is the Creole's boast that he cannot mortify, the veranda, about the top of the great front stair, was well crowded with people of both sexes and all ages. It would be most pleasant to tarry once more in description of this gathering of nobility and beauty; to recount the points of Creole loveliness in midsummer dress; to tell in particular of one and another eye-kindling face, form, manner, wit; to define the subtle qualities of Creole air and sky and scene, or the yet more delicate graces that characterize the music of Creole voice and speech and the light of Creole eyes; to set forth the gracious, unaccentuated dignity of the matrons and the ravishing archness of their daughters. To Frowenfeld the experience seemed all unreal. Nor was this unreality removed by conversation on grave subjects; for few among either the maturer or the younger beauty could do aught but listen to his foreign tongue like unearthly strangers in the old fairy tales. They came, however, in the course of their talk to the subject of love and marriage. It is not certain that they entered deeper into the great question than a comparison of its attendant Anglo-American and Franco-American conventionalities; but sure it is that somehow—let those young souls divine the method who can—every unearthly stranger on that veranda contrived

to understand. Suddenly the conversation began to move over the ground of intermarriage between hostile families. Then what eyes and ears! A certain suspicion had already found lodgment in the universal Grandissime breast, and every one knew in a moment that, to all intents and purposes, they were about to argue the case of Honoré and Aurora.

The conversation became discussion, Frowenfeld, Raoul and Raoul's little seraph against the whole host, chariots, horse and archery. Ah! such strokes as the apothecary dealt! And if Raoul and "Madame Raoul" played parts most closely resembling the blowing of horns and breaking of pitchers, still they bore themselves gallantly. The engagement was short; we need not say that nobody surrendered; nobody ever gives up the ship in parlor or veranda debate; and yet—as is generally the case in such affairs—truth and justice made some unacknowledged headway. If anybody on either side came out wounded—this to the credit of the Creoles as a people—the sufferer had the heroic good manners not to say so. But the results were more marked than this; indeed, in more than one or two candid young hearts and impressible minds the wrongs and rights of sovereign true love began there on the spot to be more generously conceded and allowed. "Myde'-seh," Honoré had once on a time said to Frowenfeld, meaning that to prevail in conversational debate one should never follow up a faltering opponent, "you mus' *crhack* the egg, not smash it!" And Joseph, on rising to take his leave, could the more amiably overlook the feebleness of the invitation to call again, since he rejoiced, for Honoré's sake, in the conviction that the egg was cracked.

Agricola, the Grandissimes told the apothecary, was ill in his room, and Madame de Grandissime, his sister—Honoré's mother—begged to be excused that she might keep him company. The Fusiliers were a very close order; or one might say they garrisoned the citadel.

But Joseph's rising to go was not immediately upon the close of the discussion; those courtly people would not let even an unwelcome guest go with the faintest feeling of disrelish for them. They were casting about in their minds for some momentary diversion with which to add a finishing touch to their guest's entertainment, when Clemence appeared in the front garden-walk and was quickly surrounded by bounding children, alternately begging and demanding a song. Many of even the younger adults remembered well when she had been "one of the hands on the place," and a passionate lover of the African dance. In the same instant half a dozen voices proposed that for Joseph's amusement Clemence should put her cakes off her head, come up on the veranda and show a few of her best steps.

"But who will sing?"

"Raoul!"

"Very well; and what shall it be?"

"'Madame Gaba'."

No, Clemence objected.

"Well, well, stand back—something better than 'Madame Gaba.'"

Raoul began to sing and Clemence instantly to pace and turn, posture, bow, respond to the song, start, swing, straighten, stamp, wheel, lift her hands, stoop, twist, walk, whirl, tip-toe with crossed ankles, smite her palms, march, circle, leap—an endless improvisation of rhythmic motion to this modulated responsive chant:

RAOUL. "*Mo pas l'aimein ça.*"
CLEMENCE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"
HE. "*Yé donné vingt cinq sous pou' manzé poulé.*"
SHE. "*Miché Igenne, dit—dit—dit——*"
HE. "*Mo pas l'aimein ça!*"
SHE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"
HE. "*Mo pas l'aimein ça!*"
SHE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"

Frowenfeld was not so greatly amused as the ladies thought he should have been, and was told that this was not a fair indication of what he would see if there were ten dancers instead of one.

How much less was it an indication of what he would have seen in that mansion early the next morning, when there was found just outside of Agricola's bedroom door a fresh egg, not cracked, according to Honoré's maxim, but smashed, according to the lore of the voudous. Who could have got in in the night? And did the intruder get in by magic, by outside lock-picking, or by inside collusion? Later in the morning, the children playing in the basement found—it had evidently been accidentally dropped, since the true use of its contents required them to be scattered in some person's path—a small cloth bag, containing a quantity of dogs' and cats' hair, cut fine and mixed with salt and pepper.

"Clemence?"

"Pooh! Clemence. No! But as sure as the sun turns around the world—Palmyre Philosophe!"

CHAPTER LIV.

"CAULDRON BUBBLE."

THE excitement and alarm produced by the practical threat of voudou curses upon Agricola was one thing, Creole lethargy was quite another; and when, three mornings later, a full quartette of voudou charms was found in the four corners of Agricola's pillow, the great Grandissime family were ignorant of how they could have come there. Let us examine these terrible engines of mischief. In one corner was an acorn drilled through with two holes at right angles to each other, a small feather run through each hole; in the second a joint of cornstalk with a cavity scooped from the middle, the pith left intact at the ends, and the space filled with parings from that small callous spot near the knee of the horse, called the "nail"; in the third corner a bunch of parti-colored feathers; something equally meaningless in the fourth. No thread was used in any of them. All fastening was done with the gum of trees. It was no easy task for his kindred to prevent Agricola, beside himself with rage and fright, from going straight to Palmyre's house and shooting her down in open day.

"We shall have to watch our house by night," said a gentleman of the household, when they had at length restored the Citizen to a condition of mind which enabled them to hold him in a chair.

"Watch this house?" cried a chorus. "You don't suppose she comes near here, do you? She does it all from a distance. No, no; watch *her* house."

Did Agricola believe in the supernatural potency of these gimcracks? No, and yes. Not to be fool-hardy, he quietly slipped down every day to the levee, had a slave-boy row him across the river in a skiff, landed, re-embarked, and in the middle of the stream surreptitiously cast a picayune over his shoulder into the river. Monsieur D'Embarras, the imp of death thus placated, must have been a sort of spiritual Cheap John.

Several more nights passed. The house of Palmyre, closely watched, revealed nothing. No one came out, no one went in, no light was seen. They should have watched it in broad daylight. At last, one midnight, 'Polyte Grandissime stepped cautiously up to one of the batten doors with an auger, and succeeded, without arousing any one, in boring a hole. He discovered a lighted candle standing in a glass of water.

"Nothing but a bedroom light," said one.

"Ah, bah!" whispered the other; "it is to make the spell work strong."

"We will not tell Agricola first; we had better tell Honoré," said Sylvestre.

"You forget," said 'Polyte, "that I no longer have any acquaintance with Monsieur Honoré Grandissime."

They told Agamemnon; and it would have gone hard with the "*milatraise*" but for the additional fact that suspicion had fastened upon another person; but now this person in turn had to be identified. It was decided not to report progress to old Agricola, but to await and seek further developments. Agricola, having lost all ability to sleep in the mansion, moved into a small cottage in a grove near the house. But the very next morning, he turned cold with horror to find on his door-step a small black-coffined doll, with pins run through the heart, a burned-out candle at the head and another at the feet.

"You know it is Palmyre, do you?" asked Agamemnon, seizing the old man as he was going at a headlong pace through the garden gate. "What if I should tell you that, by watching the Congo dancing-ground at midnight to-night, you will see the real author of this mischief—eh?"

"And why to-night?"

"Because the moon rises at midnight."

There was firing that night in the deserted Congo dancing-grounds under the ruins of Fort St. Joseph, or, as we would say now, in Congo Square, from three pistols—Agricola's, 'Polyte's, and the weapon of an ill-defined, retreating figure answering the description of the person who had stabbed Agricola the preceding February. "And yet," said 'Polyte, "I would have sworn that it was Palmyre doing this work."

Through Raoul these events came to the ear of Frowenfeld. It was about the time that Raoul's fishing party, after a few days' mishaps, had returned home. Palmyre, on several later dates, had craved further audiences and shown other letters from the hidden f. m. c. She had heard them calmly, and steadfastly preserved the one attitude of refusal. But it could not escape Frowenfeld's notice that she encouraged the sending of additional letters. He easily guessed the courier to be Clemence; and now, as he came to ponder these revelations of Raoul, he found that within twenty-four hours after every visit of Clemence to the house of Palmyre, Agricola suffered a visitation.

(To be continued.)

PETER THE GREAT. VII.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

THE YOUNG MOTHER. (FROM A PAINTING ON PORCELAIN BY E. EGOROFF.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GERMAN SUBURB AT MOSCOW.

ALTHOUGH foreigners came to Russia from the earliest period, yet it was not until the time of Iván III. that they came in large numbers. That prince received foreign artists and artisans so well that numbers of Italian architects, engineers, gold-workers, physicians and mechanics came to Moscow. His marriage with the Greek Princess Sophia Palæologos gave rise to new and more frequent relations with Italy, and he several times sent to Rome, Venice and Milan for physicians and men of technical knowledge. It was in this way that the Cathedral of the Assumption came to be built by Aristotle Fioraventi of Bologna, that of St. Michael the Archangel by Aleviso of Milan, and the banqueting hall of the palace, and the walls and gates of the Kremlin, by other Italian architects. German miners, too, came, or were sent by Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, and some of them discovered silver and copper mines in Siberia.

Iván IV., the Terrible, appreciated foreigners, and invited large numbers of them into Russia. But, besides this, it was during his reign, in 1558, that an English expedition penetrated into the White Sea, and the

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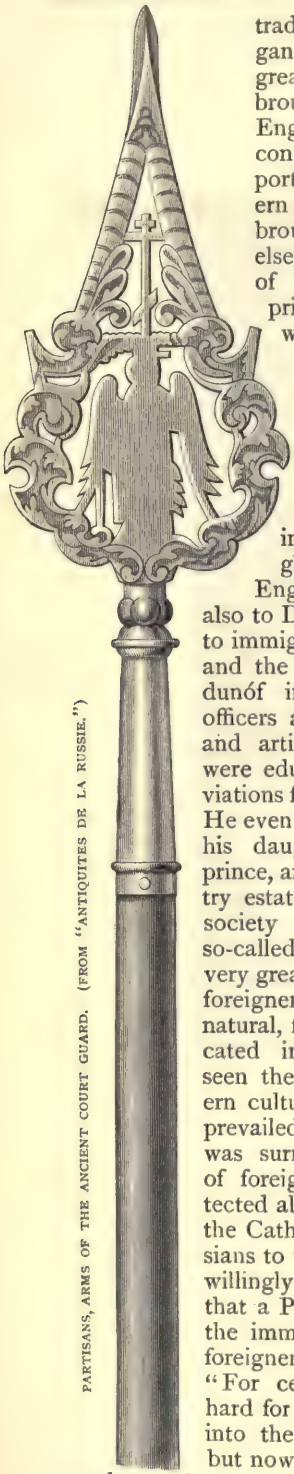


PARTISANS, ARMS OF THE ANCIENT COURT GUARD. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

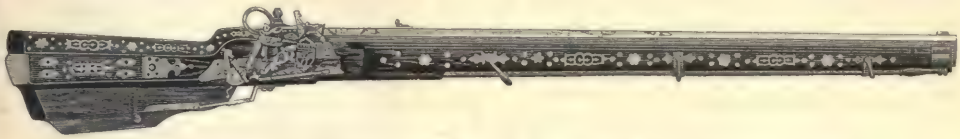
trade with England began, which soon took great proportions, and brought to Russia many English merchants. The conquest of Livonia and portions of the southern shore of the Baltic brought to Moscow, and elsewhere in the interior of Russia, very many prisoners of war, who were never allowed to return to their own country.

Under Iván's son Theodore, and Boris Godunóf, the intercourse with western Europe constantly increased. Favors were given, not only to the English merchants, but also to Dutchmen and Danes, to immigrants from Hamburg and the Hanse towns. Godunóf invited soldiers and officers as well as physicians and artisans. His children were educated with great deviations from Russian routine. He even thought of marrying his daughter to a Danish prince, and, when at his country estate, was fond of the society of foreigners. The so-called False Demetrius had very great inclinations toward foreigners. This was very natural, for he had been educated in Poland, and had seen the advantages of western culture. Polish manners prevailed at his court; he was surrounded by a guard of foreign soldiers; he protected all religions, especially the Catholic; he urged Russians to travel abroad, and so willingly received foreigners that a Pole, in writing about the immigration of so many foreigners into Russia, said: "For centuries long it was hard for the birds even to get into the realm of Muscovy, but now come not only many merchants, but a crowd of grocers and tavern-keepers." Under the Tsar Theodore, son of Iván the Terrible, there were, according to Fletcher, about 4300 foreigners in the Russian service, most of them Poles and Little Russians, but still about one hundred and fifty Dutchmen and Scotchmen. In the reign of Boris Godunóf, the foreign detachment in the army was composed of twenty-five hundred men of all nationalities. Two officers, owing to their conduct during the Troublous Times, and the memoirs which they have left, are well known—the Livonian, Walter Von Rosen, and the Frenchman Margeret. The body-guard of Demetrius was composed of three hundred foreigners, all of them so well paid that they stalked about in silk and satin. Margeret was captain of one division of this body-guard.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Grand Duke Basil established the residence of his foreign body-guard, consisting of Poles, Germans and Lithuanians, on the right bank of the river Moskvá, outside the town in a place called Naléiki, in order, as Herberstein said, that the Russians might not be contaminated by the bad example of their drunkenness. Later on, this district became inhabited by Streltsi and the common people, and the Livonian prisoners of war were established by Iván the Terrible on the Yáuza, near the Pokróf gate. When Demetrius was so desperately defended by his foreign body-guard that a Livonian, Wilhelm Fürstenberg, fell at his side, the Russians said: "See what true dogs these Germans are: let us kill them all"; and during the Troublous Times, the foreigners in Moscow were subject to constant attacks from the Russians. Persecutions were organized against them, as in other countries against the Jews. There was not a popular commotion in which threats, at least, were not made against them, and during one of the attacks the whole foreign quarter was burnt to the ground. After this, the foreigners lived within the walls, and for a while enjoyed the same privileges as Russian subjects, adopting their dress and their habits.

PARTISANS, ARMS OF THE ANCIENT COURT GUARD. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

Livonian prisoners of war had, even before the Troublous Times, made their way within the town, and had built a church or two. For some reason they incurred the wrath of the Tsar, were driven from their houses, and their property was plundered. Margeret says of them:



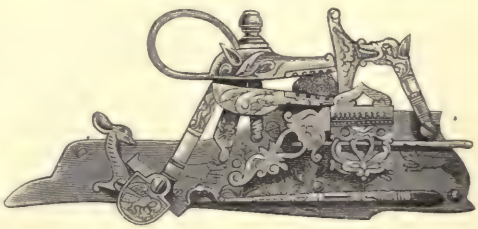
ARQUEBUSE OF TSAR ALEXIS MICHAELOVITCH, MADE IN 1654. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

"The Lutheran Livonians, who, on the conquest of the greatest part of Livonia, and the removal of the inhabitants of Dorpat and Narva, had been brought as prisoners to Moscow, had succeeded in getting two churches inside the town of Moscow, and celebrated in them their public divine service. At last, on account of their pride and vanity, their churches were torn down by the Tsar's command, all their houses were plundered, and they themselves, without regard to age or sex, and in winter, too, were stripped to nakedness. For this they were themselves thoroughly to blame, for instead of remembering their former misery, when they were brought from their native country, and robbed of their property and had become slaves, and being humble on account of their sufferings, their demeanor was so proud, their conduct and actions so arrogant, and their clothes so costly, that one might have taken them for real princes and princesses. When their women went to church, they wore nothing but satin, and velvet, and damask, and the meanest of them at least taffeta, even if they had nothing else. Their chief gains were from the permission they had to sell brandy and other kinds of drinks, whereby they got not ten per cent., but a hundred per cent., which appears most improbable, but is nevertheless true. But what always distinguished the Livonians marked them here. One could have imagined that they had been brought to Russia to display here their vanity and shamelessness, which on account of the existing laws and justice they could not do in their own country. At last, a place was given to them outside the town to build their houses and a church. Since then, no one of them is allowed to dwell inside the town of Moscow."

When affairs became more settled under the Tsar Alexis, by a decree of 1652, there was a systematic settling of all foreigners in a suburb outside the town; the number of the streets and lanes was set down in the registers, and pieces of land, varying from 350 to 1800 yards square, were set apart for the officers, the physicians, the apothecaries and the artisans, and the widows of foreigners who had been in the Russian service. This suburb, which was nicknamed by the Russians Kúkui, now forms the north-eastern portion of the city of Moscow, intersected by the Basmánnaya and Pokrôfskaya streets, still containing the chief Protestant and Catholic churches. It is fairly depicted to us in one of the drawings made by the artist who accompanied Meyerberg's embassy in 1661. As the houses were of wood, and surrounded by gardens, this suburb had all the appearance of a large and flourishing village.

Reutenfels, who was in Russia from 1671 to 1673, estimated the number of foreigners living in Russia as about 18,000. Most of them lived in Moscow, but a large number inhabited Vológda, Archangel and other towns where there was foreign trade, as well as the mining districts.

The residence of the foreigners in a separate suburb naturally enabled them to keep up the traditions and customs of western Europe much more easily than if they had mingled more with the Russians. They wore foreign clothing, read foreign books, and spoke, at least in their households, their own languages, although they all had some acquaintance with the Russian tongue, which sometimes served as a medium of communication with each other. The habitual use of a few Russian words, the adoption of a few Russian customs, conformity to the Russian dress and ways of thinking on some points, was the most they had advanced toward Russianization. Rarely did they change their faith to advance their worldly prospects, although the children of marriages with Russians were brought up in the Russian church. In general, they held close to their own religion and their own modes of education. They kept up a constant intercourse with abroad, by new arrivals, and by correspondence with their friends. They imported not only foreign conveniences for



LOCK OF ARQUEBUSE.

their own use, but also received from abroad the journals of the period, books of science and history, novels and poems. Their interest in the politics of their own lands was always maintained, and many and warm were the discussions which were caused by the wars between France and the Low Countries, and the English Revolution. In this way, the German suburb was a nucleus of a superior civilization.

In thinking of the foreign colony in Moscow at the end of the seventeenth century, it is impossible not to remember the English and German colonies in St. Petersburg and Moscow of the present day. Here they have kept their own religion, their own language, and, in many cases, their own customs. But still they have something about them that is Russian. In no respect is the comparison more close than in the relations which they keep up with the homes of their ancestors. Although most of the English colony at St. Petersburg, for instance, were born in Russia, and some of them are even descended from families who came there during the time of Peter the Great, or even before, yet frequently the boys are sent to English schools and universities, there are English houses of the same family connected with them in business, and, in several cases, one of the family is a member of Parliament. The English colony, especially in St. Petersburg, is on a better footing than it is in most foreign countries. Its members are not living there to escape their debts at home, or to avoid the consequences of disgrace, nor are they there simply for the purpose of making money. Russia has been their home for generations, and they deservedly possess the respect and esteem, not only of their own countrymen, but of the Russians.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FOREIGN COLONY.

THE influence of the foreign residents in Russia was especially seen in the material development of the country. The Russians were then, as they are now, quick to learn and ready to imitate. A Pole, Maszkiewicz, in the time of the False Demetrius, remarked that the metal and leather work of the Russians, after oriental designs, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine articles. Foreigners understood this quality of Russian workmen, and frequently endeavored to keep their trades as a monopoly for themselves. We know that Hans Falck, a foreign manufacturer of bells and metal castings, sent away his Russian workmen when engaged in the delicate processes, in order that they might not learn the secrets of the art. The Government found it necessary, in many cases, to make contracts with foreign artisans, that they should teach their trades to a certain number of Russian workmen. It was the Englishman John Merrick, first merchant and subsequently embassador, who was one of the earliest to teach the Russians that it was better for them to manufacture for themselves than to export the raw materials. He explained to the boyárs how people had been poor in England as long as they had exported raw wool, and had only begun to get rich when the laws protected the woolen manufacturers by insisting on the use of wool at home, and especially on the use of woolen shrouds, and how greatly the riches of England had increased since the country began to sell cloth instead of wool. It was in part through his influence that a manufactory of hemp and tow was established near Holmogóry. In a similar way, paper-mills, glass-factories, powder-mills, saltpeter-works and iron-works were established by foreigners. A Dane, Peter Marselis, had important and well-known iron-works near Túla, which were so productive that he was able to pay his inspector three thousand rubles a year, and had to pay to his brother-in-law, for his share, twenty thousand rubles. We can see the relative value of this, when we remember that, at that time, two to two and a half quarters of rye could be bought for a ruble, and that, twenty years later, the salary of General Gordon, one of the highest in the Russian service, was only one thousand rubles a year; while the pastor of the Lutheran church in Moscow in 1699 received annually only sixty rubles. Concessions for copper mines were also given to Marselis and other foreigners, and the Stroganófs, who possessed such great and rich mining-districts on the frontier of Siberia, constantly sent abroad for physicians, apothecaries, and artisans of all kinds.

It has already been said that the foreigners in Russia were not too well pleased with the ease with which the Russians learned their trades; neither did this please foreign governments. The famous Duke of Alva said that it was "inexcusable to provide Russia with cannon and other arms, and to initiate the Russians into the way war was carried on in western Europe, because, in

GENERAL PATRICK GORDON.

this way, a dangerous neighbor was being educated." Sigismond, King of Poland, did his best to hinder the intercourse which sprang up between Moscow and England, and wrote to Queen Elizabeth that "such commercial relations were dangerous, because Russia would thus receive war material; and it would be still worse if Russia, in this way, could get immigrants who would spread through the country the technical knowledge so necessary there. It was in the interest of Christianity and religion to protest against Russia, the enemy of all free nations, receiving cannons and arms, artists and artisans, and being initiated into the views and purposes of European politics."

It was natural that, with constant and increasing intercourse with foreigners, the Russians should adopt some of the customs which they had brought with them. For a long time the foreigners were greatly laughed at for eating salads, or grass, as the peasants called it, but this habit greatly spread. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the Dutch introduced the culture of asparagus, and garden roses were first brought by the Dane, Peter Marselis. The use of snuff and of smoking tobacco was very speedily acquired, much to the horror of all right-thinking and orthodox people, who saw in this a plain work of the devil; for was it not said in the Bible: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." Many Russian nobles even adopted foreign clothes, and trimmed their hair and beard. Nikíta Románof, the owner of the boat which Peter found at Ismaílovo, wore German clothes while hunting, for which he was sharply reprimanded by the Patriarch; and the conduct of Prince Andrew Koltsóf-Masálsky, for cutting his hair short, in 1675, caused so much displeasure that the Tsar Alexis issued an ukase, forbidding, under heavy penalties, the trimming one's hair or beard, or the wearing of foreign clothes. This decree soon fell into desuetude, and at the time of which we are speaking, foreign clothes and foreign habits were not at all uncommon among the Russians of the higher ranks. Even Peter himself occasionally wore foreign dress, and was severely blamed by the Patriarch for daring to appear in such costume at the death-bed of his mother.

The theatrical performances devised by Matvéief for the Tsar Alexis have already been mentioned, as showing the influence of foreigners. But it is curious to find that the performances were directed by Johan Gottfried Gregorii, the pastor of the Lutheran church. He not only wrote some of the plays, but started a theatrical school, where the school-boys in the German suburb and the sons of some of the chief inhabitants were taught acting.

One of the most important steps in civilization introduced by foreigners was the letter-post. Postal communications had previously existed in the interior of the country, but, even for government purposes, they were very slow, and nearly all letters were sent by private hand, or by a chance messenger. It was in 1664 that a decree of the Tsar Alexis gave a Swede named John privileges for the organization of an international letter-post, and in 1667 the first postal convention was made with Poland. John, of Sweden, was succeeded by Peter Marselis, the Dane, and he by Andrew Vinius, who first received the title of Postmaster of His Majesty the Tsar, and was ordered to conclude postal conventions with the neighboring States. The institution of the post-office did not please all Russians as much as it did the foreigners, and, if we may judge from the continued existence of a censorship, it is still looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion. The Russian political economist, Iván Pososhkóf, writing in 1701, complains:

"The Germans have cut a hole through from our land into their own, and from outside people can now, through this hole, observe all our political and commercial relations. This hole is the post. Heaven knows whether it brings advantage to the Tsar, but the harm which it causes to the realm is

incalculable. Everything that goes on in our land is known to the whole world. The foreigners all become rich by it, the Russians become poor as beggars. The foreigners always know which of our goods are cheap and which are dear, which are plentiful and which are scarce. Thereupon they bargain,

REVOLVER CANNON OF PETER'S TIME.

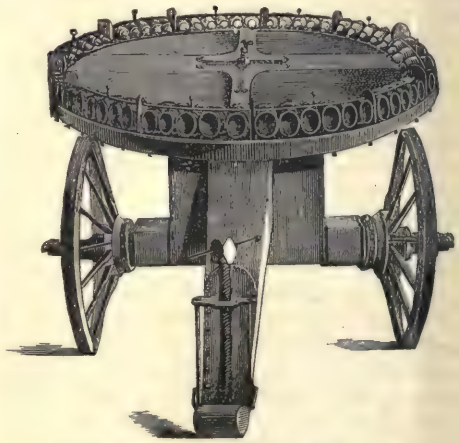
and know immediately how much they are obliged to pay for our goods. In this way trade is unequal. Without the post, both sides would be ignorant of the prices and the stock of goods on hand, and no party would be injured. Besides, it is a very bad thing that people know in other countries everything that happens in ours. This hole, then, should be shut up—that is, the post should be put an end to; and, it seems to me, it would be very sensible not to allow letters to be sent, even through messengers, except with a special permission each time from the proper authorities."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PETER'S FRIENDS AND LIFE IN THE GERMAN SUBURB.

WITH very many inhabitants of the German suburb Peter had already made acquaintance at Preobrazhénsky, and as the German suburb lay on the road from Preobrazhénsky to Moscow, it is not improbable that he occasionally halted, from time to time, to say a word to his friends. But his first continued and frequent relations with the foreign quarter began in 1690, and so soon after the death of the Patriarch that it would seem almost as if, in dining with General Gordon on the 10th of May, in the company of his boyárs and courtiers, he was actuated in some degree by a spirit of opposition to the feeling against foreigners then prevalent at court. Gordon says that "the Tsar was well content," and this must have indeed been the case. Peter must have found in the hospitality shown to him by a foreigner something new and agreeable, for, from this time, his visits to the German quarter became so frequent that, at one period, he seems almost to have lived there. For a long time, his most intimate and trusted friends were foreigners.

The name of General Gordon has already been often mentioned. He was at this time about fifty-five years old, the foreign officer of the greatest experience and the highest position, and, beside this, a man of wide information, of great intelligence, of agreeable manners, shrewd, practical, even canny, and full of good common-sense, a devout Catholic, a stanch royalist, in the highest degree loyal, honest and straightforward. Patrick Gordon was one of the well-known and illustrious family of Gordon; by his mother an Ogilvie, a cousin of the first Duke of Gordon, and connected with the Earl of Errol and the Earl of Aberdeen, he was born on the family estate of Auchluchries, in Aberdeenshire, in 1635. His family were stanchly Catholic and royalist, and in the heat of the Revolution there was no chance of his receiving an education at the Scotch universities, or of his making his way in public life, so that, when he was only sixteen, he resolved on going abroad. Two years he passed in the Jesuit college at Braunsberg, but the quiet life of the school not suiting his adventurous spirit, he ran away with a few thalers in his pocket, and a change of clothing and three or four books in his knapsack. After staying a



CIRCULAR MITRAILLEUSE OF PETER'S TIME.

short time at Kulm and at Posen, he found his way to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of some Scotch officers in the Swedish service, and was readily persuaded to join them. This was at a time when

PRINCE BORIS GALITSYN.

very many foreigners, and especially Scotch, were serving in the armies of other countries. This was the era of soldiers of fortune, of whom Dugald Dalgetty is the type best known to us, but of whom more honorable examples could be found. Whether officers or soldiers, they were hired to fight, and generally fought well during the time of their contract; but changing masters from time to time was not considered wrong nor disgraceful, either by them or the governments which they served. Gordon, after being twice wounded, was twice taken prisoner by the Poles. The first time he escaped, but on the second occasion, as the band with whom he was caught was accused of robbing a church, he was condemned to death. He was saved through the intercession of an old Franciscan monk, and was then persuaded to quit the Swedes and enter the Polish army. A few months later, in the same year, 1658, he was captured by the Brandenburgers, allies of the Swedes, and was again persuaded to join the Swedes. Marauding was considered at that time a necessary part of war, and Gordon succeeded several times in well filling his pockets, of which he gives an honest and simple account; but he lost everything in a fire, and once was himself robbed. For a while he found it better to leave the service, and apparently engaged with some of his friends in marauding on his own account, and his band of partisans soon became well known through the whole region. Again he entered the Swedish service, and again, in November, 1658, was taken prisoner by the Poles, who could not be persuaded to exchange him, and insisted on his again joining them. He served for some time with the Poles in Little Russia, and was present in a warm battle with the Russians, where he was wounded. When Charles II. ascended the English throne, Gordon wished to go home to Scotland, but Lubomirsky, the Crown Marshal of Poland, persuaded him to wait a little time, and promoted him to the rank of captain. His father meanwhile wrote to him that there would be little chance for him at home, and, at the same time, he received pressing offers from both the Russians and the Austrians. He decided in favor of the Austrian service, but the negotiations in part fell through, and he finally made a contract with the Russians for three years. It was only when he had arrived at Moscow that he found that the contract made with the Russian agent was repudiated, and that he would never be allowed to leave the Russian service. For a long time he refused to take the oath, and insisted on the terms of the contract. He finally had to yield. All his efforts to resign and to leave Russia were fruitless, and, apparently, it was not until 1692, when he was already an intimate friend of the Tsar, that he entirely gave up the idea of ending his days in Scotland. Once settled in Moscow, he found his best chance for promotion lay in marrying, and thus showing his interest in the country. He did good service in the Russian army wherever he was placed—in Little Russia, at Kiéf, at the siege of Tchigirín, and in the Crimean expeditions. He had long enjoyed the confidence of the government, and was in intimate social relations with the chief Russian boyárs. Once, on account of his influential royalist connections, he had been sent to England on a diplomatic mission, to present a letter of the Tsar Alexis to King Charles II. with reference to the privileges of the English merchants, and twice he had been allowed to go to Scotland for personal reasons, but his wife and children were always kept as hostages for his return.

Gordon's travels had brought him into connection with many great personages of the time. He knew personally Charles II. and James II., and had been presented to Queen Christina after she had left Sweden. Greatly interested in foreign politics, he everywhere had friends and acquaintances, from whom he received news, gossip, wine, scientific instruments and books,—whether

PUGILISM IN THE TIME OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE. (DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.)

Quarle's Emblems, or treatises on fortification or pyrotechny. With all his friends, with his relations in Scotland, Lord Melfort at Rome, embassadors and Jesuits at Vienna, officers in Poland and at Riga, and with merchants everywhere, he kept up a constant correspondence. There was not a post-day that he did not receive many letters, and send off an equal number. Of many of these he kept copies. On one day there is an entry in his diary of his dispatching twenty-six letters.

His carefully kept diary, in which he set down the occurrences of the day—telling of his doings, the people he had met and talked with, his debts and expenses, the money he had lent, his purchases of wine and beer, his difficulties about his pay,—is invaluable to the student of the political as well as of the economical history of Russia.*

* This diary of General Gordon, which is written in English in six large quarto volumes, is preserved in the archives at St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, some parts are missing, notably from 1667–1677, and from 1678–1684. A German translation, in some places altered, was published by Posselt, 1849–1852, and a few extracts are printed from the original manuscript in "Passages from the Diary of General Patrick Gordon," published by the Spalding Club at Aberdeen in 1859.

In September, 1690, the Tsar, attended by his suite, dined with General Lefort. This was the first time that Peter had visited a man who was soon to become his most intimate friend, and to exercise great influence over him, and whose acquaintance he had made not long before. Franz Lefort was born at Geneva in 1656, of a good family (originally from Italy), which has kept a prominent position in Genevese society and politics until the present time. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and his elder brother, Ami, was one of the syndics of the town. At this time Geneva had become rich, and was developing a certain amount of frivolity and luxury. The old Calvinistic habits were being corrupted by dancing and card-playing. Paris was looked upon as the home of the arts and graces, of culture and of pleasure, and the youths of Geneva took the Parisians as their model. The schools of Geneva were famous, and the Protestant princes and aristocracy of Germany frequently sent their sons to finish their education in this Protestant stronghold. Without neglecting the solid studies they could learn French, and, at a time when the wars made visiting Paris impossible, could learn, too, French politeness and manners, fencing, dancing and riding, and the exercises of a gentleman, and prepare themselves for holding their little courts in rivalry of Louis XIV.

These princes had sometimes as many as a dozen gentlemen, comrades and retainers with them, and some of the Lutheran princes brought a style of life not at all in harmony with the strict Puritanical and Calvinistic manners of the place. Much as the solid burghers of Geneva objected to the contamination to which their sons were exposed by mingling with this gay and worldly society, yet they had too much respect for the persons of the princes to take very strong measures, and perhaps, by their too great deference, increased the pretensions of the young men and the admiration they excited. The record books of the consistory are full of complaints against the princes and their followers. But there are also examples of the pretensions of these noble youths. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel and the Prince of Curland complained against some clergymen, who, they said, by their remonstrances had prevented a dancing party at the house of Count Dohna (then the owner of the château of Coppet, which was afterward to be known as the residence of Madame de Stael), and had thus deprived them of an evening's enjoyment. The Council recommended that more respect should be paid to people of such position. Between 1670 and 1675, no less than twenty princes of reigning families—the Palatinate, Würtemburg, Anhalt, Anspach, Brandenburg, Brunswick, Holstein, Saxony, Saxe-Gotha, etc., etc.—were receiving their edu-

MARRIAGE OF DWARFS BEFORE PETER. (FROM A PAINTING BY J. C. PHILIPS.)

cation at Geneva, to say nothing of the lesser nobility. Lefort, whose instincts had already taught him to rebel against the strict discipline of Calvinism, had, by his amiability and his good manners, become an intimate member of this society. It can easily be understood that late suppers, card-playing and worldly conversation did not increase any desire for following the sober life of a merchant recommended to him by his family. To get him away from temptation, he was sent as clerk to a merchant in Marseilles, but this in the end did not suit him, and he returned home. Partly from his own feelings, partly from the example of the society which he frequented, he had a great inclination to enter the military service and see a little of war. This, besides being against the laws and policy of Geneva, was looked upon with horror by his family, who did all in their power to prevent him; but he finally extorted their consent, and went to Holland to take part in the war then going on in the Low Countries. He was provided with a letter of introduction to the hereditary Prince of Curland, from his brother, whose friend he had been at Geneva, and served as a volunteer with him, though, through the intrigues of the Curland officers, he never succeeded in obtaining a commission. Finally, seeing no chance of promotion, he left the prince, and was persuaded to enter the Russian service with the rank of captain. Arriving in Russia in 1675, he did not succeed in getting the position he desired, and lived for two years at Moscow, as an idler in the German suburb, where he enjoyed the friendship and protection of some of the more distinguished members of the colony. At one time, he even acted as a secretary for the Danish Resident, and intended to leave Russia with him. At last he entered the Russian service, and, like most other officers who intended to secure their position, married. His wife was a connection of General Gordon. His personal qualities brought him to the notice of Prince Basil Galítsyn, who protected him and advanced him. His promotion was to some extent, perhaps, due to the interest taken in him by the Senate of Geneva, which, on his suggestion, addressed to Prince Galítsyn a letter in his behalf. After serving through the two Crimean campaigns, he went to Tróïtsa, along with the other foreign officers, at the time of the downfall of Sophia, and was shortly afterward, on the birth of the Prince Alexis, promoted to be major-general.

At this time about thirty-five years old, Lefort was in all the strength of his manhood. He had a good figure, was very tall,—nearly as tall as Peter himself, but a little stouter,—had regular features, a good forehead, and rather large and expressive eyes. He was a perfect master of knightly and cavalier exercises, could shoot the bow so as to vie with the Tartars of the Crimea, and was a good dancer. He had received a fair education and had a good mind, although he was brilliant rather than solid, and shone more in the *salon* than in the camp or the council-chamber. His integrity, his adherence to his Protestant principles and morality, his affection for his family, and especially for his mother, command our respect. What endeared him to all his friends was his perfect unselfishness, frankness and simplicity, his geniality and readiness for amusement, and the winning grace of his manners.

It is not astonishing that the Tsar found Lefort not only a contrast to the Russians by whom he was surrounded, but also, in certain ways, to the more solid but less personally attractive representatives of the foreign colony, such as Van Keller and Gordon. To Gordon Peter went for advice, to Lefort for sympathy.

From this time on, Peter became daily more intimate with Lefort. He dined with him two or three times a week, and demanded his presence daily, so that Butenant, Sennebier, and all who wrote to Geneva, spoke of the high position which Lefort held, and his nephew, the young Peter Lefort, complained that he was rarely able to talk to his uncle, even about business, as he was constantly in the company of the Tsar. The letters written by Lefort to Peter, on the two or three occasions when they were separated from each other, show what a merry boon companion he was. At the same time, no one, except Catherine, was able to give Peter so much sympathy, and so thoroughly to enter into his plans. Lefort alone had enough influence over him to soothe his passions, and to prevent the consequences of his sudden outbursts of anger. While Lefort was in no way greedy or grasping, his material interests were well looked after by his royal friend. His debts were paid, a house was built for him, presents of all kinds were given to him, and he was rapidly raised in grade, first to lieutenant-general, then to full general, commander of the first regiment, admiral and embassador. Peter,

too, entered into correspondence with the Senate of Geneva, in order to give testimony at Lefort's home of the esteem in which he held him.

In a society which included such men as Lefort and Gordon, Van Keller and Butenant Von Rosenbusch,—the Dutch and Danish envoys,—and representatives of such good and well-known names as Leslie, Crawfuird, Menzies, Earl Graham, Bruce, Drummond, Montgomery, Hamilton and Dalziel, not to mention the eminent Dutch merchants, it was natural that Peter should find many persons whose conversation would be interesting and useful to him. His chief friends, however, among the foreigners were Von Mengden, the colonel, and Adam Weyde, the major of the Preobrazhénsky regiment, in which Peter served as a sergeant; Ysbrandt Ides, who was soon sent on a mission to China; Colonel Chambers, Captain Jacob Bruce and Andrew Crafft, the English translator of the foreign office,—with all of whom he was in constant communication, and with whom, during his absences, he frequently exchanged letters. But a surer friend and assistant, and a more constant correspondent, was Andrew Vinius, the son of a Dutch merchant, who had established iron-works in Russia during the time of the Tsar Michael. His mother was a Russian. He therefore knew Russian well, and was educated in the Russian religion. He had served at first in the ministry of foreign affairs, but, during the latter years of Alexis, had been given charge of the post-office.

Peter's Russian friends were chiefly the comrades and companions of his childhood, most of whom held honorary positions at court. Such were Prince Theodore Troekúrof, Theodore Plestchéief, Theodore Apráxin, Gabriel Golóvkin, Prince Iván Trubetskóy, Prince Boris Kurákin, Prince Nikíta Repnín, Andrew Matvéief and Artémon Golovín. Most of these showed by their after life that they had been educated in the same school with Peter. To these should be added a few young men who had served in his play regiments, and who occupied positions in the nature of adjutants, or orderlies, such as Lúkin and Voronín. There were, besides, a few men far older than Peter, who were personally attached to him, and nearly constantly with him. Such were Prince Boris Galítsyn, the two Dolgorúkys, Iván Buturlín, Prince Theodore Ramodanófsky, his early teacher Zótof, and Tikhon Stréshnef, the head of the expeditionary department. There is something a little curious in the relation of these older men to Peter. They served him faithfully, and were on occasion put forward as figure-heads, without exercising any real authority. To most of them, also, Peter, in his sportive moments, had given nicknames, and both he and they always used these nicknames in their correspondence. Thus, Zótof was called the "Prince Pope," from a masquerade procession in which he officiated in this way, surrounded by a band of bishops, priests and deacons; and frequently, too, in masquerading attire, he and his troop of singers went about at Christmas-tide to sing carols. The Boyár Iván Buturlín, perhaps the oldest of them all, was given the title of "The Polish King," because, in one of the military maneuvers of which I shall speak presently, he had that title as the head of the enemy's army. Prince Ramodanófsky, the other generalissimo, got the nickname of "Prince Cæsar," and is nearly always addressed by Peter in his letters as "Majesty," or "Min Her Kenich" (My Lord King). Stréshnef, in the same way, was always called "Holy Father."

These, with many more of the younger court officials, Timmermann and a few others, formed the so-called "company," which went about everywhere with Peter, and feasted with him in the German suburb, and with the Russian magnates. The "company" went to many Russian houses, as well as among the Germans. Leo Naryshkin was always glad to see his royal nephew at his lovely villa of Pokrófskoe or Phíli. A splendid church built in 1693, in the choir of which Peter sometimes sang, still attests his magnificence, and the fact that it was here that Prince Kutúzof decided on the abandonment of Moscow to the French in 1812, adds still more to the interest of the place. Close by is the still lovely Kúntsovo, then inhabited by Peter's grandfather, the old Cyril Naryshkin. Prince Boris Galítsyn, who was much more than the drunkard de Neuville tells us of, frequently showed his hospitality. Sheremétief received them at Kúskovo, and the Sáltykofs, Apráxins and Matvéiefs were not behindhand.

What especially attracted Peter and his friends to the German suburb was the social life there, so new to them and so different from that in Russian circles. There was plainly a higher culture; there was more of refinement and less of coarseness in the amusements. The conversation touched

PETER FINDING THE GRANDFATHER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET. (FROM A PAINTING BY COUNT MASOYEDOFF.)

foreign politics and the events of the day, and was not confined to a recapitulation of orgies and to loose talk—for we know only too well what the ordinary talk at Russian banquets was at that time. There was novelty and attraction in the occasional presence of ladies, in the masking, the dancing, the family feasts of all kinds, the weddings, baptisms and even funerals. In many of these Peter took part. He held Protestant and Catholic children at the font, he acted as best man at the marriages of merchants' daughters, he soon became an accomplished dancer, and was always very fond of a sort of country-dance known as the "Grossvater." When, too, did any Russian lose a chance of practicing a foreign language which he could already speak?

Dinner was about noon, and the feast was frequently prolonged till late in the night—sometimes even till the next morning. Naturally, even in German houses at this epoch, there was excessive drinking. Gordon constantly speaks of it in his diary, and not unseldom he was kept in his bed for days in consequence of these bouts. He, however, suffered from a constitutional derangement of his digestion. Peter seemed generally none the worse for it, and Lefort, we know by the account of Blomberg, could drink a great quantity without showing it. The consumption of liquors must have been very great, for when Peter came to dine he frequently brought eighty or ninety guests with him, and a hundred servants. Lefort, in one of his letters, speaks of having in the house three thousand thalers' worth of wine, which would last only for two or three months. Judging from the prices paid by Gordon for his wine—his "canary sect," his "perniak," his "white hochlands wine," and his Spanish wine—this would represent now a sum of about twenty-five thousand dollars (£5000). It is not to be supposed that, because so much liquor was used, the company was constantly intoxicated. In the first place, brandy and whisky were drunk only before or between meals; the greatest consumption was probably of beer and of the weak Russian drinks, mead and *kvas*. A dinner with some rich provincial merchant, or a day with some hospitable landed proprietor in the south of Russia, would give us typical examples of the heroic meals Peter and his friends enjoyed, with their caviare and raw herring, their cabbage and beet-root soup, their iced *batvínia* and *okróshka*, the sucking pig stuffed with buckwheat, the fish pastry, the salted cucumbers and the sweets. The guests did not sit at the table guzzling the whole day long. There were intervals for smoking, and the Russians enjoyed the interdicted tobacco. There were games at bowls and nine-pins, there were matches in archery and musket practice. Healths were proposed and speeches made, attended with salvos of artillery and blasts of trumpets. A band of German musicians played at intervals during the feasts, and in the evening there were exhibitions of fire-works out-of-doors, and there was dancing in-doors. Lefort, in a letter describing one of these nights, says that half the company slept while the rest danced.

Such feasts as these, so troublesome and so expensive, were a burden to any host, and we know that Van Keller, and even Gordon, were glad to have them over. When Peter had got into the habit of dining with his friends at Lefort's two or three times a week, it was impossible for Lefort, with his narrow means, to support the expense, and the cost was defrayed by Peter himself. Lefort's house was small, and although a large addition was made to it, yet it was even then insufficient to accommodate the number of guests, which, at times, exceeded two hundred. Peter therefore built for him, at least nominally, a new and handsome house, magnificently furnished, with one banqueting hall large enough to accommodate fifteen hundred guests. Although Lefort was called the master of the house, yet it was, in reality, a sort of club-house for Peter's "company." During the absence of Peter, and even of Lefort, it was not uncommon for those of the "company" remaining at Moscow to dine, sup, and pass the night there.

Peter and his friends entered with readiness into the Teutonic custom of masquerading, with which, according to the ruder habits of that time, were joined much coarse horse-play, buffoonery and practical joking. Together with his comrades, Peter went from house to house during the Christmas holidays, sang carols, and did not disdain to accept the usual gifts. In fact, if these were not forthcoming, revenge was taken on the householder. Korb, the Austrian Secretary, —for these sports were kept up even in 1699,—says in his diary:

"A sumptuous comedy celebrates the time of Our Lord's nativity. The chief Muscovites, at the Tsar's choice, shine in various sham ecclesiastical dignities. One represents the Patriarch, others metropolitans, archimandrites, popes, deacons, sub-deacons, etc. Each, according to whichever denominations of these the Tsar has given him, has to put on the vestments that belong to it. The scenic Patriarch, with his sham metropolitans, and the rest in eighty sledges, and to the number of two hundred, makes the round of the city of Moscow and the German suburb, ensigned with crosier, miter, and the other insignia of his assumed dignity. They all stop at the houses of the richer Muscovites and German officers, and sing the praises of the new-born Deity, in strains for which the inhabitants have to pay dearly. After they had sung the praises of the new-born Deity at his house, General Lefort recreated them all with pleasanter music, banqueting and dancing.

"The wealthiest merchant of Muscovy, whose name is Filadílof, gave such offense by having only presented two rubles to the Tsar and his Boyárs, who sang the praises of God, new-born, at his house, that the Tsar, with all possible speed, sent off a hundred of the populace to the house of that merchant, with a mandate to pay forthwith to every one of them a ruble each. But Prince Tcherkásky, whom they had nicknamed the richest rustic, was rendered more prudent by what befell his neighbor: in order not to merit the Tsar's anger, he offered a thousand rubles to the mob of singers. It behoved the Germans to make show of equal readiness. Everywhere they keep the table laid ready with cold viands, not to be found unprepared."

Gordon, during these years, always mentions at Christmas-tide the companies of carol singers, among whom may be particularly remarked Alexis Menshikóf and his brother. On one occasion he says:

"I paid them two rubles, which was half too much."

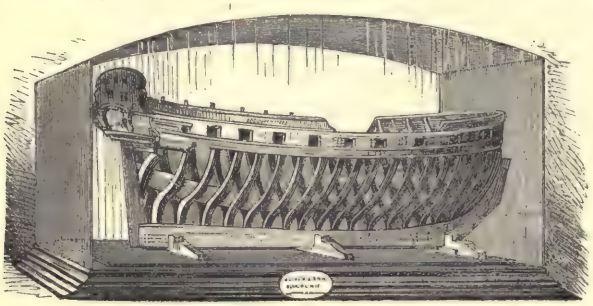
Once Peter appeared at Lefort's with a suite of twenty-four dwarfs, all "of remarkable beauty," and all on horseback; and a few days after, Peter and Lefort rode out into the country to exercise this miniature cavalry. In 1695, the court fool, Jacob Turgénief, was married to the wife of a scribe. The wedding took place in a tent erected in the fields between Preobrazhénsky and Seménofsky. There was a great banquet, which lasted three days, and the festivities were accompanied by processions, in which the highest of the Russian nobles appeared in ridiculous costumes, in cars drawn by cows, goats, dogs, and even swine. Turgénief and his wife at one time rode in the best velvet carriage of the court, with such grandees as the Galítsyns, Sheremétiefs and Trubetskóys following them on foot. In the triumphal entry into Moscow, the newly married pair rode a camel, and Gordon remarks: "The procession was extraordinarily fine." Although the jesting here was perfectly good-natured, yet it may have been carried a little too far, for a few days after poor Turgénief died suddenly in the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FIRE-WORKS AND SHAM FIGHTS.

For fully five years Peter left the government to be carried on by his ministers, who managed affairs in the good, old-fashioned Russian way. During the whole of this time not a single important law was passed, or decree made with regard to any matter of public welfare. Peter neither interested himself in the internal affairs of the country nor in the increasing difficulties with Poland, and the need of repressing the incursions of the Tartars. In spite of his years, his size,

and his strength, he was nothing but a boy, and acted like a boy. He devoted himself entirely to amusement, to carousing with his "company," to indulging his mechanical tastes, to boat-building, and mimic war. He had no inclination toward the more brutal pastimes so much enjoyed by the old Tsars, but, at the same time, he had no taste for horsemanship or field sports, and did not care for the chase, either with dogs or falcons. Sokólniki, with its hunting-lodge, fell into decay. Its name recalls the falconers



MODEL OF A SHIP MADE BY PETER.—FROM MARINE MUSEUM, ST. PETERSBURG.

of old, but the May-day festival now held there, with the outspread tents, which bear the appellation of "the German camp," takes us back to Peter and the German suburb.

During the "Butter-Week" or carnival of 1690, Peter gave on the banks of the river Présna, in honor of the birth of his son Alexis, a display of fire-works, made in part by himself, the first at that time seen in Moscow, for previously he had confined his experiments to Preobrazhénsky. These displays were not always unattended with danger. A five-pound rocket, instead of bursting in the air, came down on the head of a gentleman, and killed him on the spot; at another time, an explosion of the material wounded Captain Strasburg, son-in-law of General Gordon, and Franz Timmermann, and killed three workmen. As soon as the river Moskvá had got clear of ice, Peter organized a flotilla of small row-boats, and going himself aboard of his yacht, the same which he had found at Ismaílovo, sailed with a company of boyárs and courtiers down the river as far as the monastery of St. Nicholas of Ugrétch, and spent some days feasting in the neighborhood. He no sooner returned to Moscow than he prepared for some military maneuvers, and stormed the palace at Seménofsky. Hand-grenades and fire-pots were freely used, but even when slightly charged or made of pasteboard these are dangerous missiles, and by the bursting of one of them the Tsar and several of his officers were injured. Peter's wounds were probably not light, for he ceased his amusements, and appeared rarely in public from June until September, when other mock combats were fought between the guards and various regiments of Streltsi. In one of these General Gordon was wounded in the thigh, and had his face so severely burnt that he was kept a week in bed.

The following summer was passed in much the same way. At the opening of navigation, a new yacht built by Peter's own unassisted hands, was launched on the Moskvá, and again there was a merry excursion to the monastery of Ugrétch, in spite of stormy weather. Military exercises then continued all the summer at Preobrazhénsky and a grand sham battle was ordered. This was postponed for two months on account of the serious illness of the Tsaritsa Natalia, and took place only in the month of October. Two armies were engaged; the Russian, consisting chiefly of Peter's play troops, or guards, commanded by Prince Theodore Ramodanófsky, to whom was given the title of the Generalissimo Frederick, was matched against the Streltsi under Generalissimo Buturlín. The fight lasted five days, and resulted in the victory of the Russian army, though not without disaster, for Prince Iván Dolgorúky died, as Gordon says, "of a shot got nine days before, in the right arm, at the field ballet military."

Tired of his soldiers, Peter again turned to his boats, and at the end of November 1691, went to Lake Plestchéief, where he had not been for more than two years. He remained there a fortnight, in a small palace built for him on the shore of the lake, a mile and a half from Pereyaslávl. It was a small, one-story, wooden house with windows of mica, engraved with different ornaments, the doors covered for warmth with white felt, and on the roof a two-headed eagle, surmounted by a gilt crown. During the course of the next year he visited the lake four times, on two occasions staying more than a month. He occupied himself with building a ship, as he had been ordered to do by "His Majesty" the generalissimo, Prince Ramodanófsky, and worked so zealously that he was unwilling to return to Moscow for the recep-

tion of the Persian embassador, and it was necessary for Leo Naryshkin and Prince Boris Galítsyn to go expressly to Pereyaslávl to show him the importance of returning for the reception, in order not to offend the Shah. Two days after, he went back to his work, and invited the "company" to the launch. Only one thing remained to complete his satisfaction, and that was the presence of his family. His mother, sister and wife finally went to Pereyaslávl in August, 1692, with the whole court, and remained there a month, apparently with great enjoyment. Troops came up from Moscow, and the whole time was spent in banquets, in parties on the water, and in military and naval maneuvers. The Tsaritsa Natalia even celebrated her name's-day there, and did not return to Moscow until September, ill and fatigued with this unaccustomed life.

Her illness soon passed over, but Peter was seized with a violent attack, from his too hard work and his over-indulgence in dissipation. In November, he was taken down with a dysentery which kept him in bed for a month and a half. At one time his life was despaired of. It is reported that his favorites were aghast, as they felt confident that in case of his death Sophia would again ascend the throne, and that nothing but exile or the scaffold awaited them; and it is said that Prince Boris Galítsyn, Apráxin and Plestchéief had horses ready, in order, in case of emergency, to flee from Moscow. Toward Christmas, Peter began to mend, and by the middle of February, 1693, although still not entirely recovered, was able to go about the city, and, in the quality of best man, invite guests to the marriage of a German goldworker. In the same capacity, he took upon himself the ordering of the marriage feast and plied the company well with drink, although he himself drank little. Apparently from this illness date the fits of melancholy, the convulsive movements of the muscles, and the sudden outbursts of passionate anger with which Peter was so sadly afflicted.

During the carnival, the Tsar again gave an exhibition of fire-works on the banks of the Présna. After a thrice-repeated salute of fifty-six guns, a flag of white flame appeared, bearing on it the monogram of the generalissimo, Prince Ramodanófsky, in Dutch letters, and afterward was seen a fiery Hercules tearing apart the jaws of a lion. The fire-works were followed by a supper, which lasted till three hours after midnight. The Tsaritsa was so pleased with the fiery Hercules that she presented her son—the master fire-worker—a full uniform as sergeant of the Preobrazhénsky regiment.

As soon as the carnival was over, Peter went again to Pereyaslávl, where he stayed at work during the whole of Lent, and in May went there again, and sailed for two weeks on the lake. This was his last visit, for he soon went to a larger field of operations, on the White Sea, and visited Pereyaslávl only in passing from Moscow to Archangel, and again before the Azof campaign, to get the artillery material stowed there. After that, he was not there again for twenty-five years—until 1722, when on his road to Persia. He then lamented over the rotten and neglected ships, and gave strict instructions that the remnants of them should be carefully preserved. These orders were not obeyed, and of the whole flotilla on Lake Plestchéief there now exists only one small boat, which was preserved by the peasants, and since 1803 has been kept in a special building, under the direction of the local nobility, guarded by retired sailors. There remains nothing else but the traditional name of the Church of Our Lady at the Ships, and a festival on the sixth Sunday after Easter, in commemoration of Peter's launch, when all the clergy of Pereyaslávl, attended by a throng of people, sail on a barge to the middle of the lake and bless the waters.

The revival of Peter's interest in boatbuilding and navigation was probably due in part to the conversations which he had heard among his foreign friends. He had dined with the Dutch Resident, Van Keller, in June, 1691, and both from him and from the Dutch merchants whom he was constantly meeting he heard expressions of joy that the commercial intercourse between Archangel and Holland, which had been interrupted for two years by the French cruisers, had at last been renewed. All the goods had been detained at Archangel, and there had been a general stagnation of trade; but now that the Dutch had sent a convoy into the North Sea, several merchant vessels had safely reached their destination. Together with this news, came the intelligence that the richly laden Dutch fleet from Smyrna had also arrived at Amsterdam, without mishap. About the same time, Peter had received from Nicholas Witsen, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam,

PETER BUILDS HIS FIRST FLEET. (FROM A PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.)

—who had been in Russia years before, and had written a very remarkable book, the "Description of North and East Tartary,"—a letter, urging the importance of the trade with China and Persia, and suggesting means for its advancement. It was in consequence of this letter that Ysbrandt Ides was sent on a mission to China, and this, together with the talk about the Dutch trade, had doubtless given Peter some new ideas of the importance to the country of commerce, and of its protection by ships of war. In the dispatches which Van Keller wrote about Peter's occupations on Lake Plestchéief, he remarks: "The Tsar seems to take into consideration commerce as well as war." Subsequently, he mentions the proposed sham-fight, but says that the people of Moscow augured no good of it. After reporting that he had informed Peter of the great victory which King William and the English fleet had obtained over the French at La Hogue, he says that Peter desired to see the original dispatch, and had it translated, "Whereupon it followed that his Tsarish Majesty, leaping up and shouting for joy, ordered his new ships to fire a salute." In another dispatch, he wrote that this young hero often expressed the great desire that possessed him to take part in the campaign against the French, under King William, or to give him assistance by sea.

OVER THE BALKANS WITH GOURKO.

WITH the fall of Plevna and the capture of Osman's army it was thought that the backbone of the Turkish resistance was broken, but it was only a few days before every one knew that there was to be no rest in the campaign. Orders were immediately issued sending the troops who had blockaded Plevna to one or the other of the advanced guards in the Balkans, and at the end of a week they were all in motion. Every one obeyed cheerfully, nobody knowing what would come of it, but nine out of ten believing it could only result in terrible disaster, to be brought about by lack of food and extreme suffering from cold. These views were only confirmed by a change in the weather, which hitherto had been raw and wet, with occasional snows, but now suddenly changed to a temperature of about zero Fahrenheit, accompanied by a raging snow-storm of three days' duration. Everything was frozen solid, the roads became beds of ice, the animals staggered and fell dead with the cold, and the men huddled together in silence, shivering in their ragged clothing which had not been renewed since summer.

I left Plevna and the Grand Duke's head-quarters on the 20th of December, two days after the departure of the ninth corps, which had been detailed to General Gourko at the Orkhanie Pass. I intended to overtake these troops on the road, and follow the campaign with General Gourko's army. At the close of a long day's ride the storm increased in severity, and I was preparing to leave the road and seek shelter for the night in a village bivouac, whose smoke I could see not far off, when a weird picture attracted my attention just in front of me. Alone in the road, without a human being in sight, stood a company wagon heavily loaded with the men's rations; the ground was frozen hard beneath it and covered with snow on all sides; the snow was driving furiously through the air, and the eye could penetrate its mass but a short distance; against this white background stood the black silhouette of the middle horse of the "troika"; the other two lay dead and stiff at his feet on either side, and he alone was still standing, gaunt and feeble, swaying backward and forward in sad and terrible silence before the blasts of the storm, and waiting, half insensible, his turn to fall.

I found refuge for the night with a captain of a "park" of reserve artillery ammunition which was bivouacked in the village. He occupied one room of a little hut, the other being filled with a family of some ten or twelve Bulgarians, of both sexes and various ages. His reception was in unison with that which I invariably received from every one of his class, and the open-hearted warmth of which I was often puzzled to account for. He spoke but a few words of French and German, barely more than the few phrases of Russian which I had by that time acquired, but it was enough for him to understand that I was an American. Everything was immediately placed at my disposal: my horses had the best stalls in the wretched little stable, and plenty of forage to eat; the *samovar* was immediately set boiling for tea; whatever meat he had was at once put to cooking; his little flask of brandy was half drained to warm my chilled stomach; his chest was opened to take out the one or two delicacies which he possessed in the way of food; his one knife and fork were cleaned for my use; his servant was called a fool and a blockhead for not being quicker with the supper; his few St. Petersburg cigarettes were forced upon me; and when it was time to go to bed he insisted long and urgently, though I would not yield, that I should sleep on his camp-bed while he took the mud floor.

In the morning, he was equally urgent that I should take the greater part of the half-dozen cans of potted meats which he possessed, on the ground that I would need them out in the storm, while he might remain where he was for ten days or more. In a word, everything that was possible was done to make us change places for the night,—he to become the ill-provided traveler, and I the comparatively comfortable lodger in a house, such as it was. I never saw this man before nor after the one night I passed with him, yet, had I been his foster-brother and playmate from childhood, now rejoining him after a long absence, he could not have done more for me. The same thing happened to me on dozens of occasions, and as I found that more than once, when I was mistaken for an English officer or correspondent, my re-

ception was very cold, I at last became convinced that all this kindness was due to my nationality. It is a fact, strange as it may appear to some people, that there exists throughout the length and breadth of Russia a sentimental attachment for Americans, of the depth of which we have very little conception at home. The policy of the rulers of Russia, from the time of Catherine to the present, has been one of uniform and unbroken friendship for the United States; this is a well-known fact in politics, and people account for it on the ground of self-interest, or of genuine admiration, according to their political opinions. But what is not generally known is the fact that this friendly feeling permeates all classes of society, and is far more firmly rooted in those portions of the community which never see St. Petersburg than it is in the more cosmopolitan court circles of that capital. It is of no use to argue that the feeling is superficial, that it has no substantial foundation, that the political customs and the habits of the people of the two countries are diametrically opposed, and that they have no interests in common. The feeling does exist, and it is a very strong one. Certain reasons may be given for it, which, although at first sight they may appear insufficient and superficial, have nevertheless a great deal of force. Remoteness and the lack of clashing interests are, no doubt, among the prime causes, coupled with the fact that Russian interests do clash so constantly with those of other European nations; in addition to this, there are elements of sympathy in the fact of mere geographical bigness, Russia and the United States standing first among civilized nations in point of continuous territory and number of inhabitants of one race; each of us is sensitive to foreign criticism, and each, while conscious of its own strength, has felt the sneers of other countries; but, above all, Russia has come to look upon itself as the inveterate and eternal enemy of England, and it rightly judges us to be the natural rival of England in all those elements of commercial success which have made her present greatness. Russia looks to see England decline as we advance, and this decline she considers her greatest advantage. A wide-spread illusion also exists, which I never succeeded in dispelling with any one with whom I conversed, that the minute England becomes involved in war we will destroy her commerce by precisely those means which certain Englishmen employed in our hour of trouble to destroy ours. Our feelings and probable action in the event of England being involved in a Continental war are more correctly appreciated at St. Petersburg, but in the country at large—as represented by the army officers—the opinion is universal that we would at once send out cruisers to depredate on English commerce the moment England's fleet was occupied elsewhere. Both being enemies, the Russians argue, of the same power, we must naturally be friends of each other.

One other incident, which is almost forgotten at home, made a deep and lasting impression in Russia; this was the mission of Mr. Fox in 1867. The sending of a fleet of vessels, partly composed of monitors, which had proved their merit in action at home, but had never before been seen in European waters, to convey an embassador bearing a special message from the whole American people, as represented in Congress, of goodwill to the Russian people and hearty congratulations on the escape of their emperor from assassination—all this had a flavor of generous sentiment in it peculiarly acceptable to the people of Moscow and "old Russians" generally. The fame of this mission penetrated to the ends of the empire, and consolidated a friendship which has been growing for years, and the very inertness of the Russians, which prevents them from receiving a new idea every day, makes them hold very fast to those they do receive and accept.

I left my generous host early the next morning, and making my way through the storm, arrived two days afterward at General Gourko's head-quarters, on the northern slope of the Balkans, near Orkhanie. The troops destined to re-enforce his army arrived the same day, and on the next the orders were issued for the advance. The following day, Christmas morning, in intense cold and in the midst of a dense, impenetrable fog of particles of ice, we set out to cross the Balkans. The troops found almost insuperable obstacles in dragging their guns up the steep, icy slopes of the narrow road which had been made over the mountain to enable them to turn the position of the Turks in their front. The guns had to be taken apart and dragged piecemeal by ropes up the mountain, and late that evening, at the time when it was intended that more than half of the troops should have been at the southern outlets of the mountain passes, not a gun had reached the summit. The posi-

tion was a precarious one; the troops were spread out over an immense length and there was the greatest danger that the movement would be revealed to the Turks and might be wholly aborted by flank attacks as the isolated detachments should reach the southern valleys. At night-fall, General Gourko reached the summit and lay down in the snow for a little rest, thoroughly harassed by the anxieties of the moment. It was one of those critical periods when success or failure hang in the balance, and the general's impatience knew no bounds, as successive reports came to him of the difficulties and delays which the different columns met with. After admiring the magnificent view which was disclosed from the top of the mountain, at the base of which lay the broad plain of Sophia, clad in snow, but dotted here and there with the numerous dark clusters of huts and curling smoke of the villages, I declined an invitation to pass the night on the mountain, and determined to push forward to a regiment which held the outposts in the valley below. Several hours after night-fall, when I was beginning to fear I had wholly lost my road and was wandering into the Turkish lines, as I once did at Plevna, I stumbled upon the village where the Russians were bivouacked; applying at once at the first hut, I was received with the usual cordiality by the half-dozen officers quartered in it, and was immediately offered more than my share of whatever creature comforts they possessed.

While the troops were slowly dragging themselves and their guns over the mountain range, I took advantage of the delay to pass a day or two with the brigade of Caucasian Cossacks who were employed in scouting and skirmishing with the Turks in the valley of Sophia. These men are of an entirely different type from the Russians proper. They come from the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus, not very far from that portion of the earth which is spoken of as the cradle of the human race, and they are of a remarkably pure Caucasian type—ruddy complexions, dark hair and eyes, short black beards, and compact, well-knit frames; their wild, picturesque costume consists of a black, woolly, sheep-skin hat, one or two long tunics coming to their heels, the inner one of red or black silk and the outer of brown woollen cloth, a pair of trowsers, and low boots outside of them. The tunic is gathered in at the waist by a very narrow belt of leather, ornamented with silver worked in enamel; the scimiter-like sword is hung by a similar piece of leather passing over one shoulder, and over the other hangs the carbine, in a sheath of sheep-skin; on each breast are half a dozen cases for cartridges. Their horses are the counterpart of themselves—short, thick-set, extremely hardy, and very intelligent. The men are wonderfully bold riders, though their seat and appearance—with short stirrups and high saddles—have little in common with what we are accustomed to call good horsemanship.

These people differ as much from the Russians in their character as in their appearance. Though among the most faithful of the Tsar's subjects, they are all Mohammedans, understand but very little of the Russian language, are very quick-sighted and self-reliant, never at a loss to take care of themselves, and render the best service when left to their own resources. They are a species of amiable barbarians, devoted to their friends and absolutely relentless to their foes; they talk but little among themselves, have a serious expression of countenance, rarely smile, and do not sing except when they give themselves up to a dance around a camp-fire, which bears a strong resemblance to the sun dances of our Indians, although the motions are more varied and graceful. They have little of the regular discipline of European troops, though they are by no means disorderly, and they love nothing so much as danger and wild adventure for its own sake.

The brigade was bivouacked in one of the little villages of the Sophia plain when I joined it, just at daylight a day or two after Christmas. The village was wrapped in snow, and showed no sign whatever of the thousand men who were hid in it, except that a good many horses were in the yards of the huts. I found the hut of the commandant, who was just rolling out of his blankets, and refreshed myself with a few glasses of the customary hot tea. Half an hour afterward we were in motion, and moved out through the deep snow toward the town of Sophia, to reconnoiter the strength of the Turks at that place. As we passed from one to another of the villages, where no Russians had previously been seen, the Bulgarians met us in large numbers at the entrance of each, usually preceded by their priests bearing a cross and the elders of the village bringing salt and bread. At our approach they bowed their heads to the ground and cried "Welcome, welcome," and then rushed up to kiss our hands or clothes.

Whatever knowledge they had concerning the Turks was cheerfully given (though their reports were often unintelligible and contradictory), and their ample provisions of grain, bread, geese and poultry were freely placed at our disposal. But as they saw that we did not remain, their enthusiasm cooled most decidedly, as they remembered that to-morrow might bring a body of Turks back upon them.

As we approached one village, we were received with a few shots coming from behind the hedges. The column was halted and some skirmishers thrown out, who reported a body of Turkish infantry in the village, engaged in crossing a deep little stream which was covered with a thin coating of ice, not strong enough to bear our horses. Those of the Turks who had already passed were drawn up in line on the opposite bank, and as the Cossacks could only approach the ford through a narrow street they were at a considerable disadvantage, considering that their object was merely a reconnaissance, and nothing was to be gained by losing forty or fifty men. So they only skirmished with the Turks for half an hour, when all the latter being across the stream, they broke into a double-quick on the road to Sophia. The Cossacks put after them, but the ford was very narrow, and it was some time before they were over; the Turks got a start of a good half-mile, and as soon as the Cossacks came near them they stopped long enough to give them a warm fire and then ran on. The Cossacks could easily have caught them on the road, which was firm and hard, but would have lost thirty or forty men in doing so, and there was no object in it, as it was only a small force of five hundred or six hundred men retreating from an outpost in the mountains. Then the Cossacks tried to go around and get ahead of them, but the deep soft snow in the fields made their progress slower than that of the Turks. So they merely kept up the chase for three or four miles, until they came to the main high road at a point where it crossed a considerable stream about three miles in front of Sophia. The Turks got safely across the bridge and then we were saluted by a fine rattling fusillade extending over a length of about a quarter of a mile of the opposite bank of the stream, and we saw a regiment or more of Tcherkesses * deploy on the opposite bank. Here we were in full sight of the town, and the officers had a good opportunity to sketch the position of its fortifications, so the Cossacks fell back to about 1200 yards and, spreading out over a long line, kept up a good skirmish fire. A curious and very interesting incident now occurred. The Cossacks sat there exchanging shots for nearly an hour, and while with our glasses we could plainly see many a Turk knocked out of his saddle by our Berdans, not a man on the Russian side was hit, and not a bullet was heard to whistle. The Tcherkesses were armed with the Winchester repeating carbine, which only carried about 800 to 900 yards, and we were wholly out of range! A week later another skirmish took place at the same locality. This time it was the main body of Gourko's troops forcing their way to Sophia; they met with resistance at this same bridge, and a smart skirmish took place, lasting about an hour, and costing the Russians fifty or sixty men. On this occasion I was with General Gourko's staff, and we stood watching the fight on a tumulus about three hundred yards in rear of the place where I had been before; this time the bullets flew fast and thick, and a few horses in our group were wounded; but now it was Turkish infantry opposed to us, armed with the Peabody-Martini rifle, a splendid weapon which carries with deadly effect to 2000 yards.

As the sun began to go down the Cossacks gradually withdrew, having gained as much information as was possible with their force. Along the road were the evidences of an affair in which these same troops had been engaged a few days before, and which was more to their taste than to-day's gentle skirmishing. Pieces of broken wagons, dead horses, immense stains of blood in the snow, men with their heads severed in two pieces, these were the marks of an attack on a transport train guarded by a company of infantry, every man of which had been cut down. And yet—so strange are the anomalies of semi-civilized nature—at the end of that affair, an infant, not over six months old, who had been discovered deserted among the *débris*, was picked up, wrapped in a big cloak, tenderly cared for during the night, and the next day carried back on horseback, thirty miles over the mountains, to the nearest hospital, and there delivered to the Sisters of Charity of the Red Cross, by whom it was taken in charge and sent to Russia for adoption.

The picture of the rough Cossack carrying this child, laughing in his face, on the

* Caucasian cavalry in the Turkish service.

pommel of his saddle through the snow, was a most attractive one; and yet the same man, without a moment's hesitation, would pull out his sword and hack off the head of its wounded father, lying on the ground and begging for mercy; and, while enjoying the zest of it at the moment, would forget all about it the next day. While this reconnaissance had been going on, the main body of the troops were still tugging painfully at their guns on the mountain range. It was six days before they had pulled them up one side, slid them down the other, and then put them together again, mounted them on their wheels, and turned them over to the horses for draught. Finally the troops were all assembled in the valleys on the southern side; and an attack was made at Taskossen on the last day of the year—on the position which the Turks had taken up by throwing back their left flank to oppose the Russian advance against their rear. Their troops were commanded by the well-known Valentine Baker, who made a short but good defense, keeping it up until a dense fog settled just before sunset, and prevented Gourko's getting in the rear of the main Turkish army and bagging it entire, as the Turkish army was bagged at Shipka.

It was a pretty fight to look at. The Turks had a good position along a pass in a spur of the mountain through which the road passed. They were on high ground, and the Russians had to advance through an open valley. In front of them, directly opposite to the Turkish position and about two miles from it, was a high spur on which we were situated, and from which every movement of the battle could be seen with perfect clearness.

The Turks gave way about three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was impossible to follow them for any distance at that late hour of the short winter day, as the weather was inclement and the men were exhausted. The next morning, New Year's day, the troops were put in motion, the general and staff preceding them with a small escort. As we rode through the pass we came into a small valley not over four miles in width, in rear of the main range of the Balkans, which bounded it on the north, while natural spurs encircled it on the other sides. The principal body of the Turks had been on the Balkans, and we looked eagerly to see whether they still remained there; nothing could be discerned. But off on our right we noticed a few black dots moving toward the south over a snow-covered slope. With our glasses we thought that a large body of troops could be seen massed in and near the village at the foot of the slope, about three miles off. The leading Russian battalions and batteries were immediately hurried in that direction, and, in a few minutes afterward, an enormous black mass, like a swarm of busy ants, was seen slowly ascending the mountain. Evidently a portion of the Turks were in retreat, but we knew nothing of what had transpired at their principal position, and scanned eagerly the sides of the main range in search of further developments, while a few officers were sent forward to reconnoiter. Soon afterward, a long winding column made its appearance, descending the southern slope of the main range. Was it the rest of the Turks, or was it a portion of the Russians? Officers were sent off post-haste to learn. In less than half an hour one of them came galloping back to say that it was their own men, and that the whole position on the Balkans had been abandoned during the night. The troops we saw off on our right were, therefore, a large rear-guard of the Turkish army. The general took out of his pocket a piece of chocolate,—the only delicacy he had with him,—and divided it with his staff in congratulation of their success; for, in fact, the supposed impassable line of the main Balkan range had been passed in the depth of winter, and the Turks were in full retreat. Short dispatches were at once written and sent to the end of the field-telegraph on the other side of the mountains, and others, more at length, were written later in the day and given to an officer, to take with the utmost speed and deliver into the Emperor's own hands at St. Petersburg. It was a New Year's congratulation worth offering.

Five days later the Russian troops entered the town of Sophia, which the Turks had evacuated during the preceding night. At the entrance of the town we were met by a procession of two or three thousand people, headed by a large number of priests of the orthodox church, attired in the robes of their office. Some of them bore crucifixes of silver, which were presented to the Russian commander, who devoutly uncovered his head, crossed himself three times and kissed them. Others carried a silver platter containing a loaf of bread and some salt—the ancient emblems of hospitality. Behind them was a choir of several hundred voices, that immediately began singing an anthem.

The rest of the crowd was made up of Bulgarians, who broke forth into loud cheers and shouts of welcome as we rode along past them.

This town, which was founded by the Byzantine Emperor Constantine in the sixth century, captured by the Bulgarians and made their capital in the ninth century, conquered by the Turks in 1382 and now reconquered by Christians in 1878, presented strange scenes—scenes which have little in common with the nineteenth century as we understand it, and are possible now in no other civilized land but Turkey.

Nearly all the shops had been owned by Turks or a few Greeks. The Turkish population had either fled with the Turkish troops or had hidden out of sight, and for about eight hours—from two o'clock in the night, when the Turks left, until ten o'clock in the morning, when the Russians entered—the Bulgarians had been engaged in indiscriminate and ruthless pillage. Every shop in the town had been broken open, and its contents carried off or scattered about the streets. The Russians very quickly brought order out of this confusion. Their Cossack whips were freely used on the backs of the Bulgarians, and any person found with goods in the street or suspicious-looking property in his house was required to bring it into one of the open squares of the town, where it was heaped up in great piles and guarded by sentries until its ownership could be clearly proven.

The only solitary instance of pillage by the troops—a Cossack who was found guilty of stealing a watch from a man in the street—was summarily punished by hanging within an hour from the time of the robbery.

This instance of pillage by the Bulgarians was, unfortunately, not the exception,—it was the common rule on similar occasions; and as the war went on and instances of it multiplied, it sadly dampened the ardent enthusiasm with which the Russians had begun the war for the relief of their suffering co-religionists. Misgovernment extending over centuries cannot be righted without the hatred which it has engendered finding vent in horrible excesses, and this war will stand out pre-eminent among those of modern times for the suffering which it inflicted upon the non-combatant population. Whenever the Russian armies approached a village, the Turkish population abandoned everything and fled before them; when the Russians were obliged to fall back and the Turks followed in pursuit, the Bulgarians fled before them; when, finally, the Russian advance surged forward during the winter without interruption to the gates of Constantinople, a large portion of the entire Mohammedan population left their homes and villages, and packing a few possessions and still less food in one or two bullock wagons, they formed the nucleus of caravans of refugees—one of which, receiving fresh additions at every village, finally stretched out over a length of twenty miles and contained two hundred thousand souls!

This great train became mingled with the retreating Turkish troops, and was caught between two fractions of the advancing Russians—General Gourko from Sophia and General Skobeleff from Shipka. Its escort of a few battalions foolishly made a defense against the troops of the latter general, and being beaten it took refuge in flight toward the Rhodope Mountains, followed by all the able-bodied portion of the community, who left the old, the sick and the babes to perish in the snow. The train was at once plundered of all its possessions by the Bulgarians of the neighboring villages, who mercilessly put to death all those who had not yet perished of cold. For three successive days we marched through the remnants of this caravan, scattered over a length of seventy miles,—broken wagons, scattered contents, dead animals; here a man and his wife, who had stretched a blanket in the snow and lain down to die side by side; there a stately old Turk, with flowing white beard, green turban and brightly figured robe, lying by the ditch with his throat cut from ear to ear; and again a naked little infant frozen stiff in the snow, with its eyes upturned to heaven. Our blood curdled as we saw a Bulgarian clod, grinning and staring at us from the road-side, who answered as we asked him who murdered those two Turks lying a few feet from us:

"Nashe bratte (Our brothers, we did it)."

In the villages which the Turks had left, their houses, land and effects were all promptly seized and used by the Bulgarians. On the other hand, in the wagons of the caravan were found silver altar-pieces which the Mohammedans had stolen from the Christian churches before beginning their flight.

Meanwhile, the refugees of this particular caravan eked out a precarious existence in the Rhodope Mountains until spring, when,

aided and led by one or two English adventurers, they began an insurrection against the Russian troops who had been left to guard the line of communications. When this had been subdued, some months later, the tale of their sufferings reached Constantinople, and a commission of foreign consuls was sent to investigate the matter. They reported that more than a hundred and fifty thousand homeless and starving refugees were scattered about in the villages of this inhospitable region, with no resources of food or clothing for the coming winter. Subscriptions were opened in England for their relief, and measures were taken, the war being now over, to return them to their homes. Arriving there, they found all their property appropriated by others, and they met with a bleak reception from the Bulgarians, who imagined they had seen the last of their long-time enemies and oppressors; and it is questionable whether it would not have been more humane in the end, as several Russians suggested, to make them continue their flight to Asia.

The caravan of which I have spoken was the largest, but it was only one of many. The migration of the others continued all the way to Constantinople, where, on our arrival, there were reported to be three hundred thousand refugees. The mosque of St. Sophia alone contained nearly three thousand of them when I first saw it. They were herded about in mosques and in open squares until the typhus fever broke out among them, when the Turkish authorities displayed unwonted energy and in a few days dispersed the whole mass, sending about half of them over into Asia and the other half back toward Bulgaria.

It is probably within the limit of fact to say that seven hundred thousand Mohammedans abandoned their homes and possessions during the war, and set forth on a long journey the aim and end of which they knew not, and that not one-half of them have ever returned, and a large proportion have perished. In addition to this, about three hundred thousand Bulgarians abandoned their homes at the time of Gourko's retreat in July. A million of people were thus wandering about during the course of the war, with only such possessions as two or three families could pack into one bullock wagon. The sufferings which they endured can never be told, much less appreciated. Even now, more than two years after the events of which I am writing, we constantly read in the papers of a new commission being formed to make arrangements for returning the Turkish refugees to their homes.

We stayed at Sophia just a week, recuperating the men and getting together the supplies for a further advance. Our way then lay on the ancient Roman road to Adrianople. We had to cross a second range of mountains, where the same difficulties were encountered with the guns as before, only lessened to the extent that smooth roads are less difficult than mountain paths, although both be covered with frozen, icy snow. Emerging from the mountains at last in the wide and beautiful plain of the Maritza, we came nearly up with the retreating Turks, and then for three days, marching from daylight to dark and always in sight of each other, we kept up the exciting chase, hardly stopping long enough to extinguish the blazing fires in every village which marked the line of Turkish march.

On the afternoon of the third day, the advance guard, under Count Shouvaloff, with whom I was marching, were met by some cavalry which were scouting on their right, who reported that a column of Turks was moving directly toward a village just abreast of them, with the intention of crossing the Maritza River and gaining the high road on which they were. Count Shouvaloff immediately turned his men to the right, and they plunged into the stream—a river more than a hundred yards wide and four feet deep, filled with cakes of floating ice which struck against the men's breasts as they forded it. Arrived on the other side, their clothing was soon stiff with ice; but the men pressed on through the village and formed on the opposite side. But the Turks had already seen their movements, and had turned back to the railroad along which they were marching, and continued their retreat in that direction. The rear of the column, on a good run, was over half a mile from us; the sun was just setting, and Shouvaloff had only about 5000 men at hand. He rightly argued: If they have a large force, I am too weak for them to-day; if a small force, I would rather they escaped than that my men should freeze to death with their icy clothes in these fields to-night. So, sending a small force of cavalry to reconnoiter their strength, he turned his men back to the village and bade them crowd twenty or thirty into each hut and dry their clothes around blazing fires. The general picked out one of the squalid little huts for himself, and invited the two foreign officers who were present, Major von

Liegnitz and myself, as well as his chief of staff and two aids-de-camp, one of whom was his son, to share it with him. We got some black bread of the peasants, and each one contributed a little tea or potted meats —whatever he had in his saddle, the wagons being all behind—to make a meal. Afterward we discussed the probabilities of the next day. There was plainly visible from our hut a long line of fires stretching across the country, about three miles from us. Liegnitz had, as the sequel proved, the best military instinct, and argued that this was a line of bivouac fires of a large body of Turkish troops, who had selected that position to give battle; the others inclined to the opinion that the fires were caused by burning the tops of the rice stalks which projected above the snow. In any event, the necessary orders were given by the general for the disposition of the troops for the morrow—for an attack if the Turks stood firm, or for a pursuit if they should retreat. Then we sandwiched ourselves about on the floor, and slept during the night. Two thoughts kept running through my mind: one was the contrast between the present squalid surroundings of Count Shouvaloff and his large estates and beautiful home in St. Petersburg, and his patriotism in leaving all this and asking to come to the army in an inferior position after having been passed over in the first assignment of generals; and the other was about my own position—going again into a battle in which I might lose my life as easily as any one else, but in which I had no more direct concern than that of an observer watching the development of an interesting problem, in which if I got hit I would neither receive nor be entitled to any sympathy, and to the result of which I was incapable of contributing in any way whatever. There is a peculiar sense of foolishness in the feeling of being hit as a bystander in a row. But our thoughts are mastered by physical needs, and one sleeps easily after bodily exhaustion, no matter in what surroundings.

We were up before daylight the next morning, and just as the sun arose—a bright morning of intensely bitter cold—the troops which had come up during the night, and slept in the fields on the other side of the river, began crossing the stream. As they had to fight all day in the snow it was very important that their clothing should not be wet, and they were therefore ordered to strip naked, roll their clothes in a bundle and carry them on their heads. As they came out of the icy river they were as red as boiled lobsters, but made merry as they squatted about in the snow to put on their clothes. They then formed and marched through the village, where the general saluted them as usual.

"Good morning, my men."

"Good morning, your Highness."

"Did you burn your feet coming over?"

"No, indeed, your Highness!" they answered in a shout, as a broad grin stole over their good-natured faces.

The troops were soon deployed in the fields outside the village, and, looking in the direction of the fires we had noticed the night before, we saw a ridge of slight elevation rising out of the rice-fields, and at intervals along it were several batteries, and we knew very well that plenty of infantry lay either between or behind them. The advance was gradually made toward this position, and when the line of skirmishers came within about two thousand yards of it the artillery opened fire, accompanied by some straggling infantry shots. The men were ordered to advance slowly, or to lie down in the furrows of the field, as it was not intended to attack seriously from this side.

The Turkish artillery kept up a good racket, and one battery in particular singled out the general's staff and followed us closely, as we moved over the field, with its shells and shrapnel; for the former we cared little, as they buried themselves in the ground, spattering the mud and snow over us, but the shrapnel breaking in the air just over your head, and its pieces and bullets screaming past you, has an ugly and disagreeable sound. In about an hour the men had got up in good range, and the battle was in full play. It was not an exciting spectacle. The whole plan of the fight, which lasted this day (January 15th) and the two following days, was to hold the Turks, with whose rear the Russians had caught up, in place, while other portions of the Russian troops should pass around their right and rear, and either capture the whole force or cut them off from their line of retreat along the high road, and drive them into the Rhodope Mountains. The part assigned to Count Shouvaloff's troops was therefore to simply engage the Turks with sufficient energy to keep them in position. This sort of affair was entirely deficient in the dramatic grandeur of the magnificent advances in line at Plevna. The two lines now lay down, firing away

at each other with right good will, and the artillery on each side increasing the din. But on either side there was no movement visible except of couriers or generals moving along their men, or occasionally a battery shifting its position. We sat on our horses, a few hundred yards behind the line of skirmishers, nearly an hour, watching the monotonous progress of the fight. We were a group of perhaps twenty horsemen in all, counting the orderlies, and we were under a large branching tree, hoping that this would make us less prominent. But the singing of the bullets gradually increased in such a degree as to let us know that we were becoming a special target. Finally the well-known "s-s-s-s-st*up*" of a bullet that has struck, as distinct from the "whiss-*s-s-s*" of one that has gone by, made us all turn, and we saw a young orderly officer in the rear of the group bending over his saddle, with his hand at his head. He fell from his horse into the arms of a couple of Cossacks who had dismounted to help him, and was laid down in the snow, while the nearest passing stretcher was called to carry him off. The bullet had passed through his forehead, and he was dead when he reached the nearest temporary hospital. In taking off his overcoat, it was then noticed that he had another bullet directly through his heart.

Strange fate, that out of twenty men standing quietly under fire for an hour, but one, and he the youngest, should be hit, and with two bullets simultaneously, either one of which was certainly fatal!

This incident warned us to move away from this place, and we rode slowly across to a part of the ground where a small brook, with banks about four feet high, meandered through the field. The general peremptorily ordered his staff to dismount and sit down under the shelter of the bank, and to have their horses led behind a neighboring clump of bushes. He, Major Liegnitz and myself then walked up and down for a while, looking at the Turkish line, and talking of the probable result of the day. Presently two or three of the horses were hit, and the general then politely requested Liegnitz and myself to also shelter ourselves under the bank. He was then left alone on the bank, and I shall long remember the picture of him, in his long overcoat, pacing up and down in the snow, the noise, but inertness of the battle, and the incessant whizzing of the bullets over our heads. Many of them, plunging just over us, traced little furrows in the snow, barely beyond our feet; and we commented on the infinite variety which could be made in the simple sound of "whiss-s-s-s."

Two or three hours later, as no new developments were taking place here, I determined to set out to find General Gourko, the commanding general, and learn the news of the battle on the other flank. I rode back with my orderly over the field, past the reserves and back into the village. Here were some temporary hospitals in the huts, and here also were the skulkers, who are always found in the rear of every battle-field. Little groups of five or six men, who had probably got there by bringing back the wounded, were crouched against the hedges of the garden here and there, laughing, chatting, eating, amusing themselves in any way, in as utter disregard of the battle which was roaring in their ears, and in which the lives of their comrades were at stake, as if they had been at home in Russia.

Crossing the river again, I saw considerable masses of troops in reserve lying down in the fields, and was warned by an officer that the direct road to the left of the Russian position was commanded by a very heavy fire, and that I would do well to circle around behind the troops. The river was bordered with quite a considerable growth of small trees, which shut out the Turks from direct view, but the bullets which came whistling from that direction gave very plain indication of their whereabouts.

The plain was dotted here and there with ancient tumuli, about eight to ten feet high, and I rode from one to another of these in search of General Gourko. I finally saw in the distance a considerable number of horses and dismounted men behind one of these, and riding up found it was the general and his staff. He and his chief of staff were stretched flat on the top of the mound, peering over the top with their glasses, and the rest of the group were crowded together at its base. As I came up he turned around and slid down the mound for a short distance, and asked me to sit down and tell him how things were going in Count Shouvaloff's front, and also asked if I had seen anything on my way of a certain brigade whose arrival he was awaiting with the utmost impatience, as they were to move around the flank of the enemy and block his retreat.

How very prosaic a modern battle can be with its long-range muskets, and especially in the middle of January, with the

thermometer away below freezing! There was a deafening roar, two curving lines of black dots could just be distinguished in the snow, and the bullets were singing over our heads as we squatted behind a mound—and that was all of the picture. Yet it would have been the merest masquerading for the general and his staff to go parading up and down the field to draw the fire of sharpshooters. He was in the most central part of the field and on the greatest eminence—insignificant as it was—that the field afforded. Nevertheless, at the time I could not help thinking how tame it all was, as a mere spectacle,—how little action there was in it. Yet this is the characteristic of nearly all battles now, up to the last moment of the final advance, which is decisive of victory or defeat, but which seldom lasts half an hour. The range of the infantry aim is so great (a mile and a quarter) that the action may become fierce, and many thousands of men can be hit without either side clearly seeing its opponents, and one must be well inside the line of infantry fire to follow the movements clearly, even with a glass. Cavalry charges cannot stand under the withering fire of rapid breech-loaders, and the final advance of infantry will only be made after hours of preliminary but possibly deadly maneuvering have been passed. The dramatic features of battle have become very short-lived and infrequent.

This day's fight brought no permanent result. The brigade that was to get in rear of the Turks came too late, and the latter slipped through the gap and took up another position a few miles in rear. As night came on the firing simmered down, and the general and staff sought the nearest village for shelter.

In the morning, the battle was renewed on the same principle as before—of trying to hold the Turks on one side and get around them on the other. While it was going on, the general and staff rode along the road toward the left of his position, near the large town of Philippopolis, about four miles off. This town is peculiarly situated. It was founded in the days of the conquests of Philip of Macedon, when war was made at short range, and the party who was the highest had a great advantage; and when a town situated on an eminence, from which an advancing enemy could be seen in time, was sure of a good defense. For these reasons, the town was perched on the sides of three abrupt rocky eminences which rise in solitary grandeur from the midst of a plain, which is hardly broken for twenty miles in one direction and sixty in another. Its appearance is at once unique and striking. It stood boldly out against the sky as we rode toward it, and our thoughts naturally drifted back through the long series of strange scenes it has witnessed during these last three and twenty centuries. There is no bloodier cockpit in all Europe than these plains of ancient Thrace, the fertile and beautiful valley of the Maritza or Hebrus. Here the Macedonians, under Philip and Alexander, first subdued the Thracian tribes; here the Romans, under Trajan and Adrian, passed on their conquests of the lands beyond the Danube; here they built roads and other public works during their administration, which still exist to-day. Here the Bulgarians fought for the foundation of their kingdom out of the tottering ruins of the Roman Empire in the East; through this same valley the contending hosts of Christians and Turks have surged back and forward for the past five centuries; and here, finally, under the shadow of the three rocky peaks on which Philip of Macedon founded the town of his own name in the fourth century before Christ, was now being fought the last great battle of the latest war in the long series of those which have been fought on the questions of whether the Turks shall live and govern in Europe. The mind is staggered by the long retrospect of history which the associations of this place call forth, and we felt that we were now assisting at one of the not least important steps of that development of historical sequence. The advance of this Christian army and the retreat of the Mahommedan, and the still more important migration of the immense numbers of refugees in front of us, marked one of the final steps—not the last, but very near it—of that retrocession of the Turkish wave of conquest, which came into Europe only to blight every land where it penetrated, and which has now been surely receding for two centuries, and early in the next century, at the latest, will be gone forever.

The battle of Philippopolis lasted throughout the 15th, 16th and 17th of January. On the afternoon of the last day, the Russians had gained positions on three sides of the Turks and cut them off from their line of retreat toward Adrianople. The latter fought with their backs to the mountains, and fought hard and well, as the Turkish rank and file always do. But, on a final advance of the Russians, they were obliged to abandon all their artillery and train, and

disperse in small bands over the Rhodope Mountains to the Ægean. Pursuit was impossible, and these scattered detachments pursued their way unmolested until, two weeks later, they reached the shores of the sea, and were picked up by ships of the Turkish navy and transported to Constantinople.

The Shipka army having been captured in bulk, and Suleiman's Sophia army having been routed and dispersed, no armed force of any magnitude lay between the Russians and Constantinople. They entered Philippopolis and remained there four days to refit, then pressed on to Adrianople, where we found General Skobeleff's detachment, which had arrived two days before us. From there the advance again pushed forward and came in front of the lines of Tchekmedje, the defenses of Constantinople, on the 31st of January, just fifty-two days after the fall of Plevna. On the same day the armistice was signed which put an end to active operations.

In these fifty-two days, the column which I had the honor to accompany had marched six hundred miles and had crossed two high ranges of mountains. The combined Russian forces had captured one army of 40,000 men, dispersed another of 50,000 men, had taken 213 pieces of artillery, over 10,000,000 rounds of cartridges, 12,000,000 rations and enormous numbers of tents, baggage, pontoons, and military supplies of every description. They had, in short, for the moment annihilated the military power of Turkey, and were only deterred from entering Constantinople by questions of political expediency. The manner in which the men lived, and the sufferings which they endured in the snow and ice of these fifty-two days of midwinter, I have endeavored to explain elsewhere;* their self-abnegation and cheerfulness under great physical suffering, to which their brilliant success was pre-eminently due, are excelled by nothing of which we have any record in history, and they entitle every man of those trans-Balkan columns to the lasting gratitude of their own countrymen and the friends of Christian government everywhere, no less than to the admiration of the entire world, which still appreciates the value of military heroism.

* "The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877–78." Pages 369–374.

FORGOTTEN.

Among some cast-off trinkets, laid away
Within a curious box of eastern make,
I found a sandal casket closed to-day,
Which had been quite forgotten since that May
I kissed the contents for a dead boy's sake.

Ay! and I wept, and bitter tears they were,
Although my memory held the things so slight:
For the brown scentless blossom nestled there
Above his still heart, and the wisp of hair
Had shaded brows forever hid from sight.

I thought that day I never could forget
How well I loved him, as I sorrowed so:
But still, altho' my eyes have oft been wet,
It has not been that we no more have met,
Nor for his lying thus beneath the snow.

Ah! live and love, then die and be forgot,
So roll the cycles of our years away;
Nor can we hope to find a single spot
Wherein our memories shall fail to blot,
And blur, and be effaced some sunny day.

Man's love is nothing! Mind you, I who speak
  Do love as strongly as man ever loved!
But oh! 'twere foolishness to think one cheek
Shall lose its bloom forever, when I seek
  That haven man's gross knowledge ne'er has proved.

Yet I who sing this know that there are those
  Who love me better than aught else on earth,
And follow me with prayers till daylight's close;
But when I pass the reach of human throes,
  I know as well they will forget my birth.

So, little box of sandal and of pearl,
  An o'erwise lesson you have taught to-day
To me who had forgotten bloom and curl,
Which—wild with grief as any love-lorn girl—
  Within your case that spring I laid away.

I had forgot! poor foolish words are these
  To offer at the dust-bound shrine I raised
To him I loved, and where upon my knees
I vowed, at each recurring May, tho' seas
  Should intervene, to mourn him whom I praised.

I had forgot! Well, let it be so! I
  Shall gain no other epitaph than this.
Let those who love me best so pass me by
With these three words, while gazing where I lie,
  "I had forgot!" 'Tis better so, I wis.

SERENADE.

Good-night, my love! The stars shine bright
  And the moon hangs over the sea;
But I see the gleam of a taper's light
  That is more than them all to me,
For it watches my love in her dreams to-night,
  As the low moon watches the sea.

My heart beats loud, but I hush my lay
  Lest I break her peaceful rest;
The summer night will pass away
  And the moon will sink in the west.
I shall meet my love at the dawning of day,
  I shall meet her and be blest!

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER.

The traveler from America who wanders through the Palace of the Luxembourg finds on the walls of the narrow corridor connecting the galleries a picture of two bathers, one of whom is helping the other from the water. It is only a few inches in extent, yet it attracts the eye at once by reason of its contrast with most of its surroundings;—it does not take long to discover that this little picture must be from the hand of one of the men that France has never been without during the last hun-

dred years,—who have kept alive, either as painters or sculptors, not merely the tradition, but the essence of high and genuine art.

The American interested in art will not here make his first acquaintance with Millet, for nowhere outside of France is he so widely recognized as in America; nowhere, except in his own country, has he so strong and increasing an influence. Yet the Luxembourg picture will help to deepen the impression of a painter belonging to the line of true modern artists, and who is also, as we believe, the one artist of the century most sure to take his place among the great of all time.

In France, where Delacroix, Rousseau, Corot, Millet, and other men of the same serious and original stamp, had such a hard struggle for recognition by academical authorities and influences in their own day, they are now ostensibly acknowledged by such authorities; certainly the posthumous opposition to them is naturally not so bitter, and the influence is felt of new men who have been strongly affected by them, and who are now themselves in places of authority and influence. Yet, by the men of "the school," those who are so in the limited sense, Millet is still accepted, if accepted at all, with large reservations. Year by year, however, the French school of thirty and forty years ago—in which men like Ingres, of the stronger sort, and Delaroche of the weaker, gave éclat to views based upon a narrow understanding of Raphael—year by year this school is losing its hold in France, and giving way to broader and juster views.

As it is to Millet's "technique" that the remnants of a false scholasticism still object, it may be well to say something upon this matter. Taste, strictly speaking, is not a point of technique, yet it is an indispensable element in the making of pictures; and this, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, Millet had,—as the most doubtful must admit in presence of a later so-called realism. He knew that art is a selection, and he knew how to select. He is called the chief of the realists; but he never painted ugliness for its own sake. He never mistook the unusual or the merely brutal for the powerful. He gave the thorns with the roses, the shadows with the sunlight—for that is nature and life; but he had no morbid affinity with pain and ugliness. In a word, like every artist whose work is destined to live, he had the sense of beauty.

Color is a part of technique, and Millet was a colorist—how excellent may be seen when we compare him on the one hand with the Italian and Dutch masters of color, and on the other with contemporaneous exhibitions of French art,—where it must be said, however, that even a passable colorist stands out in bold relief, and a strong colorist like Vollon extinguishes a whole *Salon*.

Composition is a part of technique, and in this Millet was supreme; for he composed without letting you see that he composed: he had the final art of hiding his art.

There is another point of technique in which he excelled, and pre-eminently. He could draw action. Raphael himself, the great academist, did not surpass him in that. We do not, of course, mean merely people in movement, but the action of the body, whether in repose or in motion; this he could give with a justness, an intensity of expression never running to extravagance, and a propriety that have never been surpassed.

The effect of a painting by Titian or Giorgione upon a wall, even of "old masters," is generally as a judgment upon the paintings about it in respect to color. At once it becomes the canon. The eye recognizes the fact that, whereas one neighbor is too cold, another too warm, Titian's color seems exact—just right; it is nature itself, or, rather, nature as properly expressed in art; the eye is satisfied with it, and, as a rule, comparatively dissatisfied with its surroundings. We may say almost the same thing as to the action of Millet's figures,—it is exact.

Where, then, was Millet lacking in technique? Was he lacking in that kind of minute modeling, the knowledge and practice of which is acquired yearly by hundreds of boys in Paris, and which enables them to make those numerous and clever drawings which resemble so remarkably the work of photography, and which are so curiously destitute of artistic expression? But Millet could do this—when he wanted to. You may hear of figures of his most minutely and delicately worked out; hands painted with every vein, the texture and variable color of the skin softly and exquisitely imitated. But even then his work was not little: to be minute, and at the same time broad, that is one of the arts of a master. As a rule, he did not draw with exterior minuteness; but he always drew with a correctness, a knowledge of the forms and articulations, the build and action of the human body, that were the result of the most unwearied study. His modeling had a se-

vere and graphic simplicity which associates his work with that of the noblest period of Greek sculpture.

In addition to this—and a matter of less moment—Millet had a marvelously quick and sure touch. He worked with ease. There are artists known among their comrades as men of extraordinary rapidity and exactness of handling. Among living sculptors the American St. Gaudens is one of these; among painters the French Bastien-Lepage. Millet was such an artist; his hand answered promptly the commands of his brain.

But it seems almost an absurdity to argue in favor of the technical part of Millet's art. There are those who say that Millet was a great artist, but not a great painter. The thing is impossible. We only know an artist's greatness through his expression of it. If the expression has accomplished its purpose of displaying the mind of the artist, then it is good. It may have faults, it may be comparatively weak at this or that point, but it must be in some qualities, and perhaps is in all qualities, a thing of power —a thing to be revered and studied. We should never have heard of Millet if he had not had great technical as well as great spiritual qualities.

Millet had an exquisite and a majestic individuality, and in giving utterance to his thoughts he conveyed this also to his canvas. An artist's technique can be discussed with some sort of exactness, but it is just when one comes to the most important matter that it is difficult to be either definite or convincing. Perhaps, after all, it is here where there is least necessity to be precise. No amount of telling will reproduce in an unsympathetic mind the effect of any great work in any art, and if one does not feel for himself the power of Shakspere's "King Lear," of Michael Angelo's "Dawn," or of Millet's "Sower," it is idle to try to make him feel it. And then, too, the writer who dares to group the name of a contemporary with names that have been hallowed by centuries, how can he escape a lurking doubt lest he should have fallen into the snare of overestimating the grandeur of that which is near? Yet it cannot be wrong to record one's profound convictions, even in a question of contemporary æsthetics. We have only our own lives; we cannot tarry here in earthly galleries and libraries, awaiting the judgment of the ages upon the poems and pictures that come straight to our own hearts from the hearts of those who are suffering and working in our own times. If after generations decide that we were mistaken, at least we have erred on the generous and human side; and as for Millet's fame, surely its slow but ever deepening and broadening growth is an augury in favor of its justness and perpetuity. Millet's is, indeed, at the present moment the most powerful, as we believe it to be the most saving, modern influence in France and America, both in sculpture and in painting.

This is, we believe, what is felt by those who have been most impressed by Millet—something in his work for which the word "largeness" seems to be the closest expression. That is a term technical with artists, yet clear to all. The most trivial things are treated by him in the large way. Written upon a sheet covered with tiny sketches, ducks waddling on shore, or swimming in the water, or running away in a pack, a woman burning brush (bigger than the rest), some cottages, a woman seated, a sail-boat, a head, a man plowing, a hoe,—written upon this sheet is the following sentence, in Millet's handwriting: "We must be able to make the trivial serve for the expression of the sublime; that is true power." No one could have formulated better the principle upon which he acted. But in this there is a trace of self-consciousness, not of inartistic self-consciousness, but the consciousness of a principle upon which he deliberately acted after arriving at his full mental and artistic maturity. Yet, in those of his mature designs where he was least conscious of intending to give an impression of the sublime, still the sublime is there. He was a painter of *genre*, but not a *genre*-painter, as the expression generally applies. His work could not help bearing the impress of his mind. Even when he was not painting subjects taken from the Bible, how often his pictures remind us of such themes as the "Madonna and Child" and the "Flight into Egypt." His leading theme was the labor of the fields; but his peasants were not only types of peasants, but types of mankind. What he said of the sculptor of the David can be said of himself: he was "capable with a single figure to personify the good or evil of all humanity." It was said by one who had, for the first time, been brought into the presence of Rembrandt's principal works, that Rembrandt was one of the great souls. This is what is felt about Millet. For largeness, for intensity of expression, for sanity and healthfulness of tone, for Biblical majesty and elevation,

and for the sense of beauty, Millet must be set apart with such natures as those of Giotto, Michael Angelo and Rembrandt.

While seeking lately in France for details with respect to the life and works of Millet, we learned that the late M. Sensier, the author of the "Life of Rousseau," and the constant friend of both Rousseau and Millet, had left behind him a life of Millet, a large part of which was in Millet's own words. It is through the courtesy of François Millet (painter and son of the great artist), of M. Le Brun (executor of M. Sensier, and one of the early appreciators of Millet as well as the possessor of some of his most interesting works), and of the well-known publisher, M. Quantin, that we are enabled to open to American readers, even before it has been read in France, the hitherto sealed book of Millet's life.*

In many respects the story is what might have been imagined. The massive forms, the tragic landscape of his youth, the primitive and serious people who were about him in early life—these were what he was always painting, even when distance and poverty made him an exile from them. The high intellectual attributes revealed by his letters and other literary remains will surprise no one who had already recognized these traits in the slightest touches of his pencil. That his was a nature which could not escape suffering was divined in his childhood. But how keenly he suffered will be a revelation even to many who knew him personally. One thinks of Michael Angelo. There is a sturdy pathos in the life of the Florentine. His pain was that of a man of action, a man always fighting—one who could give and take. Millet's nature was passive; he had to endure. They were both exiles.

I.

THE harbor of Cherbourg is bounded on the east by Point Fermanville, and west by Cape de la Hague. Seen from the sea, the country of La Hague looks desolate and forbidding. High granite cliffs surround it on all sides. Masses of black rock, thrown up in the volcanic age, stand out from the water in all sorts of strange and jagged shapes. The shores, covered with sharp points and needles which might be iron or steel, give it the look of a land uninhabitable by man. But when you reach the heights, the aspect changes and looks bright; plowed fields, pastures of sheep and cows, woods and houses, show that the country is fertile and kindly. In the fold of a little valley, open toward the sea, lies the hamlet of Gruchy, belonging to the parish and commune of Gréville.

Forty years ago a family of laborers lived there, who, from father to son, tilled their land. This family, named Millet, consisted of a grandmother, a widow, her son and his wife, eight children and one or two servants. The grandfather, Nicholas Millet, had been dead some fifteen years. The grandmother had brought up all the children with the care which the babies of Normandy enjoy,—according to the custom of the country, the grandmother has charge of their first years, the mother being too busy with the work of the fields and the stables.

Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicholas Millet, the grandmother, came from Saint-Germain le Gaillard, some leagues from Gréville; her family, of the old race of the country, had strong heads and warm hearts. One brother belonged to a religious order. Another, a clever chemist, was almost celebrated; a third, though a miller in the Hochet valley, spent his leisure reading Pascal, Nicole, the writers of Port Royal and philosophers like Montaigne and Charron. He was not a reasoner, but a strong-headed fellow, full of good sense and uprightness. An old sister named Bonne, whom they called Bonnotte, cared for the children with untiring devotion. Bonnotte was one of Millet's dearest remembrances; a thoroughly faithful creature, thinking of everything and everybody but herself. Another brother Jumelin, a great walker, went to Paris on foot, without rest, in two days and two nights. He had knocked about the world. At Guadaloupe he became overseer on a plantation, and came back with some money to the hamlet of Pieux, where he worked a little farm.

The grandmother was like her family, and she rivaled her relations both in wisdom and fervor. She was a worthy peasant-woman, talking patois and wearing the dress and cap of La Hague. Humility was one of her virtues. All her strength was concentrated in love of God, doing her duty, and love of her family. Full of religious fire, harsh toward

* M. Sensier's manuscript has been edited by one of the most prominent French critics, M. Mantz. In preparing the translation for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, no changes have been made except in the way of condensation. The present installment is illustrated with *fac-similes* made by the Yves & Barret process, most of them directly from Millet's drawings.

herself, gentle and charitable to others, she passed her days in good deeds, with no less an ideal than that of a saint. Her conscientious scruples went so far that at the least doubt she asked counsel of the curé of her village; and she was so rigid in her duties as grandmother that she never allowed herself to inflict the slightest punishment upon her grandchildren in a moment of impatience, but waited until the next day, in order to explain to them in cool blood the importance of the fault and the justice of the punishment. Her charity was boundless. She had the old traditions of hospitality and respect for the poor. If a colporteur passed, he did not need to ask for lodging; he knew the door of the Millet house was always open. The beggars came there as if to a home. The grandmother, with a curtsy, made them come near the fire, gave them food and lodging, talked of the affairs of the neighborhood, and when they left, filled their wallets.

Her son, Jean Louis Nicholas Millet, simple and gentle, was pure in his life and highly respected by his neighbors. If the village jokes were rather coarse and Jean Louis came near enough to hear, they said: "Hush! here's Millet." He had a contemplative mind and a musical temperament, highly developed. A singer in the parish church, he directed with intelligence the country choristers whom the people came to listen to for miles around. At that time the congregation responded to the chanting of the priest and the choir. Jean Louis Millet picked out the best voices and taught them. Millet had some chants which his father had written down, and which looked like the work of a scribe of the fourteenth century.

Sunday, after mass, Jean Louis liked to receive his relations and friends, and there, at home, in the midst of his family, he celebrated the Lord's day like a patriarch, offering them the bountiful and simple meal of a peasant who wishes to honor his guests. This worthy man doubtless ignored the germs of art which existed in himself. He was absorbed by work until the hour of his death; but his elevated nature surely rose above his circumstances. He died without knowing his own worth and gifts. A confused instinct, however, sometimes showed itself. Taking a bit of grass, he would say to his son François: "See how fine! Look at that tree—how large and beautiful! It is as beautiful as a flower!" From his window, looking at a depression in the hill-side: "See!" he would say; "that house half-buried by the field is good; it seems to me that it ought to be drawn that way." Sometimes with a little clay he tried to model, or with a knife he would cut in the wood an animal or a plant. Tall, slender, his head covered with long black curls, gentle eyes and beautiful hands—such was the father of Jean François Millet.

His mother, Aimée Henriette Adelaide Henry, born at Sainte-Croix-Hague, belonged to a race of rich farmers who at one time were called gentlemen. They were called the Henry du Perrons. She was entirely engrossed in her household, her children and her work. Pious, but not given to the spiritual exaltation of the Jumelin family, she lived for her work and in obedience to her husband.

The family of Henry du Perron was composed of several children, who all married and lived in Sainte-Croix. Millet remembered his mother saying that the home of her parents was a large, big building of stone with a fine court-yard shaded by old trees, under which the ox-carts and plow stood around a water-trough. The house was said to have been a noble house a century before, which, in time of trouble, had fallen into the hands of peasants. Perhaps the Henry du Perrons were themselves the descendants of the fallen masters.

Another relation whom Millet always spoke of with feeling was his great-uncle, Charles Millet, priest of the diocese of Avranche. Before the Revolution he had taken orders and read mass, but when the law allowed him to return to civil life, the Abbé Millet came back to his village. He wished to remain faithful to his vows, and, in spite of the danger, he became a laborer in sabots and *soutane*, and would never lay aside his priestly garments. He might be seen reading his breviary on the high fields overlooking the sea, following the plow, or moving blocks of stone to wall in the family acres. He taught the older ones to read. During the Revolution his liberty and even his life had been threatened because he would not take the oath to the Constitution, which he believed to be hostile to the Pope.

This excellent and faithful man passed his days in field-work and contemplation, and gave to his nephews the pattern of a spotless life. If he had a furrow to plow or a garden to hoe, he tucked his priest's coat into his belt, put his missal in his pocket, and went cheerfully to work. He saw that his nephew needed help; for, if the life at Gruchy was at all comfortable, it was at the

price of untiring exertion. The steep fields made the work heavy, and life on land and sea required very hard and often very dangerous work.

For the people of the neighborhood, the sea was an inheritance. Gruchy had no fishermen, but they got from the beach a waves. Then the entire village, armed with long rakes, rushed to the sea-shore to reap the sea-weed—a rich but dangerous harvest. Some of the men of Gruchy were hired by smugglers, and spent long nights in avoiding the coast-guards. The Millets never indulged in this suspicious industry. "We never ate

PORTRAIT OF MADAME MILLET, BY J.-F. MILLET.

manure, which the horses and mules had to carry up the steep, narrow paths to the fields above. They were always watching the wrecks, to seize them before they were carried out again; and after great storms whole banks of sea-weed came up on the

that bread," said Millet; "my grandmother would have been too unhappy about it."

Millet, the painter of peasants, was born October 4th, 1814, in the village of Gruchy, commune of Gréville, canton of Beaumont

(Manche). He was the second child of Jean Louis Nicholas Millet, farmer, and his legal wife, Aimée Henriette Adelaide Henry. The eldest child was a daughter (Emily), who later married an inhabitant of the village, named Lefèvre.

His grandmother was his godmother. She called him Jean, after his father, and François, because he was a saint whom she loved and whose protection she constantly invoked. St. Francis of Assisi, the faithful observer, in his contemplations, of the things of nature, was a happy choice of a saint for the man who, later, was to be the passionate lover of the works of God. Proud of having a boy to rear, the grandmother tended him as her own child and her heart's favorite. In the vague recollections of his babyhood, Millet could always see her busy about him, rocking him, warming him in her bosom, and singing all day long songs which delighted him. I have lived more than thirty years in Millet's intimacy, and I know that the thought of her face, as nurse and comforter, was an ever-recurring image in the heart of her grandson. While he was still a little child, she would come to his bedside in the morning and say gently: "Wake up, my little François; you don't know how long the birds have already been singing the glory of God!" Her religion, as Millet told me later, was mixed with her love of nature. All that was beautiful, terrible or inexplicable seemed to her the work of the Creator, to whose will she bowed. "It was a beautiful religion," added he, "for it gave her the strength to love so deeply and unselfishly. She was always ready to work for others, to excuse their faults, to pity or to help them."

I have now come to the notes which Millet himself gave me, when I begged him to write out his youthful remembrances. I have pages written under the impression of his love of his family and his home, and of the sufferings of his life in Cherbourg and Paris; but the time has not come to say all,—so of these sketches, written by Millet himself, I will only publish as much as propriety allows. When a whole generation of the present day has passed away, we shall know a corner of Millet's heart which we may not now unveil —his resignation, his knowledge of men, and how much their ignorance of what is good and generous made him suffer. Here are the precious lines written by Millet concerning his childhood:

"I remember waking one morning in my little bed and hearing the voices of people in the room. With the voices sounded a sort of *burrr*, which stopped now and then and began again. It was the sound of the spinning-wheels, and the voices of the women spinning and carding wool. The dust of the room came and danced in the sunshine which one small, high window let in. I have often seen the sun and the dust in the same way, for the house fronted east. In the corner of the room was a big bed, covered by a counterpane with wide stripes of red and brown falling down to the floor; next to the window at the foot of the bed, against the wall, a great wardrobe, brown too. It is all like a vague dream. If I had to recall, even a little, the faces of the poor spinners, all my efforts would be in vain, for, although I grew up before they died, I remember their names only because I have heard them spoken in the family.

"One was a great-aunt whose name was Jeanne. The other was a spinner by trade, who often came to the house, and whose name was Colombe Gamache. This is my earliest recollection. I must have been very young when I received that impression, for more distinct images seem to have been made after a lapse of time.

"I only remember indescribable impressions, such as hearing, on waking, the coming and going in the house, the geese cackling in the court-yard, the cock-crowing, the beat of the flail on the barn floor —all sounds in my ears out of which no particular emotion came.

"Here is a little clearer fact. The commune had had new bells made, two of the old ones having been carried away to make cannon and the third having been broken (as I heard afterward). My mother was curious to see the new bells, which were deposited in the church waiting to be baptized before being hung in the tower, and she took me with her. She was accompanied by a girl named Julie Lecacheux, whom I since knew very well. I remember how struck I was at finding myself in a place so terribly vast as the church, which seemed to me bigger than a barn, and also with the beauty of the great windows, with lozenge-shaped leads.

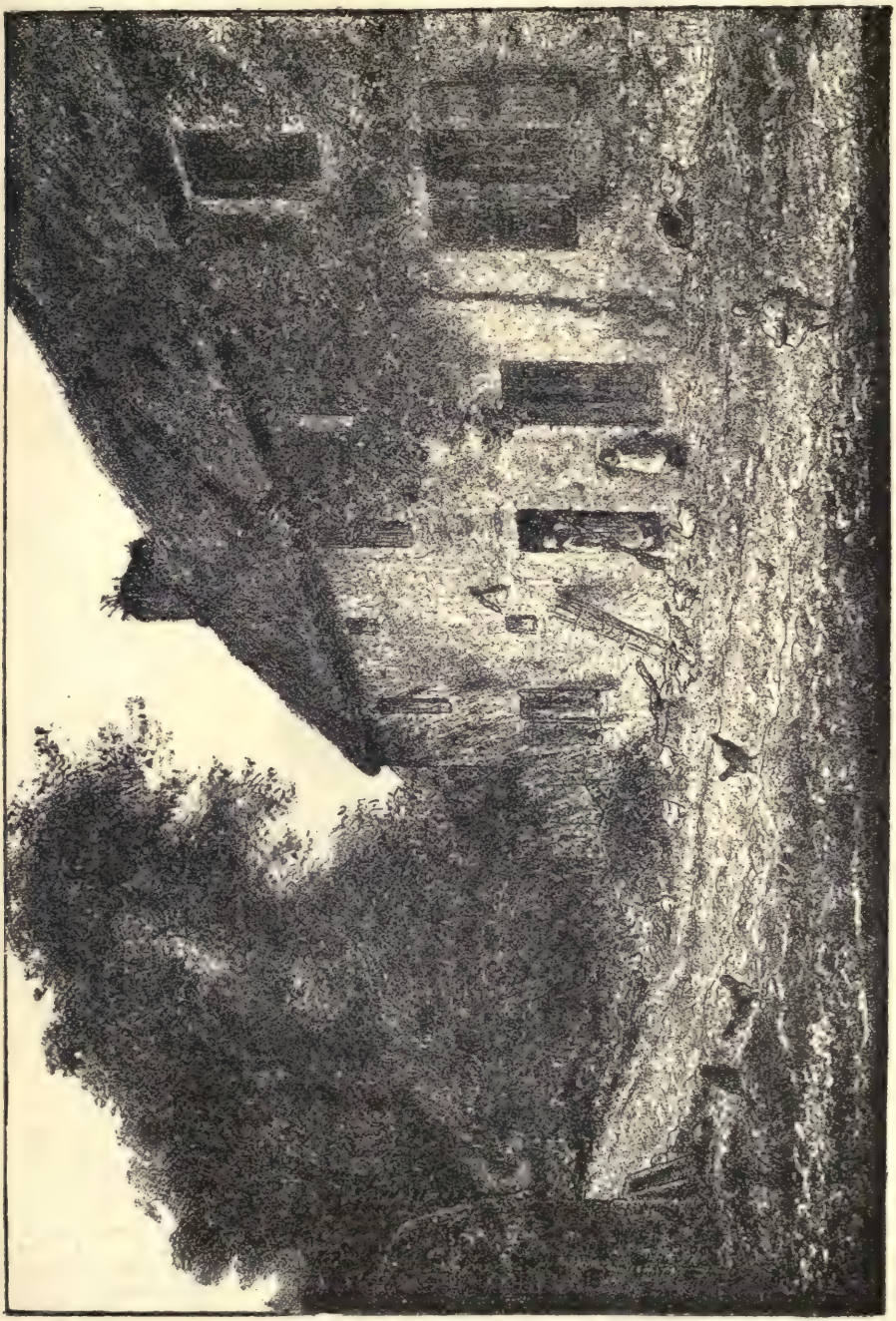
"We saw the bells, all on the ground. They, too, seemed enormous, for they were much larger than I was, and, also (what probably fixed the whole scene in my mind), Julie Lecacheux, who held a very big key in her hand, probably that of the church, began to strike the largest bell, which gave out a great sound, filling me with awe. I have never forgotten that blow of the key on the bell.

"I had a great-uncle who was a priest; he was very fond of me, and trotted me about with him continually. He took me once to a house where he often went. The lady of the house was elderly, and remains in my mind as the type of a lady of the olden time. She petted and kissed me, and gave me a great honey-cake, and, besides, a peacock's feather. I remember how delicious I thought the honey, and how beautiful the feather! I had already been struck with admiration at seeing, as we entered the court-yard, two peacocks perched in a big tree, and I could not get over the fine eyes in their tails.

"Sometimes my great-uncle took me to Eulleville, an adjoining little commune. The house to which he took me was a sort of seignioral dwelling, which was called the Eulleville mansion. There was a servant named Fanchon. The head of the house, whom I never knew, had a taste for rarities, and had planted some pine-trees. You would have to have gone a great way to find so many. Fanchon occasionally gave me some pine-cones, which filled me with delight.

"My poor great-uncle was so afraid of something happening to me that if I was not beside him he

could not breathe. As I was already big enough to run fast, I went off one day with some other boys, and we went down to the sea-shore. Looking for



BIRTHPLACE OF MILLET; IN THE VILLAGE OF GRUCHY, NORMANDY.

me everywhere, and not finding me, he went toward the sea, and saw me leaning over the pools which the sea left at ebb-tide, and where I was trying to catch bull-heads. He called me, with such a cry of horror that I jumped up, and saw him on the cliff making an urgent sign for me to come up. I did not let him repeat it, for he had frightened me; if there had been a shorter way than the narrow path I would have gone up it, but the steep cliff made that absolutely necessary.

"When he had me up and safe, he got angry. He

A SPINNER.

took his three-cornered hat and beat me with it, and as the cliff was still very steep toward the village, and my little legs did not carry me very fast, he followed me, beating me with his hat, and as red as a cock with anger. At each blow he would say: 'Ah, I'll help you mount.' It gave me a great fear of the three-cornered hat. Poor uncle! All the following night he had nightmares; he woke up every little while, crying out that I was falling down the cliff.

"As I was not of an age to understand a tenderness which showed itself by blows with a hat, I gave him many another torment. * * *

"This I remember hearing about my great-uncle; he was brother of my father's father. He had been a laborer all his life, and had become a priest rather late. I think he had a little church at the time of the Revolution. I know that he was persecuted, for I have heard that men came to search the house of my grandfather, to whom he had returned, and that they made their search in the most brutal manner.

He was very inventive, and had contrived a hiding-place which communicated with his bed, and into which he threw himself when any one came. One day they entered so suddenly that the bed had not had time to cool, and although they were told that he was not there, they cried:

"'Yes, yes, he is here, the bed is still warm, but he has found some way of getting off.'

"He heard them. They turned the house upside down in their fury, and went away.

"He said mass whenever he could, in the house, and I have still the leaden chalice which he used. After the Revolution he remained with his brother and performed the duties of vicar of the parish. He went every morning to the church to say mass. After breakfast he went to work in the fields. He almost always took me with him. Arrived at the field, he took off his *soutane* and worked in shirt-sleeves and breeches. He had the strength of a Hercules. There still exist, and they will last a long time, some great walls which he built to hold up a piece of sliding ground. These walls are very high, and built of immense stones. They have a cyclopean look. I have heard my grandmother and my father say that he allowed no one to help him even to place the heaviest stones, and some of them would require the combined strength of five or six men, and then using levers.

"He had a most excellent heart. He taught, for the love of God, the poor children of the commune, whose parents could not send them to school. He even taught them a little Latin. This made his

PEASANTS RETURNING HOME.

confrères of the neighboring communes very indignant; they went so far as to write about it to the bishop of Coutances. I have found among some old papers the rough draft of the letter he addressed to the bishop in justification, and in which he said that he lived with his brother who was a laborer, that in the commune there were very poor children who would have been deprived of every sort of instruction, that pity had decided him to teach them what he could, and he begged the bishop in the name of charity not to prevent him from teaching these poor little ones to read. I think I have heard that the bishop finally consented to let him continue. Very magnanimous, to be sure! * * * When he died I was about seven years old, and it is curious to realize how deep are the impressions of an early age, and what an indelible mark they leave upon the character. My childish mind was filled with stories of ghosts and all sorts of supernatural things. To this day I enjoy them, but whether I believe them or not I cannot say. The day that my great-uncle was buried, I heard them speaking in a mysterious way about the way he should be buried. They said that at the head, on the coffin, must be laid some big stones covered with bundles of hay; their instrument got embarrassed in the straw, and then broke on the stones, which made it impossible for them to hook the head and draw the body out of the grave. Afterward I knew what this mysterious language meant, but from the time of the burial, several neighbors, with the servant of the house, who all had hot cider to drink, passed the night, armed with guns and scythes, watching the grave. This guard was continued for about a month. After that they said there was no more danger. This was the reason: some men were said to make a profession of digging up bodies for doctors. They knew when a person died in a commune, and they came immediately at night to steal it. Their way of doing was to take a long screw and work through the earth and the coffin, catching the head of the dead man; with a lever they drew the body out of the grave without disturbing the earth. They had been met leading the dead man, covered with a cloak, holding him under the arms and talking to him as if he were a drunken man, shaking him and telling him to stand up. Others were seen with the body behind them on horseback, the arms held round the waist of the rider, and always covered with a great cloak, but the feet of the body were seen below the cloak.

"Some months before the death of my great-uncle I had been sent to school, and I remember well the day he died the maid-servant was sent to bring me home, so that I should not be seen playing in the road under such solemn circumstances. Before sending me to school I had, doubtless, at home learnt my letters and to spell, as the other children thought me very clever. Heaven knows what they called clever. My introduction to the school was for the afternoon class. When I arrived in the court-yard where the children were playing, the first thing I did was to fight. The bigger children who brought me were proud of bringing to school a child of six and a half who already knew his letters, and besides I was large of my age, and so strong that they assured me that there was not one of my age or even of seven who could beat me. There was none there less than seven, and as they were all anxious to make sure of the matter, they

WOMEN BRINGING HOME CLOTHES AFTER WASHING.

brought up a boy who was considered one of the strongest, to make us fight. It must be confessed that we had no very powerful reasons for not liking each other, and perhaps the combat was rather lukewarm. But they had a way of interesting the honor of the parties concerned. They took a chip, and putting it on the shoulder of one, said to the other, 'I bet you don't dare knock that chip off!' If you did not want to seem a coward you knocked it off. The other, of course, could not endure such an insult. So the battle was in earnest. The big ones excited those whose side they had taken, and the fighters were not separated. One must conquer. I turned out the stronger and covered myself with glory. Those who were for me were very proud, and said: 'Millet is only six and a half, and he has beaten a boy more than seven years old.'"

When twelve years old, François Millet went to be confirmed at the church of Gréville. He could not learn anything by heart, but a young vicar found his answers so full of good sense that he asked him if he did not want to learn Latin.

"With Latin, my boy, you can become a priest or a doctor."

"No," said the child; "I don't wish to be either; I wish to stay with my parents."

"Come, all the same," said the vicar; "you will learn."

So the child went to the parsonage with several little companions. He translated the *Epitome Historiæ Sacræ* and the *Selectæ e Profanis*. Virgil came under his eyes,—although translated by the Abbé Desfontaines, this book, half Latin, half French, charmed him so much that he could not stop reading it. The Bucolics and Georgics captivated his mind. At the words of Virgil,

"It is the hour when the great shadows descend toward the plain,"

the child felt filled with emotion; the book revealed to him his own surroundings—the life in which he was growing up. Some time after, the vicar, l'Abbé Herpent, was sent to the curacy of Heauville, a village a few miles from Gréville. It was decided that the little François should go with the Abbé to continue his instruction. After four or five months with the Abbé Herpent, he begged his grandmother so hard not to be made to leave home again, that it was decided that he should not go. A new vicar had come to the village, the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, who was willing to continue the child's instruction. The good man liked to make him talk about his first impressions, and often took him with him to see the Curé of Gréville, a gentle and sickly man, who encouraged the child in his confidences. The school-boy told him his innocent love of nature, his wonder at the clouds and their movements, his thoughts of the depth of the sky, and the dangers of the ocean, his reading of the Bible and Virgil, and the poor Curé would say:

"Ah, poor child, you have a heart that will give you trouble one of these days; you don't know how much you will have to suffer!"

The schooling of Millet, begun by the good vicar, Jean Lebrisseux, was often interrupted by field-work. He did not go any further than the *Appendix de Diis et Heroibus Poeticis* of P. Jouvency, and had to give up Virgil. He was soon obliged to be a serious help to his father, and to devote all his time to the rough farm-work. He was the eldest of the sons, and in this lay a duty which François accepted without regret. He then began to work beside his father and "hands," to mow, make hay, bind the sheaves, thresh, winnow, spread manure, plow, sow, in a word, all the work which makes the daily life of the peasant. So he spent years, the companion of his father and mother in the hardest labor, his only amusement the gatherings of the family.

Millet devoured hungrily the books of the home library, the "Lives of the Saints," the "Confessions of St. Augustine," "St. Francis of Sales," "St. Jerome," especially his letters, which he liked to re-read all his life, and the religious philosophers of Port-Royal, and Bossuet, and Fénélon. As to Virgil and the Bible, he re-read them, always in Latin, and was so familiar with their language that in his manhood I have never seen a more eloquent translator of these two books. He was not, therefore, as has been said, an ignorant peasant up to the time of his coming to Paris. On the contrary, his education was rapid, and rather by eye and reason than by grammar. As a child he wrote well, and when he reached Cherbourg he was already an educated man, full of reading, and one who did not confuse unhealthy literature with that which could be of use to him.

At his father's house, in the midst of his work, the vague idea of art began to take form in his mind. Some old engravings in the Bible gave him the desire to imitate them, and every day, at the noonday rest, alone in a room in the house, while his father slept, he studied the perspective of the landscapes before him. He drew the garden, the stables, the fields with the sea for horizon, and often the animals which passed. His father, more watchful than asleep, did

PORTRAIT OF MILLET, DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1847.

not say a word, and sometimes got up softly to peep at what François was doing.

The sea was for François Millet the occasion both of study and of profound feeling. He wished to reproduce its greatness and terror. A recollection of the ocean storms remained all his life with him. I will give one of his many impressions, which tells in his simple and pathetic way the horrors of a disaster which befell his village:

"It was All Saints' day, in the morning we saw that the sea was very rough, and every one said there would be trouble; all the parish was in church; in the middle of mass we saw a man come in dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. 'We must go to their assistance,' said he, louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing that we have only just time to put to sea to try and help them.' About fifty men offered themselves, and, without speaking, followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff, and there we soon saw a terrible sight,—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks.

"Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sunk, the second was overturned with the breakers, and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be no use to the poor people on the ships.

"Meantime the vessels came nearer, and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming, no one dared speak. It seemed to me, a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain, and wrapping the vessel brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with

the water. A frightful cracking sound,—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage,—planks, masts, and poor drowning creatures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and, with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were saw them all on their knees, and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held stanch and did not move. The waves beat against her but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gun-shots from

THE NEW-BORN LAMB.

brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks.

"The sea threw up several hundred, and with them merchandise and food.

"A second ship approached. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; we shore. A boat was made fast alongside; our boat was filled instantly; one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and forepart had got wedged in between two rocks. The wave which

had thrown her on the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village and soon after to Cherbourg.

"We all went back again to the shore. The third ship was thrown on the breakers, hashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand.

"A fourth, fifth, and sixth were lost—ship and cargo—on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It whirled so that the birds were killed,—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles, and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day, All Souls' day, the men returned to the shore; it was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rock smashed them like glass, and threw them in atoms to the cliffs.

"Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightened that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised. They were taken to Gruchy, cared for for a month, and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them, and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the horses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery. They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians."

François spent his life thus, in the midst of his family whom he loved, in the heart of a country which was the source of all his inspiration, reading and drawing, without thinking of leaving his father's house. His only ambition was to accomplish his duties as a son, to plow his furrow in peace, and to turn up the earth whose odor delighted his young senses. His whole life, he thought, would be passed in this way. Coming home one day from mass, he met an old man, his back bowed, and going wearily home. He was surprised at the perspective and movement of this living and bent figure. This was for the young peasant the discovery of foreshortening. With one glance he understood the mysteries of planes advancing, retreating, rising and falling. He came quickly home, and taking a lump of charcoal drew from memory all the lines he had noted in the action of the old man. When his parents returned from church they instantly recognized it—his first portrait made them laugh.

Millet was eighteen; his father was deeply moved by the revelation of this unforeseen talent. They talked, and François admitted that he had some desire to become a painter. His father only said these touching words:

"My poor François, I see thou art troubled by the idea. I should gladly have sent you to have the trade of painting taught you, which they say is so fine, but you are the oldest boy, and I could not spare you; now that your brothers are older, I do not wish to prevent you from learning that which you are so anxious to know. We will soon go to Cherbourg and find out whether you have the talent to earn your living by this business."

François then finished two drawings that he had imagined. One represented two shepherds, the first playing the flute at the foot of a tree, the other listening near a hill-side, where sheep were browsing; the shepherds were in jackets and wooden shoes, like those of his village, the hill-side was a field with apple-trees, belonging to his father. The second drawing represented a starry night—a man coming out of a house and giving some bread to another man, who accepted it anxiously. Under the drawing were the words of St. Luke: *Etsi non dabit illi surgens eo quod amicus ejus sit propter improbitatem tamen ejus surget, et dabit illi quotquot habet necessarios.* ["Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—St. Luke, chap. xi., 8th verse.] The peasant seems almost a man of letters. This drawing I have seen for thirty years; it is the work of a man who already knows the great bearings of art, its effects and resources; it seems like the sketch of an old master of the seventeenth century.

There was then giving lessons at Cherbourg a painter called Mouchel, a pupil of the school of David. The father and son went to see him, and took the two drawings above mentioned. Mouchel had no sooner seen them than he said to the father:

"You must be joking. That young man there did not make the drawings all alone."

"Yes, indeed," said the father; "I assure you, I saw him make them."

"No, no. I see the method is very awkward, but he never could have composed that—impossible."

The Millets asserted so energetically that it was the work of François, that Mouchel

had to believe it. He then turned to the father and said:

"Well, you will go to perdition for having kept him so long, for your child has the stuff of a great painter!"

From that moment the career of Millet was decided; his father even urged it, and arranged his apprenticeship with Mouchel. Mouchel was a strange and original fellow—he deserves notice in the biographies of Normandy painters. He had studied at the Seminary and had married a good peasant woman, who lived with him at Roule, in a little valley where he cultivated his garden, near a mill which belonged to him and whose musical tic-tac could be heard in the studio. He loved art to fanaticism. Teniers, Rembrandt and Brawer were his idols. He loved the country and animals, and passed hours *tête-à-tête* with a pig, whose dialect and confidences he pretended to understand.

Millet was two months with Mouchel. He copied engravings and drew from the round. Mouchel would not give him any advice: "Draw what you like, choose what you please here, follow your own fantasy—go to the museum." He was busy copying at the museum of Cherbourg when the servant of the family came to him with the announcement that his father was dangerously ill. Millet made one fierce rush from Cherbourg to Gruchy. He found his father dying of a brain fever. He had not even the consolation of hearing his voice for the last time or seeing his eyes turned upon him: the poor man was voiceless and senseless. His brain had already lost consciousness; he could not even feel the loving pressure of his hand in his son's. To Millet it seemed a double death, the death that all men must die, and the death of a father who could not even, like dying Isaac, touch the garment of his child.

François tried to keep the old farm going on in the old way, but his heart was heavy with his bereavement, and beside, art had made itself felt in him. The notabilities of Cherbourg, not seeing the young peasant painting, tried to do something for him. His grandmother heard some rumors of it, and said: "My François, you must accept the will of God; your father, my Jean Louis, said you should be a painter; obey him and go back to Cherbourg." There he entered the studio of Langlois, who also gave him very little advice. A great amusement for Millet at this time was reading. He read everything—from the *Almanach boiteux*, of Strasbourg, to Paul de Kock, from Homer to Béranger; he also read with delight Shakspere, Walter Scott, Byron, Cooper, Goethe's "Faust," and German ballads. Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand had especially impressed him. The emphatic style of the author of Atala and Réné did not displease him; under his stilted manner he recognized a love of the past, a touching recollection of his family and country, and a bitterness of life which he, too, felt. As to Victor Hugo, his great poetic pictures of the sea and the splendors of the sky, his bronze-like rhythm, shook him like the word of a prophet. He wished to throw out all the exaggerations and make up a Victor Hugo of his own, of two or three volumes, which would have been the Homer of France. The reading-rooms of Cherbourg were all passed in review, and when he got to Paris he was already a cultivated man, familiar with letters,—though this fact was little seen, as he was suspicious of the opinion of great cities, and scarcely answered questions put to him. He knew a clerk of a library in Cherbourg, who got him books and became his companion and friend. He was M. Feuardent, whose son married, later, Millet's eldest daughter.

This is what he said about his studious youth:

"I never studied systematically. At school, when writing from dictation, my task was better written than the others, probably because I read constantly, and the words and phrases were pictured rather in my eyes than in my mind, and I instinctively reproduced them. I never followed programmes; I never learnt a lesson by heart; all my time was spent in writing capital letters and drawing. I never could get beyond addition in mathematics, and I do not understand subtraction and the rules following. My reckoning is always in my head, and by ways that I could not explain. I came to Paris with all my ideas of art fixed, and I have never found it well to change them. I have been more or less in love with this master, or that method in art, but I have not changed anything fundamental. You have seen my first drawing, made at home without a master, without a model, without a guide. I have never done anything different since. You have never seen me paint except in a low tone; *demi-teinte* is necessary to me in order to sharpen my eyes and clear my thoughts,—it has been my best teacher."

The young painter from the country made some little noise in the town of Cherbourg.

WOMAN BRINGING HOME MILK.

People talked about his work and the boldness of his handling. The general opinion was that he ought to be sent to Paris to study. On the other hand, Langlois watched the progress of his scholar like a hen who has hatched a young eagle; he let him exercise himself as he chose, in portraiture or Biblical subjects. Sometimes he got Millet to help him on his religious pictures. At the Church of the Trinity at Cherbourg may be seen two large pictures from sacred history, at which Millet worked with Langlois, on delicate parts such as the drapery and the hands. Langlois felt, however, that he could not teach Millet anything. He therefore addressed the municipal council of Cherbourg a petition, which led them to vote an annuity of 400 francs for Millet's education. The general council of La Manche added later six hundred francs, which should be paid until the completion of the young artist's studies. Millet told me several times that this annuity did not last long, and that it was far from being sufficient for his needs; soon the little pension from the town of Cherbourg was suppressed on account of lack of funds.

It was a great event in the Millet family

when François departed for a place so far away, and to a city which had the reputation of being so corrupt as Paris. Mother and grandmother loaded their dear child with warnings against the seductions of this Babylon.

"Remember," repeated again and again the grandmother, "remember the virtues of your ancestors; remember that at the font I promised for you that you should renounce the devil and all his works. I would rather see you dead, dear son, than a renegade, and faithless to the commands of God."

He went off in a fever of expectation and of distress at leaving these two poor women a prey to all the troubles which beset unprotected widows. He took with him some savings which his mother and grandmother gave him at leaving, and which, joined to the pension of the city, made a sum of six hundred francs. He felt embarrassed by so much wealth, as if a treasure of the Arabian Nights had fallen from heaven.

"I always had my mother and grandmother on my mind, and their need of my arm and my youth. It has always been almost like remorse to think of them, weak and ill at home, when I might have been a prop to their old age; but their hearts were so motherly that they would not have allowed me to leave my profession to help them. Besides," he would add "youth has not the sensitiveness of manhood, and a demon pushed me toward Paris. I wanted to see all, know all that a painter can learn. My masters at Cherbourg had not spoiled me during my apprenticeship. Paris seemed to me the great center of knowledge and a museum of everything fine and great.

"I went off with a full heart. All that I saw on the way to Paris made me still sadder. The great straight roads, the trees in long lines, the flat fields, the pasture-lands so rich and filled with animals that they seemed to me more like scenes in a theater than reality! Then Paris, black, smoky, muddy, where I arrived at night, and which was to me the most discouraging sensation of all.

"I got to Paris one Saturday evening in January, in the snow. The light of the street-lamps, almost put out by the fog, the immense quantity of horses and wagons passing and repassing, the narrow streets, the smell and the air of Paris went to my head and my heart so that I was almost suffocated. I was seized with a sobbing which I could not control. I wanted to get the better of my feelings, but they overcame me with their violence. I could only stop my tears by washing my face with water, which I took from a street-fountain.

"The coolness gave me courage. A print-seller was there,—I looked at his prints, and munched my last apple. The lithographs displeased me very much; loose scenes of grisettes, women bathing and at their toilettes, such as Devéria and Maurin then drew; they seemed to me signs for perfumery or fashion-plates. Paris seemed to me dismal and tasteless. For the first, I went to a little hotel, where I spent the night in a sort of nightmare; seeing my home, the house full of melancholy, with my mother, grandmother and sister spinning in the evening, weeping and thinking of me, praying that I should escape the perdition of Paris. Then the evil demon drove me on before wonderful pictures, which seemed so beautiful, so brilliant, that it appeared to me they took fire and vanished in a heavenly cloud.

"My awakening was more earthly. My room was a hole with no light. I got up, and rushed to the air. The light had come again, and I regained my calmness and my will. My sadness remained, and I remembered the complaint of Job: 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived.'

"So I greeted Paris, not cursing it, but with the terror of not comprehending its material and spiritual life, and full, too, of desire to see those famous masters of whom I had heard so much, and seen some little scraps of, at the museum of Cherbourg."

(To be continued.)

NOON.

THE LOSS OF THE "ONEIDA."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

On the 24th of January, 1870, the United States steamer *Oneida* was sunk in the Bay of Yedo, Japan, by collision with a British merchant steamer, the *Bombay*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company.

The *Oneida* was a wooden screw-steamer, 211 feet long, 1695 tons, eight guns, and, when lost, had on board 24 officers and 152 men—in all, 176 souls. After being employed on blockade duty during the civil war, she was, in 1867, dispatched to the Asiatic Station, where she proved a most efficient cruiser.

It was at the close of three years of this arduous service, when homeward bound, their hearts elated with the prospective joys of home, and their ears still ringing with the farewell cheers, that 115 of her happy crew met a sudden death. Among these were the captain, and all, save two, of the commissioned officers.

The sailing of a man-of-war for home is generally the occasion of much conviviality, mingled with the display of tender feelings and bitter regrets. During her three years on the station, she frequently falls in with the armed vessels of other nations, and pleasant relations grow up with the residents ashore, so that, by the time the cruise is over, a web of friendship has been woven with threads extending to every port. It has been charged that some of the *Oneida's* officers were intoxicated on the day of sailing. The fact that she was just out of port—homeward bound—and that, probably, many mutual good wishes had been pledged in wine, lent color to the charge. But, besides my own knowledge of the matter, I have the word of the late Mr. Charles E. De Long, then United States Minister to Japan, and other gentlemen who were on board up to the last moment, that the charge is false in even its mildest form.

Now, to proceed to the circumstances of the collision. About five P. M., the *Oneida*, having weighed anchor, steamed slowly out of harbor. It was a fine evening, sharp and wintry, but with a clear sky, stiff breeze, and the water of the bay smooth. As she successively passed the various ships of war, they manned the rigging and gave her cheer after cheer that resounded far and wide. The *Oneida* sped on; the fading twilight deepened into the gloom of night, and

her outline rapidly blended with the darkness.

Proceeding under easy steam, the *Oneida* was soon off the light-ship. Here the executive officer set the proper sails, and took all the precautions usual on going to sea. Everything being lashed and snug, Lieutenant Yates took charge, and the *Oneida* continued on her course, S. by E. ¼ E., under both steam and sail, making seven knots per log. About 6.20, Lieutenant Yates noticed, by the light on Kanon-Saki, that leeway was causing the ship to approach the western shore. He sent at once for the navigator, and at this juncture the *Bombay's* mast-head light came into sight ahead; the officer of the deck saw it just rounding Kanon-Saki, and then rapidly pass to a bearing on the starboard bow.*

the *Bombay's white* and *green* lights about two miles away, and both expressed the opinion that she would pass to starboard. Suddenly, when but a short distance off, the *Bombay* changed her course, and it was at once clear that she was heading directly for the *Oneida*—attempting to cross her bows. The instant this became certain, the *Oneida's* helm was put hard-a-starboard, with the hope of escaping the *Bombay*. The *Oneida* went rapidly to the left, but her pursuer closed in more rapidly upon her, and soon they struck; the sharp iron prow of the *Bombay* cut into the wooden sides of the *Oneida*, tearing diagonally through her quarter and leaving a gaping wound. It exposed the interior of the cabin, from which a gleam of light burst, and people on the British steamer might easily have seen

THE COLLISION OF THE "BOMBAY" AND "ONEIDA."

The navigator, now coming on deck, directed Lieutenant Yates as to the proper course, and then both officers plainly saw the waves rolling in through the breach in the American vessel.

The *Bombay* crushed the *Oneida's* quarter-boat into splinters, and carried away the poop, spanker-boom and gaff, wheel, binnacle, and most likely the rudder and propeller. While she yet lay across the *Oneida's* stern, the executive officer hailed:

* By international agreement, all vessels, when under way, are required to carry at night running-lights, *i. e.*, a *green* light on the starboard, and a *red* light on the port side. In addition, steamers, when under steam, carry a *white* light at the foremast-head.

THE "ONEIDA" AFTER THE COLLISION.

"*Steamer ahoy! you have cut us down—remain by us!*"

The *Oneida's* steam-whistle was instantly turned on and kept blowing, and guns were fired, but the *Bombay* steamed on to Yokohama without lowering a boat, or for a moment heading in the direction of the sinking ship; nay, worse—with even the malicious boast on his lips, that "*He had cut the quarter off a Yankee frigate, and it served her right!*" I quote the remark from the testimony of Lieutenant Clements, a British naval officer, before a British court. The helm gone, the ship became unmanageable. Order and discipline continued, however, and the most judicious measures were immediately taken for the safety of both ship and crew; the steam and hand-pumps were vigorously worked, and such disposition of sail was made as would beach the vessel on the nearest shoal; but all to no avail. The rent through which the water flowed was too large, and soon the flood of waters extinguished the fires, steam failed, pumps and engines stopped. The quarter-deck was now under water; men were clearing away the only two serviceable boats that remained, the first and third cutters, and these only got clear of the ship as the spar-deck became submerged. The captain and officer of the deck stood on the bridge till the water reached their feet; then the latter jumped for his life—the former remained. In an instant the *Oneida* disappeared; the captain and most of his officers and men went down with her, to rise no more; others came to the surface, only to struggle a little longer and then sink forever; while a few were rescued by the cutter near by.

It has often been asked: How, with the land so near, did so many perish? I can only give an answer that satisfies myself. For some time after the collision, the efforts of all were in the direction of saving the *ship*—no one thought of himself. They seemed oblivious of the fact that every compartment was flooded with rushing waters—that danger was imminent; and it was only when the reality burst upon them that they found it too late to devise means of personal safety; every grating, every ladder, every movable spar that would float a man, was securely lashed in its place—now out of reach—submerged!

All the boats save two were disabled, and these were loaded to the gunwales. Thus, only as the deck was slipping away

from them, did they realize that they must go down with the ship. By far the greater number were sucked into the vortex, while those at the surface were so benumbed that they could make little effort to save themselves. Furthermore, the nearest land over two miles distant—certainly too far for an exhausted man to swim on that cold night.

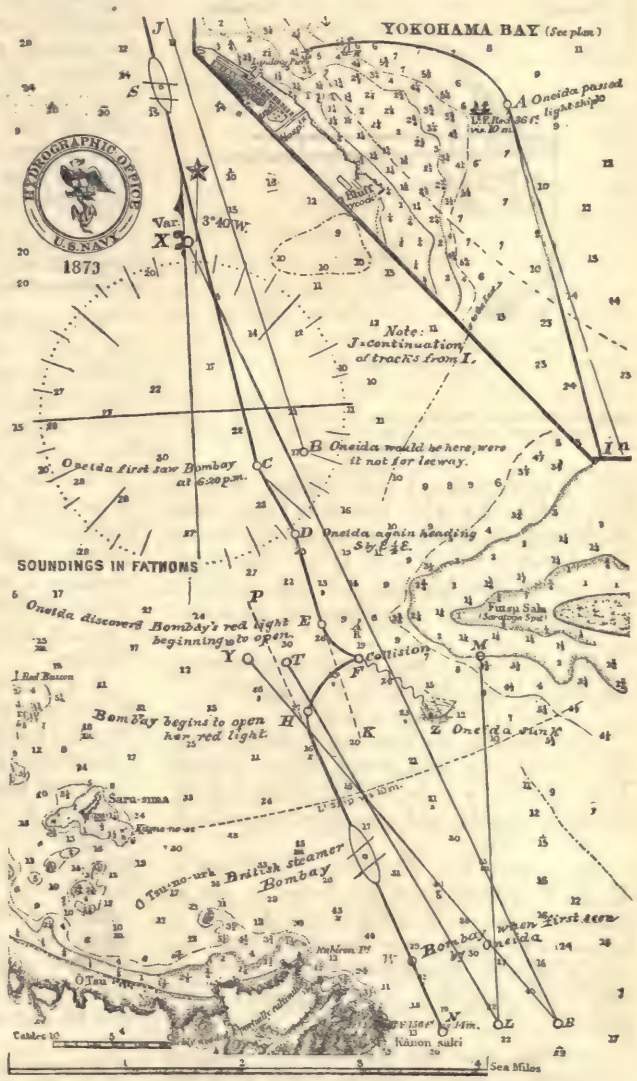
To follow the survivors: The first cutter remained near the sunken vessel picking up the men, until the last one visible was rescued; among these was Lieutenant Yates, the only officer in the party of forty-five persons crowded into that small boat—a shivering crew, whose thin clothes, saturated with water, were stiffening about them. The boat was leaking, much water was already in it, and the spray and crest of waves breaking over it added to the difficulties and hardships to keep afloat—the men had to bail constantly with caps and shoes.

Amidst these vicissitudes they worked on through the three miles that separated them from a little cove near Kanon-Saki, where, at length, they arrived, landed, and proceeded to a Japanese village, where they were received with kindly hospitality.

The third cutter had sixteen men in it, with Doctor Suddards in charge. It got clear of the ship as she was rapidly settling. Observing a junk standing down the bay at some distance, the cutter vigorously pulled for it, to bring it to the sinking ship and take off the crew. But the junk was too swift, and, unconscious of the service it might have rendered, passed rapidly out of reach. The cutter returned to the *Oneida*, but now nothing was to be seen of her but the top-gallant masts just out of water. The boat then headed for shore, and after passing through much the same experience as the first cutter, eventually landed near the same place, though the people in each boat did not know that any but themselves had been saved.

Doctor Suddards procured a guide and walked to Yokohama, eighteen miles, where he arrived the next morning at four o'clock, and reported the disaster to the commanding officer of the *Idaho*.

The *Idaho*, a large store-ship, with but few officers and a small crew, was the only vessel of our squadron in harbor. She had no steam launch, and but few of those equipments that usually form the outfit of a man-of-war; hence her commander was unable to render immediate succor to those who might possibly be clinging to fragments of the wreck. This was ten miles away—a long distance to dispatch the only re-


YOKOHAMA BAY (See plan)
HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE
U.S.NAVY
1873
Var. 3°40'W.
SOUNDINGS IN FATHOMS
Note: J continuation of tracks from I.
A Oneida passed light ship
B Oneida would be here, were it not for leeway.
C Oneida first saw Bombay at 6.20 p.m.
D Oneida again heading S by E ½ E.
Oneida discovers Bombay's red light beginning to open.
Bombay begins to open her red light.
Collision
Oneida sunk
British steamer Bombay
O Tsu
Saru-sima
Kanon saki
Sea Miles

ENTRANCE TO YEDO BAY, SHOWING COURSE OF THE "ONEIDA" AND "BOMBAY."

source the *Idaho* possessed—a boat under oars.

The *Bombay*, with steam still up, lay about half a mile from the *Idaho*; and as she could afford the quickest relief I was

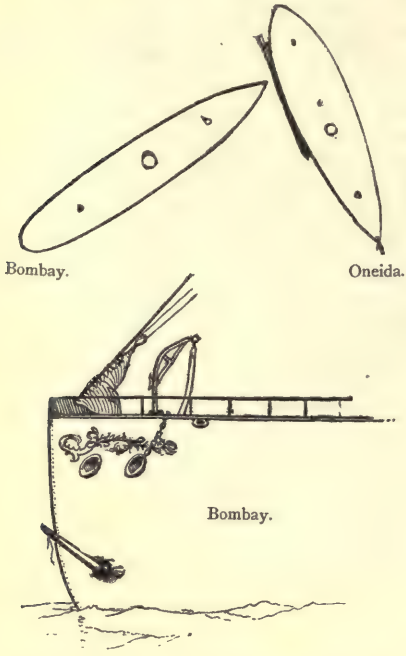


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE VESSELS AT THE TIME OF THE COLLISION, AND THE CONDITION OF THE "BOMBAY" AFTERWARD.

sent to request it. I told Captain Eyre he had sunk a ship with 160 men; that many might still be floating on spars and booms, and if speedy succor were given, they might be saved; that his was the only vessel in harbor with steam up—would he go down?

"No?"

After making some trivial excuse about his vessel being damaged, he remarked:

"*I think I can clear myself.*"

I returned to my boat and proceeded to the British flag-ship, a few cables distant. Very different was the feeling I found there: hearty sympathy and an earnest desire to do all they could.

An officer was dispatched in haste to H. M. S. *Sylvia*, with an order to get up steam at once, and another was directed to return with me to the *Bombay*. The evidence of this gentleman before the court will best describe what occurred. He says:

"An officer came from the *Idaho* * * * Captain Tinklar [of the *Ocean*] told me to ask him to take me on board the *Bombay*, and that I was to request the captain of the *Bombay*, as his was the only ship in harbor with steam up, to go down to where the accident took place, and see what he could do. I went on board. * * * I gave him Captain Tinklar's request; he replied, 'I can't; I've got a hole in my bows.' I asked him if that was his answer, and he sent for his chief officer; he asked the chief officer how much water there was in the hold or compartment, and the officer answered about nine feet. The captain then said, 'Do you hear that?' I said yes, and I wanted an answer, yes or no. He then said, 'No, I can't.'"

The *Bombay* was partitioned into water-tight compartments, and the place spoken of as having nine feet of water in it was a small one in the very bows; evidently it might have been filled to the ceiling without cause for apprehension. Indeed, Captain Eyre's own estimate of the damage, on his arrival at Yokohama (it is from the evidence of Lieutenant Clements, R. N.), was "that the ship was making water, but nothing very serious." In Captain Eyre's own testimony, though it makes his conduct of the evening before the more discreditable, he says:

"The next morning [that is, the one on which I sought his aid] I steamed down to the scene of the collision and back, without having made any repairs."

Yes, he finally went—at the request of his agent—but he was too tardy. His assistance should have been given immediately after colliding, even though he was "not aware whether it was customary for two vessels which have come into collision on a dark night to communicate in order to ascertain the amount of injury each has sustained." All which facts seem plainly to indicate that the defect that prevented extending a helping hand to the *Oneida's* drowning crew, existed in the heart of Captain Eyre, and not in the hull of the *Bombay*.

It is gratifying to turn from this conduct to the generous action of the British and Russian naval officers, who, with the American steamer *Yangtse*, Captain Strandberg, got up steam and went down immediately, so that by 8 A. M. the *Bombay*, *Sylvia* and *Yangtse* (the latter having manned boats from the *Vsadnik* and *Idaho* in tow) were all under way for the wreck. On arrival, nothing of the Oneida but her top-gallant masts were visible, and the boats engaged in the melancholy work of searching the beach for corpses, but without finding any, and in the evening all went back to the city.

By request of the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, a naval

court of inquiry was immediately instituted at Yokohama to take evidence regarding the circumstances of the collision. It was composed of the British consul at Kanagawa as president, two commanders of the Royal Navy, and two masters of British merchant-vessels in harbor.

All persons that knew anything of the subject were examined under oath; a printed copy of their evidence now lies before me, and with it I have refreshed my memory, although I heard every word, and saw every motion of each witness as he spoke.

It may cause surprise to find that the officers and men of the United States navy appeared in a British court. That court was the first organized. An American court, composed solely of naval officers, was subsequently formed; it examined carefully into the circumstances of the collision and entirely exonerated the *Oneida's* officers. But, in order to have all the evidence pro and con taken and weighed by the same tribunal, the United States naval authorities allowed their witnesses to go into the British court. It was a concession—not a compulsion. Besides the regular attorney retained by the owners of the *Bombay*, the British Minister to Japan was in constant attendance, and the American Minister, Mr. De Long, kindly tendered his services to the survivors of the *Oneida*. Many of the essential points being of a purely technical nature, I was requested by Lieutenant Yates to assist Mr. De Long, and thus I became familiar with every feature of the case.

The court opened at the British Consulate in Yokohama, on the 27th of January, and continued its sessions every day until February 12th. Lieutenant Yates and the other witnesses of the *Oneida* were excluded from the court, except while giving their evidence; Captain Eyre was always in attendance with the company's agent; but this gentleman has long ago gone before a Judge who tempers justice with mercy. I shall, therefore, touch lightly on his failings.

This court cleared Captain Eyre of all blame for the collision, and hence, by implication, threw it on the *Oneida*. My endeavor shall be so to contrast the evidence of different witnesses on the same point as to enable every one to judge for himself who was right, and who wrong.

First. Captain Eyre says that the *Oneida's* speed was "about fourteen knots an hour"; his chief officer, "eleven or twelve," and his pilot, "about eight knots." It was really *seven*, so that, of the three, the captain's judgment was the most erroneous.

Second. He says, "The *Oneida* must have been about one mile from me when I first saw her light;" his second officer says "five or six miles away," and the pilot, "four or five miles." Other parts of the testimony show that all three saw the light at nearly the same instant. The *actual* distance was four miles, so that here, too, the captain was most in error.

Third. He says, "From the time I stopped the engines until I went on again, was about ten minutes." The log-book of the *Bombay* being produced in court, the following extract from it was accepted as evidence: "(About) Stop, 6:15; easy ahead, 6:19; full speed, 6:21."

Fourth. He says, "I imagined the *Oneida's* quarter-gallery was cut off; it never occurred to me that she was in danger." What, with the *Oneida*, as he must have seen, deep in the water! But it was not the gallery alone—it was the entire quarter, exposing the interior of the cabin, from which a glare of light issued that was seen by various people on the *Bombay*, whose testimony was taken. The "table," a dozen witnesses mentioned, stood in the captain's cabin, the floor of which was on a level with the water; and as this was lit up by the light they speak of, the peril of the *Oneida* must have been apparent—the water must then have been entering through the breach. Is it possible that Captain Eyre alone could have been blind to all this?

Fifth. With regard to the hail, "Steamer ahoy!" etc., uttered in so loud and clear a voice by the executive officer of the *Oneida* that the second and fourth officers of the *Bombay*, and five others, all testified to having heard it, Captain Eyre alone was deaf to the appeal. In fact, all his senses seem to have been unusually obtuse at this juncture. But he was not left ignorant of what had occurred; listen to the fourth officer's evidence on this point:

> "Immediately afterward, as the ship [*Oneida*] dropped astern, she hailed us. * * * I went to the bridge and reported to the captain what had occurred. The commander asked the pilot *if there was any safe place where the other ship could go ashore;* the pilot said yes, she was close to the Spit."

From this it may justly be inferred that Captain Eyre feared the *Oneida* was in *real* danger, notwithstanding his evidence to the

contrary, for he well knew that vessels are not beached for trifles.

Sixth. Shortly after the collision, the *Oneida* began firing guns of distress, and continued them until she sank. Now, the report of a six-pound charge fired from an eight-inch gun is loud, and its flash bright; but neither Captain Eyre nor any one else on the *Bombay*, at the distance of two miles, on a still night, heard the one nor saw the other; yet at Yokohama, *ten miles* beyond the *Bombay*, the guns were distinctly audible. Curiously enough this is one of the "material points" on which all aboard the *Bombay* are in perfect accord with their captain.

Seventh. The second "material point" on which the witnesses for the *Bombay* all agree, is the bearing of the *Oneida;* according to every one of them, she was just *one-half point* on the *port* bow, notwithstanding that, to be strictly correct, the bearing of a near object must be different to each observer.

Eighth. The *Oneida* carried a spare top-sail-yard lashed three feet from the water. The *Bombay* cut this in two between the lashings, and one end of it penetrated through the iron of the port bow and fractured the starboard bow, passing through double iron plates. Captain Eyre's evidence says:

"*It was almost immediately after the collision that we discovered the spar.* * * * The *Oneida's* gaff and spanker boom, and part of her sail, were left hanging on my bow. * * * It did not strike me that I must have penetrated pretty far into the other vessel in order to take the boom. * * * I think it possible that a spar from a vessel could penetrate and remain in the bows of another vessel without the hull of the former vessel receiving an injury."

All this from a sailor of thirty-seven years' standing, twenty of them in command of both sailing and steam ships! Such was the man whose professional errors, however gross, can be regarded with charity; but whose want of heart, whereby he left one hundred and fifteen brother seamen to die in the water, can never be considered but with horror and loathing.

I shall now proceed to discuss the tracks of the ships.

The hour the *Oneida* began steaming ahead from her anchorage was noted—5:15 P. M.; the distance from the anchorage to the light-ship is one and a half miles; she steamed slowly at first, to return the cheers that were given her; sail was not set until after passing the light-ship; then, when under all sail and easy steam, her speed was seven knots an hour—certainly it could not have been greater than six between the anchorage and light-ship; at this rate it would require fifteen minutes to reach the light-ship, which brings the time to 5:30 P. M. Heading then S. by E. ¼ E. from 5:30 P. M., the *Oneida* proceeded at the rate of seven (or at most eight) knots an hour until 6:20 P. M. During this fifty minutes she went seven miles, which would have brought her to where her officers first discovered the lights of the *Bombay*, and concluded that she would pass well on the starboard. The *Oneida* therefore proceeded straight on until the *Bombay* was suddenly discovered opening her red light. This showed at once that the merchant steamer was violating the international rule of the road, that approaching vessels shall put their helms a-starboard, to give each other a wide berth. Besides conforming to the rule, the putting the *Oneida's* helm a-starboard was the most feasible means of escaping the *Bombay*, for they must have met within *three minutes.* Had the *Oneida's* helm been put a-port at this point, it would have required several seconds for her to *feel* it, besides which, all the after sail would impede her ready motion to starboard, and it is most probable that the two ships would have met bows-on, before the maneuvers could have been effected.

Just previous to collision, the *Bombay's* helm was put hard a-starboard, to swing the ships parallel to each other, whereby she struck the *Oneida* at an acute angle near the mizzen-rigging, instead of cutting her in two near the mainmast, as she would otherwise have done. Consideration of the condition of the man-of-war after she was struck, and the time she had in which to drift to the point where she sunk, establishes her position at the instant of collision with almost absolute certainty.

To locate the *Bombay*, I have a variety of tracks offered, no two witnesses agreeing. I will take first the statement of the captain:

"When Kanon-Saki light-house was abeam of my ship, I should think it must have been about a mile distant, as nearly as I can guess. * * * We altered the ship's course to north when the light was abeam, I think. That course would carry me clear of Saratoga Spit."

Plotting this on a chart, I have a course which, at the rate the *Bombay* was going, would run her aground in *twenty minutes* upon Saratoga Spit. For the next position of the *Bombay*, he says:

"At 6.15 P. M. on the 24th instant, the light-house on Kanon-Saki was bearing S. by E.; the Spit was bearing E. by N., as near as I could judge."

At this point he says:

"I saw a light (the *Oneida's*) half a point on the port bow—a bright light. Shortly afterwards I made out two lights—side lights—a green and a red light. * * * When I saw the light, my course was due north."

These statements cannot be reconciled. They require a screw steamer, with no sail set, running eight knots an hour, to be drifted nearly two miles in a run of three. Impossible!

A mail steamer, to which time is an important item, will take the shortest good route; and as the *Bombay* could pass Kanon-Saki with the greatest safety at a point half a mile from the beach, with twenty fathoms depth of water, she did undoubtedly do so.

Adding the testimony of the pilot, and plotting it on the chart, beside the captain's and others, it appears most lamentable that the *Bombay* did not continue the straight course she was steering when first sighted; then both vessels would have passed to starboard of each other, at the distance of nearly half a mile.

In order to have the collision occur where it did, the *Bombay* must have gone far out of her way to crowd the *Oneida* upon a dangerous shoal—with what object? *To get on the right-hand side of the channel!* as the testimony shows in these words:

"In coming up a narrow channel, it is usual to keep on the starboard side of such channel."

Yes, there seems to be some local English custom, that in navigating narrow inland waters vessels must keep to the right; and in order to conform to this regulation an international rule of the road was violated in a broad bay, miles in width.

The pilot says he thought the *Oneida* "was a Japanese by the way she acted." Every one who cruised in Eastern waters in those days is well aware of the lamentable want of consideration of all foreigners for native craft; and this fact may be of use in explaining why the *Bombay's* helm was persistently kept a-port, even when only the *Oneida's* green and mast-head lights were seen over a mile off, as the pilot testifies.

In view of all that precedes, this seems the most fitting place to introduce an extract from a letter of the Secretary of the (U. S.) Navy to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He says:

"From an examination of the evidence in the possession of the Department, the testimony taken before a Court of Inquiry composed of British officers, the evidence of Master (now Lieutenant) Yates, the officer of the deck on board the *Oneida* at the time of the collision, the accompanying charts, and the analysis of Lieutenant Lyons, it is the opinion of the Department that the *Oneida* was, when she was struck, steering her proper course out to sea from the Bay of Yedo, bound to the United States; that the ship was well commanded and her discipline good, and that all the necessary precautions were taken by her commander to insure the safe navigation of the vessel and to prevent collision; and the rules of the road conformed to, agreeably to the regulations of the United States Navy; and that no blame is to be attached to the officers or crew of the *Oneida* for the collision."

The curious may wonder what was the result of the Court of Inquiry at Yokohama. After giving a summary of all the points, it exonerates Captain Eyre from any blame whatever for the collision, and then closes its decision with these words:

"We recognize the fact that he [Captain Eyre] was placed in a position of great difficulty and doubt; and in circumstances under which he was called upon to decide promptly. But we regret to have to record it as our opinion that he acted hastily and ill-advisedly, in that, instead of waiting and endeavoring to render assistance to the Oneida, he, without having reason to believe that his own vessel was in a perilous position, proceeded on his voyage. This conduct constitutes, in our opinion, a breach of the 33d section of the 63d chapter of the Merchant Shipping Act, amendment act of 1862, and we therefore feel called upon to suspend Mr. Eyre's certificate for six calendar months from this date."

One hundred and fifteen lives lost—six months' suspension!

In all trials in which interested witnesses are allowed to testify, there is much vagueness of recollection about anything calculated to injure themselves. Mr. Eyre was explicitly warned, before any evidence was taken and by the President of the Court, that whatever he said might afterward be used against him, should any charges be brought on which he might be brought to trial. He was also informed that if this inquiry developed sufficient evidence, he would be arrested by the United States Minister on the charge of murder. Captain Eyre, therefore, and all his subordinates, were extremely careful not to criminate themselves.

My object in writing this article is, not to exhibit the unamiable points of any individual's character, but to clear the officers of the *Oneida* of any stigma that may attach to them for the collision.

In conclusion, I must say that although Captain Eyre left a temporary stain on the name of a British sailor, still it should never be forgotten that it was British sailors who nobly came forward in our moment of extreme necessity and rendered efficient aid—

British sailors who helped us search for the *Oneida's* drowned—British sailors who enabled us to pay befitting obsequies to her recovered dead—and British Royal Marines who fired the requiem volleys o'er the captain of the *Oneida's* grave.

LIST OF OFFICERS LOST WITH THE ONEIDA.

Captain E. P. Williams, commanding; Lieutenant-commander William F. Stewart, executive officer; Lieutenant-commander Alonzo W. Muldaur, navigator; Watch Officers, Masters Walter Sargent and John R. Phelan, Ensigns James W. Cowie, Charles E. Brown, William E. Uhler, George K. Bower, Charles A. Copp, James C. Hull and George R. Adams; Paymaster Thomas L. Tullock, jr.; Assistant-surgeon Edward Frothingham; First-assistant engineers N. B. Littig and Haviland Barstow; Second-assistant engineers Charles W. C. Senter and John Fornance; Carpenter J. D. Pinner and Paymaster's Clerk W. C. Thomas—in all twenty.

LIST OF OFFICERS SAVED FROM THE ONEIDA.

Master Isaac I. Yates, watch officer; Surgeon James Suddards; Acting Boatswain Nicholas Anderson; and Captain's Clerk William W. Crowninshield—in all four.

Ninety-five men lost—fifty-seven saved.

HICKETTS HOLLOW.

"WHO-A-O-A-A-HUP!"

The stage stopped with a jerk; the cloud of dust which we had been outrunning all the way down the mountain suddenly swooped in at the windows, making itself evident to every sense, and, now that our motion had ceased, the air grew at once many degrees hotter. The incessant rattle and jolt of the past four hours was displaced by an oppressive, sultry quiet, which rendered every movement of the horses in the harness distinctly audible. The driver swung himself leisurely down from his seat, choked his wheel with a stone, and, after extricating my baggage from the boot, assisted me to alight, remarking, as he did so, that "this hyar" was "t' Fork."

Apparently I had missed connection. My friends were to have met me here but no carriage was in sight save the triumphant "Mountain Rover," as it bumped its way on toward its destination. I was all right as to locality; there was the white house on the slope, and the broken sign-post which had been described to me, but for other indications of human life only a dissolving view of the rusty coach, becoming more and more vague in its own dust.

At this moment, while I sat deliberating, a tall woman emerged from the woods which skirted the turnpike, and walked off up the road. She had a basket filled with blackberries on her head, while an empty tin pail, stained with the same fruit, hung on her arm. She moved too fast for me to obtain a sight of her face, except a profile glimpse which I caught as she passed. This gave me the impression of strongly marked features and a peculiar complexion. There was a self-reliant poise expressed in the erect, angular figure which made me watch her with considerable interest. Strange to say, she did not stop and stare. She gave one quick, sidelong glance in my direction without turning her head; then tramped on with the air of having a long walk before her and was soon out of sight.

Seeing no other alternative, I trudged up the slope to the white house, and asked the man, who sat in the door-way, if I might not come in and wait until Mr. Williams should send for me. He assented at once, said the stage was "earlier'n gin'ral," and escorted me into a sort of best bedroom, where I waited what seemed to me an interminable time. Just as my head was aching its worst, from the combined causes of fatigue and hunger, the man, who divided his attention between me and the road, announced quietly:

"Yere's yer wagin an' t' tumbley cart fur yer trunks."

Headache better in a moment! I ran to the door and cordially greeted my rough charioteer—a farm hand, minus coat and vest—who helped me to my seat beside him, while my baggage was being lifted from the road-side into the tumbley cart by a sullen-looking black boy. A brisk trot down the rocky road, in the comfortable little jagger, a slow walk across the prettiest little river ever forded, a further progress of two miles with those great solemn mountains all around, like giant sentinels guarding the lovely valley. Finally, we drew up before a substantial brick dwelling—my destination. Mrs. Williams ran out to meet me, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, and her sister, Belle Holmes. The

sight of Belle was a surprise to me. I had thought her far away at her home in Pennsylvania, but her unexpected appearance was a great treat. Surely a more cheerful, pleasantly helpful woman than she, never existed.

The unaffected kindness felt and expressed, the genuine hospitality manifested by my hostess, did more to render me comfortable and happy than even fresh water, clean clothes and a good supper.

The sun was high in the heavens when I awoke next morning. Afraid of being late, I sprang up and dressed quickly—then, re-assured by hearing no bell, I drew aside my curtain and looked out. It was too late to see the mist wreaths melt away. The sun had already cleared all impediments from his path, and now shone on in undimmed glory—there was not even one white speck in the perfectly blue sky. Here and there, down the blue-green mountain-side, one could detect little patches of cultivated ground, while clustered in a clump about the base of the nearest mountain was what appeared to be a tiny village, the only indication of human habitation in this wild mountain-region.

In our after-breakfast chat in the shady front-porch, I casually mentioned the singular figure I had seen while waiting at the Fork.

"That must have been Ibbie Hickett," said Belle. "She is a character, and you must see her when she comes to sell her berries."

I soon grew profoundly interested in Belle's account of the Hicketts and of Hicketts Hollow—which I found was the name of the small settlement I had noticed from my window. They were all of one family, though it would be difficult to define their relationship to one another, as the marriage relation was almost unknown among them,—very ignorant and poor. When I asked if something could not be done to improve them, Belle said she had often tried to get the children to come to her, Sunday afternoons, but so far her efforts had been entirely unsuccessful; they would not come and she could not go to them. She had thought of doing so, but when she mentioned her plan her brother-in-law positively forbade it, and said no lady should ever go alone to Hicketts Hollow. The men drank whenever they could get the liquor, they were rude and impertinent, and the idea was altogether impracticable.

"There was a cabin some distance off—further up the mountain. Is that one of them?" I asked.

She looked in the direction I indicated.

"Yes, that is Simps Hickett's house. Mr. Williams calls him the 'head devil of the lot.' He is a handsome savage, and possesses rather more intelligence than most of his kinsfolk—but his temper is terrible. He lives there with his wife, Ibbie, and three children. The mountain women say he treats her cruelly, yet, in spite of this, she is devoted to him and fears him to an extent which is almost amusing, when you see what a powerful creature she is."

A few mornings later, as I sat alone in my room, Belle knocked at the door.

"Come down in Emma's room," she said. "Ibbie Hickett is there; she has sold her berries, and I am afraid she may go without your seeing her."

Down I went at once. I found, sitting in an easy chair in Mrs. Williams's bedroom, an odd-looking figure enough. It was a woman, tall, raw-boned and muscular, with long strong arms and powerful, sinewy hands. Her perfectly straight black hair hung down, lank and greasy, around her gaunt face. She was barefooted, and her short stuff petticoat reached very little below the knee. Something there was about her which recalled the degraded type of the North American Indian; the complexion was thick and muddy, with dashes of ugly red about the high, prominent cheek-bones. Singularly at variance with the black hair and tawny skin were the eyes; these were of a light-gray color, bright, restless and almost fierce. A wide mouth, containing a set of even white teeth, completed this description, and Ibbie Hickett sits before you. Something strangely familiar about the woman, apart from her grotesque appearance, made me look at her rather fixedly. She was perfectly free from embarrassment. As I entered, she bent forward and coolly returned my gaze with a self-possession which a London belle might have envied.

"Ibbie," said Mrs. Williams, "here is a lady from away down the railroad. You must look at her well, and tell me which you think is the prettier, she or Belle."

Ibbie could scarcely have looked at me much harder than she was already doing; but, as Mrs. Williams spoke, she darted her glittering light eyes around on Belle for an instant, then they were brought to bear on me again. I thought I detected a flash of recognition in them as they seemed to take in, with one comprehensive glance, my face, figure and costume. Her opinion was given in a sort of guttural sing-song. She began

low down the scale, gave full value to the first note, gradually quickened the time as she increased in pitch, until she reached the word "fattest," when she suddenly dropped her voice to its first tone and completed the sentence:

"Wy, t' biggest one; t' fattest one's t' puttiest."

I suppose I must have looked a little disconcerted. It is not pleasant to listen to a candid disapproval of one's personal appearance, even when that disapproval is expressed by a wild creature like Ibbie Hickett. Belle read my countenance, and hastened to interpose in my behalf.

"Why, Ibbie, I thought you would like her fair skin. I've heard you say you liked white skins many a time, and I'm so dark."

Ibbie took a cool, leisurely survey of my slender proportions, and presently chanted out as before:

"Ye-a-as, she's whi-ite 'nuff, an' she's ri-ight good-lookin' gal—too; but she's too poor fur me; w'en I see her standin' in t' pi-ike I knowed s' haint got 'nuff meat hon her."

This, then, was the woman whom I had seen on the road. I wondered that I had not recognized her sooner, her individuality being so marked.

Belle, perceiving the impossibility of extorting a compliment for me from Ibbie, tried a change of subject.

"Ibbie, I hear you have a new baby; is it pretty?"

"Ye-a-as, hit's putty, Baal,"—Ibbie never said Miss,—"hit's reel putty; hit favors Simps; he's 'bout t' puttiest man I ever see."

"Is he fond of it?"

The woman's face changed in a moment. She rose abruptly, and gathered her baskets from the floor.

"Someti-imes h' li-ikes hit; someti-imes h' don't," she replied, curtly. "Nobody can't make him li-ike nut'in' 'dout h' wants ter; h' kin whup any man in t' holler; *he* haint 'feard er nobody," she added, with an odd kind of pride.

"Does he ever whip *you*, Ibbie?" inquired one of the children, who was standing near.

"I haint a-gwine to tell *none* on yer nut'in' 't all 'bout Simps," said Ibbie, with rough decision. She continued, her face wearing an uneasy expression:

"Ef *he* knowed hit, ef Simps knowed hit, he'd jess lief pick hup some 'um nuther an' knock me in t' head 's not."

"But he wouldn't know it," said Belle. "Who on earth would be mean enough to tell him such things?"

"Oh, plenty powerful mean critters 'bout yere," replied Ibbie, sententiously. "'Sides, h' knows everythin', 'pears li-ike. Gimme my money, Mis' Williams; I mus' g' home ter t' chillun."

She took the coin without a word of thanks, and stalked out of the room. Just as she reached the hall door, Bessie Williams commenced playing a popular melody very badly; the parlor was opposite, the door open, and the sound to us was disagreeably audible. Ibbie did not think so, however. She pricked up her ears, showed her white teeth in a grin, nodded her head in time to the tune, and finally threw back to us, over her shoulder, by way of a parting salutation:

"That there thin' makes er mi-ighty putty noise."

A moment more and we saw her tall figure striding up the road, with the heavy baskets poised on her head.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Belle.

"Oh, I hardly know; it seems to me she is a woman of tremendous force. Did you notice how reserved she was about her husband?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I believe he does beat her; Mr. Williams," said I, as the Squire entered the hall, "you are a magistrate. Could not a stop be put to such cruelty?"

"What cruelty?" inquired the big, good-humored man. "Oh, I suppose Belle has been enlisting your sympathies in behalf of Ibbie Hickett—it's a sort of hobby with Belle. Now, you know, Mrs. King, *I* think our friend Ibbie needs no champion. I met her just now on the road, and it struck me she looked quite as capable of self-defense as any man I know, besides, she dotes on Simps. I don't believe she would ever forgive me if I was to interfere between him and her. So I let them alone, and am very popular with both. Emma," turning to his wife, "can't you stop that thrumming in the parlor? Come, Mrs. King, let's let our neighbors' domestic affairs alone, and have some good music."

One Sunday morning, early in September, as I went down to a late breakfast, I found Mrs. Williams and Belle in the hall, busily engaged in packing two large hampers with eatables of various kinds. The children were running excitedly around, getting in the way, and everything betokened some exodus of an unusual kind.

"We are going to a big meeting at the 'Hawk's Bill,'" said my hostess, before I had time to ask questions. "We only heard of it this morning. Make haste and eat your breakfast,—you must not fail to go; it will be an entirely new experience to you."

"Will it be right to go on Sunday?" said I, remembering a graphic account I had received of these meetings.

"Well, I'm afraid you will not be spiritually much benefited," replied Belle. "I would rather go on a week-day myself; but the difficulty lies just here—the meeting only lasts one day."

"You haven't much time to lose," put in the Squire; "the Hawk's Bill is a good long way off, and Emma is always late."

I stifled the rising voice of conscience, soon finished my breakfast, changed my dress, and was ready for the expedition. Our party was a pretty large one. Mr. Williams, the children, the nurse and the baskets were packed in the bottom of the rickety spring-wagon, as tightly as sardines in a box. Mrs. Williams, who rivaled Jehu in her style of driving, and who prided herself upon her proficiency in that exercise, assumed the reins quite as a matter of course. Belle and I, less ambitious, and certainly less capable, made ourselves content with the back seats of the "jagger," while Joe, the ploughman, undertook the management of our horses.

It was after eleven o'clock before we reached the meeting-house, and the sermon had already begun. The various carts, wagons and buggies, with the crowd which surged and swayed before us, rendered it a matter of impossibility to come within thirty yards of the building. So we remained seated in our respective vehicles, on the extreme outskirts of the congregation. The preacher, for the greater convenience of most of his hearers, was stationed in the open air, a few paces from the door. As well as I could judge from the discourse, of which I caught only stray fragments, the speaker taught *fatalism* of the most radical kind.

"Why do you send for a doctor when your children are sick?" he vociferated hoarsely, gyrating his arms about in erratic and redundant gesture. "It's because you haint got faith. I tell you the thing's displeasin' to Almighty God. Do you doubt His power to save you? Then why employ human means? If your child dies, what then? It dies because its time is come; if the Lord wills to take it, all the doctors in the world wont save it. An' ag'in, all this yere non*sense* 'bout Sunday-schools; 'taint right; if the children are goin' to be saved, they will be, that's all; if not, you might send them to Sunday-school for fifty years, an' 'twouldn't do no good. Ag'in, there's a good many people says you mus' go to school, an' go to college, 'fore you're fitten to preach. *I* never learned at college, an' yere I've ben a-preachin' to big crowds for twenty years. Yes, brethren, I thank the Lord *I* never rubbed my head ag'in' a college wall."

Just then Belle touched my arm.

"Ibbie Hickett is behind us," she said, in a low tone. "I wonder what she came for; I never knew her to attend a religious meeting before."

I turned around, and looked out from the tiny window in the back of the carriage. The woman was standing in the shade of a large tree, with two forlorn children near her. Certainly it was not a holiday-seeking spirit which had brought her to the "Hawk's Bill." She was attired in her usual short homespun gown, and she carried a calico sun-bonnet in her hand.

Her manner was entirely free from self-consciousness, except, perhaps, that she seemed to shun observation with a sort of instinct which made no demand on her attention. The contrast which her haggard face and soiled garments made with the gaudy finery of the other women present was very marked. Her restless gray eyes did not glance around with their accustomed alertness; instead, she kept them intently fixed on a distant part of the grounds. Looking in that direction, I had just espied a tall man and a gayly dressed woman talking together, when Belle exclaimed:

"She is watching Simps and that Cox girl; there they are," and she designated the couple I had noticed. "I heard that he visited at Cox's a great deal. Now I know what brought Ibbie here to-day; she's as jealous as Othello."

"Aunt Belle," called out one of the children, "mamma says come and help her with dinner."

The morning sermon was by this time concluded, and the congregation had begun to bestir themselves. Most of them were making for their respective baskets.

Belle descended from the carriage and walked off with her little nephew, and I was left alone—Joe having long since betaken himself to more congenial society than ours. I was unable to resist a strange impulse which kept my eyes fixed in the direction

of Ibbie Hickett. I felt for her an almost unaccountable sympathy, and this in spite of her repulsive appearance.

The poor thing's jealous misery, so plainly expressed in her countenance, seemed to confer upon her a kind of dignity. She never once withdrew her steady gaze from the man and woman who were walking together, but presently I saw her eyes take a shorter range. At the same time she quickly and carefully withdrew herself and children behind a large farm-wagon which stood between her and the crowd, and which served to screen the trio entirely from my view. Simps must be somewhere near. I scanned the crowd for him and Jinny Cox, with the scarlet dress of the latter for a guide. Ah! there they were, scarcely ten yards from me now. They formed two of a lot of people grouped around a water-melon stand. The vender of the melons was driving a brisk trade. The preacher himself, determined to be consistent with his teaching, was slowly working his way through the crowd toward the pine boards piled up with dark-green "Mountain Sweets."

Simps Hickett stood on the side next our carriage, waiting for his turn, and I had abundant opportunity to satisfy my curiosity regarding him and his companion. She was a blowsy, vain-looking girl of about twenty, with a round, simpering face, rosy cheeks and dark eyes—rather pretty in spite of the five distinct shades of red she had contrived to combine in her costume. The man's magnificent physique almost startled me. Tall and well formed, broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, he held his handsome head like a stag. The features were clearly cut and almost perfectly regular; the long, sensuous eyes were a deep, perfect blue, well shaded by profuse black lashes. He would have been beautiful, but the lower jaw was too heavy and sullen, the mouth too dogged; and, as he turned to speak to the girl, one lost sight of the pure tint of his eyes after their expression became visible.

"Jinny," said he, in a mellow baritone, which accorded well with his face and figure, "arter w' gits t' watey-melin, le's take hit in t' woods. We kin eat hit thar, an' I kin talk t' yer better—I ca-ant s' nutin' to yer fur t' fellers a-runnin' arter yer."

Jinny seemed to object; possibly, being a belle, she did not care to waste her engaging manners and brilliant costume on Simps Hickett alone.

"Oh, no, Simps," she said, giggling; "I don't keer fur t' melin hin t' woods—t' preachin' 'll 'gin 'fore long. Yere's er good place, nigh dis wagin. Come 'long; nobody ca-ant yere yer thar."

After a little demur she seemed to carry her point. Simps shouldered the melon, and they sat just back of our carriage, with only a farm wagon between them and Ibbie. Belle's voice, speaking close to me, made me start.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Your face is as white as your dress; I am afraid this long jaunt has been too much for you."

I nodded toward the man and woman, now busily engaged with their collation.

"Ibbie is hiding behind that wagon. Oh, Belle, something will surely happen."

Scarcely was this sentence uttered when the little ragged girl, who had evidently escaped from her mother, crept from her hiding-place and accosted the man.

"Gimme er piece, daddy," she said, extending her little dirty hand; "I'm *so* hongry."

Simps had been too much occupied with the feast and Jinny to notice the child's approach until she spoke; his first expression was that of astonishment; but almost immediately his face darkened.

"Who brung yer yere, Nance?" he asked.

"Mammy brung me; sh' brung Pete, too; we's ben yere putty nigh all t' mornin'."

"Whar's yer mammy now?" said Simps, rising.

"She's roun' thar, 'hin' t' wagin. She let me an' Pete play all 'roun' yere tell w' seed yer an' Jinny a-comin'; den mammy hid us 'hin' t' wagin, she did."

"She's hid 'hin' t' wagin, are she? Well, yer g' back t' her, an' take that wid yer."

Here he struck the child with his heavy hand, as he added, with a short laugh, "Yer kin tell her I gin hit t' yer."

Nancy shrieked with pain and terror. At that instant, as if summoned by an irresistible voice, the mother sprang into view and caught the sobbing child in her arms. Then she turned fiercely, like a she-wolf at bay, her blazing light eyes glaring on silly, frightened Jinny Cox.

"'Twuz you got her that thar lick; he wouldn't er teched her ef hit warn't for *you*. I tell yer, Jinny Cox, yer'd better cl'ar 'way f'om yere putty quick, if yer want to save yer mushy face."

Ibbie still preserved her peculiar guttural chant, even in the midst of her rage. I remember I thought at the time it increased her resemblance to an angry beast. Jinny Cox began to whimper.

"La, Ibbie, *I* never teched Nance. I wouldn't hurt her no way. She's welcome t' a piece er melin. Yere, Nance, take er piece, an' go give mammy some."

Ibbie dashed away the peace-offering, and strode up to her rival.

"Ef she teches hit, *I'll* whup her worser'n he done. Go 'way whar yer come f'om, an' leave my man 'lone."

Jinny shrank in her terror closer to Simps, and this goaded Ibbie to frenzy.

"If yer don't want ter git hurt, yer'd better step dis minnit."

She added, with a still, deliberate utterance, which I had to strain my ears to catch:

"I swar, ef I ever gits hole yer, yer wont nuver —— Yer'd better take keer, Jinny Cox."

Jinny was beginning to move off in a bewildered fashion, when Simps, who had been watching the frantic woman with a set, dark attention, now interposed.

"Yer kin jis' stay whar yer is, Jinny," said he, touching the girl's shoulder. "Leave her t' me. I kin fix her; set down an' wait er minnit. I'll soon git done."

Approaching Ibbie, with his half-closed eyes fastened on her, I thought, in spite of his handsome face, he was neither pleasant to see nor safe to encounter. When he spoke it was in his deepest voice, and with a sense of mastery which had its effect at once.

"Haint yer knowed no better'n t' come yere peekin' arter me? Is I got ter learn yer 'gin?"

Ibbie, after the first glance at him, looked down at the child in her arms, and began nervously to pick at its frock.

"I s'pose yer feels mighty smart braggin' 'bout tearin' people's faces," he continued, "but I tell yer, an' yer know I haint mucher han' fur foolin', ef I ever yere yer talkin' that way 'gin, w'y I'll sarve yer like I done t' big rattlesnake tried to bite me las' week; he'll never p'isen nobody no more; yer seen me hit him," and his grim smile pointed his last remark significantly. "Take dem chillun an' g' home faster'n what you come—d'yer yere?"

The woman was no match for Simps Hickett; she knew it, and attempted no reply to his threat. One felt, while listening to him, that there was a strong reserve of moral force which he kept in check; he might employ it at any time, but the present occasion did not demand its use.

As he spoke, Ibbie's flushed face gradually settled into the scared, ashen look we had noticed once before. Even then her jealous fondness for this man, stronger than fear, asserted itself in a last effort to recall him.

"I never meant to make yer mad, Simps," she faltered. "Come, g'home wid me an' t' chillun. Yer cloze his all mended good an' t' dinner's on a-cookin'."

He made no reply—he was letting her exhaust herself.

Poor Ibbie blundered on, with a ghastly attempt at ease:

"W'y, I brung t' chillun yere so I could fin' yer, an' tell yer about hit. Come, Simps, haint yer a-gwine?"

"D'yer think yer kin fool *me* 'bout dinner an' cloze, an' sech? I haint no fool. Yer come yere to peek arter me," replied he. "I knows yer ways, an' 'member, ef I ever ketches yer peekin' arter me 'gin—w'y, jis' take keer, that's all. Jinny 'n' me 's keepin' comp'ny ter-day. I reckon I'll hev to go whar she sez. She's er powerful good-lookin' gal, yer see, Ibbie," with a cold smile, "an' hit kinder res's er man ter look at her arter he's ben had so much er sich ugly wimmin."

He turned from Ibbie, and walked toward the Cox girl, saying:

"Come 'long, Jinny. Sh' wont pester you no more."

Jinny, now all possible harm to herself had been averted, had recovered her habitual self-complacency; she stood waiting for Simps, bridling rather triumphantly. Ibbie did not face either of them after that last taunt; for the first time her grotesque figure seemed to trouble her. She gave one of her quick looks at her muddy frock and soiled ankles, then she wheeled suddenly around, put on her slat sun-bonnet, called "Pete," and was ready for her ten miles' tramp. She had to pass our carriage in order to gain the road. Her bonnet did not hide her face. We could see that the bright, fierce eyes were dimmed with tears, and the hard mouth was working.

She still carried the little girl in her arms, the boy trotted by her side, holding on to her frock. The children did not appear to think anything unusual had happened, except the fact of their mother's tears. "Nance" was begging her not to cry, and "Pete" was asking if her foot hurt much. The whole party had a travel-worn and weary appearance, and Belle's kind heart could stand it no longer.

"Come here, Ibbie," she called; "sit down, while I run and get you some dinner."

She walked quickly away to give Ibbie time to recover herself, and I turned my head toward the crowd for the same reason.

She was the first to speak.

"I never seed y' all 'fore. Is yer ben yere all t' time?"

The unsubdued emotion in her voice told me I must not look at her yet.

"For some time," I said, as lightly as I could. "What do you think of the new preacher, Ibbie?"

"I didn't git t' yere him," she replied. "I wur too fur off." Then, after a pause,—"Did you see me jis' now?"

I looked toward Belle, who was returning, as I answered:

"I saw you talking with a man. Is he your husband?"

"Yes, that's Simps, an' that there gal wur his cousin, Jinny Cox; he haint seen her fur er good piece; she's ben stayin' way 'roun' t' udder side t' mount'n wid her aunt. She's his cousin, yer see, an' he's gwine ter take her home. Nance, yer must 'a' switched yer coat in my eye,—'pears li-ike hit keeps hon a-waterin'."

Belle's hands were full of eatables, and the children were soon eating with an eagerness which told of long fasting. Ibbie refused to take anything; she took one mouthful when we insisted, but she shook her head as we again proffered the food.

"I ca-an't eat," she said; "'pears li-ike t' vittles'd choke me; but thanky, Baal, fur t' chillun. Come, chillun, yer got 'nuff now; 's long way home."

We watched her until her tall figure was no longer visible. Then I looked at my companion. She drew a long breath, and we descended from the carriage, and walked on toward the meeting-house.

"Some people is sech fools!" observed "Marthy Ann," the house-girl, as she vigorously dusted the mantel-piece. It was about four or five days after the meeting at the "Hawk's Bill."

I gave a murmur of assent to this most truthful statement, and returned to my book. But this did not satisfy "Marthy." She evidently had some communication to make. She invited inquiry, lingering in my vicinity dusting and re-dusting the furniture, glancing in my direction every now and then; but I asked no questions, and she presently broke out again with: "Thar'll be er broken head 'bout yere 'fore long, I'm thinkin', ef some people don't look out an' learn some sense," wagging her own head mysteriously.

"Hit do 'pear like Ibbie Hickett haint got t' sense sh' wuz born with."

"What about Ibbie Hickett?" I asked, roused into sudden interest.

"W'y, she's follerin' Simps 'roun' ag'in. An' ef he ketches her at it—well, I wouldn't like ter stan' in her shoes, that's all!"

"How do you know she is following him?"

"I seen her at it, Mis' King—that's w'y. Yeste'day ev'n' I come 'long home f'om mammy's, over thar t' udder side t' Holler, an' I come acrost Simps Hickett an' Jinny Cox, plump. Sh' wuz goin' over ter t' Holler. An' I stopped an' talked ter Jinny er piece, an' bimeby I started 'long home. An' I hadn't went no way 'fore I come acrost Ibbie, *cree*-pin' 'long easy, like, up 'g'in t' bushes. I speak'n ter her, but sh' wouldn't stop. Sh' said sh' wur in er hurry. An' Jim Bryles, he come acrost her ter-day. He tell'n' Mis' Pettit, an' Mis' Pettit tell'n' me. Well, all I got ter say, I hope Simps wont see her; *he* wont take no foolin' off *nobody*—much less off Ibbie."

Only two days after this the September rains set in, and, as a matter of course, the little Shenandoah became swollen and turbulent, detaining me in the neighborhood beyond my time. There was no flood, but the ford could not be used, and I was told to make myself content, as I could not get home for a week or more.

One evening, as we were sitting in the parlor at work, Mr. Williams came in and stood quietly beside the table. I looked up, and met such a grave look that I immediately asked if anything had gone wrong on the farm.

"Not on the farm," he said. "At least, not on this farm; but that old bridge at Kite's is gone at last, and carried a poor woman with it into the brook. She was alive when I come from Kite's; but the doctor says she wont get well."

"Why, the water's not deep enough to drown any one there," said Belle.

"No; but she has received severe internal injuries, and she can't live long, no how. She's been asking for you, Belle, and I want you to get ready. I'll take you 'round to Kite's right away."

"Who is it?" we all cried.

"It's that poor thing, Ibbie Hickett. She was picked up by one of Kite's men, and taken there. I don't understand," pursued the Squire, with a perplexed countenance, "how that bridge come to go. 'Twas a

crazy old thing, to be sure; but nothing short of a yoke of oxen and cart could make it give way. One woman of Ibbie Hickett's weight ought to cross safe enough. I thought may be Simps's devilment was at the bottom of it; but she says she was entirely alone. Well, poor thing, she's done for now. You'd better go with Belle, Emma," said he, addressing his wife.

Mrs. Williams hesitated. One of the children was not well, and she had been a little anxious all day.

"I'll go," said I; "I've nothing to keep me," and about fifteen minutes later found us on the road.

Kite's farm-house was only about two miles distant, and we soon reached the cabin where Ibbie Hickett lay. There was a dim light burning inside, and two or three women were seated around the room as we entered. Belle walked right up to the bed, and spoke.

"Is that you, Baal?" said the sick woman, feebly.

"Yes, Ibbie. How do you feel?"

"I'm mos' pas' feelin' bad," she said, brokenly. "I'm a-goin', Baal, I'm a-goin', shore. An' I aint sorry ter go," she added, after a short pause. "Not much. 'Taint so good a-livin' ter make er body hate ter die, ef 'twa'n't fur them poor chillun an' t' baby. I spec he's hongry now," she said, making an effort to rise.

"He's yere, Ibbie," said one of the women. "Jim Kite went over ter the Holler and brunged him."

"Bring him in, Patty," said Belle. "Ibbie wants him—don't you, Ibbie?"

I repeated this request.

"Who's that?" said Ibbie, suddenly, as she looked in my direction. I came forward.

"It's I, Ibbie. Don't you remember me?"

She looked at me fixedly, and then said, wearily:

"Oh, yes. I 'member now—you wuz at t' 'Hawk's Bill' that day. She's er good gaal, too, Baal. W'en she sees er body's in trouble, she don't make um feel wussern t' do, talkin' 'bout hit."

The woman here entered with the baby. Ibbie stretched out her brawny arms for him, and they placed him beside her.

"Mammy's baby," she murmured, brokenly, as she stroked the little plump cheek with her hard hand. "*Don't* he favor Simps, now?" she continued, turning to us with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"Where *is* Simps?" asked Belle.

"*I* dunno—I dunno," said the sick woman, with a kind of wail. "I telled t' men ter tell him t' come; but I'm 'feered he haint at t' Holler. He's 'feered I'll tell," she muttered, tossing her head uneasily from side to side. "He needn't be 'feered. I wouldn't tell, not ef they killed me dead —— What did I say?" she said, suddenly, in a different tone. "Y' all mustn't mind me. Words comes outen my mouth sometimes, an' 'pears li-ike I don't have nuthin' ter do wid 'em."

"Here's Simps now," said Belle, as a tall figure darkened the door-way.

"Oh, sen' him yere," said his wife, eagerly.

"Come yere, Simps; I got sumun' ter tell yer. Go 'way, y' all; you too, Baal; all on yer—I don't want nobody 't all."

We stepped into the next room, and sat there in perfect silence. We could hear a faint hum of voices from the room where the dying woman lay. About ten minutes passed, when Simps came and called us to come in. Ibbie was looking brighter, and one of the women evidently thought her well enough to answer a few questions.

"I ca-an't make out how t' ole bridge come t' fall, Ibbie," she said. "Me an' Patty's ben er studyin' 'bout hit putty nigh all t' eve'n', an' we *ca-an't* make out how yer done it, 'dout yer had 'er fight, or sumun', an' yer say t' wa'n't nobody thar to fight wid."

Simps stood by the fire, looking down at the coals; but I, who was standing next him, thought I detected a look of quick attention as Ibbie replied:

"T' bank give way thar; 't wuz muddy an' slip'ry, an' I fell down hard on t' ole bridge, an' fore I knowed hit I wuz in t' water."

"Wa'n't nobody nowheres nigh, ter yere yer holler?"

"Thar wa'n't nobody nigh me, I tell yer," said Ibbie, feverishly eager; "nobody 't all, tell Jim Kite come 'long—nobody 't all."

At this moment the doctor returned. I asked him if she were not talking too much. He merely shook his head; but I knew from his look that the end must be very near—nearer than we thought.

"Baal," said Ibbie, "yer'll take Nance an' learn her, yer say; Simps don't keer."

"Yes, Ibbie, I promise you."

"She's er gal, an' I want her t' learn sumun'; t' yuthers is boys; they'll git 'long some way; 'pears li-ike 'taint so hard for boys t' git 'long."

There was a long silence, unbroken except by the crackle of the fire, and the faint sound of the coals, as they dropped now and then.

Presently Belle began to speak in a low tone to Ibbie. I could now and then catch a word. She was trying to take the place of the priest at this bed of death.

The sick woman appeared to listen. All at once, she gave a kind of smothered groan.

"My bres'," she cried, piteously, "hit hurts so! Ca-an't some er you do sumum' for me?"

I ran for the bottle of liniment, but the doctor whispered, "It's no use."

Belle heard him, and fell on her knees beside the bed.

"Ibbie, Ibbie," she cried, "can't you *try* and love God? Can't you try and listen while I pray to Him for you? Oh, Ibbie, He *loves* you! He died on the cross for you —for *you*. He let them kill Him because He loved us so. Can't you understand that?"

"Died—'cause—He—loved—us—so," repeated Ibbie, as if groping for the meaning. Then her tone changed.

"Yes, I know what yer mean." A slight pause, then she added, in a hoarse whisper, "'Taint—so—hard—ter—do—hit,—Baal,—ef—ef yer—ef yer think much—think 'nuff er anybody ——"

When Belle rose, Ibbie was speechless, and the doctor motioned us to leave the room. Simps would have gone, too, but Ibbie stretched a feeble, detaining hand toward him, and we passed out and left him standing irresolutely in the middle of the room.

We entered the carriage, and drove home in perfect silence.

An hour later, the doctor stopped to tell us Ibbie Hickett was dead.

THE VALUE OF VIVISECTION.

"DOES vivisection pay?" is the question which was discussed, with much moderation and force, in the July number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Since in this country public opinion is at once jury and judge, it is natural that men like myself, who have practiced vivisection largely, and who believe in its great importance, should desire that the reasons for an affirmative answer to the question should be heard by those who have read the negative reply.

It should be clearly borne in mind that the existence of an abuse of a practice is no reason for the abolition of such practice, although it may be a good reason for its regulation by law. It is further plain that the law must reach the abuse to do good, and that consequently it is essential that the abuse should be proven to exist where the law is demanded. Cruelties practiced in France are not to be remedied at Albany nor Harrisburg.

So far as concerns the medical schools of Philadelphia, vivisection without anæsthetics is not practiced to any extent, if at all, for class demonstration, and, in my own opinion, demonstrative vivisection is not justifiable, unless with the use of anæsthetics. It will be seen, therefore, that there is no discord between the first three conclusions reached in the previous paper and my own views.

It is the last proposition of the paper under consideration to which most strenuous objection is here offered, because it is believed to contain an important misstatement as to facts, and because it would, if carried out, strike a staggering blow at that scientific study of medicine which is in America still in its infancy. The proposition alluded to is as follows:

"IV. In view of the slight gain to practical medicine resulting from innumerable past experiments of this kind, a painful experiment upon a living vertebrate" (is an invertebrate animal not endowed with nerves?) "animal should be permitted by law solely for the purposes of original investigation, and then only under the most rigid surveillance, and preceded by the strictest precautions."

No word is more winsome to the non-scientific American mind than is "practical," but no word is more easily abused. Every new truth which gives us greater grasp over the forces and materials of nature is a practical fact. Upon science the most abstruse rest the practical applications of an Edison; a Henry must needs precede a Morse. What is *impractical* medicine? Every fact which adds to our knowledge of the healthy structure or of the normal workings of the animal organism; every revelation as to the nature of disease poisons,—the avenues through which they enter the body, the methods in which they work out their deleterious results, the ways in which nature triumphs over these effects and gets

rid of them,—in other words, every fact which is an addition to our knowledge of the laws of health and disease is a practical fact; and when these facts have been added by the aid of vivisection, one to the other, until all is known concerning the healthy and diseased workings of the human system, one great branch of medical science will have been perfected. Knowing disease, we will be in a position to undertake its cure.

Anatomy or the structure of animals may be studied upon the dead. Physiology or the science of life and life actions must be studied upon the living. It would occupy many pages of this magazine to show in detail what vivisection has been to physiology. Such a demonstration would indeed be simply a co-writing of the history of vivisection and of physiology. Fortunately, it is not at present necessary; the SCRIBNER essayist himself says:

"It is undeniable that to the practice of vivisection we are indebted for *nearly all* our present knowledge of physiology. However questionable it may be whether from future experiments, and especially from that class of experiments in which the infliction of pain is a necessity, any additions to our present knowledge are likely to be acquired, it is certain that about *all we have* we owe to this source."

One thought is naturally suggested by this quotation. As there is no other known way of making physiological researches except by vivisection, as "about all we know" has been discovered through vivisection and as these discoveries continue to be made in an increasing rather than a decreasing ratio up to the present writing, it is not reasonable to suppose that no future additions will be made through vivisection to our present very imperfect knowledge of physiology.

Exactly what is meant by "practical medicine," I do not know; but all medical science rests upon or is bound up with the science of physiology, and, on the principle that the greater includes the less, the admission made in the paragraph last quoted disproves the statement that practical medicine has had but "slight gain" from experiments. This is true even if the term physiology be used in the narrower sense to which it has been incorrectly limited by some modern writers,—that is, the science which treats of *healthy* function. As well might it be said that Newton's law of gravitation was a slight gain to practical astronomy, or that light is a slight gain to the searcher, as that a knowledge of the blood supply of the liver, the way its nerves control the action of its blood-vessels and of its secreting cells, the methods in which it acts upon the crudely prepared food brought to it, of the effects it has upon the blood, of the substances which it casts out, of the relation of its bile to the lower intestine, was a slight gain to the doctor who meets liver disease in the sick-room. Without modern physiology, modern medicine were not. The vivisector working in the laboratory lays the foundation on which the clinician working in the hospital builds.

Physiology, however, in its original sense, includes the science of diseased as well as of normal life actions. The study of physiology of disease, or "experimental pathology," has not progressed nearly as far as has that of normal physiology, partly because, until we understand the laws of health, we cannot investigate wisely those departures from these laws which we call disease, partly on account of the greater difficulties which beset the study of morbid physiology, and partly because only within a few years have the profession begun to recognize the importance of the subject. So far from this field offering little prospective hope of gain, in it lie really the hopes of medical science; we have scarcely commenced to dig for the precious ore.

The study of disease by the bedside has been prosecuted so earnestly, so ably, so long, that it has in great part reached the limit beyond which it of itself cannot pass. Take, as an instance, the subject of lung and heart disease; there has been a perfecting of details, but in no important point has our knowledge of these diseases progressed since I was a student of medicine, save only where they have been studied by means of experiments upon the lower animals. The fact that a piece of glass placed under the skin will produce consumption in the rabbit may not seem a very practical one, yet it, and the series of experimental facts to which it belongs, have completely upset the views universally held by the profession a few years since in regard to the most common and most fatal of maladies. Through years, popular belief held to the suspicion that consumption is contagious; the profession derided the idea. Now the experimentalist has proven that he can pass it from man to the lower animals, and from one lower animal to another. To complete the chain of evidence, we ought to pass it from the lower animal to man, but this is neither justifiable nor really necessary. There is enough to show that the popular suspicion was well

grounded. Is it a "slight gain" that we are able to warn the wife who is nursing a consumptive husband against sleeping in the same bed or room with him, or coming into unnecessary personal contact? Is it a "slight gain" for us to know that the attendants in a consumptive ward must not be too closely confined in the air, and especially must take precautions against any possible inhaling of the sputa of the sick?

In order to meet any cause of evil judiciously, it is essential that the nature of this cause be understood. Studies upon man himself never have, and probably never can, isolate and determine the nature of the poison which produces such diseases as diphtheria, small-pox, typhoid fever, etc., etc. Supposing we had five bottles of organic matter, and knew that in one of them was the veritable poison of diphtheria, pure and isolated, and that the other four contained only more or less poisonous animal products, thousands of lives, it might be, would be saved by knowing the nature of the diphtheria poison; but would public opinion justify the investigator in going into a foundling hospital, and there make trial until out of the heap of dead babies came forth the perfected knowledge? It is plain that, in order to recognize any principle, we must have some test for it, and the only original test for disease-poison is its power of producing the disease. Progress in this line is impossible except by experiments upon the lower animals. In the difficulty of passing contagious human diseases to the lower animals lies at present the great obstruction to our ascertaining the nature of disease-poison. But some diseases certainly do pass from man to animals, and from animals to man. Moreover, there are many contagious animal diseases, and here is opportunity of determining the nature of the contagious poisons. For the sake of animal life, for the preservation of our wealth of herds, the government should further not suppress experiment. Such a disease as hog-cholera should by government aid be studied until absolutely known.

Only one or two more instances of the practical application of experimental pathology can be mentioned for want of space. A reader of SCRIBNER'S said to me, "Of what use is it to know that a stick in a certain part of the rabbit's brain will cause diabetes?" Not long since, I saw a case of diabetes in consultation which had resisted all treatment. Certain symptoms made me believe that the trouble was due to a specific tumor of the brain, pressing upon the diabetic spot. Sure enough; in three weeks, under appropriate treatment, the diabetes was cured. Brown-Sequard has discovered that, if you cut the sciatic nerve of the Guinea-pig, epilepsy is developed, but that, if a certain region of the skin of the face is cut out, the animal gets well. Some time since, a boy was struck on the head with a brick; epilepsy followed, and two years of complete wreck of health, threatening idiocy. A vivisector was at last called in consultation, and, bearing in mind Brown-Sequard's experiments, had the scar on the head cut out. Result—cure. A considerable gain, that, to one young life.

So far I have spoken of the aid rendered by vivisection to our knowledge of disease. Knowing disease and how to recognize it, the physician wants to know how to remedy it. Hence the great science or art of healing known as therapeutics. This is certainly practical, and it is just here that vivisection has been most active in the last fifteen years and accomplished most of good. It is plain that the chief obstacle to the successful study of therapeutics at the bedside lies in the difficulty in deciding whether the patient has got well in consequence of or in spite of the administration of the medicine. The shoe-maker of a village was sick of a fever; a customer called and said, "John sick of a fever! Give him cabbage and pork." So it was done, and in a day or two the cobbler's shop resounded as of yore with cheery song and its lapstone accompaniment, whilst in the note-book of the cobbler was written, "Fever cured by pork and cabbage." Weeks rolled on. The blacksmith's forge was one day silent. Note-book in hand, over ran the warm-hearted son of Crispin. "Fever?" "Yes." "Give him pork and cabbage." The next day, the crape swayed heavily upon the door-knob of the smithy. The shoe-maker stands before it nonplussed, but suddenly his face lightens up, and tugging out his note-book, he writes, "Fever: Pork and cabbage cures shoe-maker, but kills blacksmith"—and is satisfied.

In this over-true incident lies an epitome of the older methods of therapeutics. So many patients, so many recoveries after this, so many more after that—that is the remedy. The *modern* method of therapeutics tries to find out the natural history of the disease,—its course, progress, its dangers—how nature brings about the recovery when left to itself, and how the disease kills,—and thus learns what can be and what cannot be done,

and also what it is desirable to do. It then studies its drugs, and, knowing what it wants to do and what it has to work with, adapts its means to the end. As a simple and familiar example of this, take typhoid fever. The profession has learned that the typhoid fever process once fairly established cannot be aborted, but that it tends to stop in three weeks if the patient live; also that it kills sometimes by producing general exhaustion, sometimes by the fever burning up the strength, sometimes by diarrhea. We do not try to arrest the fever process, but by appropriate means to prevent exhaustion, to check or, better still, prevent the diarrhea; if the fever be excessive, to remove the heat by cool sponging or bathing; and thus, as it were, to bring the ship safely through the storm we cannot prevent.

It is evident that there is only one way in which we can learn the action of drugs upon human beings—namely, by experiments upon the lower animals, supplemented by studies upon man himself in health and disease. It has been denied that drugs act upon the lower animals as upon man. The discussion of this subject would be too technical for a magazine article like the present. Suffice it to state that this objection is at present almost never heard from medical men under fifty years of age, and that the two books on therapeutics which practically hold in this country the market are written avowedly upon the principle here upheld.

A single illustration will suffice to indicate the necessity of vivisection to the therapeutist. A drug reduces the rate of the heart's beat; this reduction may be produced by a stimulation of one set of nerves, or it may be caused by a paralysis of another set of nerves. In order to determine in which way the drug acts, the first set of nerves are removed under anæsthetics, and when the animal has recovered the medicine is administered; if, now, it lower the pulse rate, it is evident that it paralyzes the second set of nerves. Lack of space forbids further illustration, but it is, I think, sufficiently evident even to the lay reader that, in order to determine how a drug acts, we must be able to vary at will the conditions of the experiment, removing this or that possible cause of the symptoms produced, until we find the real cause. We never can do this except upon the lower animal, unless, indeed, we are willing to lay aside our consciences and go to China.

I have seen it stated, with an air of triumph, that vivisection has never added a single new remedy to our list of medicines. The mere assertion of such a fact as an argument shows the total absence of any comprehension of the province of vivisection. Vivisection does not originate—it tests and determines. I had sent to me, not long since, a lot of plants belonging to the genus *Astragalus*, said to be the poisonous "Loco-plant" or "Crazy-weed," which kills so many horses and cattle upon the western plains; a few experiments showed, however, that the plant in question was not a poison, and that further search must be made for the true crazy-weed. The natives of Africa have certain ordeal barks and beans; the vivisector, procuring these, determines whether they will be useful to the physician or are merely poisonous. Such is the province of vivisection—not to originate remedies, but to determine their value and the ways in which they act.

It is not possible here even to enumerate the various individual additions made by vivisection to our knowledge of action of drugs upon man; let me, however, point out a very old and a very recent subject as examples: When I was a student of medicine, digitalis had been studied at the bedside by the profession for over three hundred years, having been introduced into notice by Fuchsius in 1542; and the books and memoirs which had been written about it would almost fill a small library. It had been for centuries known to have the power of reducing the pulse, and in 1860 we were most earnestly taught that it was a powerful cardiac depressant, to be avoided strenuously when the heart was weak. In the last fifteen years the vivisector has been at work, and now we *know* that digitalis is an invaluable heart tonic and stimulant,—a gain to practical medicine which has brought ease and prolonged existence to hundreds of sufferers, and, not rarely, even life to the dying. It is almost universally acknowledged by the medical profession that ether is a safe but inconvenient anæsthetic, and chloroform an unsafe but convenient one. There is, therefore, a constant search after a new agent. Not long since, the bromide of ethyl was brought forward as a substance uniting to the safety of ether the good qualities of chloroform. It rapidly rose in favor. The vivisector took hold of it, and announced that it was even more dangerous than chloroform, and would certainly kill in the same sudden, uncontrollable manner. Some clinicians believed this. Many were too much charmed to do so. Scarcely a week elapsed,

however, before a case was reported in which death was nearly produced in the way which had been foretold; a few weeks later, the prediction of the vivisector was fully verified upon the operating-table, and now the whole profession acquiesces in his verdict. Is it a "slight gain" to be able to determine, at the expense of the lives of a few dogs or cats, that a remedy is not safe, and not to be forced to experiment on human beings until, by repeated fatal results, the lesson has been learned?

Verbum sat sapienti. I think enough has been said to justify my opinion, that *the continued progress of medical science is alone possible through vivisection, and that without it our medical knowledge, except in certain special directions, will become as crystalline as that of the Chinese.*

In the United States, vivisection certainly does not pay—the vivisector. To him it is a costly business, in the actual outlay required, in the toil gone through, and in the indirect personal results to himself. A memoir upon certain actions of the nervous system, now being published for me by the Smithsonian Institute, has been prepared at a cost of over $1000 (partly defrayed by the Institute) in money, and about 2500 hours of personal labor, besides a more than equal amount of work performed by mostly unpaid assistants (young physicians in training)—labor which in some of the experiments involved thirty-six to seventy-two consecutive hours of constant watchfulness. What is the reward of such work? The pleasure of doing, even at the expense of physical exhaustion; the consciousness of having accomplished some little thing which shall tend toward the relief of human suffering and human trouble; the esteem of fellow-laborers, and a not inconsiderable loss of character and good-will amongst an influential and estimable, though misled, portion of the laity. I have known ladies to canvass against a doctor because he was a vivisector, and have seen cultured women leave the room at a social gathering because they could not associate with a vivisector.

Perhaps I can best express the feelings of this class by quoting the words with which Professor Rutherford, of Edinburgh, closes a very laborious and valuable research:

"The discourtesy and misrepresentation that we have suffered at the hands of those who should have acted otherwise has not, however, induced us to prove false to the interests of suffering humanity. We are conscious of having faithfully done our utmost to advance the scientific treatment of disease, and while steadily pursuing this object we have been most careful to avoid the infliction of all pain that was not absolutely necessary."

Are in this country laws to control vivisection necessary, or is it probable that they will do good? Possibly there might be a law regulating the use of vivisections as means of demonstration which would be satisfactory; but it does not seem as though this law was necessary. There is more pain inflicted upon the first day of October of each year by sportsmen in the United States than has been caused the brute creation by American vivisections since the world was. Did the reader ever see reed-bird shooting? The tiny mites are "bunched," as it is called,—that is, carefully and slowly driven together until the reeds are covered with them,—and then the torrent of shot rushes to kill many, and to maim it may be even more. In the thick reeds the most expert professional can only find a portion of the wounded, so that, as any one may see in the season, the marsh becomes full of wounded birds, although the snakes and eels do flock to the banquet. Why not divert some of the humanitarian energy which is making the life of the scientific man miserable into such channels as these just pointed out? There is certainly nowhere in the United States any abuse of vivisection as a means of investigation. The personal sacrifices are too great, the rewards too impalpable, to induce many Americans to do the work. What is wanted is not a law to check, but aid to foster and encourage scientific investigations. So far as my knowledge goes, only in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and Easton, Penn., is there at present steady, persistent work of this kind going on in the United States; probably, however, Boston and New York ought to be included in the list. Glean the country from the Gulf to Canada, and not more than a dozen men can be found who are with any steadiness engaged in the making of vivisections for the purpose of investigation. Shall laws be passed in half a dozen States, and expensive inspection organizations be maintained, to exercise strict surveillance upon these few men, only to save an amount of animal pain which, compared with that under which the brute creation groans, is inconceivably minute—pain, too, which accomplishes so much for the human race? Is it necessary that the population shall be taxed in order to render more irksome and laborious that progress in the divine art of healing which is even now possible only through unrequited labor?

THOMAS PAINE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE relations which Thomas Paine held to the French Revolution of 1789 do not appear to have ever been very widely treated upon in all that has been written and said of that somewhat remarkable man. It is not the purpose of the present paper to touch upon the controversy, in regard to his personal character and habits, his writings, and his alleged want of religious belief, which has to some extent agitated public opinion for three-quarters of a century. Setting aside all the heated discussion in relation to him, both in England and in our own country, it is simply proposed to review his career in France in the midst of the most stupendous events ever set down in the annals of any nation. A somewhat extended study of the French Revolution, during the extraordinary period in which Paine was so intimately connected with it, fails to show anything to the prejudice of his personal or political character, but, on the other hand, it reveals many things eminently creditable to him.

Paine was in Paris in the earlier days of the Revolution and at the time of the flight of Louis XVI. and his family, and when they were brought back to that revolutionary city. He was soon heard of as a member of a little society which took the name of "*Société Républicaine*," and which was composed of only five members. Three of them, including Paine, afterward became members of the National Convention.

Taking the ground that the flight of the king should be deemed an "abdication," this society was formed for the purpose of opposing the "re-establishment" of Louis XVI., "not only in reason of the faults which were personal to him, but for the purpose of overturning entirely the monarchical system and establishing the republican system and equal representation."

As the organ of this society and in elaboration of its views, Paine drew up in English a statement to be placarded on the walls of Paris. It was translated into French, and as the law required that all handbills should be signed by a citizen before they were posted, Achille Duchâtelet, a member of the society, and afterward a lieutenant-general of the armies of the French Republic, affixed his name thereto. The appearance of the handbill created a great sensation. Malouet, a royalist member of the National Assembly, tore it down with his own hands, and proposed that the author (Paine), the signer (Duchâtelet), and their accomplices should be prosecuted. Martineau, also a royalist member of the Assembly, vehemently demanded the arrest of all the parties connected with the handbill, and denounced as infamous a proposition that was made in the Assembly to "pass to the order of the day," on the subject (equivalent in our legislative practice to "laying on the table"). After an excited debate the motion to "pass to the order of the day" was carried, and so the matter dropped.

Some time after this, Paine, deeply impregnated with the doctrines of the French Revolution, returned to England. The publication, in 1789, of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" produced a great excitement throughout all England. Up to that time, while there was an intense interest felt touching events in France, distinctive parties had not been formed. The immediate consequence, however, of the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections" was the formation of parties friendly and unfriendly to the French Revolution. Fox and Sheridan antagonized Mr. Burke. The publication of Mr. Burke was soon followed by the first part of Paine's great work, "The Rights of Man." This last publication "added fuel to the flame." It was disseminated by all the democratic societies in England, and particularly among the lower classes. The excitement increasing, Paine was finally indicted for a "wicked and seditious libel" on the British Government. He had by this time become intensely unpopular with the ruling classes of England. Prosecuted under the indictment, he was defended by Erskine, who was then in the zenith of his glory as an advocate, in a speech of marvelous power and eloquence. After he had concluded his magnificent effort, the attorney-general rose to reply. The jury coolly informed him that they did not desire to hear him, as they had made up their minds, and without leaving their seats brought in a verdict of *guilty*. Paine was not present at the trial, but had made his way to France, and was followed by an avalanche of detraction which showed how deeply he had wounded the British Government. It was not only the "Rights of Man," but a

pamphlet on "The Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance," afterward published, in May, 1796, which raised such a storm against him in England. The part he had taken in our revolutionary struggle had much to do with the prejudice excited against him in England. His pamphlet, "Common Sense," translated into French, created a great impression in France, and many of his infidel disciples claimed that it had more influence than a "battle gained."

On Paine's return to Paris after leaving England, his work on the "Rights of Man" was translated into French, and published in May, 1791. Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" had enraged the revolutionary masses of Paris beyond all measure, and Paine's "Rights of Man" was considered a triumphant answer to that masterly production. It was circulated everywhere and read with great avidity by all classes. He at once became a hero in France, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The doors of the *salons* and clubs of Paris were opened to him, and he was soon recognized as one of the advanced figures in the Revolution, standing by the side of de Bonneville, Brissot and Condorcet. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that his reception and the attentions showered upon him made him somewhat vain and egotistical. Both in England and in France he "magnified his office." He had simply been clerk to the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the old Continental Congress; but he styled himself as "Secretary of Congress for the Department of Foreign Affairs during the war in America," giving the idea of an exaggerated importance. His bearing at this period seems to have offended Madame Roland, who speaks of him in her "Mémoires" in terms not altogether complimentary. He affected a supreme disdain for books, implying that he considered himself "wise above what was written." It is alleged that he said that if he had the power he would annihilate all the libraries of the world, in order to destroy the errors of which they were the dépôt.

Paine remains in Paris after the spring of 1791. The Revolution sweeps onward with a resistless and remorseless tread. The National (or Constituent) Assembly, composed of the most imposing body of men which ever illustrated the history of any country, terminates its existence and is succeeded by the Legislative Assembly. On the motion of Robespierre, the National Assembly prohibited every man who had been a member of it from becoming a member of the Legislative. This latter body, therefore, while containing many able and brilliant men, had a large majority of advanced revolutionists, and all were lacking in legislative experience. It soon proved itself utterly incapable of meeting the frightful exigencies which it had to confront. It was overtaken by that terrible "Tenth of August" (1792), when the mob of Paris surrounded the Tuileries and clamored for the blood of the royal family, and when the king and queen and their children sought a refuge from violence in the bosom of the Assembly, which had declared its sittings *en permanence*. All Paris was a prey to a supreme agitation, and the exaltation of political spirit was at its height. The Assembly, weak, incapable, vacillating and completely demoralized, still sought by every device to strengthen itself in popular estimation. It was this which led to the decree declaring that the title of "French citizen" should be conferred on certain foreigners. The prevailing idea that Paine was made a French citizen for the special purpose of enabling *him* to become a member of the legislative and constituent bodies of France, is not exactly correct, and it is not generally known that the names of other Americans were included in the same decree which conferred the title of French citizen on Thomas Paine.

It was on Sunday, the 26th of August (1792), and when the Legislative Assembly was in permanent sitting, and sixteen days after the shocking events of the "Tenth of August," that Guadet, a deputy from the Department of the Gironde, proposed, in the name of the "Commission Extraordinaire," that the Assembly adopt unanimously the following preamble and decree:

"The National Assembly, considering that the men who, by their writings and their courage, have served the cause of liberty and prepared the enfranchisement of the people, cannot be regarded as strangers by a nation rendered free by its intelligence and courage:

"Considering that, if five years' residence in France is sufficient to confer upon a stranger the title of French citizen, this title is more justly due to those who, in whatever land they may inhabit, have consecrated their arms and energies to the defense of the cause of the people against the despotism of kings, to banish the prejudices of the earth, and to advance the limits of human knowledge:

"Considering that, as it is hoped that men one day will form before the law, as before nature, but one family, one association, the friends of liberty and of that universal fraternity which should not be the less dear to a nation that has proclaimed its renunciation of all conquest and its desire to fraternize with all peoples:

"Considering, therefore, that at the moment when a National Convention is about to fix the destinies of France and prepare, perhaps, those of the human race, it belongs to a generous and free people to call to it all the intelligences, and to allow them the right to concur in this grand act of the reason of mankind, who, by their sentiments, writings and their courage, have shown themselves so eminently worthy:

"*Decree*, that the title of French citizen be conferred on Priestly, Paine, Bentham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, McIntosh, David Williams, Gorani, Anacharsis Clootz, Campe, Cornelius Paw, Pestalorri, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Klopstoc, Kosciusko, Gilleers."

It will be seen by the above decree that the title of French citizen was conferred on Washington, Hamilton and Madison, as well as on Paine.

This decree, so interesting to Americans, awakens the most painful souvenirs of its author, Guadet. A young deputy from the Department of the Gironde, he was the colleague of Vergniaud, Gensonné, Ducos, Boyer-Fonfréde and others. He became afterward a distinguished member of the party of "Girondins" in the National Convention, a party that was composed of the ablest, the most eloquent and most brilliant men in all France, and whose sad fate will ever be associated with the worst days of the French Revolution. At a little more than thirty years of age he had become a leader at the bar of Bordeaux, which then rivaled that of Paris. A republican by conviction, earnest, able, eloquent and courageous, he was sometimes called the "Danton of the Gironde." Impetuous and aggressive, he antagonized Robespierre and the Montagne and confronted Danton in the very height of his power. He bravely resisted the aggressions of the Commune of Paris, and in return the Commune inscribed his name among the "twenty-two" proscribed deputies of the Gironde. Afterward he was put in accusation, with his colleagues, by a decree of the National Convention, but he was enabled to escape from Paris. He was not guillotined with them, but was declared an outlaw; hunted by the bloodhounds of Carrier, his retreat was discovered at the house of his father at St. Emilion. Conducted to Bordeaux, his identity was proved before a military commission and he was immediately sent to the guillotine. With unsubdued courage he said to his judges: "I am Guadet;—butchers, do your duty. Go with my head in your hands and demand your pay of the tyrants of my country; they will never see it without growing pale, and seeing it dissevered they will yet grow still more pale."

He was executed the 17th of June, 1794, at the age of thirty-five years. When conducted to the scaffold, he wished to address the people, but the roll of the drum drowned his voice. These were the only words that were heard: "People, here you see the only resource of tyrants; they choke the voices of free men in order to commit their crimes." Such was the fate of the author of the decree of the National Assembly (legislative) which made George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Paine French citizens.

Of the whole number of men that were made French citizens, only two of them became members of the French legislative bodies, Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz.

Jean Baptiste Clootz was a rich Belgian baron, a chattering madcap and fool; he lost his head in the excitement of the time, took to himself the name of "Anacharsis," and designated himself as the "orator of the human race." Traveling over Europe proclaiming the revolutionary doctrines of the times, in 1790 he presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly at the head of a deputation of "foreigners," as he called them, and read an address against despots, congratulating the Assembly on its labors and demanded that all the foreigners in Paris should be admitted to the federation of the 14th of July, 1793. It turned out afterward that most of these "foreigners" were Frenchmen picked up in Paris, dressed in the fantastic costumes of different countries, which Clootz had provided at his own expense.

The day after the passage of the decree above named, Clootz was admitted to the bar of the National Assembly (legislative), where he made a ridiculous speech, thanking the Assembly for having made him a French citizen. "Cosmopolitan philosophers," he said, "were associated with you in your dangers and your labors, and you associate them in declaring them French citizens. As to myself, penetrated with thanks for your philosophical decree, I feel, legislators, how much it honors me and how honorable it is to you. I pronounce the oath of fidelity to the universal nation, to equality, to liberty, to sovereignty of the human race. Gallophile of all time, my heart is French, my soul is *sans culottes*." (Applause.) Soon after this Clootz was elected a member of the National Convention from the Department of the Oise. In the Convention he was in the first ranks of

the atheists and Montagnards. He was the author of a work on the certainty of the proofs of Mohammedism, which he says was the fruit of fifteen hours' labor a day for consecutive years. He presented that book to the National Convention, in a rambling and incoherent speech beneath criticism. The Convention passed the following decree:

"Anacharsis Clootz, deputy to the Convention, having made homage of one of his works entitled 'The Certainty of the Proofs of Mohammedism,' a work which proves the emptiness of all religions, the Assembly accepts this homage and orders the honorable mention and insertion in the 'Bulletin,' and turns the book over to the committee on public instruction.

"The National Convention orders the printing and forwarding to all the departments of the speech made by Anacharsis Clootz, preceding his offer."

But in the progress of events the poor Clootz was ingulfed, and was soon made to realize the saying of Vergniaud, "that the revolution, like Saturn, would devour all its children." He was embraced in the prosecution of the Hébertistes. The crime imputed to Clootz, whom Louis Blanc calls the most devoted of the adopted children of France, was a participation in a conspiracy with foreigners. The proof adduced of that conspiracy only amounted to this, that he had taken some steps to know if a French woman, who had gone to England to get married, was or was not a political emigrant. But this was enough. Clootz was tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal, jointly with nineteen others known as the Hébertistes; he is described as: "Jean Baptiste Clootz, called Anacharsis, aged 38 years, born at Clèves, Belgium; living in France since eleven years, domiciled at Paris, rue Ménars, 153; before the Revolution a man of letters, and subsequently a member of the Convention." All the devotion which Clootz had shown for France availed him nothing before the Revolutionary Tribunal, but it was rather to his prejudice. Renaudin, one of the jury, said to him:

"Your system of a universal republic was a profoundly meditated perfidy and gave a pretext for a coalition of crowned heads against France." Clootz quietly answered that the universal republic was in the natural system; that he had spoken, as the Abbé de St. Pierre, of universal peace; that they certainly could not suspect him of being a partisan of kings, and that it would certainly be very extraordinary that a man who had been burned at Rome, hung at London and broken on the wheel at Vienna should be guillotined at Paris.

He was, however, sent to the scaffold with his associates, the Hébertistes, and with many others, accused of the lowest crimes, on the 24th of March 1794. The "orator of the human race" marched to his destiny with the courage of a philosopher and a smile upon his lips. It was with shame that many saw him in the midst of robbers, and sitting at the side of one Ducroquet, charged with having robbed a provision-cart. The bearing of Clootz at the scaffold was admirable for its *sang froid*. Though scouting all Christian ideas, he endeavored to calm those around him, and requested that he might be the last one executed, in order that he might have the time to prove the correctness of certain principles while they were cutting off the heads of the other condemned.

Anacharsis Clootz has been thus spoken of for the reason that he was the only naturalized citizen, besides Thomas Paine, who was a member of the National Convention, and that the names of Clootz and Paine, described as "ex-deputies to the National Convention," were included in the same warrant of arrest issued by the Committee of Public Safety, and were sent in the company of each other to the prison of the Luxembourg.

It will have been seen that the decree of the Legislative Assembly (or, as it came to be called, the National Assembly) conferring French citizenship upon Paine and others, was of the date of the 26th day of August, 1792. That assembly came to the end of its existence on the 21st day of the following month, when the "National Convention" was constituted. While it does not appear from the "Moniteur" that Paine was a member of the Legislative (or National) Assembly, yet it appears, from the following letter of its President, that he was elected from the Department of the Oise. The original of this letter, now in the hands of the writer, is believed never to have been before published:

[*Translation.*]

PARIS, September 6th, 1792, the 4th Year of Liberty; the 1st of Equality.

TO THOMAS PAINE: France calls you, sir, to its bosom to fill the most useful, and, consequently, the most honorable of functions—that of contributing, by wise legislation, to the happiness of a people whose destinies interest and unite all who think and all who suffer in the world.

It is meet that the nation which proclaimed the rights of man should desire to have him among its

legislators who first dared to measure all their consequences, who developed their principles with that common sense which is but genius putting itself within the reach of all men and drawing all its conceptions from nature and truth. The National Assembly had already accorded to him the title of French citizen, and had seen with pleasure that its decree had received the only sanction that is legitimate—that of the people, who already claimed you before it had named you. Come, sir, and enjoy in France the spectacle the most interesting to an observer and to a philosopher—that of a people, confident and generous, who, betrayed basely during three years and wishing, at last, to end this struggle between slavery and liberty, between sincerity and perfidy, rises finally as one man, puts under the sword of the law the great offenders who have betrayed it, opposes to the barbarians whom they have roused against it all its citizens turned soldiers, all its territory turned into camp and fortress; and, on the other hand, calls together in a congress the lights scattered through all the universe, the men of genius most capable, by their wisdom and their virtue, of giving her the form of government best fitted to secure liberty and happiness.

The electoral assembly of the Department of the Oise, prompt to choose you, has had the good fortune to be the first to render this justice to Thomas Paine, and when a number of my fellow-citizens desired that I should make this intelligence known to you, I remembered with pleasure that I had seen you at Mr. Jefferson's, and I congratulated myself upon having the happiness of being acquainted with you.

HÉRAULT,
President of the National Assembly.

Hérault de Séchelles, the writer of the foregoing letter, was a marked man in the French Revolution, making his entrance into public life as a member of the Legislative (or National) Assembly from the Department of the Seine et Oise, and becoming President of it toward its close. A friend of Danton, he allied himself to the party of the Montagne and became one of its most prominent members, though as far separated from it as a man well could be by birth, education, and association in life.

Rich, superb, of elegant manners and person, they called him the *beau* Séchelles. Intelligent, highly educated and eloquent, he placed himself at the service of the popular cause in the early days of the Revolution. In the midst of the Jacobins he presented the type of the *Grand Seigneur*, and lived *en garçon* in luxury and elegance at No. 16 rue Basse-du-Rampart, a well-known street of Paris at the present day. In him the gentleman always appeared under the democrat, and it was said at the time that Hérault proved that "democrats" were not strangers to personal accomplishments and captivating manners. He was President of the Convention during the events of the 31st of May and 2d of June, and when Henriot, at the head of his troops, threatened the Convention in the name of the insurgent people, and demanded the arrest of the proscribed Girondins. He presided at the national fête of the 10th of August, 1793, and was soon afterward made a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and his name is associated with many of its most atrocious decrees. When absent in mission the quarrels broke out in the Convention in the party of the Montagne, and Hérault found himself accused in that body by Bourdon de l'Oise, who, before that time, had been a party friend of Hérault's and a violent *révolutionnaire*. Hérault, on his return, defended himself before the Convention in a speech which was a masterpiece of eloquence, but it was of no avail in the strides of revolutionary madness. More victims were now demanded, and, at this time, the oldest children of the Revolution were claimed. They were the "Dantonists," among whom was included Hérault. On the report of the Committee of Public Safety, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux and Lacroix were sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal on the 2d of April, 1794, convicted, and on the 3d day of April they were sent immediately to the guillotine. Hérault was unmarried. When imprisoned at the Luxembourg awaiting his trial he appeared sad and preoccupied, and only associated with his valet, who was permitted to accompany him. On arriving at the guillotine, on the Place de la Revolution, on the day of his execution, all his looks were turned toward the hotel of the Garde-Meuble, hoping, evidently, to exchange glances with one with whom were all his thoughts at that supreme moment. Behind the shutters, half-closed, could be seen a beautiful woman who sent to the condemned a last adieu and waved a last sigh of tenderness to the dying man: *Je t'aime* (I love thee). It was a beautiful day of the spring-time, and the crowd that had assembled to witness the execution of Danton, the great apostle of the Revolution, and some of his associates, was enormous. The splendid figure of Hérault de Séchelles seemed to take new life, and the serenity of courage replaced the inquietude and sadness which had settled upon him. The first one to mount the scaffold, he showed himself calm, resolute and unmoved. As he was about to lay his head under the knife, he wished to present his cheek to the cheek of Danton, as a last farewell. The aids of Sanson, the executioner,

prevented it. "Imbeciles!" indignantly exclaimed Danton, "it will be but a moment before our heads will meet in the basket, in spite of you." *

The Legislative Assembly, having proved itself utterly incompetent and powerless to direct the destinies of France, then in convulsive throes of revolution, practically abdicated by calling a convention, the members of which were to be immediately elected by all the departments. This was the National Convention, composed of some of the ablest, the most distinguished, the most patriotic, as well as many of the worst men in France. This Convention, seizing all the powers of government—executive, legislative, and judicial—sublime in its aspirations, it was at once terrible and sanguinary, heroic and cruel. It held its empire over France for three years, one month and five days, by terror and force, unchaining all the worst passions of mankind. Never was there a legislative or constituent body which displayed such stupendous energy or performed such immense labor. It depopulated France and left in its pathway anarchy, misery, and social disorganization. In the delirium of its passions, it stamped itself on the history of the world not only by its crimes, but by its great acts of legislation, which will live as long as France shall endure.

Thomas Paine was a member of this Convention. His popularity in France at this time, is shown by the fact that he was chosen a member of the Convention by three departments, the Pas de Calais, the Oise, and the Seine et Oise. He chose to sit for the Pas de Calais.

He was in England at the time of his election. Achille Audibert, of Calais, was deputed to go to England and escort him to France. It seems to have proved a somewhat hazardous adventure, for at a later period, in a letter to a member of the Committee of Public Safety, in relation to Paine, he says he "hardly escaped becoming a victim of the English Government, with whom Paine was openly at war." The "Moniteur" of the 23d September, 1793, refers to this matter as follows:

"The celebrated Thomas Paine, author of 'Common Sense,' and of a refutation of Mr. Burke, entitled 'The Rights of Man,' had believed it his duty to take precautions for his personal safety in coming into France, where he had been called by the National Convention. He had come by Rochester, Sandwich, and Deal; arrived at Dover, after having been put to the inconvenience of making that circuit, he had suffered much from the impertinence of a clerk in the Custom House, who, not content with placing his books and papers in disorder under pretext of examination, even went so far as to tear up his letters. Some paid wretches insulted him grossly in presence of M. Audibert, of Calais, and M. Frost. Probably M. Paine has been recompensed for all these insults by the brilliant reception which he received upon his arrival on French soil."

Paine had commenced his career in Paris, in 1791, by establishing the "Société Republicaine," which has been referred to, one of the objects of which was "to overthrow entirely the monarchical system." What must have been his emotions at finding himself a French citizen, and a member of the Convention, and when giving his voice and vote to its first decree, introduced by the Abbé Gregoire, and which, according to the official report, was received by "acclamations of joy, the cries of *vive la nation*, repeated by all the spectators, prolonging themselves for many minutes."

"*La Convention Nationale décrète que la royauté est abolie en France.*"

As a member of the Convention, Paine labored under the immense disadvantage of not speaking nor writing the French language, and very few of the members spoke English. At the epoch of the Revolution, it was as unusual to hear English spoken in Paris as it is now to hear Arabic. As far as now recollected, the only members of the Convention who spoke English were Danton, Marat, Lanthenas, Garan-Coulon, and young Bançal, one of the secretaries. Danton had spent much time in England, understood the language, and was quite well acquainted with the English people. This was evidently to his disadvantage, for one of the charges of the time against him was, that he associated *avec les Anglais*, and dined too often with them in the Rue Grange Batelière. Marat lived a long time in England, taught French in London and Edinburgh, acquired a good knowledge of English, and published two books in that language, "The Chains of Slavery," and "A Plan of Criminal Legislation." Dr. Lanthenas, Garan-Coulon and Bançal were good English scholars.

The Convention was not long in giving Paine a striking recognition of the consideration in which it held him. One of its earliest decrees was to establish a special commission (committee) of nine members, on the constitution. This commission was composed of the most distinguished men of

* Jules Claritie.

the convention: Gensonné, Thomas Paine, Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Barère, Danton, Condorcet, and the Abbé Sieyès. The latter was called the "constitution-maker," and the wits of the time said that he always carried a constitution in his pocket, ready to be drawn on the slightest provocation. It was he who exclaimed in the National Convention, when a project was before it which seemed to him to be in the nature of a spoliation, "You wish to be free, but know not how to be just."

Of the nine members of this remarkable commission, which devoted itself to the preparation of what is known as the constitution of the year III., four of them were guillotined, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Brissot and Danton. Condorcet committed suicide in the cell of a prison at Bourg-la-Reine, and Pétion, escaping from Paris, after being placed in accusation by the National Convention, perished miserably while hiding in the forest near St. Emilion, and where his body was afterward found half eaten up by wolves. Paine, Sieyès and Barère were the only members of this commission who died a natural death.

As Danton was the only man on the commission who spoke English, it was through him that Paine communicated his ideas. In the Convention he sat with the most advanced of the Jacobins, on the benches of the Montagne. Though afterward becoming widely separated from Danton in the policy of the Revolution, their amicable relations appear never to have been disturbed. It was a strange scene; these two constitution-makers, Paine and Danton, met for the last time in the prison of the Luxembourg, both equally destined for the scaffold. Conversing one day on the mutations of the Revolution, forgetful of the terrible rôle he had played, and of the "Massacre of September," in accents of the most profound discouragement Danton said to Paine: "What you have done for the happiness and liberty of the people in your own country, I have vainly endeavored to do in mine. I have been less fortunate than you. They are going to send me to the scaffold; very well, I will go gayly."

In 1876, the minister of the United States to France, while examining the papers of Danton, preserved in the National Archives at Paris, found an extraordinary letter written in English by Paine to Danton. It had never been made public, but it was afterward made part of an official dispatch, and published by the State Department at Washington in 1877, in its volume of "Foreign Relations." The letter was dated, "Paris, May 6 (second year of the Republic)," that is to say, 1793. It is too long for this article, but its full text will ever be read with interest by the student of history. The date of the letter is but little more than three weeks prior to the events of the 31st of May (1793), one of the most damning epochs of the Revolution, when the Convention, under the guns of Henriot, and surrounded by the mob of Paris, mutilated its representation, decreed the arrest, the forerunner of the guillotine, of the "Twenty-two Deputies" of the Gironde.

When Paine wrote his letter, with prophetic vision he beheld before him the yawning chasm which was so soon to ingulf France. Oppressed by that revolutionary madness and fury of the hour which were sweeping away the hopes of all patriotic men, in an access of despair, he pours out his thoughts to Danton:

"I am exceedingly distressed," he says, "at the distractions, jealousies, discontent and uneasiness that reign among us, and which, if they continue, will bring ruin and disgrace on the Republic. * * * * I now despair of seeing the great object of European liberty accomplished, and my despair arises not from the combined foreign powers, not from the intrigues of aristocracy and priestcraft, but from the tumultous misconduct with which the international affairs of the present revolution is conducted. * * * * While these internal contentions continue, while the hope remains to the enemy of seeing the Republic fall to pieces, while not only the representatives of the Departments, but representation itself is publicly insulted as it has lately been, and now is, by the people of Paris, or at least by the Tribunes, the enemy will be encouraged to hang about the frontiers and wait the event of circumstances. * * * * The danger every day increases of a rupture between Paris and the Departments. The Departments did not send their deputies to Paris to be insulted, and every insult shown to them is an insult to the Departments that elected and sent them."

Paine then says that the remedy for such a state of things is to fix the location of the Convention at a distance from Paris, and cites the example of the United States which formed the project of building a town and having its seat of government not within the limits of any municipal jurisdiction. He expresses the most friendly feeling toward the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondins) who were then already on the lists of proscription, and says that "most of the acquaintance that I have in the Convention are among those who are in that list, and I know there are not better men nor better patriots than they are."

The trial of Louis XVI. commenced be-

fore the National Convention on the 26th day of December, 1792. It is in the progress of this trial that the name of *Thomas Paine* first appears. On the motion of Couthon it was decreed that the discussion upon the trial be continued, to the exclusion of all other business, until judgment should be pronounced. It was not until the 18th of the following month, January, 1793, that Paine was able to obtain attention, and then only by filing an opinion, "*sur l'affaire de Louis Capet*," with the President of the Convention. Paine says he could not get the floor, as so many were inscribed for speeches that the debate was closed before his turn came.

The first sentences of this "opinion" of Thomas Paine illustrate its character:

"My contempt and hatred for monarchical government are sufficiently known. My compassion for the unfortunate, friends or enemies, is equally profound."

He alludes to the position he had taken in the address of the "Société Républicaine," heretofore alluded to, that Louis XVI., by his flight from Paris, had abdicated the throne, and censures the government for re-establishing him in the power which his evasion had suspended. He comes, he says, "to recall to the nation the error of that unfortunate day, of that fatal error of not having rejected Louis XVI. from its bosom, and to plead in favor of his banishment in preference to the punishment of death." He continues:

"As to myself, I avow it frankly, when I think of the strange folly of replacing him at the head of the nation, all covered as he was with perjuries, I am embarrassed to know which I ought to despise the most, the Constituent Assembly, or the individual, Louis Capet. But, all other considerations apart, there is in his life one circumstance which should cover up or lessen a great number of crimes; and that same circumstance should furnish the French nation the occasion of purging its territory of kings without soiling it with impure blood. It is to France entire, I know it, that the United States of America owes the help by the means of which they have shaken off, by force of arms, the unjust and tyrannical domination of George the Third. The energy and zeal with which it furnished men and money was a natural consequence of its thirst for liberty. * * * * The United States should, then, be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, henceforth, finding shelter from the miseries and the crimes of royal life, he will learn by the continual aspect of the public prosperity that the veritable system of government is not of kings, but of representation."

Paine closes his "opinion" as follows:

"In the particular case submitted in this moment to our consideration, I submit to the Convention the following propositions:

"First. That the National Convention pronounces the banishment of Louis Capet and his family.

"Second. That Louis Capet shall be imprisoned until the end of the war, when the sentence of banishment shall be carried into execution."

This "opinion" of Thomas Paine, thus partially set out, not being in the nature of a speech, but simply read to the Convention, seems to have been quite well received, on account of his savage denunciation of monarchical governments.

The question submitted by the Convention, "What shall be the punishment of Louis, formerly king of the French?" was decided by *appel nominal*. By this method the members of each department appear at the tribune and each one expresses his opinion orally, giving his reasons, if he desire to do so, or deposes his vote in an *urn de scrutin*. Paine voted for "the imprisonment of Louis till the end of the war, and banishment afterward."

The Convention having decreed that the punishment of death should be inflicted on Louis, the next question which arose was, should there be a suspension of the execution of the sentence? It was on the 19th day of January, 1793, that Paine mounted the tribune to speak to this question. This trial of Louis XVI. by the National Convention is one of the most remarkable on record. The session was made permanent, and the trial went on day and night. After a lapse of nearly one hundred years, the painful and dramatic scenes stand out with still greater prominence. The *Salle des Machines*, in the Pavillon de Flores at the Tuileries, had been converted into a grand hall for the sittings of the Convention.

The galleries were immense, and could seat fourteen hundred spectators. In an immense city like Paris, convulsed with a political excitement never equaled, the trial of a king for his life produced the most profound emotions that ever agitated any community. All classes and conditions in life were carried away by the prevailing excitement, and the pressure for places exceeded anything ever known. The scenes, as painted by one of the most gifted historians of the French Revolution (Louis Blanc), will never cease to awaken the most thrilling interest. The first row of seats was filled by ladies *en négligé charmant*. In the upper tribunes, men of all conditions in life; an enormous number of foreigners who had been attracted to Paris by the events of the day. On the side of the Montagne there sat great personages, from the Duke of Orleans to the

Marquis de Chateauneuf; from Lepelletier, St. Fargeau and Hérault de Séchelles to the rich Belgian baron, Anacharsis Clootz. The tribunes were reserved for the ladies, "*à rubans tri-colors*," and the *huissiers* would go and come to make way for the beautiful visitors. The private boxes were filled with ladies of fashion, who sipped ices and ate oranges while the members of their acquaintance came to salute them. In the higher galleries, they drank *eau-de-vie* and wine, as in a tap-room.

The appearance of Thomas Paine at the tribune, with a roll of manuscript in his hand, created quite a sensation in the Convention. By his side stood Bançal, who was there to translate the speech into French and read it to the Convention. The first declarations of the celebrated foreigner produced a commotion on the benches of the Montagne. Coming from a democrat like Thomas Paine, a man so intimately allied with the Americans, a great thinker and writer, there was fear of their influence on the Convention. Marat, indignant and furious, raised the point of order that Paine should not be allowed to vote; that, being a Quaker, his religious principles made him opposed to the death penalty. It must be said to the credit of the Montagnards that Marat's question of order was not received with favor. Liberty of opinion was invoked from all parts of the hall, and demands made that Marat should be called to order. Paine was finally permitted to continue his speech, but with violent interruptions from the Montagne. At last Thuriot, one of the most violent and bloodthirsty of the revolutionists, declared that the language of the translator was not the language of Thomas Paine. At this moment Marat rushed to the tribune and violently interrupted Paine in English. Obliged to descend from the tribune, he addressed the Convention:

"I denounce the interpreter. I contend that it is not the opinion of Thomas Paine. It is a wicked and unfaithful translation."

The most violent exclamations broke out, drowning the voice of Bançal, the unfortunate interpreter, and creating an indescribable tumult. Never was a man in a more embarrassing condition than Paine was at this time. Though not understanding the language, he yet realized the fury of the storm which raged around him. Standing at the tribune in his half-Quaker coat, and genteelly attired, he remained undaunted and self-possessed during the tempest. The question as to the correctness of the translation of the speech was then left to Garan-Coulon, a distinguished member of the Montagne and a good English scholar, who declared that he had seen the speech in the hands of Paine, and that the translation was correct. Bançal was then permitted to translate the remainder of the speech.

This speech of Paine breathed greatness of soul and generosity of spirit, and will forever honor his memory. "My language," he says, "has always been the language of liberty and humanity, and I know by experience that nothing so exalts a nation as the union of these two principles under all circumstances." He warned the Convention against doing that which at the moment might be deemed an act of justice, but which would appear in the future only as an act of vengeance. Prophetic words, indeed. He pleads for the life of the king:

"I can assure you that his execution would produce a universal affliction in America, and it is in your power to spare that affliction to your best friends. If I could speak the French language I would descend to your bar, and, in the name of all my brothers in America, I would present to you a petition to suspend the execution of Louis."

There is no doubt that this speech utterly destroyed Paine in the estimation of the Montagne, and from that time commenced his relations with the Girondins, which added to his unpopularity with the Jacobins. That Robespierre had doomed him to the guillotine, there is no question, and his life was only saved by the fall of that merciless tyrant on the 9th Thermidor (July, 1794). In the exhaustive report subsequently made by Courtois, "in the name of the commission charged with an examination of the papers found at the house of Robespierre after his death," the fact is disclosed that a note-book was found, all in his own handwriting, in which was the following entry:

"Demand that Thomas Paine be decreed in accusation for the interests of America as well as those of France."

After quoting this entry in his report, the author of the report says: "Why Thomas Paine rather than others? Is it because he has labored to found liberty in two worlds?"

Though Marat spoke English, and he and Paine were colleagues in the National Convention, there was evidently no sympathy between them. Marat was as insincere

in his republicanism as in his patriotism; he was as hypocritical as he was cruel. At a time when he was bawling in public most lustily for "liberty," "equality" and a "republic," he accosted Paine one day in the lobby of the Convention, and said to him sneeringly, in English:

"And it is you who believe in a republic; you have too much sense to believe in such a dream."

The hostile feeling of Marat toward Paine was shown by his violent and indecent interruptions of the latter at the tribune during the trial of Louis XVI. before the National Convention, in January, 1793. The hatred which there cropped out seems to have become intensified at a later period (the following April). Marat, in his journal, "L'Ami du Peuple," had preached murder and pillage to such an extent that the Convention, a majority of whose members were openly in sympathy with him, was obliged to place him in accusation and send him for trial before the "Tribunal Criminal Extraordinaire." This trial, as reported in the "Moniteur" of May 3, 1793, is one of the curiosities of revolutionary jurisprudence. Marat was completely master of the situation, violent, aggressive and impudent, instead of being tried himself, he made the Tribunal an instrument of attack upon his enemies, and particularly Brissot, Girey-Dupré and Paine. The two former were editors of the "Patriot Français," the organ of the Girondins, and Marat took advantage of the occasion to revenge himself on them, as well as on Paine, for the publication of an article in relation to a young Englishman named Johnson, who had attempted suicide. It was alleged that having abjured his country, because he detested kings, he came to France, hoping to find liberty, but he only saw, under its mask, the hideous visage of anarchy. Revolted by such a spectacle, he undertook to kill himself. The article concluded with a note "written in a trembling hand and which is in the hands of a celebrated foreigner"—meaning Paine. It is as follows:

"I came into France to enjoy liberty, but Marat has assassinated it. Anarchy is yet more cruel than despotism. I cannot resist the grievous spectacle of seeing the triumph of imbecility over talent and virtue."

This infuriated Marat, and one of his objects was to connect Paine with this article in the "Patriot Français." All this had nothing whatever to do, as Paine well said in his testimony, with the accusation preferred against Marat. Nevertheless, all the evidence given on the trial, as reported in the "Moniteur," is in relation to the matter of this article in the "Patriot Français." One Samson Pégnet is called as a witness, who testified that the man Johnson lived in the house occupied by Thomas Paine, deputy to the National Convention, rue Faubourg Saint Denis, No. 63—that from the reading of different articles announcing that those deputies who voted (on the trial of Louis) for an appeal to the people would be massacred, his friendship for Thomas Paine, who was of that number, had induced him to attempt to destroy himself for fear of being a witness to the execution of his friend.

The President of the Tribunal: Is it to your knowledge that they held conversations at the house of Thomas Paine tending to the belief that he would be massacred?

Samson Pégnet: Yes; it was stated that Marat had said it was necessary to massacre all foreigners, particularly the English.

The President, to Marat: What answer have you to make to this last fact?

Marat: I observe to the Tribunal that it is an atrocious calumny, a wickedness of the "statesmen" to render me odious.

The President, to Samson Pégnet: Are you often at the house of Thomas Paine, and are there many people there?

Samson Pégnet: I have never seen more than five or six English there, and one Frenchman.

Thomas Paine is then introduced as a witness. He testifies, through an interpreter, that he had only known Marat since the meeting of the Convention. The note inserted in the "Patriot Français" was then read to him, and he answered that he did not conceive that it had anything to do with the charge preferred against Marat. He further said that Johnson had stabbed himself twice, because he had heard that Marat was going to denounce him.

Marat: It is not because that I denounced this young man who has stabbed himself, but because I wished to denounce Thomas Paine.

Thomas Paine: Johnson had for a long time been very inquiet in his mind. As to Marat, I have only spoken to him once in the passage-way of the Convention. He said to me that the English people were free and happy, and I answered him that they groaned under a double despotism.

It was probably in this interview that

Marat sneered at Paine for being a republican, and told him that he had too much sense to believe in the dream of a republic.

Other witnesses were introduced, and all for the purpose of connecting Paine with the article in the "Patriot Français."

Marat was on trial for inciting to murder and pillage in his newspaper, and the charge was fully proved by the articles he had published. Marat proved at the trial that Paine was connected with the publication of an article in the "Patriot Français" prejudicial to him, Marat. Hence:

"Marat is acquitted and leaves the Tribune in the midst of the applause of the spectators, who, after having crowned him with leaves of oak, conduct him in triumph to the Convention." (See proceedings of the trial in the "Moniteur" of May 3, 1793.)

It was on the 24th of April, 1793, that this "trial" of Marat took place, and Paine's name does not appear any more in the "Moniteur." The triumphant acquittal of Marat, which was a savage defiance thrown in the face of all the moderate element of the time, gave a fresh impulse to revolutionary madness. On the second of June the Convention decreed the arrest of the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondins).

At the instigation of Robespierre a decree was passed in the same month excluding foreigners from the Convention. This was for the sole purpose of getting rid of Paine and Clootz, who are afterward described as "ex-deputies."

On the 14th of the following month (July) the career of the wretched Marat was ended by the poignard of Charlotte Corday, followed by a delirium of rage and fury on the part of the Montagnards which was alike without limit and without example. This event was the death knell of the Girondins, and they so understood it. Vergniaud said to one of his colleagues that the act of Charlotte Corday had prepared their way for the scaffold, "but," he added, "she has shown us how to die."

In the following September the Convention passed that terrible enactment known as the "law of the suspect," which was one of the most terrible engines of oppression ever known in legislative annals. In virtue of its ingenious and elaborated provisions, one half of the people of France could send the other half to the prison and the scaffold. This law was drawn up by Merlin (de Douai), an advanced revolutionist, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his time, and who was called the "legist of terror." It was under this law that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz were arrested in the following December (7th Nivose) and sent to the prison of the Luxembourg.

From the time that Paine was excluded from the Convention until his arrest, he had witnessed with indignation and shame the accumulating horrors of the revolution, and he had the courage to openly denounce Robespierre. From that moment he was undoubtedly doomed to the scaffold. Clootz, who was sent to prison with him in December, 1793, was guillotined on the 24th of March, 1794. But there was a distinct charge against Clootz of having been connected with the Hébertistes. There could be no accusation sustained against Thomas Paine. His being an American, the author of the "Rights of Man," and the high consideration in which he was held in France, may have caused Robespierre to hesitate until he was himself overtaken by the IX. Thermidor.

Paine was sent to the prison of the Luxembourg, that great palace built by Marie de Medicis in 1615. At the time of the Revolution it was converted into a prison of state. Here were incarcerated a thousand people of all classes and conditions of life, accused of political offenses. It seems to have been the prison where Robespierre sent his most illustrious victims. It was this prison from which Danton, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, General Westerman, Chabot, Bazire, Delauny (d'Angers) and Hérault de Séchelles were taken to be conducted to the guillotine. The condition of the prisoners was to the last degree deplorable, and when guarded *au sécret* was absolutely horrible. "A Prisoner at the Luxembourg" has given to the world an account of the state of things that existed in that prison just previous to the fall of Robespierre. The unfortunate prisoners were considered by the agents and subalterns of the revolutionary authorities as miserable animals, which were to be killed indifferently without exception of individuals. All were to die and no matter who was the victim. All were in a state of the most cruel suspense and torment, increased by the permission given to news-venders to cry the contents of their journals under the windows of the prison, but without permission to sell them. These boys would vociferate in loud tones: "Here is the list of those who have drawn tickets in the lottery of the holy guillotine! Who wishes to see the list? There are

to-day sixty, more or less"; and like cries, varied from day to day. No one knew when he would be called upon to take up his march to the remorseless revolutionary tribunal. Sometimes a squadron of gendarmerie would enter the prison at two o'clock in the morning, generally arresting one hundred and sixty persons; divided into three squads they were to be taken for trial, one third at each session of the tribunal. Their nurture was detestable; a thousand prisoners were to be fed. Tables and benches were set out in one of the grand halls of the palace at which could be seated more than three hundred people. They served them a vile soup in vases or tin basins, a half bottle of wine which was worse than the soup; two dishes, one of vegetables swimming in water, the other always pork boiled with cabbage. They had each day a ration of a pound and a half of bread. This was the only meal in twenty-four hours. As there were about a thousand persons, they had to have three separate dinners, one at eleven o'clock, one at noon and one at one o'clock. There were in the prison many spies and pimps of the Government, with instructions to mingle among the prisoners in order to observe all their actions, take down all their words and find out or invent plans of conspiracy. Betrayed by these wretches, who would worm themselves into the confidence of the prisoners, each one began to fear that he had one of these monsters at his side, and at last would speak only in monosyllables, trembling that even these might be metamorphosed into a conspiracy.

The following is the warrant issued for the arrest of Paine and Clootz:*

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Committee of *Sureté Générale et de Surveillance* of the National Convention.

Nivose 7th, in the 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

The Committee order that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz, formerly deputies to the National Convention, be apprehended, and, as a measure of general safety, committed to prison; that their papers be examined, and that such as may be suspicious put under seal and taken to the Committee of General Safety.

The Committee commissions citizens Jean Baptiste Martin and Lamy, bearers of these presents, to carry the same into execution, for which purpose they shall summon the civil authorities and, in case of need, the armed force.

The representatives of the people, members of the Committee of General Safety: M. Bayle, Voulland, Jagot, Amar, Vadier, Elie Lacoste, Guffroy, Louis du Bas-Rhin, La Vicomterie.

This is followed by this receipt of the concierge of the prison of the Luxembourg:

I have received from citizens Martin and Lamy, secretaries, clerks of the Committee of General Safety of the National Convention, citizens Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz, formerly deputies, by command of the Committee.

LUXEMBOURG, Nivose 8th, in the 2d year of the French Republic one and indivisible.

BENOIT, Concierge.

As it will have been seen, Paine was incarcerated in December (7th Nivose), 1793, and remained enduring all the horrors of that frightful prison, and at the Luxembourg, making no sign, until July (19th Thermidor), 1794. Declared an outlaw by the same Convention which he had so long used as an instrument of his private vengeance, Robespierre was killed like a dog ten days previous. (July 28, 1794.)

The fall of the tyrant filled with hope the hearts of so many of his victims, still lingering in prison, and produced a ray of light in the gloom of despair. For eight months Paine had suffered and endured in silence. Prostrated by disease and tortured by anxiety, his condition was most deplorable. He was liable at any moment, day or night, to be dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and that meant the guillotine. Clootz mounted the scaffold March 24, 1794, and on the 5th of the following month Paine bid a final adieu to his associates in prison, Danton, Bazire, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, Hérault de Séchelles, Delaunay (d'Angers) and others of the early apostles of the Revolution, and they were, on the same day, hurried to the scaffold. At this time Paine could not doubt that his own hour would soon come to strike, but the death of his mortal enemy, Robespierre, saved his life. Ten days after this event, and on the 19th Thermidor, Paine addressed the following letter to the National Convention. It is a touching and dignified appeal of the victim of a cruel persecution, and one which, now brought to light after a lapse of nearly a century, will be read with feelings of the liveliest emotion. It was sent to the Committee on Public Safety, and inclosed with the following note:

* All the documents which follow are copies taken from the National Archives in Paris, in 1877, and it is believed that none of them have ever before been made public.

CITIZENS, REPRESENTATIVES AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

I forward you a copy of a letter which I have written to-day to the Convention. The singular predicament I find myself in induces me to apply to the whole Convention, of which you are a part.

THOMAS PAINE.

LUXEMBOURG PRISON, on the 19th day of Thermidor, in the 2d year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES.

If I should not express myself with the energy I used formerly to do, you will attribute it to the very dangerous illness I have suffered in the prison of the Luxembourg. For several days I was insensible of my own existence; and, though I am much recovered, it is with exceedingly great difficulty that I find power to write you this letter.

But before I proceed further, I request the Convention to observe that this is the first line that has come from me, either to the Convention or to any of the committees, since my imprisonment, which is approaching eight months. Ah, my friends, eight months' loss of liberty seems almost a life-time to a man who has been, as I have been, the unceasing defender of liberty for twenty years.

I have now to inform the Convention of the reason of my not having written before.

It is a year ago that I had strong reason to believe that Robespierre was my inveterate enemy, as he was the enemy of every man of virtue and humanity.

The address that was sent to the Convention some time about last August, from Arras, the native town of Robespierre, I have always been informed was the work of that hypocrite and the partisans he had in the place. The intention of that address was to prepare the way for destroying me, by making the people declare (though without assigning any reason) that I had lost their confidence. The address, however, failed of success, as it was immediately opposed by a counter-address from Saint Omer, which declared directly the contrary.

But the strange power that Robespierre, by the most consummate hypocrisy and the most hardened cruelties, had obtained, rendered any attempt on my part to obtain justice not only useless, but even dangerous; for it is the nature of tyranny always to strike a deeper blow when any attempt has been made to repel a former one. This being my situation, I submitted with patience to the hardness of my fate, and awaited the event of brighter days. I hope they are now arrived to the nation and to me.

Citizens, when I left the United States of America in the year 1787, I promised to all my friends that I would return to them the next year; but the hope of seeing a republic happily established in France that might serve as a model to the rest of Europe, and the earnest and disinterested desire of rendering every service in my power to promote it, induced me to defer my return to that country and to the society of my friends for more than seven years. This long sacrifice of private tranquillity, especially after having gone through the fatigues and dangers of the American Revolution, which continued almost eight years, deserved a better fate than the long imprisonment I have silently suffered.

But it is not the nation, but a faction, that has done me this injustice, and it is to the national representation that I appeal against that injustice.

Parties and factions, various and numerous as they have been, I have always avoided. My heart was devoted to all France, and the object to which I applied myself was the Constitution. The plan that I proposed to the Committee of which I was a member is now in the hands of Barére, and it will speak for itself.

It is, perhaps, proper that I inform you of the cause assigned in the order for my imprisonment. It is that I am a *foreigner;* whereas the *foreigner* thus imprisoned was invited into France by a decree of the late National Assembly, and that in the hour of her greatest danger, when invaded by Austrians and Prussians. He was, moreover, a citizen of the United States of America, an ally of France, and not a subject of any country in Europe, and, consequently, not within the intention of any of the decrees concerning foreigners. But any excuse can be made to serve the purpose of malignity when it is in power.

I will not intrude on your time by offering any apology for the broken and imperfect manner in which I have expressed myself. I request you to accept it with the sincerity with which it comes from my heart; and I conclude with wishing fraternity and prosperity to France, and union and happiness to her representatives.

Citizens, I have now stated to you my situation, and I can have no doubt but your justice will restore me to the liberty of which I have been deprived.

THOMAS PAINE.

LUXEMBOURG, Thermidor 19th, 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

On the 18th Thermidor, the day previous to the date of Paine's letter, as above, Dr. Lanthenas had already interceded in behalf of Paine, by addressing the following letter to Merlin (de Thionville), a member of the Committee of "General Safety." Lanthenas was a great admirer of Paine, and allied to him by the ties of a sincere friendship. The fact that he "spoke English a little" seems to have brought him into close relations with Paine.

I deliver to Merlin de Thionville a copy of the last work of T. Paine, formerly our colleague, and in custody since the decree excluding foreigners from the national representation.

This book was written by the author in the beginning of the year 93 (old style). I undertook its translation before the revolution against priests, and it was published in French about the same time.

Couthon, to whom I sent it, seemed offended with me for having translated this work; still its nature and translator were altogether free from any reproach that might be directed to the author in his private or political life.

I think it would be in the well-understood interest of the Republic, since the downfall of the tyrants we have overthrown, to re-examine the motives of the imprisonment of T. Paine. That re-examination is suggested by too multiplied and sensible grounds to need to be related in detail. Every friend of liberty, who is somewhat familiar with the history of our Revolution and deems it necessary to repel the slanders with which the despots load it in the eyes of the nations, and who mislead them against us, will, however, understand such grounds.

Should the Committee of General Safety, entertaining no founded charge or suspicion against T. Paine, have any scruples and believe that, from my

having occasionally conversed with that foreigner, whom the people's suffrage had called to the national representation, and because I spoke his language a little, I could perhaps throw light upon their doubt, then I would readily come and communicate to them all that I know about that individual.

I request Merlin de Thionville to submit these considerations to the Committee.

F. LANTHENAS.

Thermidor 18th, in the 2d year of the French Republic.

François Lanthenas, the writer of this letter, was a doctor at the epoch of the Revolution, and was elected a member of the National Convention. He voted for the death of the king, but fixed a delay for his punishment. On the return of the Bourbons he was expelled from France as a regicide. He was attached to the party of the Girondins, and his name was on that fatal list which proscribed, and subsequently sent to the scaffold, the "Twenty-two Deputies" of that party. Strange as it may seem, his name was stricken from the list on the motion of the bloodthirsty Marat. His reasons for his motion were not very complimentary to Lanthenas, but fortunately they saved his life. He said: "Lanthenas is a poor devil, who is not worth thinking of." He lived to write the letter alike creditable to his head and heart in behalf of Thomas Paine, and was afterward, in the time of the Directory, a member of the Council of Five Hundred.

Dr. Lanthenas, whose letter of the 18th Thermidor has been quoted above, was not the only Frenchman who intervened in behalf of Paine. In the succeeding month (August), Achille Audibert, of Calais, one of his constituents, addressed the following letter to Citizen Theuriot, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, appealing for the release of Paine. As Robespierre was then dead, he was safe in denouncing him, particularly to Theuriot. From having been the associate of Robespierre in all his crimes Theuriot had become his violent enemy. He was the president of the National Convention on the 9th Thermidor, and every time that Robespierre attempted to speak he would ring his bell furiously and cry out: "*Tu n'as pas la parole! Tu n'as pas la parole!*" (You have not the floor.)

PARIS, Fructidor 2d, in the 2d year of the Republic.

To Citizen Theuriot, a member of the Committee of Public Safety.

REPRESENTATIVE: A friend of mankind is groaning in chains—Thomas Paine, who was not so politic as to remain silent in regard to a man who was not like himself, but who dared to say that Robespierre was a monster to be struck off the list of men. From that moment he became a criminal; the despot marked him as his victim, put him into prison, and doubtless prepared for him the way to the scaffold, as well as for those who knew him and were courageous enough to speak out.

Thomas Paine is an acknowledged citizen of America. He was the Secretary of the Congress of the Department of Foreign Affairs during the Revolution. He has made himself known in Europe by his writings, and specially by his "Rights of Man." The Electoral Assembly of the Department of Pas-de-Calais elected him one of its representatives to the Convention, and commissioned me to go to London and inform him of his election, and to bring him to France. I hardly escaped being a victim of the English Government, with which he was at open war; I performed my mission; and ever since friendship has attached me to Paine. This is my apology for soliciting you for his liberation.

I can assure you, Representatives, that America was by no means satisfied with the imprisonment of a strong column of its Revolution. Please to take my prayer into consideration. But for Robespierre's villainy the friend of man would now be free. Do not permit liberty longer to see in prison a victim of a wretch who lives no more but by his crimes; and you will add to the esteem and veneration I feel for a man who did so much to save the country amidst the most tremendous crisis of our Revolution.

Greeting, respect and brotherhood.

ACHILLE AUDIBERT,
Of Calais,
No. 216 rue de Bellechasse,
Faubourg St. Germain.

The following appeal by American citizens, then in Paris, in behalf of Paine—which is in the shape of a petition for his release from prison—to the National Convention, was also found in the National Archives at Paris. Breathing a spirit of humanity and friendship, it is deemed worthy of insertion in this paper:

CITIZENS LEGISLATORS.

The French nation, by a unanimous decree, have invited one of the most estimable of our countrymen to come to France; it is Thomas Paine, one of the political founders of the independence and republic of America. A twenty years' experience has taught America to know and respect his public virtues and the inappreciable services he has rendered his country.

Convinced that his quality of a foreigner and ex-deputy is the only cause of his provisional apprehension, in the name of our country (and we trust it will be appreciated) we apply to you to claim our friend and countryman, so that he may be able to leave with us for America, where he will be received with open arms.

If it should be necessary to say more to back the petition which, as friends and allies of the French Republic, we submit to their representatives in order to obtain the release of one of the most zealous and faithful apostles of liberty, we would conjure the National Convention, by all that is dear to the glory and hearts of freemen, not to afford a cause of exultation and triumph to the coalition of the

tyrants of Europe, and, above all, to the despotism of Great Britain, which did not blush to outlaw that bold and virtuous defender of liberty.

But their insolent enjoyment should be of short duration; for we feel entirely confident that you will detain no longer in the bonds of a painful captivity a man whose energetic and manly pen has so much contributed to free the Americans, and whose designs, we do not doubt at all, tended to render like services to the French Republic. We are convinced, indeed, that his principles and views were pure, and in this respect he is entitled to the indulgence due to human fallibility and to such regard as true-heartedness deserves; and we hold to the opinion we have of his innocence so much the more, as we are informed that after a rigorous examination of his papers by order of the Committee of General Safety, far from anything being found against him, they have, on the contrary, found out much to corroborate the purity of his political and moral principles.

As our countryman, and especially as a man so dear to the Americans as well as to you, ardent friends of liberty, we do, in the name of that goddess dear to the only two Republics in the world,—entreat you to render Thomas Paine to his brothers, and to allow us to take him back to his country, which is also our own.

If you require it, citizens representatives, we will become responsible for his conduct in France for the short stay he may remain to make arrangements for his departure.

M. JACKSON, of Philadelphia.
J. RUSSELL, of Boston.
PETER WHITESIDE, of Philadelphia.
HENRY JOHNSON, of Boston.
THOMAS CARTER, of Newburyport.
JAMES COOPER, of Philadelphia.
JOHN WILLET BILLOPP, of New York.
THOMAS WATERS GRIFFITH, of Baltimore.
TH. RAMSDEN, of Boston.
SAMUEL P. BROOME, of New York.
MEADENWORTH, of Connecticut.
JACK BARLOW, of Connecticut.
MICHAEL ALCORN, of Philadelphia.
M. ONEALY, of Baltimore.
JOHN M'PHERSON, of Alexandria.
WILLIAM HOSKINS, of Boston.
J. GREGOIRE, of Petersburg, Virginia.
JOSEPH INGRAHAM, of Boston.

The last document in relation to Paine, found in the National Archives, is the letter of Mr. Monroe, the Minister of the United States, to the Committee of General Safety. Mr. Monroe had but recently arrived in Paris. He was received by the National Convention of France in full session on the 15th of August, 1794 (28th Thermidor, year II.), which was only about three weeks after the fall of Robespierre, on the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor, year II.). As this was the first instance in which a minister had been accredited to the French Republic, there was some delay in the "Committee of Public Safety" in regard to the presentation of his letters of credence, caused by the necessity of establishing some general regulation on the subject. The correspondence of Mr. Monroe with his government at this period (including that in regard to his reception) is very interesting, and is found in the first volume of the "American State Papers." As nothing appeared there, however, in regard to the proceedings of the Convention on the day of the reception, the "procès verbal" (journal) of the Convention was sought for in the National Archives. In the interest of the history of those extraordinary times, the full proceedings in respect of the matter are here set out.

[Translation.]

Extract from the "procès verbal" of the National Convention, of August 15, 1794.

The Citizen James Monroe, minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the French Republic, is admitted in the hall of the sitting of the National Convention. He takes his place in the midst of the representatives of the people, and remits to the President, with his letters of credence, a translation of a discourse addressed to the National Convention; it is read by one of the secretaries. The expressions of fraternity, of union, between the two people, and the interest which the people of the United States take in the success of the French Republic are heard with the liveliest sensibility and covered with applause.

Reading is also given to the letters of credence of Citizen Monroe, as well as to those written by the American Congress and by its president to the National Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety.

In witness of the fraternity which unites the two people, French and American, the President gives the accolade (fraternal embrace) to Citizen Monroe.

Afterward, upon the proposition of many members, the National Convention passes with unanimity the following decree:

ARTICLE I.

The reading and verification being had of the powers of Citizen James Monroe, he is recognized and proclaimed Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the French Republic.

ARTICLE II.

The letters of credence of Citizen James Monroe, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, those which he has remitted on the part of the American Congress and of its president, addressed to the National Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety, the discourse of Citizen Monroe, the response of the President of the Convention, shall be printed in the two languages, French and American, and inserted in the bulletin of correspondence.

ARTICLE III.

The flags of the United States of America shall be joined to those of France, and displayed in the hall of the sittings of the Convention, in sign of the union and eternal fraternity of the two people.

It will be observed in Article II. of the decree that it was ordered that the letters

of credence and the discourse of Mr. Monroe and the president of the Convention should be "printed in the two languages, French and American." The frantic hatred of the revolution toward England at that time would not permit the Convention to recognize our mother tongue as the English language.

The ceremony of the reception excited great interest. Mr. Monroe was introduced into the body of the Convention, and after the passage of the decree he advanced to the tribune, when the President, Merlin (de Douai), gave him the *fraternal kiss* ("accolade"), which was witnessed with emotion and hailed with intense enthusiasm by the whole Convention.

Though Mr. Monroe was accepted as minister in August, it does not appear that he took any steps for the release of Paine until 11th Brumaire (October), when he addressed to the Committee of General Safety the following letter, which is a model of a diplomatic communication:

PARIS, Brumaire 11, in the 3d year of the French Republic.

The minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America, to the members of the Committee of General Safety.

CITIZENS.

In every case where the citizens of the United States of America are subject to the laws of the French Republic, it is their duty to obey them in consequence of the protection they receive therefrom, or to submit to such penalties as they inflict. This principle is beyond all dispute. It belongs to the very essence of sovereignty, and cannot be separated from it. Then all that my countrymen have a right to expect from me is to see that justice be done to them, according to the nature of the accusation, or the offense they may have committed, by the tribunals which take cognizance of the case.

I trust few occasions will occur when the demeanor of any American citizen may become a matter of discussion before a criminal court; and should any such case take place, I would fully rely on the justice of that tribunal, convinced that, if the scales were even, it would be in the heart of the magistrate to turn them in favor of my countrymen. To urge their trial, if that should become necessary, is therefore the only point that I may be solicitous in relation to.

In the present circumstances I would not draw your attention to a matter of this kind if I were not compelled to it by considerations of great weight, and which I hope you will appreciate, because every day brings forth further proofs of devotedness on the part of France to the cause which gives rise to them. The strenuous endeavors she has already made and is every day making for the sake of liberty obviously show how much she cherishes it, and her gratitude toward such men as have supported that cause is justly considered to be inseparable from the veneration due to the very cause itself.

The citizens of the United States cannot look back upon the times of their own revolution without recollecting among the names of their most distinguished patriots, that of Thomas Paine; the services he rendered to his country in its struggle for freedom have implanted in the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people.

The above-named citizen is at this moment languishing in prison, affected with a disease growing more intense from his confinement. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to his condition, and to request you to hasten the moment when the law shall decide his fate, in case of any accusation against him, and, if none, to restore him to liberty.

Greeting and brotherhood,

MONROE.

This communication of Mr. Monroe is written in the French language. The practice of our Government is different at the present day. All diplomatic communications of English-speaking nations are now addressed to foreign nations in the English language. The tribute which the minister officially paid to Paine is worthy of notice.

The intervention of Mr. Monroe was successful, for two days afterward Paine was released, as appears by the following:

BRUMAIRE 13th, in the 3d year of the French Republic.

The Committee of General Safety order that citizen Thomas Paine be immediately discharged from custody, and the seals taken off his papers on sight of these presents.

The members of the Committee: Clauzel, Lesage Senault, Bentabolle, Reverchon, Gaupilleau de Fontenai, Rewbell.

Delivered to citizen Clauzel.

Thus, after a cruel and barbarous imprisonment of ten long months, enduring untold sufferings, Thomas Paine was set free. Made a citizen of France and elected to its National Convention, he served his country (adopted for the time) with ability, zeal and usefulness, devoting his acknowledged talents and large experience to the preparation of its fundamental law. His arrest and imprisonment, without charges preferred or even the pretense of crime, was an act of perfidy, baseness and ingratitude without a parallel except in the history of the "French Revolution."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Presidential Campaign.

THERE are many reasons why the American people should be gratified with the course and results of the two political conventions which have placed in nomination for the Presidency, General Garfield and General Hancock. The first is, that the political machines of both parties were subordinated and superseded. In the Republican convention, the machine received a tremendous and ignominious defeat. This result was not so pronounced in the Democratic convention, but even there the men who were supposed to manipulate the controlling influences were obliged to submit to powers beyond their control, and assist in the nomination of a man very far from their first choice. Indeed, the political machine had very little to do with the nomination of either Garfield or Hancock, and so much may be set down as a great gain for the cause of political morality. The chief wire-pullers on both sides have failed; the party managers, who choose to do business without much respect to the wishes of the people, have miscarried in all their plans, and each party has the great privilege of presenting a candidate for the popular suffrage whose hands are clean, at least, of all dirty work done for himself, in the attempt to secure a nomination.

More and better even than this can be said. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the record of either of these gentlemen to prevent the most conscientious partisan from voting for him. General Garfield is, in all respects, an admirable man. He knows the public business, probably, as well as any man in America. He has been in it, as an active and intelligent force, for many years, in which he has demonstrated his ability for statesmanship and leadership. The record of his life does not exhibit a stain, and, if he shall be elected, he will be much the most brilliant President, in his endowments and attainments, who has graced the White House in this generation. General Hancock's name is familiar as one of the successful military chieftains of the late civil war, and he has always been recognized as a gentleman, and a man of unstained private life. He has had many trusts, and been faithful to them all. It is a great comfort to feel that the American voters this year are not left to base their votes on a choice of evils, and that there is nothing repulsive or offensive in either of the candidates presented for their support. Any Republican ought to vote for General Garfield, and any Democrat ought to vote for General Hancock. We mean by this simply that there is nothing in the character or record of either of these candidates which should shut him from the sympathy and support of those who approve his political views.

Another cause of gratification growing out of the foregoing facts, is that this campaign is not to be a campaign of slander. One of the degrading and disgraceful things connected with nearly all presidential campaigns within our memory, was the mud-throwing at the personal character of the candidates. The brutality of the old campaigns was debasing and demoralizing to the last degree. Every canvass has been belittled and degraded by personalities of the lowest character. It has seemed as if a man had only to be placed in nomination for the high office of President to be regarded as the legitimate butt of party ridicule and the mark of party obloquy.

Now, in the present campaign, there certainly can be no apology for this brutal kind of warfare, and we hope to see it finished with the highest personal courtesy on both sides. There ought to be enough in the issues between the two parties to engage the attention of all writers and speakers, and fix the determinations of all voters. The questions for the American people to decide relate simply to the policy of the two parties, as represented in their history and platforms. Which party has the soundest financial policy?—which holds the policy of the highest justice alike to capital and labor?—which party is most devoted to the maintenance of the equal rights of all?—which party stands strongest for the purity of elections? and, in every sense and in every emergency, which party is the most patriotic? The people who settle these questions conscientiously, in their own minds, may congratulate themselves that they will find at the head of the party for which they decide a man who is personally worthy of their votes. They have not to quarrel over men, or to believe that the representative of the other party is a thief or a cutthroat, or a knave of any other sort. Their business is simply to make up their minds what party is the true party of patriotism and progress, and cast their votes for the man who represents it.

There is a good deal, too, in the failure of the political machines to encourage those who have been sufficiently conscientious and brave to struggle against their supremacy. There has been, of late years, a good deal of independent political thinking, which had already begun to show itself in independent political acting. In the Republican party, particularly, there were the "Young Scratchers," to whom the machine devoted a good deal of angry criticism, and who drew to their support, and won over to sympathy, some of the very best men in the party.

In the result at Chicago, they have their reward. The machine would have given them a man whom they sincerely disliked and disapproved, and they were not without a great deal of influence in securing the nomination of a man very much to their mind. Scratching is a pretty good remedy for party bosses, which, we trust, will not soon pass out of memory. How much Mr. John Kelly did, with his menace of revolt, to secure the nomination of a man for whom he and his friends could vote, we do not know, but his menace could not possibly be ignored; and if it did anything to secure the nomination of Hancock, he undoubtedly did more for his party and his country, than years of fealty to the machine could have accomplished.

Dandyism.

CARLYLE says that "a dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes." Then he adds, in his grim irony:—"Nay, if you grant what seems to be admissible, that the dandy had a thinking principle in him, and some notion of time and space, is there not in the life-devotedness to cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the immortal to the perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of eternity with time, which * * * * constitutes the prophetic character."

After Carlyle has handled the dandy, there is not, of course, much left for other people to do. Still, we can reflect a little more particularly on the style of mind which produces or accompanies dandyism, and get our lesson out of the process. Why supreme devotion to dress, on the part of a man, should be so contemptible, and, on the part of a woman, so comparatively venial, we have never been able to determine, but there is no doubt that we are quite ready to forgive in woman a weakness which we despise in man. To see a man so absorbed in the decoration of his own person, and in the development of his own graces that all other objects in life are held subordinate to this one small and selfish passion or pursuit, is no less disgusting than surprising. To amplify Carlyle's definition of a dandy a little, we may say that he is a man whose soul is supremely devoted to the outside of things, particularly the outside of himself, and who prides himself not at all on what he is, but on what he seems, and not at all on seeming sensible or learned, but on seeming beautiful, in a way that he regards as stylish. A male human being who cares supremely about the quality of the woolen, silk, linen, felt and leather that encase his body and the place where his brains should be, forgetting the soul within him and the great world without him, with the mysterious future that lies before him, would seem to deserve the mockery of all mankind, as well as of Carlyle.

Still, the dandy in dress is not a very important topic to engage the attention of a man who is sensible enough to read a magazine, and we should not have said a word about him if we did not detect his disposition in other things besides dress. We have what may legitimately be denominated dandyism in literature. Literature is often presented as the outcome of as true dandyism as is ever observed in dress. There are many writers, we fear, who care more about their manner of saying a thing than about the thing they have to say. All these devotees to style, all those coiners of fine phrases who tax their ingenuity to make their mode of saying a thing more remarkable than the thing said—men who play with words for the sake of the words, and who seek admiration for their cleverness in handling the medium of thought itself, and men also who perform literary gymnastics in order to attract attention—all these are literary dandies. The great verities and vitalities of thought and life are never supreme with these men. They would a thousand times rather fail in a thought than trip in the rounding of a sentence and the fall of a period. Of course, all this petting of their own style, and this supreme study of ways with words, is in itself so selfish a matter that their work is vitiated, and even the semblance of earnestness is lost. Dandies in literature never accomplish anything for anybody except themselves. Verily they have their reward, for they have their admirers, though they are among those no more in earnest than themselves.

We have had in America one eminent literary dandy. He lived at a time when it was very easy for a man of literary gifts to make a reputation—easy to attract the attention of the people; and the temptation to toy with the popular heart was too great for him to resist, and so he who could have taught and inspired his countrymen was content to play with his pen, and seek for their applause. He had his reward. He was as notorious as he sought to be. People read his clever verses and clapped their hands, but those verses did not voice any man's or woman's aspirations, or soothe any man's or woman's sorrows. They helped nobody. They were not the earnest outpourings of a nature consecrated either to God or song, and the response that they met in the public heart was not one of grateful appropriation, though that heart was not slow to offer the incense of its admiration to the clever and graceful, even if supremely selfish, artist. It is hardly necessary to add that this superb literary dandy has found no one who cared enough for him to write his life; and it takes a pretty poor sort of literary man nowadays to escape a biography. We would not speak of this man were we not conscious that we have—now living and writing—others who are like him in spirit and in aim—men who are supremely anxious to get great credit for their way of doing things, and who are interested mainly in the externals of literature—men who, moved by personal vanity, are seeking rather to attract attention to themselves than to impress their thoughts, as elevating and purifying forces, upon their generation.

Dandyism does not stop either with dress or literature, but invades all art. Never, perhaps, in the history of painting, has there been so much dandyism in art as at the present day. Never, it seems to us, were painters so much devoted to painting the outside of things as they are now. We are dazzled everywhere with tricks of color, fantastic dress, subjects chosen only with reference to their adaptation to the revelation of the special clevernesses of those who treat them. It seems as if every painter who had managed to achieve some remarkable trick of handling, were making it the business of his life to play that trick, and to have nothing to do with any topic which will not furnish him the occasion for its use. Our young men, in a great number of instances, are running after these trick-masters, learning nothing of art in its deeper meanings, but supremely busy with the outside of things, and very trivial things at that. In this devotion to the tricks of art, all earnestness and worthiness of purpose die, and art becomes simply a large and useless field of dandyism.

We have plenty of dandyism in the pulpit. We do not allude to the dandyism of clerical regalia, although there is a disgusting amount of that; but the

devotion to externals as they relate to manner of writing, and manner of speech, and manner of social intercourse. The preacher who is in dead earnest, and has nothing to exhibit but the truth he preaches, is not a man of formalities. The clerical dandy impresses one with himself and not with his Master. He shows off himself. He studies his poses and his intonations as if he were in very deed an actor. We have stylists in the pulpit, we have actors in the pulpit, who challenge attention and intend to challenge attention by their manner, and it is not at all a manner of humble earnestness. Preachers are human, and they, like the rest of us, should pray to be delivered from the sin of dandyism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ABERDEEN, MISS., May 24, 1880.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:—Mr. Henry King is named as the author of a paper in the June number of your magazine, on the Negro Exodus to Kansas.

As to his theories, views and predictions I have nothing to say, as we have learned from long experience that reason, logic and argument, on our part, are thrown away upon a large and very worthy, but prejudiced, class in the North.

In his paper, however, Mr. King makes the following statement:

"It is claimed, upon what seems to be good authority, that in the State of Mississippi not a single white man has been convicted and punished for an offense against a colored man, or made to pay a debt to a colored man, for the past five years."

Now, sir, does it not occur to you that this is a rather reckless assertion to be made, even upon an irresponsible *on dit*, without some previous inquiry as to the truth of it? I do not know who Mr. Henry King is (though I may argue myself unknown by the admission), I do not know who or what his "good authority" is—but I have a proposition to make to him. If Mr. King—or his "good authority"—will pay for the transcripts, I bind myself to furnish to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for publication, certified records of twenty cases in which white men have been convicted and punished for offenses against colored men, and as many cases in which white men have been made, by legal proceedings, to pay debts due to colored men,—and all this not in the whole State of Mississippi, but in this (Monroe) county—*one* only of its seventy-five counties, and during the period from 1875—when Mississippi emerged from the valley of the shadow of death—down to the present time. In the only case that occurs to me during that time of the *killing* of a colored man by a white man, in this county, the accused was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is there now,—having narrowly escaped hanging.

The democratic majority in this county averages one thousand.

If Mr. King is as earnest in his sympathy for the colored people of the South as he would appear to be, he will be willing to pay the small cost of the transcripts for the sake of getting his mind relieved as to their condition in Mississippi.

I could as easily name fifty cases; but twenty will answer every purpose.

As regards the Exodus, I can only say "God speed it!"—and in saying so I echo the sentiments of three-fourths of our people. The class of colored people who are emigrating to Kansas is a curse to any country—is just the class we want to get rid of, and can spare to Kansas or any other State.

E. H. BRISTOW.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to Young Mothers. Second Series.—IV.

THERE is danger that, where so much pains is taken to amuse children and make them happy, they may grow selfish and exacting. Always to receive and never to give is as bad for children as for grown people. To be sure, there is not much they can do for you, and what they can do is worth very little in itself, but just because it develops a generous thoughtfulness for others, encourage them in all their little plans for other people's pleasure. Children are naturally generous, and delight to make and give presents, until they see their gifts considered as rubbish. Probably they *are*, but a great deal of love can be put into very common things. You keep *their* birthdays. Encourage them to remember the birthdays of the older members of the family, even if their celebrations are troublesome and their presents useless. In the family festivals, let them have something to *do* for somebody else. Do not let the doing always be on your side.

I have seen some very pretty little affairs arranged by children for such occasions. I remember one, designed by a girl nine years old, for her mamma's birthday. She dressed herself and her sisters to represent the four seasons, and each one brought to the mother a trifling gift, repeating in turn a line of a verse of poetry she had found in an illuminated cal-

endar. The youngest, dressed in her best white dress, trimmed with artificial apple-blossoms and lilies of the valley, and carrying her present in a tiny basket, hidden among spring flowers, represented spring. As she handed her present to her mother, she said:

"First, beautiful spring, with flowers and song."

Summer, also in white, with bright ribbons, followed with her gift, saying:

"Next, rosy summer comes tripping along."

Autumn, glowing in a garnet dress, and wearing a wreath of bright leaves and wheat, brought her present in a basket of red apples, and repeated:

"Then blushing autumn, with rich fruits laden,"

while,

"Last, sober winter, cold, thoughtful maiden,"

clad all in white, with a band of swan's-down around her head, drew out her gift from a large cornucopia filled with cotton, to represent snow.

Of course, the mother had been consulted, and had given permission to use the finery. She entered into the spirit of the occasion, and gave advice and made suggestions, but was conveniently blind till everything was complete. It occupied the children for the best part of the afternoon, and under all the fun of the thing was the pleasant consciousness that they really were doing something for the happiness of mamma, who had done so much for them.

These same children were greatly amused with the pictures and poetry in "St. Nicholas" of the

"Three wise old women were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter's day—
One carried a basket to hold some berries,
One carried a ladder to climb for cherries;
The third, and she was the wisest one,
Carried a fan to keep off the sun."

So they "made a game of it" for a Thanksgiving evening celebration. They appeared suddenly in the sitting-room, dressed like old women, with marvelous bonnets, one with a huge market-basket, the little three-year-old with a great palm-leaf fan, almost as big as she was, and the oldest carrying the family step-ladder. When the wind blew them all away, one of the audience had to represent wind, and lay the ladder down, and it was quite a comical sight to see them bail out the imaginary water and attend to their bonnets and their balance at the same time. On another occasion, with the help of playmates, they added the "Three Wise Men" to the performance, though this was more difficult.

Another family of boys and girls, a little older, were always getting up tableaux and burlesque-opera entertainments for their father's birthdays. It was no end of trouble; old clothes and the tableaux did not always "preserve the unities," but they were pleasant recollections long after the merry boys and girls were fathers and mothers themselves.

I saw another birthday celebration once, and I shall never forget it. The mother's birthday had come too soon for the child's calculation, and there was no preparation made. The oldest, a sensitive, loving child of seven years, was overwhelmed with grief, and sobbed, "Mamma is always giving us something, and getting up things for us, and now we have forgotten her. Oh! dear, dear!"

Close by stood a little basketful of stones, picked up in their afternoon ramble—just such stones as you can find in any New England pasture lot or by any stone wall. But the white, imperfect quartz crystals and the shining little bits of mica seemed very beautiful to the child. Suddenly she noticed the basket. There was a hurried consultation with her younger sister, a great parade of secrecy and business, a rattling of stones in the kitchen wash-basin, and much dancing about and shouts of "Now, mamma, we've got something for your birthday. Don't look into that basket! Now, don't guess—oh! you never *can* guess what it is!"

The next morning at breakfast there was something on mamma's plate, heaping up the napkin so carefully spread over it.

When the napkin was lifted there was nothing but the little heap of shining stones, but the children were as happy as if they had been gold and diamonds. Said the youngest: "Mamma, I picked out the very prettiest, the very whitest and shiny-est"; and the oldest added, "We washed them just as carefully last night."

The father said afterward:

"They came to me in the evening in great glee, for now they had something for mamma, and they showed me the stones, all wet and dripping in the basket—about as pitiful a thing for a present as could be imagined."

A trifle, you say, but the love and delight that went with that worthless little pile of stones could not be counted by dollars. No wonder the mother's eyes grew dim, as she looked from the stones heaped up on her plate to the glowing faces of the children, and that she carefully put the stones away. Trifles like these are the very dearest of treasures to a mother's heart, if some day the bright eyes that shone with delight are forever shut from her sight, and the busy little hands are folded still and cold.

You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together, as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to have them to grow up with the habit of being happy. If this habit comes—not because every wish is gratified, but because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief, if disappointment and sorrow come into their maturer lives.

The effect of such a home atmosphere as this is incalculable. It not only tends to strengthen and purify each separate individual in the family, but its influence is still deeper and more far-reaching.

Whatever tends to make our family life purer and stronger is doing the best and noblest service for society. We women listen to the growl of the storm in other countries; we tremble for our own, and feel so useless and insignificant!

Brave little Holland keeps the whole mighty Atlantic at bay with her dykes of commonplace earth and stones and turf—mere every-day material. Take courage, weary mother. Your life may seem to you not much more than a dreary grind, day after day, to supply the physical wants of your children; but if they grow up to love and honor you because you deserve their love and honor—if they go out from you to build up other homes like the one you have made to them the purest and sweetest place on earth, you have built a few rods of dyke over against your own house, and so have built, not for yourself alone, but for all society—not for to-day alone, but for all time.

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

White's "Every-day English."*

IN this volume, Mr. Richard Grant White has brought together various scattered contributions made to magazines and newspapers on the subject of the English language. It is nine years, he tells us, since his previous work, entitled "Words and their Uses," was published; and what is here printed may fairly be supposed to represent the result of the study and reflection of the interval which has passed. As contrasted with that work, it will be seen at once that this one shows a marked advance on Mr. White's part, both in opinion and expression. There are in it comparatively few of those extraordinary mistakes, which, however, added to the interest of his previous book, though they may possibly have impaired its value. Wider study, even if of a *dilettante* character, has inevitably led to more accuracy of statement, as well as to less positiveness of assertion. This lowering of the feeling of general omniscience has likewise been attended with a sensible diminution of virulence of tone. True it is, as the poet tells us, that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"; and the wisdom of the author's views has not altogether kept pace with the progress of his knowledge. But, if occasionally the crude ideas of his earlier work appear, they are no longer made offensively prominent. It would, indeed, be asking too much of human nature to expect him to withdraw them formally. It is enough for us that they are now stated with modification and moderation, or quietly put entirely into the background.

So much is justly due, at the outset, to a work which cannot be spoken of with unqualified praise. For, together with merits of its own, it has peculiar defects. In a general way, it may be said to be pervaded by the fault of too great an abundance of assertion for the supply of facts upon which the assertion is founded. The very opening pages of the volume illustrate this. They are given up to a discussion of the word *share*, which Mr. White derives from *shire* through the pronunciation *sheer*. "So," he says, "*shire* came to be written *sheer*, and *sheer* to be pronounced and then written *share*." One main difficulty with the late derivation of *share* from *shire* by this roundabout process is that *scir* or *scire*, from which *shire* comes directly, and *scearu* or *scaru*, from which *share* comes directly, existed side by side in the earliest known period of our tongue. Statements like this we have quoted, and which lack only the quality of accuracy to be invaluable, are scattered up and down the pages of this volume. But no one would wish them away, for Mr. White communicates so pleasantly the misinformation which he has to give, that we feel that we have made an actual gain when, under his guidance, we exchange an uninteresting and unaccommodating fact for a charmingly told fiction. It is only when he hesitates that he loses in interest. This is plainly seen, for illustration, in the remarks contained in his twenty-eighth chapter upon *had rather be*—a very ticklish phrase for one to meddle with who is not familiar with its origin and history, and the precise nature of its constituent parts. Mr. White writes about it and about it without really saying anything of it; and the sort of wobbling movement which characterizes him in this place, so different from his usual directness and positiveness, not only takes away interest in the subject, but gives to the reader that painful impression which affects all of us at the sight of the struggles of a writer to impart to others information in regard to matters which he himself does not thoroughly understand.

The work is divided into four parts. The first, entitled "Speech," is largely taken up with a discussion of the statements of Professor Whitney in regard to pronunciation; and it will be gratifying to the friends of that scholar to learn that, though occasionally disapproving his views, Mr. White is enabled to speak well of them on the whole.

The second part is entirely devoted to the subject of "Spelling Reform." To this, it is almost needless to say, the author is opposed. Indeed, the present agitation of it he looks upon with those mingled feelings of pity and contempt with which superior natures are supposed to view the follies and frailties of their fellow-beings. He speaks of it with the fine irony of quotation marks as a "movement." He abandons himself to the most dismal prophecies of its failure. Yet it can hardly be said that, outside of his personal opinion, he has added anything to the

* Every-day English. A sequel to "Words and their Uses." By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

facts and arguments of the controversy, save in the way of perversion of the one and misapprehension of the other. We retract: there is one contribution to the discussion, absolutely new, which he has made. Nowhere can be found so complete an exposure of the utter incapacity of linguistic scholars and special students of a tongue to deal with the question of spelling. Nowhere have we seen the advantage of ignorance of a subject as a qualification for its successful treatment more convincingly stated, and, we may be permitted to add, more adequately illustrated. There is, too, a sort of poetic justice in Mr. White's speaking disparagingly of specialists and laying bare their incompetence. He is only repaying them in their own coin.

There are, however, a number of references to and quotations from articles on spelling reform which appeared in this magazine, and these require a slight notice here. Certain statements, in particular, in regard to two words have so much attention paid to them that it would be discourteous in us not to make clear to the author the mistakes into which he has unwittingly fallen. The words are *been* and *colonel*. In regard to them it was said that two ways of spelling corresponding to two ways of pronouncing existed side by side; and that modern English has with us retained the spelling of the one form and the pronunciation of the other. Let us take these two words in order. Before saying anything specifically about *been*, it is necessary to remark that the letter *i* had from the beginning two sounds, correspondingly long and short. The latter of these is now represented in *pin*, the former in *pique*. But in process of time the letter *i*, when long, came often to have the diphthongal value—heard in *pine*—which it still retains; its strictly long sound, corresponding to short *i*, was often though not invariably denoted by *ee*. Mr. White gives up a good deal of time and space to proving, what no one ever denied, that *i* had once the sound of *ee*. But the question is, when we find the word *bin* in our earlier literature, whether the *i* of it had its strictly long or its short sound—that is, whether it was pronounced *bēēn* or *bĭn*. He unhesitatingly declares for the former view, and when he finds *bin* rhyming with such a word as *in*, he goes on to say that the latter was pronounced *een*. To prove this he quotes a passage from Wallis, who in 1653 published in Latin an English grammar. There are many extraordinary things in this volume of "Every-day English," but, upon the whole, this is the most extraordinary. Will it be believed that the very quotation which is introduced to prove this assertion proves the direct opposite? The passage from Wallis in the original Latin can be found on page twenty; and, as Mr. White has failed to comprehend it in that tongue, we shall take the liberty of translating it for him. The grammarian is speaking of the vowel-sound we are discussing. "This sound," he says, "as often as it is shortened, the English express by short *i*; but when it is lengthened they write it for the most part with *ee*, not unfrequently, however, with *ie*, or even with *ea*." Wallis then proceeds to contrast the correspondingly long and short sounds by examples, and to make the difference perfectly clear, he takes, in most cases, words bearing a close resemblance, as *fit* and *feet*, *fill* and *feel* and *field*, *sin* and *seen*, *ill* and *eel*, and several others. This settles the question; but, as if he had not done enough to ruin his own cause, Mr. White introduces on page 225 another quotation from Wallis, in which that grammarian says, in regard to this specific word, that the pronunciation *bĭn* was sometimes used instead of *bēēn*, improperly, as he thinks. These foot-notes, generously added by the author of "Every-day English," enable us to correct the errors of his text; and, though he fails to understand their force, his readers will not—at least, those of them who can construe Latin. We especially are under obligations for these quotations, as they relieve us from the necessity of burdening our columns with a defense of what there was never the slightest reason to attack. It is not often that the victim about to be immolated brings with him as an additional offering the sacrificial knife.

Nor, when he comes to *colonel*, can it be said that our author is much better off. He adds a good deal to what was found in the columns of this magazine; but it is in the way of exposition and not of contradiction. But though he does not state definitely that the *l* of *colonel* was pronounced exclusively as *l*, and never as *r*, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, he implies it; at any rate, without that assumption his argument is worth nothing. It was, according to him, about a hundred years ago that the change of letter-sound took place. Now, if two different pronunciations of the same word exist side by side in cultivated speech, it is easy to see how one might drive out the other; but for a word then to assume an entirely new pronunciation, not in accordance with its spelling, but in utter defiance of it, is something so difficult, that it may be called practically impossible under ordinary conditions. The transition of *l* to *r* is common in language; but it is common only in the language that lives almost wholly in the mouths of men, not in the developed language that is recorded in literature, read in books, and heard in the daily speech of an educated class. But this is not all. The occurrence of the word in the writings of the sixteenth century, not merely with the spelling *coronel* but with that of *cornel*, is satisfactory proof that, even at that early period, the present pronunciation was more or less prevalent. Mr. White is, indeed, totally unacquainted with this fact; but his ignorance, however great, cannot justly be held to counterbalance any one else's knowledge, however slight. He has found the word in Spenser's prose treatise on Ireland, and says that "this is probably the earliest appearance of the word in our literature in any form." It is a striking illustration of his somewhat lax method of procedure that, though in the article which he criticises there was a specific reference to the use of the term in the Leicester correspondence of 1585–6,—and this is no solitary case,—he was willing merely to borrow the fact without consulting the authority; and not even content with this, he went on to hazard the assertion that "the earl doubtless got the new title" from the

Spaniards, and to state by implication that it was he alone who used it. As a matter of fact, while it is employed by many, it occurs most frequently in this correspondence in the letters of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English Secretary of State.

It is necessity rather than choice that has led us to spend time on these unimportant details; though, alongside of the mistakes which have been pointed out here, little slips that occur frequently elsewhere —such, for instance, as Ormin's having written about two thousand lines when he actually wrote about twenty thousand—are hardly worthy of mention. We come now to the third part, which Mr. White entitles "Grammar," apparently because he denies that there is in English any such thing, and to the fourth part, which discusses mainly questions of usage. Here our author can be said to have his foot upon his native heath. This is a province which he has made peculiarly his own; and there is little doubt that what is found in this part will be much the most attractive to most of his readers. Indeed, it is they who have largely made up this portion of the book. Mr. White has a large correspondence, as he tells us, all over the country. He receives and for some years has received daily "letters written by representatives of all sorts and conditions of men"; and these appear to consist mainly of inquiries about the proper use of words and phrases. He seems, indeed, to play to some extent the part of a modern Delphic oracle, to which members of the English-speaking race resort from far and near for guidance. This is necessarily an unprofitable as well as onerous tax upon time and patience; for the modern seeker after light rarely comes laden with a larger gift than the solitary postage-stamp. But it is attended with this special consolation of its own to the feelings—that the agricultural, the bucolic, and even the medical and the military correspondent love, no less than death, a shining mark. It is certainly in his observations upon these questions of usage that Mr. White is at his best, as might naturally be expected; for they depend for their value far more upon that accuracy of judgment which comes from familiarity with the best writers than upon that mere accuracy of knowledge which can only be gained at the price of patient labor. It is, indeed, a signal illustration of the superiority of taste to truth that in particular instances the conclusions of the author are altogether right, while the reasons he gives for them are altogether wrong. To young and careless writers, therefore, this part of the work, in spite of some mistakes, will be valuable; while it will seem a perfect treasure to that class of persons whose intellectual diet consists largely of real or fancied improprieties of speech, and who are never happy unless they can make themselves miserable by discovering errors of expression where none had been thought to exist.

Howells's "Undiscovered Country."*

THOSE who have criticised Mr. Howells for keeping too near the surface in his delineations of life, ought not to complain if his latest novel shows a more solid texture than its predecessors, and has less than usual of that valuable literary attribute which Edmund Quincy used to call "specific levity." Among the vagaries of spiritualism and in the analysis of a character absorbed in its mysteries, we cannot expect a treatment so gay and amusing as if the scene were laid among very youthful maids and lovers in a "parlor-car." To many persons, moreover, the mere atmosphere of these "manifestations," real or supposed, is so unattractive as to repel them from any book which deals with such themes. It seems, indeed, a curious circumstance that while the interest in these phenomena has seemed to be unequivocally waning, it should be simultaneously revived by Mr. Howells in literature, and by Mr. Joseph Cook in discoursing on what he calls science. Yet this may be, after all, only a recognition that the whole subject is lapsing into the past, since it is with the past and completed that both art and science must mainly deal.

Mr. Howells has too much of Hawthorne in his temperament to find any difficulty in evading all assertion of his personal belief or disbelief in these wonders. He handles the rappings with as airy and impersonal a touch as if he were Hawthorne dealing with a supposed birth-mark or a bosom-serpent; his treatment is, as it should be, dramatic; he is writing a novel, not a polemic treatise. In this ease of handling this book surpasses its predecessors; and it is also superior to them in the feeling for external nature. It is perhaps due to the author's good fortune in personally exchanging suburban for rural life that there is here perceptible a certain warmth and mellowness of natural allusion, with a delicate observation of the habits of plants and animals, such as has not before been prominent in his books. The scarlet of the maples, "the sunny glisten of meadows," the joy of the red squirrels, enter as never before into his pictures. Never before could he so exquisitely describe the hour of dawn, "when the robins and orioles and sparrows were weaving that fabric of song which seems to rise everywhere from the earth to the low-hovering heaven" (page 187). That celebrated imaginative touch in Bret Harte's "Miggles," where the outcast girl unconsciously shifts her position, as she tells her story, till she brings between herself and her auditors the figure of the ruined man in whom her love has found at once her doom and her redemption,—a passage, be it remarked, which promised a higher and finer quality of genius than its author has ever again exhibited,—is not more profound or delicate in its conception than the scene in which Mr. Howells makes his two lovers first reveal their hearts to each other while picking grapes, with the grape-vine between them, betraying through that green and swaying curtain the secrets that had shunned the light of day.

It is to be observed, moreover, that "The Undiscovered Country" shows not a taste of that sub-acid vein with which Mr. Howells, in his philosophizing, has sometimes been reproached. His lover, to be sure, is rather ungracious and unlovely at the outset, but that is the type of wooer now most in vogue with

* The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

our novelists, and this not without some foundation in current manners. As to the love-plot, the conquest of the savage and the recusant by the charms of unconscious womanhood is as old as modern literature, at least; though it is not every wooer who begins his attentions, like the hero of the present novel, by savagely griping the hand of his mistress until he wounds her fingers with her own ring, and then ends them in the conventional manner by putting on her finger a ring of his own selection. Between these two incidents there lies, however, a long train of events,—or rather a few events, skillfully prolonged,—in which the continuous interest lies perhaps less in the love-affair of the daughter than in the developed character of the father.

The opening scenes are laid among mediums and spiritualists, and one must have known something personally of the class described to fully appreciate the admirableness with which Mr. Howells has delineated them all. Mrs. Le Roy, the unscrupulous, kindly, good-natured professional,—Mr. Hatch, the cheery, vivacious half-believer,—Mr. Eccles, the saturnine and suspicious philosopher,—no one ever went a dozen steps into the personal observation of "the phenomena" without encountering each of these types; and the very good-nature of the portraitures makes them inestimable. These are the minor figures, and among them rises the central personage, Dr. Boynton, a creation far more difficult,—a delineation so admirable, indeed, that we are inclined to place him distinctly in advance of any before achieved by Mr. Howells. There is danger that the popular prejudice against spiritualism, or the rather too great prolongation of some scenes in the book, may blind the reader to the remarkable portrayal of this one character. A man of science and yet a dupe,—at once pitiable and heroic,—a dreamer and yet capable of prompt and resolute action,—thoroughly sincere, and yet treading the perilous edge of deception,—a tender father and yet torturing his daughter,—full of the loftiest self-devotion for the race, and yet unsparing to the one human being intrusted to his care,—we have said enough already to show what a remarkable combination he represents. When to this we add that he is from moment to moment at the mercy of the most trivial and unexpected influences around him, so that we see him throughout, not as a fixed and formed character, but as one in the last degree plastic and floating, the study of his development assumes a sort of fascination, and its successful delineation becomes a triumph. The only previous character in whose creation Mr. Howells has shown anything approaching the same power of analysis is that of Don Ippolito in "A Foregone Conclusion," and even his nature is one of far more fixed and definite boundaries, less mobile and florid, therefore less difficult to portray. Besides, the contrasting character in that book, Vervain, is so shallow and insufficient as to make the contrast unsatisfactory and even painful, and there is a certain cynical flavor, especially at the close; whereas, the final impression left by this book is sweet and wholesome.

Dr. Boynton's daughter Egeria, the heroine of the story,—whose gradual extrication from the involuntary attitude of mediumship is the nominal motive of the book,—remains, despite the author's efforts, in that neutral tint from which it is so hard to rescue one's heroine; nor has modern art yet availed, it may be said, to rescue one's hero, except by the device already mentioned,—of making him brusque and disagreeable. Even this method, however, is becoming worn out; and Ford, the present lover, must, after all, be classed with that dynasty of Warringtons whom Thackeray has bequeathed to all succeeding novelists. He is the cultivated Timon of modern life, who makes his bread by writing for the newspapers, and finds habitually little to esteem in men, except that they are not women. "'Oh, yes, your odd friend,' said the ladies driving him (Phillips) home from the station in their phaetons"; and nothing hits off the hero better than this slight and essentially Howells-like touch. Phillips himself, the friend who consents to the ladies and the phaetons, we find a little vaguer in outline,—far less marked, indeed, than the fair ones with whom he consorts, especially those inimitable types of boarding-house life whom Mr. Howells has long since learned to indicate with a single stroke of the brush. One might confess, without shame, never to have seen Mr. Phillips; but for an American citizen not to have known Mrs. Perham would be to admit that he had never genteelly boarded.

But the crowning triumph of personal delineation —after Dr. Boynton himself—is to be found in the Shaker household, among whose members the action of the book chiefly lies. It is an equal triumph for Mr. Howells, first to have discovered this wealth of new material, and then to have so thoroughly employed it. The material is, after all, less than the skill. There is an art akin to Miss Austen's, and almost beyond her, in the method in which these people, reducing themselves to an absolute monotony of costume and coloring, of language and demeanor, are yet vindicated in their separate individualities at last, and left as distinct as the world's dress and speech could have made them. Laban and Humphrey and Elihu, Diantha and Rebecca and Susan, stand before us as separate human beings still, like those sisterhoods of commonplace women whom Miss Austen delights to paint, and among whom no two are alike, after all; so that, when a remark is made, we do not need to be told whether Martha or Mary made it. And, supreme among this quaint and kindly company, stands out the sweet and simple image of Sister Frances, lavishing all her wealth of "soft, elastic tenderness" upon the suffering girl, and coming by degrees as near as a Shakeress can to the perilous verge of sin, in encouraging the "foolishness" of the two lovers, watching over their wooing up to the very verge of the betrothal kiss, and then flinging her apron over her head.

It remains to be seen whether this book will win for itself the wide popularity of "The Lady of the Aroostook." It may lose some of this fame by its very merits,—that is, by its profounder study of character; but, unless we greatly mistake, it will bear reading many times oftener, and be the guaran-

tee to its author of more lasting fame. There were, moreover, in the previous novel, some faults of taste and management which are utterly wanting here. We have heard some youthful readers complain of it as dull, and there may be some scenes and passages which would have gained by greater condensation; but, in suggesting this, we are admitting all that can possibly be said by way of complaint, and even this may be admitting too much. In delicacy of handling, in fineness and firmness of touch, in that local coloring to which Mr. James is so provokingly indifferent, this book ranks with the best work of Mr. Howells; and in no previous novel has he so trusted himself to deal with the depths of human character. We close it with a faith, such as we have never before felt, in the steady maturing and promise of his rare powers.

Roe's "Success with Small Fruits."*

THE enjoyment with which Mr. Roe's profusely illustrated essays on the strawberry and other small fruits were welcomed, when they appeared by monthly installments in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, will be warmly revived, if not a little enhanced, by their judicious enlargement and reproduction in this superb volume. In addition to the discussion of some details which were not so appropriate for presentation in popular form, the author has given us here an entire chapter upon irrigation, which embodies both the novel and the useful side of it. The benefits of profuse watering, when it can be done with proper reference to the expense and income account, are unquestioned; and nowhere are they more appreciable and salutary than when wisely applied to the strawberry. This chapter, however, only professes to give the reader the "first principles" of the practice. As it should be, just enough is said to enable each one to think out and follow up for himself the complicated conditions which diversify the problem. The condensed statement of what irrigation has done in some localities in the British Islands, and in Germany, France and Spain, will, perhaps, strike the reader, who is not familiar with the high culture which sometimes prevails there, with a gentle fillip of surprise.

The author does the strawberry-lover a peculiar favor in the hint he gives, at the end of this chapter, of prolonging his pleasure the season through. He says:

"Where unfailing moisture can be maintained, and plants are not permitted to bear in June, nor to make runners, almost a full crop may be obtained in the autumn."

But, to be brief, it is not too much to say that no earnest grower of small fruits can afford to pass by the information contained in this book. It rightly puts the strawberry first, but it furnishes full and indispensable directions for raising all the edible and marketable berries, and indicates also the pitfalls and delusions into which the too enthusiastic amateur is likely to fall. Mr. Roe's book is never dull, and you see at once that he is experimentally familiar with every branch of his subject.

* Success with Small Fruits. By Edward P. Roe. With illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Lang's "Ballades in Blue China."*

THIS dainty and delicate little volume, with its title-page in azure, and its vellum-paper cover, is the prettiest product of the English press of late, and almost worthy to be placed beside the beautiful work of M. Jouaust and M. Lemerre. It is eight years since Mr. Lang put forth his first volume of poems, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," and in that time new fashions have arisen in the making of verse and in the making of books. For now a little while study has been given to the old French metrical forms; and attempts are even beginning to be made to imitate the style in which French publishers have sent forth the poems of the younger Parnassians. With the judgment of a poet of liberal culture, Mr. Lang has chosen that one of the old French forms which has the best hope of permanence in English verse. The *ballade*, far above *rondel* or *rondeau* or *villanelle*, is flexible and flowing, lending itself readily to irony and scorn, satire, pathos, passion, playfulness or even pure fun. It has its place beside the sonnet, and second only to the sonnet. The "Ballade of Blue China," which gives a title to the collection, appeared in the pages of this magazine but a few months ago; in some measure, it is the best of all, and fully justifies the words of a neat *dizain* which appears at the end of the series, and to which are appended the initials "A. D." (The book is dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson.)

Mr. Lang is multifarious, and as we turn the pages we can see the crossing tracks of his diverging studies. He is a bibliomaniac, and we have the "Ballade of the Book Hunter," and also the "Ballade of True Wisdom"—from a text of Jules Janin's. He has made a prose translation of Theocritus, now just published in England, and so we have a *ballade* to him of Syracuse. He is a folk-lorist, and here is a lightsome double *ballade* of Primitive Man. He is a Scotchman, and we find two *ballades* in dialect. He is fond of old poets, and he gives us here *ballades* translated, one from Horace, another from La Fontaine, and two from Villon. He knows the modern French poets, and we have here two *ballades* after M. Théodore de Banville, who is the resuscitator of the form, and by whose "*Trente-six Ballades Joyeuses*" this collection was doubtless suggested; we miss, however, the fine rendering of the *ballade* from "Gringoire," which we admired in Mr. Lang's "New Quarterly Magazine" essay on de Banville. Above all, Mr. Lang is a very clever man, a poet, with a neat humor, and a keen sense of the contrasts of life,—and so we read the *ballades* of "Cleopatra's Needle," and of "Autumn" and "Life." As characteristic as any is this:

"BALLADE OF ROULETTE.

"THIS life—one was thinking to-day
In the midst of a medley of fancies—
Is a game, and the board where we play,
Green earth with her poppies and pansies.
Let *manqué* be faded romances,
Be *passé* remorse and regret;
Hearts dance with the wheel as it dances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette*.

* XXII. Ballades in Blue China. By A. Lang. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

"The lover will stake as he may
His heart on his Peggies and Nancies;
The girl has her beauty to lay;
The saint has his prayers and his trances;
The poet bets endless expanses
In dreamland; the scamp has his debt:
How they gaze at the wheel as it glances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette!*

"The kaiser will stake his array
Of sabers, of Krupps and of lances;
An Englishman punts with his pay,
And glory the *jeton* of France is;
Your artists, or Whistlers or Vances,
Have voices or colors to bet;
Will you moan that its motion askance is—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette?*

"ENVOY.

"The prize that the pleasure enhances?
The prize is—at last to forget
The changes, the chops and the chances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette.*"

Gail Hamilton's "Common-School System."*

THERE are essays well enough in the columns of a daily newspaper, or of a magazine, and there are others which will bear being put into book form. Those which compose this volume fall only under the former class. It may be safe for a clergyman to preach on faith one Sunday and on works the next, because seven days intervene between the two sermons; but when he prints them side by side in a volume, his readers may demand a third statement, which shall be broad enough to include the contradiction of the other two. The contradictions of this book are too numerous to be mentioned. The doctrine preached in the first chapter, that the more capable workman should have the higher salary, though he do less actual work, is implicitly attacked and held up to ridicule; toward the close of the second, on page 31, we are told that "the high school does not bestow anything to be compared to the private academies and colleges." Page 67 says: "The high schools do give pupils, so far as they go, a good classical education." But it is useless to attempt to name the numberless contradictions—the last and crowning one of which is, after attacking all the ideas of the president of Harvard University, to preach and enforce his own doctrine of common-school education only eleven pages after. There are two sides to every question, but the man who sees the two sides as separate and contradictory is not much nearer the truth than he who sees only one.

The book in question, by its comprehensive title, claims to speak for the whole country, but most of its chapters are aimed at the schools of a very small section, and are strongly provincial. Of its sixteen chapters, seven are devoted to a violent attack on the school supervision; the rest attack, one by one, high schools, industrial schools, normal schools, teachers and school boards. After reading them through, one feels as if escaped from an unreasoning cyclone, which has left nothing but ruins behind it—unless, indeed, he should quote: "Here," said Mr. Caudle, "I fell asleep."

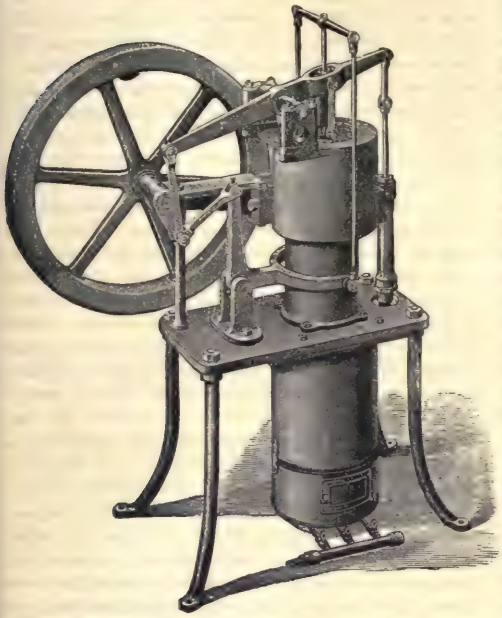
* Our Common-School System. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Estes & Laureat.

But the work of wholesale destruction is not a great one. Fault may be found by any one with anything. It seems a pity that Gail Hamilton should not apply her vigor otherwise than to such wholesale and intemperate denunciations of the schools of a whole country—denunciations supported by long, detailed accounts of individual cases. There are, doubtless, poor school superintendents, and the percentage of poor teachers in the immense total is, perhaps, fully equal to the percentage of poor lawyers, physicians, clergymen or essay writers. But to generalize in the way used in these chapters is unreasonable. To assume that private schools, as such, are superior to public schools, as such, and to give the impression that almost all women teachers are good and hard-working, and almost all men teachers poor, lazy and ill-bred, is foolishness. Logically, to follow the advice of this author, we should at once abolish all school boards, superintendents, normal schools, high schools, principals, and, in fact, all teachers. The remainder would be only school-houses and children. It is easy to criticise and ridicule, in language borrowed from "Pinafore," the common schools of the United States. It is easy for a New Englander to take it for granted that the disagreements of the late superintendent of the Boston schools with the supervisors possess a national interest, and that the schools all over the country "take their pitch" from Boston. But such is no longer the case. The schools of the great western cities do not concern themselves with what Boston does, or does not do, and she who attempts to generalize from that city, while heaping scorn and ridicule upon it, displays only her own ignorance of anything that can be called "Our Common-School System."

The right or the duty of the State to establish, by taxation, schools for the education of all its children, is a question not to be flippantly decided by an assertion, and just where that duty, if conceded, ceases, is another which demands grave consideration and cool discussion. It were well, however, to remember the answer of Matthew Arnold, who, after officially making an exhaustive study of the secondary schools of Europe, replied to one asking: "How shall we improve our primary schools?" "Reform your secondary schools," and to the question: "How shall we reform our secondary schools?" "Reform your colleges and universities." The key of the educational position is in the upper rooms, not in the lower.

It were also well for an author to learn something more about a teacher than she does, when she asserts that "even a veteran teacher cannot do her work well when watched." She might as well say that the Speaker of the House of Representatives could not preside well if there were spectators in the gallery, or that Charlotte Cushman could not have done herself or her part justice if there had been ushers in the aisles of the theater. It were also well for her to know somewhat of some real normal schools, and their results, before she attempts to tell what they are, or are not. Sarcasm is easy, but sarcasm often aims more at self-glorification than at the accomplishment of wise and desirable ends.

New Hot-Air Pumping Engine.



HOT-AIR or caloric motors of low power are in general use, and fill an important duty in furnishing power for turning light machinery and in pumping water. Some of the best of these have been already described in this department. A new motor designed for pumping water, though the subject of many years of experimenting on the part of the inventor, has recently been built upon a commercial scale, and seems likely to fill a want wherever moderate quantities of water are to be lifted a short distance cheaply. The engine consists of an upright cylinder, cast in one piece, the lower portion being suspended in the fire-box or furnace, while the upper portion is surrounded by a water-jacket. This cylinder is supported in the center by a simple iron table having four legs, and raised high enough to admit the furnace under the table. The furnace under the cylinder may be a small, cylindrical wood or coal stove, with a suitable chimney, or three gas-jets inclosed by a sheet-iron box, having an opening at the top for the escape of the products of combustion. The use of gas is to be preferred to coal or wood wherever it can be obtained, as it is cleaner, cheaper, and much less liable to injure the machine by overheating. The moving parts consist of two pistons, placed one over the other in the cylinder, and their proper connections by means of a walking-beam and bell-crank. The theory of the engine is this: the lower piston, or plunger, is quite long, filling about one-third of the cylinder, and not quite touching the sides and bottom. Studs on the sides of the plunger serve to guide it in the cylinder. The upper piston fits the cylinder air-tight, or very nearly so, and moves up and down in the cylinder over a portion of the part that is water-jacketed, the upper side of the piston being exposed to the air. The rod for the plunger passes through the center of the piston rod, and both plunger and piston move independently of each other. On starting the fire under the cylinder the air inside becomes heated, and by giving the fly-wheel a slight push the motor starts into operation in this manner: the plunger descends quickly, driving the heated air at the lower end of the cylinder past the sides of the plunger to the upper part of the cylinder, where it meets the piston and forces it upward, and giving the first stroke to the engine. At the same time, the hot air meets the cold sides of the jacketed portion of the cylinder and contracts, makes a partial vacuum under the piston and escapes back to the lower portion of the cylinder, where it is again heated. The fly-wheel carries the plunger down again with a quick stroke that compresses the heated air, and it again expands suddenly and reacts upon the piston above, when the action is repeated. It will be observed that the same air is used continuously, being alternately heated and cooled, expanded and contracted; the conversion from one condition to the other developing the power required to keep the machine in motion and enable it to do useful work. The system of cranks for controlling the movements of plunger and piston is exceedingly simple and ingenious, and in operation the motor works in silence. The pump is placed at the side of the cylinder, and is connected directly with the walking-beam moved by the piston. It takes the water through a suction-pipe and passes it through the water-jacket and thence on to the discharge, the slight absorption of heat in passing through the jacket being of no particular consequence, while the fact that none of the water passes the jacket twice insures a constant supply of cold water in cooling the cylinder. The motor is made in two sizes, the larger size with a cylinder 20 m. (8 in.) in diameter and consuming 420 cubic decim. (15 ft.) of gas per hour, having a duty of 1,400 liters (350 gals.), raised 15.07 m. (50 ft.) an hour. It cannot explode, nor is there danger of fire, and any intelligent person may learn to use it with safety in half an hour.

The Topophone.

THIS novel and interesting instrument is, as its name indicates, an apparatus for discovering the place or position of a sound. Its practical use is to discover the position of a source of sound. Its commercial value will be seen when it is observed that it stands to the navigator in the same relation as the compass and sextant. While the compass points out to the sailing-master at sea the position of a known point on the earth, and the sextant points out his position on the earth's surface, the topophone will prove of equal value in determining the position, and the distance from, of an invisible source of sound, either on land or on another vessel. On approaching a coast in the night and observing a light, the compass indicates, by the aid of the chart and sail-

ing directions, the course to be pursued in entering the port. In like manner, when, in a fog, the sound of a fog-horn is heard, either on the land or afloat, the topophone indicates to the navigator the precise direction from which the sound proceeds, and by simple experiment will give its exact distance. Thus, by the use of the topophone, it would be possible to enter and pass up the Delaware bay and river in a thick fog, and to navigate the difficult and intricate channel as readily as may now be done on a clear night by aid of the lights and a compass. In a fog it is not possible for the ear to decide with unfailing precision the direction in which a sound is heard. It can be done approximately by trained pilots, but all persons are liable to be deceived in listening to the sound of a fog-horn, and may be unable to decide within several degrees the direction of the source of sound. No one can by ear decide the distance of the horn, and it is from this aural defect that a great number of collisions at sea and wrecks upon the coast may be directly traced. The topophone points out in a few seconds the exact position of the horn, and in a few minutes will give its distance within a few meters.

The conception of this instrument was based on a correct apprehension of a sound-wave as it exists invisible in the air, its invention was a direct proof of the supposed form of a sound-wave, and it gives the first demonstration of some of the most interesting laws in the physics of sound. A sound, whatever its character, pitch, loudness or source, has been conceived as a globe continually expanding in the air, and composed of a wave formed by a compression, followed by a rarefaction of the air. A continuous sound would be a series of these globes, one within the other, the smallest at the center or source of sound, the largest on the outside, and all continually expanding and spreading outward. It is now easy to understand that, if the hands were sensitive to the sound, we might stretch the arms at full length at right angles with the body and level with the head, and face the sound, when each hand would touch the edge of one of these spherical sound-waves at the same time. In this case, the observer would face the source of sound and look in a direction which would be a radius of the circle formed by the sound-wave. If he now turned away from the source of sound, one hand only would touch the wave of sound. If the hands were sensitive to the touch of the wave, it is easy to see that the observer might turn about till he felt that both hands touched the same wave. When they did, he must of necessity face the source of sound, whether he was able to see it or not. Any position in which the hands did not touch the wave at the same instant would be wrong, and thus, by simply turning about, the observer could discover the direction from which the sound came. This is the theory of the topophone. Its practical application is secured by the use of two metallic resonators, turned in unison with the source of sound. These resonators are placed on a wooden yoke, designed to be worn upon the shoulders, or to be placed upon an upright standard on the ship's deck. From each of these resonators is taken an ear tube (of rubber or metal) that leads to the cabin below, or toward the observer's head, in case the apparatus is worn on the shoulders in the open air. These tubes unite behind the apparatus and then bifurcate again, and end in ear-pieces designed to fit the observer's ears. In the case of the apparatus placed on the ship's deck, the standard supporting the yoke passes through the deck to a table in the cabin, where it is supported on a pivot so that it may be freely turned about, and cause the yoke to move in a horizontal plane. The table is marked with the points of the compass, and a pointer on the standard serves to show on the table the direction in which the resonators are facing. When the apparatus is worn by the observer, he does not need the compass nor pointer. When, in a fog, the navigator hears a fog-horn and wishes to know its exact direction, he goes to the cabin, places the ear-pieces in his ears and listens to the sound, while slowly turning the apparatus around. Until the two resonators face the source of sound, and each touches the edge of the same sound-wave at the same instant, he hears the horn without change, except that it is somewhat louder. The instant the two resonators receive the wave at the same time, there is a change in the loudness of the sound. It drops to a low murmur, or is altogether extinguished, and he hears nothing. Looking on the table, the pointer indicates the direction of the sound, or, in other words, the position of the fog-horn. In using the instrument on deck, he finds he is facing the horn when the sound is extinguished in the apparatus. In either case he has the desired information, and from his chart knows his position in relation to the horn, though it is shrouded in mist. To ascertain his distance from the horn, he sails a known distance and repeats the experiment. This gives him a base line and two directions from the horn, the three forming a triangle, from which he may easily compute the distance of the unseen horn.

A continuous sound, like that of a fog-horn of a known pitch, gives a series of sound-waves of a known length. Each is composed of a compression and rarefaction separated by a known distance, this distance making a wave length. The topophone is based on this fact: it can be imagined that, if one resonator were advanced in front of the other one-half a wave length, that one would receive the compressed part or crest of the wave while the other was receiving the rarefied part, or the hollow of the wave, and if these met in the ear through the tubes the hearer would receive two sensations—a compression and rarefaction at the same time. The result would be either a confusion of sensation or a neutralization of the crest and hollow of the wave; in other words, nothing—or silence. The most striking feature of the topophone is in the arrangement of the tubes that lead the sound from the two resonators to the ear. One tube is half a wave length longer than the other, and thus, while the resonators are in a line and receive the wave at the same time, one ear hears the crest while the other hears the hollow, because the one or the other has taken longer time to travel through the longer tube. The tube being a half wave length longer, crest and hollow reach the ear at the same time, neutralizing each other and producing

silence. - The topophone has been fully tested upon the coast. The one objection that has been raised to the instrument is, that fog-horns are of various pitches, while the topophone is of no use except when nearly in tune with the note of the horn. On the other hand, it may be observed that the United States fog-horns used on our sea and lake coasts are sirens, and capable of any pitch. In point of fact, they are all used upon very nearly the same pitch, it having been found that treble C, of about 260 vibrations per second, is the best note for such an alarm. Steamer whistles are, it is true, of various pitches, but it is certainly no more difficult to compel vessels to use whistles and horns of a uniform pitch than it is to compel them, as now, to use lights of a uniform color.

The topophone is the invention of Professor Alfred M. Mayer, and reflects great credit upon the inventor and upon American science.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

I Promessi Sposi.

A SONNET IN DIALOGUE.

With full indications of all the stage business, entrances, exits, etc., etc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

She, a young lady, betrothed to him in his cradle, but has not seen him since.
He, a young gentleman, betrothed to her in her cradle, but has not seen her since.

Time: the early summer of 1880.

Scene. *A summer-hotel piazza. Door C., leading to hotel parlor. Steps R., rising from hotel garden. Rustic rocking-chair, L. C. Sunset effect toward end of scene.*

She *(entering door C. from parlor)*. Is this not Edwin? Or do I mistake?
He *(entering up steps R.)*. 'Tis Angelina! *(crosses C. and shakes hands)* whose life with mine shall blend—
She *(interrupting impatiently)*. So said our parents! but the fates forefend!
He *(aside, joyfully)*. She loves me not! *(aloud, with affected grief)* Do you our troth forsake?
She *(energetically)*. Better a promise than a heart to break?
He *(with false pathos)*. And is our long engagement now to end?
She *(with feminine candor)*. I always shall regard you as a friend.
He *(hypocritically laying his hand on his heart)*. But how shall that be balm unto this ache?
She *(with consoling wisdom)*. Wedlock, alas, is oft a state of strife!
He *(changing tone)*. To marry us was but our parents' plan.
She *(with returning coquetry)*. You'll never be my husband, sir, I fear *(sits in rocking chair, L. C.)*.
He *(anxiously)*. Pray tell me why you cannot be my wife?
She *(with hesitating frankness)*. Well—I'm engaged—to—to another man!
He *(greatly relieved and highly exultant)*. And I've been married now for nigh a year!
She starts up with ill-repressed and feminine dissatisfaction. He lights the masculine cigar of independence.

TABLEAU.

[CURTAIN.] J. B. M.

The Archery Meeting.

A LAWN of velvet; reared at either side
A flaring target like a viking's shield;
A brave old mansion; here and there descried
Fair groups in courtly attitudes afield,
Such as quaint Watteau painted;
With bows of lancewood, tufted shafts ablaze
From gaudy quivers, and costumes to match
July suggestions—limpid greens and grays,
Light-blues and lilacs, such as lift the latch
To make extremes acquainted;
And sweet, low laughs, like voicèd smiles, that blend
With drip of bird-trills from lawn's end to end.

Then one by one, in soft or manly pose,
The archers alternating, man and maid;
Shafts notched at string, adjustment of slim bows,
The sweep from arm's-length unto shoulder-blade,
The arrows sharply whistling.
Nine for the bull's-eye, seven for the red,
The drab five counting, and the black but three,
While, circling round the outer white, are spread
The errant units, till the targe we see
Like a thronged marsh-pool bristling.
Then tallies marked, the shafts regained, and then
The sward walked over, to begin again.

No dream, I trow, of greenwood sports of old,
Such as Maid Marian's, with her outlawed *frères*,
Attends this latest freak of fashion's mold—
No quivered bravery of red compeers
Its modish current jeopards;
But all is gentle, suave—a goodly share
Of parlor graces with free movement blent;
Formal, polite, high-bred and *debonnaire*,
It still repeats the nice impression lent
By Watteau and his shepherds,
Where picturesque and etiquette impart
Their odd companionship to mannered art.

A snowy cloth; a luncheon rarely heaped;
The laughter jocund now that lately purred;
The meeds apportioned and the honors reaped;
With bow-and-arrow wit that takes the word
From smiles and looks of greeting.
And over all a spirit and a charm
Of ease conventional—of pastime held
In leash from gush, with naught to give alarm
To that reposeful stateliness compelled
By grace with skill competing.
No harm done, and the end in view attained—
The blind god through fresh paces led and trained.

NATHAN D. URNER.

The Ballade of the Candidate.

WHO is it stands, without retreating,
In thirsty morn and twilight late,
With warmth unwonted all men greeting,
Who is it stands by the outer gate?
It is—it is the candidate
Whose backbone is thus oft deflected;
His name is on the Boss's slate;
He begs that he may be elected.

By day he does his duty, treating
To meat and drink both small and great;
He feels his pocket fast depleting;
He cannot bear to contemplate
The doubt he cannot but create,—
The thought that he may be rejected,—
The dread that makes him desperate.
He begs that he may be elected.

At night his dreams are few and fleeting,
He faintly sees his future fate;
He fears the foe may try "repeating,"
Or fraudulently perpetrate
Some vile attempt to captivate
Such voters as are disaffected.
In fright he wakes unfortunate:
He begs that he may be elected.

ENVOY.

Voters! whose voices guide the state,
Now shall ye find, were he dissected,
No principles within his pate;
He begs—that he may be elected.

ARTHUR PENN.

Indecision.

I LOVE her! Words cannot express
The joy with which her presence fills me.
The soft touch of her hand, her dress
Against my arm with rapture thrills me.
I yearn to call her mine, but still
(Excuse me if my sorrows trouble you)
She says I am her dearest Will,
And writes it with a lower-case w.

Fresh as a rosebud newly born
With morning's dew-drop still upon it;
Graces that ne'er did queen adorn,
Worthy of poet's noblest sonnet;
A heart as sunny as a bird's,
Ah, were I free my life to pledge her!
Were I but sure she'd find my words
Sweet as her heroes' of the "Ledger"!

I sang to her an old, old song,
(An excellent hint from Coleridge taking)—
The tale of one whose heart had long
With untold love been slowly breaking.
I ceased; but though upon her face
Love, pity, maiden shame were blended,
Instead of Genevieve's embrace
She only murmured, "That is splendid!"

Queen of home arts, she seems to cast
Sunshine and song 'round all who meet her.
No rare Madonna of the past
Was ever purer, gentler, sweeter.
A home with her—but no, I fear
It cannot be. How *could* I bear
To hear her play, year after year,
Her single piece—the "Maiden's Prayer"?

JACOB F. HENRICI.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THOSE men whose brains are few but active, are the most successful in business.

Monuments do not prove very much after all; some of the wisest and best men who have ever lived are buried, no one knows where.

True merit is always a little suspicious of praise.

There is no suffering equal to fear, for it has no limit.

It is generally safe to converse freely with an unreserved talker, but when a man lets you carry on all the conversation it is well to be on your guard, for the probability is, he is taking your measure.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

One reason why we all grow wise so slowly, is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.

Building air-castles is a harmless business as long as you don't attempt to live in them.

Unfortunately, the only pedigree worth having is one that can neither be transmitted nor inherited.

The more virtuous a man is the more virtue does he see in others.

A strong man is one whose passions stimulate his reason and whose reason controls his passions.

The divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

A man is great, just in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

A weak man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

A man cannot do good nor evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

That man whom you can treat with unreserved familiarity, at the same time preserving your dignity and his respect, is a rare companion, and his acquaintance should be cultivated.

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.

One of the kindest things heaven has done for man is denying him the power of looking into the future.

Mankind all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. OCTOBER, 1880. No. 6.

PORPOISE-SHOOTING.

SHOOTING A PORPOISE.

"CANOE ahoy-oy-oy!"

"Ahoy-oy-oy."

"Where are you bound?"

"Indian Beach, Grand Menan."

"You can't fetch it, in this wind and sea; better come aboard the schooner."

The hail came from an outward bound pilot-boat, running down the Bay of Fundy, close-reefed, in a strong breeze, and was addressed to the writer and his Indian friend Sebatis, who were crossing the bay in a canoe bound to Indian Beach, Grand Menan, on a porpoise-shooting expedition.

"Sebatis, the men in the schooner want to take us aboard; they say that there is too much wind and sea to fetch Indian Beach with the canoe."

"No danger; canoe best; we fetch 'im Indian Beach all safe—s'pose we go on pilot-boat, sartin very sea-sick."

On hearing Sebatis's remark, a hearty laugh and a cheer came from the crew of the pilot-boat, and, thanking them for their kind intentions, we bore away for our destination.

To one unaccustomed to the sea-worthy qualities of a birch canoe properly handled, the situation would have seemed a perilous one, for the sea was running high, and the breeze stiffening.

"Look out, Sebatis!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as the spray from a sea breaking almost aboard of us drenched me.

"All right, no danger 'tall, only little wet."

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SEBATIS IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

"I'm afraid we'll be swamped, Sebatis."

"No chance swamp 'im, I watch canoe so close, you see, water can't come 'board 'tall."

I began to think that our situation very much resembled that of the old Indian who, for lack of a sail, put up a big bush in the bow of his canoe;—all went well with him until the wind increased to a gale and he could not get forward to reef his bush. So he sat like a statue, steering with his paddle, and repeating, in a mournful monotone:

"Too much bush, too much bush, for little canoe."

With this in my mind, I said to Sebatis:

"Don't you think that we are carrying too much sail? A heavy squall might upset us."

"Well, you see," he replied, "no chance reef 'im now, wind so heavy, but I take care, got sheet in my hand, s'pose squall, then I let go pretty quick."

He had the sheet in his hand, as he said, and was steering with the paddle in the other, whale-boat fashion. So I took heart of grace and troubled myself no more about the matter.

"You hear 'im wolves?" said Sebatis, pointing to a low-lying group of rocky islands that have crushed many a noble ship with their ugly fangs; "make good deal noise" (alluding to the surf); "wind shift now—fair all way Indian Beach."

And away we bounded, the canoe riding the waves like a duck, and so buoyantly that at times six feet of her length were out of water.

After another hour's sailing:

"Only a little ways now," said Sebatis. "Just 'round big headland, then no wind, only sea pretty heavy."

In a few moments we doubled the headland safely, and Sebatis unstepped the mast and stowed the sail in the bottom of the canoe, then resumed his paddle.

On viewing our prospect for landing, I must confess to more anxiety than I had hitherto experienced. True, we were out of the wind, but the night was shutting down apace, and a transient gleam from the storm-rent clouds disclosed the sea rolling in on the beach in such a manner as to make our landing, in the treacherous light of the departing day, a dangerous one.

"Now then," exclaimed Sebatis, "s'pose you jump overboard, and run right up the beach, when I give the word. I'll beach the canoe all 'lone myself."

He was paddling with might and main, and we were successfully riding the waves within one hundred yards of the beach.

"Now then, jump quick, and run," he cried, as a receding wave left us in a swashing undertow.

I was overboard in an instant and struggled out of the reach of the sea. After holding the canoe steady while I jumped, Sebatis followed, and, partly dragging and partly carrying the canoe, beached her high and dry.

We were now on Indian Beach, where the Indians camp for the summer and autumn porpoise-shooting. The beach extends for about half a mile, between two projecting headlands, and the camps, constructed of drift-wood, are placed just above high-water mark, and under the shelter of the overhanging cliffs.

Drenched with salt water, and as hungry as wolves, we unpacked the canoe and carried our "possibles" to Sebatis's camp.

Porpoise-shooting affords to the Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe their principal means of support. It is practiced at all seasons of the year, but the fish killed in the winter are the fattest and give the largest quantities of oil. The largest-sized porpoises measure about seven feet in length, about the girth five feet, weigh three hundred pounds and upward, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is about one and one-half inches thick in summer, and two inches thick in winter, at which time the creature is in its best condition. The blubber from a large porpoise weighs about one hundred pounds. The Indians try out the oil in a very primitive manner, and with very rude but picturesque appliances. The blubber is stripped off, then cut into small pieces, which are placed in huge iron pots and melted over a fire. All along the beach were placed, at intervals, curious structures, consisting of two upright pieces of wood surmounted by a cross-piece, from which the pots were hung by chains. Under this cross-piece large stones were piled in a semicircle, inside of which a fire was made that was allowed to burn fiercely until the stones were at a white heat. The fire was then scattered, and the pots containing the blubber were placed over the stones and just enough fire kept under them to insure the melting of the blubber. When melted, the oil was skimmed off into other receptacles, then poured into tin cans of about five gallons capacity, and the process was complete. If the oil is pure, it readily brings ninety cents per gallon, but if adulterated with seal, or any other inferior oil, its value is reduced to sixty-five cents per gallon. A very superior oil is obtained from the jaw of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil, as it drips, is caught in cans placed for that purpose. The quantity of oil thus procured is small, being only about half of a pint from each jaw, but a large price is paid for it by watchmakers and others requiring a very fine lubricator. The oil from the blubber gives a very good light, and was for a long time used in all the light-houses on the coast. It is also a capital oil for lubricating machinery, never gets sticky, and is unaffected by cold weather. When pure, there is no offensive smell, and I know of no oil equal to it for those who are compelled to use

SPEARING A PORPOISE.

THE CAMP AT INDIAN BEACH.

their eyes at night. The light is very soft, and, used in a German student's lamp, one can work almost as comfortably as by daylight, and the dreaded glare of gas and other artificial lights is completely avoided.

If industrious, and favored with ordinary success, an Indian can kill from one hundred and fifty to two hundred porpoises in a year, and they will probably average three gallons of oil each. But, unfortunately, the poor Indians are not industrious, or only so by fits and starts, or as necessity compels them. Their way is usually to accumulate some fifteen or twenty gallons of oil, then go off to Eastport, Maine, with it, for a market. Thus, much time is lost in loitering about the towns, and in going to and returning from the hunting-grounds. Moreover, there are always two Indians to each canoe, and the proceeds of the hunt have to be divided. There is quite a good demand for the oil, and, if systematically followed, porpoise-shooting would furnish the Indians with a comfortable support. The flesh of the porpoise, when cooked, is not unlike fresh pork, and at one time was much used. The Indians still use it, and it is also in request by the fishermen on the coast, who readily exchange fresh fish for "porpus" meat with the Indians.

Almost unknown to the outside world, here is an industry followed by these poor Indians, year after year, calling in its pursuit for more bravery, skill and endurance than perhaps any other occupation. I could not help feeling a melancholy interest in them and their pursuits as I sat on the beach at sunrise, watching them embark on their perilous work. For these poor creatures, "porpusin'" possessed an all-absorbing interest, and the chances of success, state of weather and price obtainable for the oil were matters of every-day discussion.

In the morning, all the women and children turned out to see the canoes go off, and if during the day a storm came up, or the canoes were unusually late in returning, many anxious eyes would be turned seaward. They were always pleasant and good-natured with one another, and in general returned from the hunt about three o'clock in the afternoon. After dinner, one would have thought that, tired out with their exertions, they would have sought repose; but they did not seem to need it, and the rest of the day until sundown would be spent in friendly games upon the beach.

To make a successful porpoise-hunter requires five or six years of constant practice. Boys, ten or twelve years of age, are taken out in the canoes by the men, and thus early trained in the pursuit of that which is to form their main support in after years. Porpoise-shooting is followed at all seasons and in all kinds of weather—in the summer sea, in the boisterous autumn gales, and in the dreadful icy seas of midwinter. In a calm summer day, the porpoise can be heard blowing for a long distance. The Indians, guided by

the sound long before they can see the game, paddle rapidly in the direction from which the sound comes, and rarely fail to secure the fish. They use long smooth-bored guns, loaded with a handful of powder, and a heavy charge of double B shot. As soon as the porpoise is shot, they paddle rapidly up to him and kill him with a spear, to prevent his flopping about, and upsetting the canoe after they have taken him aboard. The manner of taking the porpoise aboard is to insert two fingers of the right hand into the blow-hole, take hold of the pectoral fin with the left hand, and lift the fish up until at least one-half of his length is above the gunwale of the canoe, and then drag him aboard.

TAKING A PORPOISE ABOARD IN ROUGH WATER.

This is comparatively easy to accomplish in smooth water, but when the feat is performed in a heavy sea, one can realize the skill and daring required. In rough weather, with a high sea running, the Indian is compelled to stand up in his canoe when he fires, otherwise he could not see his game. In such work as this, one would suppose that upsets would be almost unavoidable, but strange to say they seldom happen,—and only under circumstances where the Indian's skill or foresight are unavailing. When an Indian stands up in his canoe, in rough water, he suits himself to every motion of his frail craft, and is ever ready to sway his body and keep her on an even keel. In this he is ably seconded by his comrade who manages the paddle, and with marvelous dexterity urges the canoe forward, checks her, backs her, whirls her completely around, or holds her steady as a rock, as the emergency may require.

Although an old and experienced canoeist, in the matter of shooting porpoises from a canoe in a heavy sea, and taking them aboard, I often feel inclined to side with my friend Colonel W——, who once arranged a porpoise-shooting expedition on shares with an Indian named Paul. It was the Colonel's first, and, I may add, last experience in this kind of shooting, for the Indian, having shot a very large porpoise, paddled rapidly up to him, speared him, and was in the act of hauling him aboard, when the Colonel recovered his power of speech, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Hold on, Paul, hold on; how much is that porpoise worth?"

BEACHING THE CANOE.

"How much worth? May be five dollars."

"Well, Paul, I'll pay you half, and we wont take the porpoise in."

"No," replied Paul, "I pay *you* half; sartin, we take in 'im porpus."

The Colonel's appeal was of no avail, as they were surrounded by other canoes similarly occupied, and it was a point of honor with Paul to take the porpoise aboard, otherwise he might have been suspected of cowardice.

Not unfrequently, as the Indian hastily paddles up to dispatch a wounded porpoise with his spear, he sees the terrible dorsal-fin of a shark appear, cutting the water, as the monster, attracted by the scent of blood, rushes to dispute possession of the prey.

Although there are well authenticated cases of a shark's having actually cut the porpoise in half just as the Indian was hauling it aboard of his canoe, I have never heard of any harm resulting to the Indians from attacks of this nature; nor do they in the least fear the sharks, but, on the contrary, boldly attack and drive them off with their long spears.

One evening, after I had passed several days on the Indian Beach, sketching and making studies, Sebatis returned from visiting one of the camps and said:

"S'pose you like to try 'im porpusin', I find very good hand go with us."

"Who is he, Sebatis?"

"You never see 'im 'tall, his name's Pieltoma."

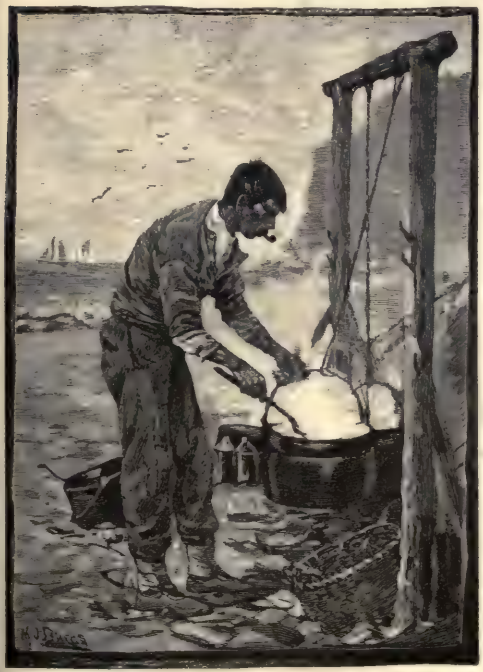
"When do we start?"

"May be about daylight, s'pose no fog."

Judging by my experience during the few days that I had been on the island, Sebatis's proviso about the fog seemed likely to indefinitely postpone our expedition. Whence the fog came, or whither it went, seemed one of those things that no person could find out. At times, when the sun was shining brightly, the distant cliffs would suddenly become obscured as if a veil had been dropped over them, then nearer objects would become indistinct, and while one was wondering at the rapid change, everything animate and inanimate would vanish as if by magic. For a time, silence reigned supreme, then a din as of the infernal regions began. First, a big steam-whistle on the land half a mile away sent out its melancholy boo-oo-oo in warning to passing mariners, then from the sea came the answering whistle of some passing steamer, then the fishermen at anchor in the bay blew their tin fog-horns, and their conch-shell fog-horns, until at last one became thoroughly convinced that every conceivable and inconceivable form of "American devil," as the English term our steam-whistle, was faithfully represented in the uproar. Now and then, during an interlude, a sound that

CAPTAIN SAM AND HIS BOY.

might have been uttered by a mountain gnome echoed through the void—this was the dismal "kong, kong" of the raven, seated away upon some projecting crag. Here the raven is a regal bird and attains his greatest size and most majestic form. The transformation came as quickly, and almost in a twinkling the veil would be lifted from the hills, and the sun would shine out again, bright and warm. Some of the effects of light and shade produced by these sudden transitions are grand beyond all power of description.



TRYING OUT BLUBBER.

Just about daylight next morning, Sebatis aroused me. There was no fog and it was quite calm on the water, and, as Sebatis remarked:

"A very good day for porpusin'."

Pieltoma, a fine-looking young Indian, joined us at breakfast, and, that over, we embarked in Sebatis's canoe and paddled off in quest of porpoises.

"How far out are you going, Sebatis?"

"Can't tell yet; you see, by and by, may be we hear 'im porpusis blowin' somewheres."

"I hear 'im porpus blowin' just now," said Pieltoma.

"Sartin, Pieltoma got pretty good ears; I don't hear 'im nothin' 'tall."

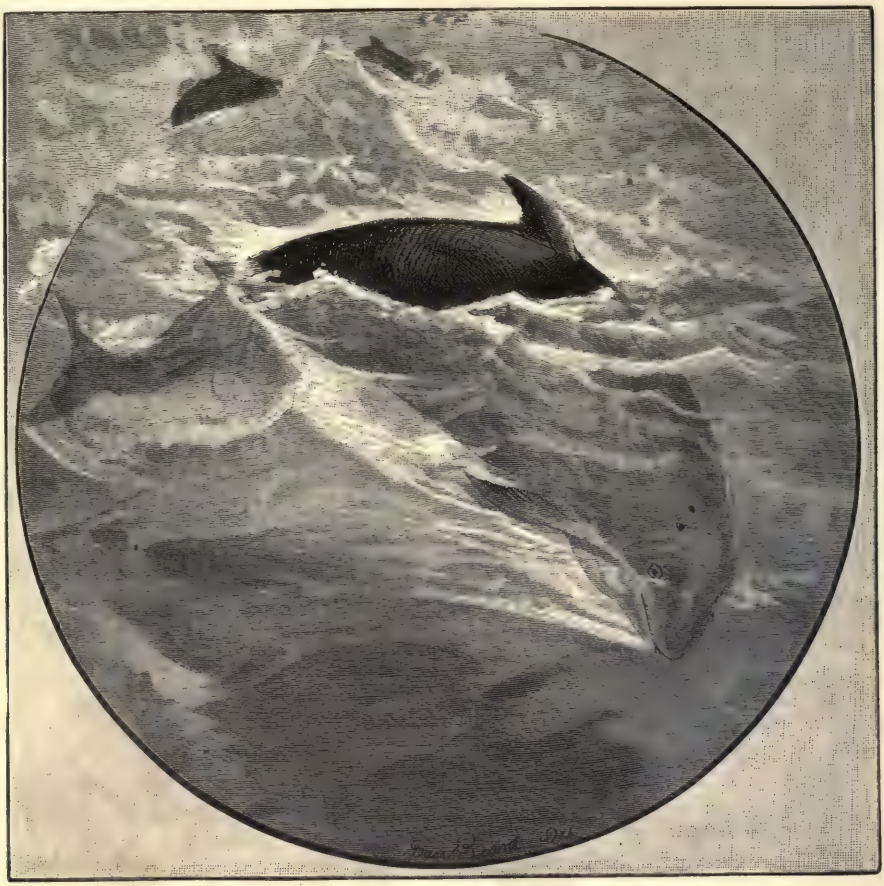
"I hear 'im, sartin," reiterated Pieltoma.

"Which way?" asked Sebatis.

"Away up on rips, this side Eel Brook. Hark! you hear 'im now?" he continued.

"Sartin," said Sebatis. "We go now pretty quick."

Simultaneously their paddles struck the water, and away we went with redoubled speed. I was listening intently, but so far my uneducated ears failed to detect the sound.



A PORPOISE DIVING.

"There goes porpus," said Sebatis, dropping his paddle and taking up his gun.

Just then a deafening roar came from the stern where Pieltoma sat, and the canoe tilted slightly over.

"By tunders!" cried Sebatis, in a chiding tone. "You miss 'im porpus sartin, and most upset canoe beside; some time you bust 'im gun, s'pose, you put in so much powder."

This habit of overloading their guns frequently results in serious accidents to the Indians, and I know two Indians, one with a broken jaw and one with a broken shoulder, the result of this infatuation. In this, however, they are not singular, as the fishermen of Newfoundland, who use old muskets for duck and seal shooting, overload in the same way, and broken shoulders and broken noses are said to be quite common among them.

Poor Pieltoma seemed quite disconsolate at this misadventure, and without remark of any kind resumed his paddle, and we continued on our way.

"What do the porpoises feed on, Sebatis?"

"He eat 'im mackerel, herrin's and most all kinds of small little fishes—by-em-by we come on feedin'-grounds, then see 'im more porpusis."

"I hear 'im porpus again," remarked Pieltoma.

Instantly, Sebatis was on his feet, gun in hand, and I just caught a glimpse of a dark body rolling over in the water some fifty yards away, when Sebatis fired, then dropped his gun and picked up the long spear which lay ready to his hand in the bow of the canoe.

Pieltoma paddled quickly up to the porpoise, and Sebatis stabbed the dying fish repeatedly, and then dragged him aboard of the canoe. He was a medium-sized fish, and weighed about two hundred pounds.

"Now then, fill my pipe first, then we

go hunt 'im somewhere else, may be find 'im more porpusis," said Sebatis.

"It will be Pieltoma's turn to shoot the next porpoise."

"No; Pieltoma best paddle canoe. I shoot 'im porpusis."

It afterward transpired that Pieltoma was not an expert in porpoise-shooting. I had thought that all Indians were good porpoise-hunters, but it seems that there are several grades of excellence, and that some of the Indians never attain the requisite skill. Poor Pieltoma was one of the latter class, and in future would have to stick to the paddle, in the management of which he excelled.

After paddling along for some time in silence, he said:

"Sebatis, s'pose we try 'im farther out, porpus may be chase 'im mackerel somewheres. I see 'im plenty gulls outside."

"Sartin, that's a very good plan," replied Sebatis. "We'll go about two miles out."

"Storm coming, Sebatis; wind and sea both rising."

"No, not any storm, only little breezy, that's all. By-em-by you see 'im plenty porpusis. Always when breezy then porpusis kind playin', you see—jump 'round everywheres."

"Do the porpoises go in large schools?"

"Always good many together, sometimes I see 'im forty or fifty porpusis all jumpin' 'round at the same time."

"There goes three porpusis!" said Pieltoma.

"Which way?" asked Sebatis.

"There they are, Sebatis," I said, as several black objects appeared, rolling over in the waves.

"I see 'im now. 'Most too far off shoot 'im. Paddle little ways closer, Pieltoma."

Presently, bang goes his gun, and we are paddled rapidly up to the fish, which is blowing and thrashing the water into foam.

"Pretty big porpus; go over three hundred," said Sebatis, as he savagely speared the porpoise.

"'Most too big take 'im in, Sebatis," said Pieltoma.

"No, not too big; s'pose you come help me to lift 'im up."

Pieltoma came forward, and I passed aft and took the paddle to steady the canoe. As they struggled to get the fish aboard over the gunwale, my knees began to shake—there was quite a swell on, and I feared that we might go over. However, they got it safely aboard at last.

"By tunders, that's pretty good luck gettin' so big porpus; about six gallons oil, sartin!" exclaimed Sebatis, exultingly.

"Almost upset the canoe that time, Sebatis."

"Oh, no; no danger to handle a porpus when two men in the canoe. S'pose only one man, then pretty risky. About a year ago, I got upset myself, takin' in a big porpus all 'lone.

"Fisherman see me, and send small boat take me off, and tow canoe alongside schooner. Not so bad, you see; save porpus, canoe, paddle, and spear—lose my gun, that's all."

"You had a very narrow escape that time."

"Well, you see, almost don't 'scape 'tall, wind and sea so heavy. By tunders, when I get ashore, and tell all about it, good many Ingins come and listen."

"Go on, Sebatis."

"Well, s'pose I got tell 'im anyhow, best land somewheres, and put 'im out porpuses, and get dinner first, then I tell 'im story,—too hungry now."

"Indian Beach only little ways, that's best chance, and I see 'im old Captain Sam's schooner fishing off beach this mornin'; may be get fresh fish dinner," said Pieltoma.

"Sartin, that's best chance," said Sebatis; "Captain Sam very good old man."

"That is a curious name, Sebatis; hasn't he got any other?"

"Well, everybody call 'im Captain Sam; may be got some other name besides. I never hear 'im. He comes here with his boy every summer, fishing."

"Hadn't we better paddle alongside and get some fresh fish for dinner?"

"Sartin; there's schooner, you see, just little ways ahead."

"Good-mornin', Captain Sam," said Sebatis, as we ranged alongside of the schooner.

"Mornin', Injuns. Mornin', neighbor," answered a cheery voice from the schooner's deck.

Captain Sam was a tall, wiry, well set-up man, with a kindly, weather-beaten face, iron gray hair and beard, and a sly twinkle in his keen gray eyes hinted that he was not destitute of humor. In age he was somewhere in the fifties. His "boy" was a strapping fellow, with a bright open face, and arms like a Vulcan. They were cleaning and curing their morning's catch, consisting of codfish, hake and haddock. After subjecting me to a critical examination with one eye, the

other being held tightly closed, Captain Sam asked:

"Be you a doctor, neighbor?"

"No."

"You been't one of them 'missioners as sot on the fish over to Halifax t'other day, be you?"

"No."

"You'll excuse me, neighbor, but ——"

"Captain Sam, s'pose you give us mess of fresh fish, then by an' by I bring you porpus steak," interrupted Sebatis.

"Give you a mess of fish? Surely you know my maxim is, 'Cast your bread in the waters'; an' so I always tells my boy Tommy, 'Tommy,' sez I, 'cast your bread on the waters, an' somethin's sure to come of it.' Give you a mess of fish, surely," and the jolly old captain tossed half a dozen fresh rock-haddocks into the canoe.

"Wont you give us a call this afternoon, Captain?"

"Surely, Tommy an' me 'll scrub ourselves up a bit, an' look you up, when we sets those fish to rights."

After dinner, Sebatis lighted his pipe, and sat puffing away, absorbed in a brown study.

"What are we to do this afternoon?"

"Well, s'pose not too tired, we take provisions with us and go porpusin' again good way off, and camp. Captain Sam and his boy are comin'. You see 'im?"

"Yes, here they are."

"Afternoon, neighbor. Well, Sebatis, how did the haddocks go?"

"Go first rate, Captain Sam; I never taste 'im better fish."

"You never spoke a truer word nor that, Sebatis; for, fresh or smoked, a rock-haddock's hard to beat."

"Captain, will you and your son join me in a bottle of ale?"

"Well neighbor, Tommy an' me, we don't go much on liquor; we takes it, or we lets it alone, but I don't know as a drop of ale will hurt a body, an' fishin's a dryish sort of work the best of times."

"Sebatis, bring a couple of bottles of ale."

"What sort of ale be this, neighbor? They do tell me that most of the liquor now days 's no better nor pizen."

"Help yourself, Captain, that ale wont hurt you."

"Here's your good health, neighbor, Injuns, Tommy, all han's," said Captain Sam, as the bottom of a tin pint covered the largest portion of his face.

"Your son doesn't seem to care for his ale, Captain."

"Come, Tommy, my boy, drink up your ale," said the captain, replenishing his pint. "And, Tommy, don't you never forget what I'm always a tellin' you. 'Cast your bread in the waters,'" he added, after a good pull at the ale.

"Time to go," said Sebatis, sententiously.

"Good-bye, Captain."

"Goin' porpusin', neighbor, be you? Well, Sebatis, take good care of him, and dont you never ——."

The last we saw of the good old captain, he was still sitting at our improvised table at the camp door, pledging his boy, with pint held to pint, and no doubt quaintly repeating his favorite maxim.

I fear that the ale was too much for one of his abstemious habits.

Pieltoma had washed out and dried the canoe, and once more we set out in pursuit of the porpoises.

"Where are we going now, Sebatis?"

"Goin' away long eddy, off northern head."

"Is that a good place for porpoises?"

"Sartin; always on rips very good place; you see, plenty mackerels, herrin's, and all kinds fishes in eddies and rips; very good feedin'-ground for porpusis, you see."

The eddies or rips alluded to by Sebatis were caused by the obstruction offered by projecting headlands to the ebb and flow of the tide, which on this coast rises some forty feet.

"Pretty late when we get back, s'pose we go all way to long rips," said Pieltoma.

"Well," replied Sebatis, "s'pose dark, then we'll camp somewhere all night—I fetch 'im provisions and cooking tools; sartin, canoe and sail make very good camp."

Talking did not interfere with their paddling, and we were going at a rapid rate for the place where they hoped to find the porpoises. Presently we entered rough water, with much such a sea as is caused by wind against tide, and the canoe began to jump about in a very lively manner.

"There goes porpus, Sebatis," said Pieltoma.

"I see 'im," said Sebatis, standing up in the canoe, gun in hand. Just then we got into some very rough water, and it was a study to see the admirable way in which Sebatis poised himself for a shot.

Pieltoma was holding the canoe well in hand when quite a large wave smashed over the bow of the canoe, and some water came aboard.

"Best sit down, Sebatis, take 'im paddle, may be upset," said Pieltoma.

Sebatis turned a withering glance upon him, and then, as we mounted a wave, fired at some object that I did not see.

"Was that a porpoise, Sebatis?"

"Sartin. Four, five porpusis all rollin' over together."

"Did you kill him?

"No; miss 'im clean; all gone down. You see, Pieltoma scared so bad make me miss 'im porpus," he replied, ironically.

Retaining his upright position in the canoe, he reloaded his gun, and stood ready for another shot.

"Quick, Sebatis! Very big porpus on this side canoe," said Pieltoma, whirling the canoe around so as to afford Sebatis a chance for a shot. The next moment we were in the trough of the sea, and I saw a flash of silver on an approaching wave; a belch of fire and a roar from Sebatis's gun instantly followed, and Pieltoma paddled as if for life, while Sebatis dropped his gun and picked up his long spear. In the excitement, his usually calm face looked savage, and he plunged his cruel spear relentlessly again and again into a huge fish that we had now come alongside of.

I certainly thought that we should be upset this time, for the canoe was jumping and rocking in a manner to try the steadiest nerves, and the Indians were acting like two demons, and were tugging at the huge fish, in vain efforts to get him aboard. On my hands and knees I crept aft, so as to give them more room. The canoe was drifting aimlessly, now on top of a wave and the next moment in the trough, and I feared that some of the heavier seas would board us and end the whole matter. At last, their joint efforts succeeded in getting the fish high enough to pull him over the gunwale.

"How you like 'im porpusin'—pretty good fun?" said Sebatis, as he grasped his paddle and regained control of his canoe.

"If you call this fun, I hope that you will put me ashore before you begin in earnest," I replied.

Presently I heard from seaward the distant booming of guns, as of some ship of war at practice.

"What guns are those, Sebatis?"

"Guns? Oh, that's Injuns shootin' porpusis. Make good deal noise on salt water."

"I see 'im five canoes," said Pieltoma, as we rode on the crest of a wave.

"Sartin, must be big school porpusis in rips to-day—look quick you see 'im canoe?" said Sebatis.

"No, I don't see any canoe."

"You watch 'im, by-em-by you see 'im."

As we glided into the trough again, I saw a canoe riding a wave, with an Indian standing up in the bow, and another sitting in the stern paddling. Then in a short time, we seemed to be surrounded by canoes, and they were constantly popping up, now on one side, then on the other, and at short intervals their guns flashed in the approaching darkness.

"Hadn't we better get ashore somewhere, Sebatis?"

"Yes, we go pretty soon; kill 'im one more porpus first."

"I don't see where you can put him; that one you killed last was an immense one."

"Sartin, that very big porpus, but plenty room one more, s'pose we find 'im."

Just then there were a flash and a roar, and a canoe passed rapidly to leeward to secure their prey.

"My turn next," said Sebatis, standing up in his canoe again.

"Look out, Sebatis, look out, big wave comin'," cried Pieltoma.

I thought that our time had come, but the canoe, dexterously handled by the Indians, rode the wave like an ocean bird.

"If we have many seas like this, Sebatis, we may come to grief in one of them."

"No danger 't all, only got to be careful, that's all. You see, tide just turned now, and we got too far in eddy; move out little way, then good deal smoother."

"Dark comin' now pretty quick, Sebatis; by-em-by pretty hard chance landin'," said Pieltoma.

Bang, goes Sebatis's gun in answer.

"What was that, Sebatis?"

"Only a small little porpus,—too small count 'im, most."

In a few moments they had the porpoise aboard and paddled rapidly for our proposed landing-place at Eel Brook, where we were to camp for the night. The Indians carried the canoe over the beach to the foot of a hill, where some tall fir-trees gave us shelter. They then turned the canoe partly on its side and propped it up with pieces of wood, then spread the sail on poles placed across the canoe, and our habitation was complete.

Sound, indeed, was our slumber that night,—

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER LV.

CAUGHT.

THE fig-tree, in Louisiana, sheds its leaves while it is yet summer. In the rear of the Grandissime mansion, about two hundred yards north-west of it and fifty north-east of the cottage in which Agricola had made his new abode, on the edge of the grove of which we have spoken, stood one of these trees, whose leaves were beginning to lie thickly upon the ground beneath it. An ancient and luxuriant hedge of Cherokee rose started from this tree and stretched toward the north-west across the level country, until it merged into the green confusion of gardened homes in the vicinity of Bayou St. Jean, or, by night, into the common obscurity of a starlit perspective. When an unclouded moon shone upon it, it cast a shadow as black as velvet.

Under this fig-tree, some three hours later than that at which Honoré bade Joseph good-night, a man was stooping down and covering something with the broad, fallen leaves.

"The moon will rise about three o'clock," thought he. "That, the hour of universal slumber, will be, by all odds, the time most likely to bring developments."

He was the same person who had spent the most of the day in a blacksmith shop in St. Louis street, superintending a piece of smithing. Now that he seemed to have got the thing well hid, he turned to the base of the tree and tried the security of some attachment. Yes, it was firmly chained. He was not a robber; he was not an assassin; he was not an officer of police; and what is more notable, seeing he was a Louisianian, he was not a soldier nor even an ex-soldier; and this although, under his clothing, he was encased from head to foot in a complete suit of mail. Of steel? No. Of brass? No. It was all one piece—*a white skin;* and on his head he wore an invisible helmet—the name of Grandissime. As he straightened up and withdrew into the grove, you would have recognized at once—by his thick-set, powerful frame, clothed seemingly in black, but really, as you might guess, in blue cottonade, by his black beard and the general look of a seafarer—a frequent visitor at the Grandissime mansion, a country member of that great family, one whom we saw at the *fête de grandpère.*

Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime was a man of few words, no sentiments, short methods; materialistic, we might say; quietly ferocious; indifferent as to means, positive as to ends, quick of perception, sure in matters of saltpeter, a stranger at the custom-house, and altogether—*take him right*—very much of a gentleman. He had been, for a whole day, beset with the idea that the way to catch a voudou was—to catch him; and as he had caught numbers of them on both sides of the tropical and semi-tropical Atlantic, he decided to try his skill privately on the one who—his experience told him—was likely to visit Agricola's door-step to-night. All things being now prepared, he sat down at the root of a tree in the grove, where the shadow was very dark, and seemed quite comfortable. He did not strike at the mosquitoes; they appeared to understand that he did not wish to trifle. Neither did his thoughts or feelings trouble him; he sat and sharpened a small penknife on his boot.

His mind—his occasional transient meditation—was the more comfortable because he was one of those few who had coolly and unsentimentally allowed Honoré Grandissime to sell their lands. It continued to grow plainer every day that the grants with which theirs were classed—grants of old French or Spanish under-officials—were bad. Their sagacious cousin seemed to have struck the right standard, and while those titles which he still held on to remained unimpeached those that he had parted with to purchasers—as, for instance, the grant held by this Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime—could be bought back now for half what he had got for it. Certainly, as to that, the Capitain might well have that quietude of mind which enabled him to find occupation in perfecting the edge of his penknife and trimming his nails in the dark.

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By and by he put up the little tool and sat looking out upon the prospect. The time of greatest probability had not come, but the voudou might choose not to wait for that; and so he kept a watch. There was a great stillness. The cocks had finished a round and were silent. No dog barked. A few tiny crickets made the quiet land seem the more deserted. Its beauties were not entirely overlooked—the innumerable host of stars above, the twinkle of myriad fire-flies on the dark earth below. Between a quarter and a half mile away, almost in a line with the Cherokee hedge, was a faint rise of ground, and on it a wide-spreading live-oak. There the keen, seaman's eye of the Capitain came to a stop, fixed upon a spot which he had not noticed before. He kept his eye on it, and waited for the stronger light of the moon.

Presently behind the grove at his back she rose; and almost the first beam that passed over the tops of the trees, and stretched across the plain, struck the object of his scrutiny. What was it? The ground, he knew; the tree, he knew; he knew there ought to be a white-paling inclosure about the trunk of the tree; for there were buried —ah!—he came as near laughing at himself as ever he did in his life; the apothecary of the rue Royale had lately erected some marble head-stones there, and ——

"Oh! my God!"

While Capitain Jean-Baptiste had been trying to guess what the tombstones were, a woman had been coming toward him in shadow of the hedge. She was not expecting to meet him; she did not know that he was there; she knew she had risks to run, but was ignorant of what they were; she did not know there was anything under the fig-tree which she so nearly and noiselessly approached. One moment her foot was lifted above the spot where the unknown object lay with wide-stretched jaws under the leaves, and the next, she uttered that cry of agony and consternation which interrupted the watcher's meditation. She was caught in a huge steel-trap.

Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime remained perfectly still. She fell, a snarling, struggling, groaning heap, to the ground, wild with pain and fright, and began the hopeless effort to draw the jaws of the trap apart with her fingers.

"*Ah! bon Dieu, bon Dieu!* Quit a-*bi-i-i-i-tin' me!* Oh! Lawd 'a' mussy! Ow-ow-ow! lemme go! Dey go'n' to kyetch an' hang me! Oh! an' I hain' done nuttin' 'gainst *no*body! Ah! *bon Dieu! ein pov' vié négresse!* Oh! Jemimy! I cyan' gid dis yeh t'ing loose—oh! m-m-m-m! An' dey'll tra to mek out 't I voudou' Mich-Agricole! An' I didn' had nutt'n' do wid it! Oh, Lawd, oh, *Lawd*, you'll be mighty good ef you lemme loose! I'm a po' nigga! Oh! dey hadn' ought to mek it so *pow'*-ful!"

Hands, teeth, the free foot, the writhing body, every combination of available forces failed to spread the savage jaws, though she strove until hands and mouth were bleeding.

Suddenly she became silent; a thought of precaution came to her; she lifted from the earth a burden she had dropped there, struggled to a half-standing posture, and, with her foot still in the trap, was endeavoring to approach the end of the hedge near by, to thrust this burden under it, when she opened her throat in a speechless ecstasy of fright on feeling her arm grasped by her captor.

"O-o-o-h! Lawd! o-o-oh! Lawd!" she cried, in a frantic, husky whisper, going down upon her knees, "*Oh, Miché! pou' l'amou' du bon Dieu! Pou' l'amou' du bon Dieu ayez pitié d'ein pov' négresse! Pov' négresse, Miché*, w'at nevva done nutt'n' to nobody on'y jis sell *calas!* I iss comin' 'long an' step inteh dis-yeh bah-trap by *accident!* Ah! *Miché, Miché*, ple-e-ease be good! *Ah! mon Dieu!*—an de Lawd 'll reward you—'deed 'E will, *Miché!*"

"*Qui ci ça?*" asked the Capitain, sternly, stooping and grasping her burden, which she had been trying to conceal under herself.

"Oh, Miché, don' trouble dat! Please jes tek dis-yeh trap offen me—da's all! Oh, don't, mawstah, ple-e-ease don' spill all my wash'n t'ings! 'Taint nutt'n' but my old dress roll' up into a ball. Oh, please—now, you see? nutt'n' but a po' nigga's dr—*oh! fo' de love o' God, Miché Jean-Baptiste, don' open dat ah box! Y'en a rein du tout la-dans, Miché Jean-Baptiste; du tout, du tout!* Oh, my God! *Miché*, on'y jis teck dis-yeh t'ing off'n my laig, ef yo' *please*, it's bit'n' me lak a *dawg!*—if you *please, Miché!* Oh! you git kill' if you open dat ah box, Mawse Jean-Baptiste! *Mo' parole d'honneur le plus sacré*—I'll kiss de cross! Oh, *sweet Miché Jean, laisse moi aller!* Nutt'n' but some dutty close *la-dans*." She repeated this again and again, even after Capitain Jean-Baptiste had disengaged a small black coffin from the old dress in which it was wrapped. "*Rien du*

tout, Miché; nutt'n' but some wash'n' fo' one o' de boys."

He removed the lid and saw within, resting on the cushioned bottom, the image, in myrtle-wax, moulded and painted with some rude skill, of a negro's bloody arm cut off near the shoulder—a *bras-coupé*—with a dirk grasped in its hand.

The old woman lifted her eyes to heaven; her teeth chattered; she gasped twice before she could recover utterance. "*Oh, Miché* Jean-Baptiste, I di'n' mek dat ah! *Mo té pas fé ca!* I swea' befo' God! Oh, no, no, no! 'Tain' nutt'n' nohow but a lill play-toy, *Miché.* Oh, sweet *Miché Jean*, you not gwan to kill me? I di'n' mek it! It was—ef you lemme go, I tell you who mek it! Sho's I live I tell you, *Miché Jean*—ef you lemme go! Sho's God's good to me—ef you lemme go! Oh, God A'mighty, *Miché Jean*, sho's God's good to me."

She was becoming incoherent.

Then Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime for the first time spoke at length:

"Do you see this?" he spoke the French of the Atchafalaya. He put his long flint-lock pistol close to her face. "I shall take the trap off; you will walk three feet in front of me; if you make it four I blow your brains out; we shall go to Agricole. But right here, just now, before I count ten, you will tell me who sent you here; at the word ten, if I reach it, I pull the trigger. One—two—three, ——"

"Oh, *Miché*, she gwan to gib me to de devil wid *houdou* ef I tell you—Oh, good *Lawdy!*"

But he did not pause.

"Four—five—six—seven—eight——"

"Palmyre!" gasped the negress, and groveled on the ground.

The trap was loosened from her bleeding leg, the burden placed in her arms, and they disappeared in the direction of the mansion.

A black shape, a boy, the lad who had carried the basil to Frowenfeld, rose up from where he had all this time lain, close against the hedge, and glided off down its black shadow to warn the *philosophe.*

When Clemence was searched, there was found on her person an old table-knife with its end ground to a point.

CHAPTER LVI.

BLOOD FOR A BLOW.

It seems to be one of the self-punitive characteristics of tyranny, whether the tyrant be a man, a community, or a caste, to have a pusillanimous fear of its victim. It was not when Clemence lay in irons, it is barely now, that our South is casting off a certain apprehensive tremor, generally latent, but at the slightest provocation active, and now and then violent, concerning her "blacks." This fear, like others similar elsewhere in the world, has always been met by the same one antidote—terrific cruelty to the tyrant's victim. So we shall presently see the Grandissime ladies, deeming themselves compassionate, urging their kinsmen to "give the poor wretch a sound whipping and let her go." Ah! what atrocities are we unconsciously perpetrating North and South now, in the name of mercy or defense, which the advancing light of progressive thought will presently show out in their enormity?

Agricola slept late. He had gone to his room the evening before much incensed at the presumption of some younger Grandissimes who had brought up the subject, and spoken in defense of, their cousin Honoré. He had retired, however, not to rest, but to construct an engine of offensive warfare which would revenge him a hundred-fold upon the miserable school of imported thought which had sent its revolting influences to the very Grandissime hearth-stone; he wrote a "*Philippique Générale contre la Conduite du Gouvernement de la Louisiane,*" and a short but vigorous chapter in English on the "Insanity of Educating the Masses." This accomplished, he had gone to bed in a condition of peaceful elation, eager for the next day to come that he might take these mighty productions to Joseph Frowenfeld, and make him a present of them for insertion in his book of tables.

Jean-Baptiste felt no need of his advice, that he should rouse him; and, for a long time before the old man awoke, his younger kinsmen were stirring about unwontedly, going and coming through the hall of the mansion, along its verandas and up and down its outer flight of stairs. Gates were opening and shutting, errands were being carried by negro boys on bareback horses, Charlie Mandarin of St. Bernard parish and an Armand Fusilier from Faubourg Ste. Marie had on some account come—as they told the ladies—"to take breakfast"; and the ladies, not yet informed, amusedly wondering at all this trampling and stage whispering, were up a trifle early. In those days Creole society was a ship, in which the fair sex were all passengers and the ruder sex the crew. The ladies of the Grandis-

sime mansion this morning asked passengers' questions, got sailors' answers, retorted wittily and more or less satirically, and laughed often, feeling their constrained insignificance. However, in a house so full of bright-eyed children, with mothers and sisters of all ages as their confederates, the secret was soon out, and before Agricola had left his little cottage in the grove the topic of all tongues was the abysmal treachery and *ingratitude* of negro slaves. The whole tribe of Grandissime believed, this morning, in the doctrine of total depravity —of the negro.

And right in the face of this belief, the ladies put forth the generously intentioned prayer for mercy. They were answered that they little knew what frightful perils they were thus inviting upon themselves.

The male Grandissimes were not surprised at this exhibition of weak clemency in their lovely women; they were proud of it; it showed the magnanimity that was natural to the universal Grandissime heart, when not restrained and repressed by the stern necessities of the hour. But Agricola disappointed them. Why should he weaken and hesitate, and suggest delays and middle courses, and stammer over their proposed measures as "extreme"? In very truth, it seemed as though that driveling, woman-beaten Deutsch apotheke—ha! ha! ha!—in the rue Royale had bewitched Agricola as well as Honoré. The fact was, Agricola had never got over the interview which had saved Sylvestre his life.

"Here, Agricole," his kinsmen at length said, "you see you are too old for this sort of thing; besides, it would be bad taste for you, who might be presumed to harbor feelings of revenge, to have a voice in this council." And then they added to one another: "We will wait until 'Polyte reports whether or not they have caught Palmyre; much will depend on that."

Agricola, thus ruled out, did a thing he did not fully understand; he rolled up the "*Philippique Générale*" and the "Insanity of Educating the Masses," and, with these in one hand and his staff in the other, set out for Frowenfeld's, not merely smarting but trembling under the humiliation of having been sent, for the first time in his life, to the rear as a non-combatant.

He found the apothecary among his clerks, preparing with his own hands the "chalybeate tonic" for which the f. m. c. was expected to call. Raoul Innerarity stood at his elbow, looking on with an amiable air of having been superseded for the moment by his master.

"Ha-ah! Professor Frowenfeld!"

The old man flourished his scroll.

Frowenfeld said good-morning, and they shook hands across the counter; but the old man's grasp was so tremulous that the apothecary looked at him again.

"Does my hand tremble, Joseph? It is not strange; I have had much to excite me this morning."

"W'at's de mattah?" demanded Raoul, quickly.

"My life—which I admit, Professor Frowenfeld, is of little value compared with such a one as yours—has been—if not attempted, at least threatened."

"How?" cried Raoul.

"H-really, Professor, we must agree that a trifle like that ought not to make old Agricola Fusilier nervous. But I find it painful, sir, very painful. I can lift up this right hand, Joseph, and swear I never gave a slave—man or woman—a blow in my life but according to my notion of justice. And now to find my life attempted by former slaves of my own household, and taunted with the righteous hamstringing of a dangerous runaway? But they have apprehended the miscreants; one is actually in hand, and justice will take its course; trust the Grandissimes for that—though, really, Joseph, I assure you, I counseled leniency."

"Do you say they have caught her?" Frowenfeld's question was sudden and excited; but the next moment he had controlled himself.

"H-h-my son, I did not say it was a 'her'!"

"Was it not Clemence? Have they caught her?"

"H-yes ——"

The apothecary turned to Raoul.

"Go tell Honoré Grandissime."

"But, Professor Frowenfeld ——," began Agricola.

Frowenfeld turned to repeat his instruction, but Raoul was already leaving the store.

Agricola straightened up angrily.

"Pro-hofessor Frowenfeld, by what right do you interfere?"

"No matter," said the apothecary, turning half-way and pouring the tonic into a vial.

"Sir," thundered the old lion, "h-I demand of you to answer! How dare you insinuate that my kinsmen may deal otherwise than justly?"

"Will they treat her exactly as if she were white, and had threatened the life of a slave?" asked Frowenfeld from behind the desk at the end of the counter.

The old man concentrated all the indignation of his nature in the reply.

"No-ho, sir!"

As he spoke, a shadow approaching from the door caused him to turn. The tall, dark, finely clad form of the f. m. c., in its old soft-stepping dignity and its sad emaciation, came silently toward the spot where he stood.

Frowenfeld saw this, and hurried forward inside the counter with the preparation in his hand.

"Professor Frowenfeld," said Agricola, pointing with his ugly staff, "I demand of you, as the keeper of a white man's pharmacy, to turn that negro out."

"Citizen Fusilier!" explained the apothecary; "Mister Grandis——"

He felt as though no price would be too dear at that moment to pay for the presence of the other Honoré. He had to go clear to the end of the counter and come down the outside again to reach the two men. They did not wait for him. Agricola turned upon the f. m. c.

"Take off your hat!"

A sudden activity seized every one connected with the establishment as the quadroon let his thin right hand slowly into his bosom, and answered in French, in his soft, low voice:

"I wear my hat on my head."

Frowenfeld was hurrying toward them; others stepped forward, and from two or three there came half-uttered exclamations of protest; but unfortunately nothing had been done or said to provoke any one to rush upon them, when Agricola suddenly advanced a step and struck the f. m. c. on the head with his staff. Then the general outcry and forward rush came too late; the two crashed together and fell, Agricola above, the f. m. c. below, and a long knife lifted up from underneath and sinking to its hilt, once—twice—thrice,—in the old man's back.

The two men rose, one in the arms of his friends, the other upon his own feet. While every one's attention was directed toward the wounded man, his antagonist restored his dagger to its sheath, took up his hat and walked away unmolested. When Frowenfeld, with Agricola still in his arms, looked around for the quadroon he was gone.

Doctor Keene, sent for instantly, was soon at Agricola's side.

"Take him upstairs; he can't be moved any further."

Frowenfeld turned and began to instruct some one to run upstairs and ask permission, but the little doctor stopped him.

"Joe, for shame! you don't know those women better than that? Take the old man right up!"

CHAPTER LVII.

VOUDOU CURED.

"HONORÉ," said Agricola, faintly, "where is Honoré!"

"He has been sent for," said Doctor Keene and the two ladies in a breath.

Raoul, bearing the word concerning Clemence, and the later messenger summoning him to Agricola's bedside, reached Honoré within a minute of each other. His instructions were quickly given, for Raoul to take his horse and ride down to the family mansion, to break gently to his mother the news of Agricola's disaster, and to say to his kinsmen, with imperative emphasis, not to touch the *marchande des calas* till he should come. Then he hurried to the rue Royale.

But when Raoul arrived at the mansion he saw at a glance that the news had outrun him. The family carriage was already coming around the bottom of the front stairs for three Mesdames Grandissime and Madame Martinez. The children on all sides had dropped their play, and stood about, hushed and staring. The servants moved with quiet rapidity. In the hall he was stopped by two beautiful girls.

"Raoul! Oh, Raoul, how is he now? Oh, Raoul, if you could only stop them! They have taken old Clemence down into the swamp—as soon as they heard about Agricole—Oh, Raoul, surely that would be cruel! She nursed me—and me—when we were babies!"

"Where is Agamemnon?"

"Gone to the city."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said they were doing wrong, that he did not approve their action, and that they would get themselves into trouble; that he washed his hands of it."

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Raoul, "wash his hands! Oh, yes, wash his hands! Suppose we all wash our hands? But where is Valentine? Where is Charlie Mandarin?"

"Ah! Valentine is gone with Agamemnon, saying the same thing, and Charlie

Mandarin is down in the swamp, the worst of all of them!"

"But why did you let Agamemnon and Valentine go off that way, you?"

"Ah! listen to Raoul! What can a woman do?"

"What can a woman—Well, even if I was a woman, I would do something!"

He hurried from the house, leaped into the saddle and galloped across the fields toward the forest.

Some rods within the edge of the swamp, which, at this season, was quite dry in many places, on a spot where the fallen dead bodies of trees overlay one another and a dense growth of willows and vines and dwarf palmetto shut out the light of the open fields, the younger and some of the harsher senior members of the Grandissime family were sitting or standing about, in an irregular circle whose center was a big and singularly misshapen water-willow. At the base of this tree sat Clemence, motionless and silent, a wan, sickly color in her face, and that vacant look in her large, white-balled, brown-veined eyes, with which hope-forsaken cowardice waits for death. Somewhat apart from the rest, on an old cypress stump, half-stood, half-sat, in whispered consultation, Jean-Baptiste Grandissime and Charlie Mandarin.

"*Eh bien*, old woman," said Mandarin, turning, without rising, and speaking sharply in the negro French, "have you any reason to give why you should not be hung to that limb over your head?"

She lifted her eyes slowly to his, and made a feeble gesture of deprecation.

"*Mo te pas fè cette bras*, Mawse Challie—I di'n't mek dat ahm; no 'ndeed I di'n', Mawse Challie. I ain' wuth hangin', gen'lemen; you'd oughteh jis' gimme fawty an' lemme go. I—I—I—I di'n' 'ten' no hawm to Maws-Agricole; I wa'n't gwan to hu't nobody in God's worl'; 'ndeed I wasn'. I done tote dat old case-knife fo' twenty year'—*mo po'te ça dipi vingt ans.* I'm a po' ole *marchande des calas; mo courri* 'mongs' de sojer boys to sell my cakes, you know, and da's de onyest reason why I cyah dat ah ole fool knife." She seemed to take some hope from the silence with which they heard her. Her eye brightened and her voice took a tone of excitement. "You'd oughteh tek me and put me in calaboose, an' let de law tek 'is co'se. You's all nice gen'lemen—werry nice gen'lemen, an' you sorter owes it to yo'sev's fo' to not do no sich nasty wuck as hangin' a po' ole nigga wench; 'deed you does. 'Tain' no use to hang me; you gwan to kyetch Palmyre yit; *li courri dans marais*; she is in de swamp yeh, sum'ers; but as concernin' me, you'd oughteh jis gimme fawty an' lemme go. You mus'n' b'lieve all dis-yeh nonsense 'bout insurrectionin'; all fool-nigga talk. W'at we want to be insurrectionin' faw? We de happies' people in de God's worl'!" She gave a start, and cast a furtive glance of alarm behind her. "Yes, we is; you jis' oughteh gimme fawty an' lemme go! Please, gen'lemen! God'll be good to you, you nice, sweet gen'lemen!"

Charlie Mandarin made a sign to one who stood at her back, who responded by dropping a rawhide noose over her head. She bounded up with a cry of terror; it may be that she had all along hoped that all was make-believe. She caught the noose wildly with both hands and tried to lift it over her head.

"Ah! no, mawsteh, you cyan' do dat! It's ag'in' de law! I's 'bleeged to have my trial, yit. Oh, no, no! Oh, good God, no! Even if I is a nigga! You cyan' jis' murdeh me hyeh in de woods! *Mo dis la zize!* I tell de judge on you! You ain' got no mo' biznis to do me so 'an if I was a white 'oman! You dassent tek a white 'oman out'n de Pa'sh Pris'n an' do 'er so! Oh, sweet mawsteh, fo' de love o' God! Oh, Mawse Challie, *pou' l'amou' du bon Dieu n'fé pas ça!* Oh, Mawse 'Polyte, is you gwan to let 'em kill ole Clemence? Oh, fo' de mussy o' Jesus Christ, Mawse 'Polyte, leas' of all, *you!* You dassent help to kill me, Mawse 'Polyte! You knows why! Oh God, Mawse 'Polyte, you knows why! Leas' of all you, Mawse 'Polyte! Oh, God 'a' mussy on my wicked ole soul! I aint fitt'n' to die! Oh, gen'lemen, I kyan' look God in de face! *Oh, Michés, ayez pitié de moin! Oh, God A'mighty ha' mussy on my soul!* Oh, gen'lemen, dough yo' kinfolks kyvaeh up yo' tricks now, dey'll dwap f'um undeh you some day! *Solé levé là, li couché là!* Yo' tu'n will come! Oh, God A'mighty! de God o' de po' nigga wench! Look down, oh God, look down an' stop dis-yeh foolishness! Oh, God, fo' de love o' Jesus! *Oh, Michés, y'en a ein zizement!* Oh, yes, deh's a judgmen' day! Den it wont be a bit o' use to you to be white! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, fo', fo', fo', de, de, *love o' God! Oh!*"

They drew her up.

Raoul was not far off. He heard the

woman's last cry, and came threshing through the bushes on foot. He saw Sylvestre, unconscious of any approach, spring forward, jerk away the hands that had drawn the thong over the branch, let the strangling woman down and loosen the noose. Her eyes, starting out with horror, turned to him; she fell on her knees and clasped her hands. The tears were rolling down Sylvestre's face.

"My friends, we must not do this! You *shall* not do it!"

He hurled away, with twice his natural strength, one who put out a hand.

"No, sirs!" cried Raoul, "you shall not do it! I come from Honoré! Touch her who dares!"

He drew a weapon.

"Monsieur Innerarity," said 'Polyte, "*who is* Monsieur Honoré Grandissime? There are two of the name, you know,—partners—brothers. Which of—but it makes no difference; before either of them sees this assassin she is going to be a lump of nothing!"

The next word astonished every one. It was Charlie Mandarin who spoke.

"Let her go!"

"Let her go!" said Jean-Baptiste Grandissime; "give her a run for her life. Old woman, rise up. We propose to let you go. Can you run? Never mind, we shall see. Achille, put her upon her feet. Now, old woman, run!"

She walked rapidly, but with unsteady feet, toward the fields.

"Run! If you don't run I will shoot you this minute!"

She ran.

"Faster!"

She ran faster.

"Run!"

"Run!"

"Run, Clemence! Ha, ha, ha!" It was so funny to see her scuttling and tripping and stumbling. "*Courri! courri, Clemence! c'est pou' to vie!* ha, ha, ha——"

A pistol shot rang out close behind Raoul's ear; it was never told who fired it. The negress leaped into the air and fell at full length to the ground, stone dead.

CHAPTER LVIII.

DYING WORDS.

Drivers of vehicles in the rue Royale turned aside before two slight barriers spanning the way, one at the corner below, the other at that above, the house where the aged high-priest of a doomed civilization lay bleeding to death. The floor of the store below, the pavement of the corridor where stood the idle volante, were covered with straw, and servants came and went by the beckoning of the hand.

"This way," whispered a guide of the four ladies from the Grandissime mansion. As Honoré's mother turned the angle halfway up the muffled stair, she saw at the landing above, standing as if about to part, yet in grave council, a man and woman, the fairest—she noted it even in this moment of extreme distress—she had ever looked upon. He had already set one foot down upon the stair, but at sight of the ascending group drew back and said:

"It is my mother;" then turned to his mother and took her hand; they had been for months estranged, but now they silently kissed.

"He is sleeping," said Honoré. "Maman, Madame Nancanou."

The ladies bowed—the one looking very large and splendid, the other very sweet and small. There was a single instant of silence, and Aurora burst into tears.

For a moment Madame Grandissime assumed a frown that was almost a reminder of her brother's, and then the very pride of the Fusiliers broke down. She uttered an inaudible exclamation, drew the weeper firmly into her bosom, and with streaming eyes and choking voice, but yet with majesty, whispered, laying her hand on Aurora's head:

"Never mind, my child; never mind, never mind."

And Honoré's sister, when she was presently introduced, kissed Aurora and murmured:

"The good God bless thee! It is He who has brought us together."

"Who is with him just now?" whispered the two other ladies, while Honoré and his mother stood a moment aside in hurried consultation.

"My daughter," said Aurora, "and——"

"Agamemnon," suggested Madame Martinez.

"I believe so," said Aurora.

Valentine appeared from the direction of the sick-room and beckoned to Honoré. Doctor Keene did the same, and continued to advance.

"Awake?" asked Honoré.

"Yes."

"Alas! my brother!" said Madame

Grandissime, and started forward, followed by the other women.

"Wait," said Honoré, and they paused. "Chahlie," he said, as the little doctor persistently pushed by him at the head of the stair.

"Oh, there's no chance, Honoré, you'd as well all go in there."

They gathered into the room and about the bed. Madame Grandissime bent over it.

"Ah! sister," said the dying man, "is that you? I had the sweetest dream just now—just for a minute." He sighed. "I feel very weak. Where is Charlie Keene?"

He had spoken in French; he repeated his question in English. He thought he saw the doctor.

"Charlie, if I must meet the worst I hope you will tell me so; I am fully prepared. Ah! excuse—I thought it was——

"My eyes seem dim this evening. *Est-ce-vous*, Honoré? Ah, Honoré, you went over to the enemy, did you? Well,—the Fusilier blood would al—ways—do as it pleased. Here's your old uncle's hand, Honoré. I forgive you, Honoré—my noble-hearted, foolish—boy." He spoke feebly, and with great nervousness.

"Water."

It was given him by Aurora. He looked in her face; they could not be sure whether he recognized her or not. He sank back, closed his eyes, and said, more softly and dreamily, as if to himself, "I forgive everybody. A man must die—I forgive—even the enemies—of Louisiana."

He lay still a few moments, and then revived excitedly. "Honoré! tell Professor Frowenfeld to take care of that *Philippique Générale*. 'Tis a grand thing, Honoré, on a grand theme! I wrote it myself in one evening. Your Yankee Government is a failure, Honoré, a driveling failure. It may live a year or two, not longer. Truth will triumph. The old Louisiana will rise again. She will get back her trampled rights. When she does, remem——" His voice failed, but he held up one finger firmly by way of accentuation.

There was a stir among the kindred. Surely this was a turn for the better. The doctor ought to be brought back. A little while ago he was not nearly so strong. "Ask Honoré if the doctor should not come." But Honoré shook his head. The old man began again.

"Honoré! Where is Honoré? Stand by me, here, Honoré; and sister?—on this other side. My eyes are very poor to-day. Why do I perspire so? Give me a drink. You see—I am better now; I have ceased—to throw up blood. Nay, let me talk." He sighed, closed his eyes, and opened them again suddenly. "Oh, Honoré, you and the Yankees—you and—all—going wrong—education—masses—weaken—caste—indiscr—quarrels settl'—by affidav'—Oh! Honoré."

"If he would only forget," said one, in an agonized whisper, "that *philippique générale!*"

Aurora whispered earnestly and tearfully to Madame Grandissime. Surely they were not going to let him go thus! A priest could at least do no harm. But when the proposition was made to him by his sister, he said:

"No;—no priest. You have my will, Honoré,—in your iron box. Professor Frowenfeld,"—he changed his speech to English,—"I have written you an article on"—his words died on his lips.

"Joseph, son, I do not see you. Beware, my son, of the doctrine of equal rights—a bottomless iniquity. Master and man—arch and pier—arch above—pier below." He tried to suit the gesture to the words, but both hands and feet were growing uncontrollably restless.

"Society, Professor,"—he addressed himself to a weeping girl,—"society has pyramids to build which make menials a necessity, and Nature furnishes the menials all in dark uniform. She—I cannot tell you—you will find—all in the *Philippique Générale*. Ah, Honoré, is it ——"

He suddenly ceased.

"I have lost my glasses."

Beads of sweat stood out upon his face. He grew frightfully pale. There was a general dismayed haste, and they gave him a stimulant.

"Brother," said the sister, tenderly.

He did not notice her.

"Agamemnon! Go and tell Jean-Baptiste ——" his eyes drooped and flashed again wildly.

"I am here, Agricole," said the voice of Jean-Baptiste, close beside the bed.

"I told you to let—that negress ——"

"Yes, we have let her go. We have let all of them go."

"All of them," echoed the dying man, feebly, with wandering eyes. Suddenly he brightened again and tossed his arms. "Why, there you were wrong, Jean-Baptiste; the community must be protected."

His voice sank to a murmur. "He would not take off—you must remem—" He was silent. "You must remem—those people are—are not—white people." He ceased a moment. "Where am I going?" He began evidently to look, or try to look, for some person; but they could not divine his wish until, with piteous feebleness, he called:

"Aurore De Grapion!"

So he had known her all the time.

Honoré's mother had dropped on her knees beside the bed, dragging Aurora down with her. They rose together.

The old man groped distressfully with one hand. She laid her own in it.

"Honoré!"

"What could he want?" wondered the tearful family. He was feeling about with the other hand. "Hon—Honoré"—his weak clutch could scarcely close upon his nephew's hand.

"Put them—put—put them ——"

What could it mean? The four hands clasped.

"Ah!" said one, with fresh tears, "he is trying to speak and cannot."

But he did.

"Aurore De Gra—I pledge'—pledge' —pledged—this union—to your fa—father —twenty—years—ago."

The family looked at each other in dejected amazement. They had never known it.

"He is going," said Agamemnon; and indeed it seemed as though he was gone; but he rallied.

"Agamemnon! Valentine! Honoré! patriots! protect the race! Beware of the"—that sentence escaped him. He seemed to fancy himself haranguing a crowd; made another struggle for intelligence, tried once, twice, to speak, and the third time succeeded;

"Louis—Louisian—a—for—ever!" and lay still.

They put those two words on his tomb.

CHAPTER LIX.

WHERE SOME CREOLE MONEY GOES.

And yet the family committee that ordered the inscription, the mason who cut it in the marble—himself a sort of half-Grandissime, half-nobody—and even the fair women who each eve of All Saints came, attended by flower-laden slave girls, to lay coronals upon the old man's tomb, felt, feebly at first, and more and more distinctly as years went by, that Forever was a trifle long for one to confine one's patriotic affection to a small fraction of a great country.

"And you say your family decline to accept the assistance of the police in their endeavors to bring the killer of your uncle to justice?" asked some *Américain* or other of 'Polyte Grandissime.

"Sir, mie fam'lie do not want to fetch him to justice!—neither Palmyre! We are goin' to fetch the justice to them! and, sir, when we cannot do that, sir, by ourselves, sir,—no, sir! no police!"

So Clemence was the only victim of the family wrath; for the other two were never taken; and it helps our good feeling for the Grandissimes to know that in later times, under the gentler influences of a higher civilization, their old Spanish-colonial ferocity was gradually absorbed by the growth of better traits. To-day almost all the savagery that can justly be charged against Louisiana must—strange to say—be laid at the door of the *Américain*. The Creole character has been diluted and sweetened.

One morning early in September, some two weeks after the death of Agricola, the same brig which something less than a year before had brought the Frowenfelds to New Orleans, crossed, outward bound, the sharp line dividing the sometimes tawny waters of Mobile Bay from the deep blue Gulf, and bent her way toward Europe.

She had two passengers; a tall, dark, wasted yet handsome man of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, and a woman seemingly some three years younger, of beautiful though severe countenance; "very elegant-looking people and evidently rich," so the brig-master described them,—"had much the look of some of the Mississippi River 'Lower Coast' aristocracy." Their appearance was the more interesting for a look of mental distress evident on the face of each. Brother and sister, they called themselves; but, if so, she was the most severely reserved and distant sister the master of the vessel had ever seen.

They landed, if the account comes down to us right, at Bordeaux. The captain, a fellow of the peeping sort, found pastime in keeping them in sight after they had passed out of his care ashore. They went to different hotels!

The vessel was detained some weeks in

this harbor, and her master continued to enjoy himself in the way in which he had begun. He saw his late passengers meet often, in a certain quiet path under the trees of the Quinconce. Their conversations were low; in the patois they used they could have afforded to speak louder; their faces were always grave and almost always troubled. The interviews seemed to give neither of them any pleasure. The Monsieur grew thinner than ever, and sadly feeble.

"He wants to charter her," the seaman concluded, "but she doesn't like his rates."

One day, the last that he saw them together, they seemed to be, each in a way different from the other, under a great strain. He was haggard, woe-begone, nervous; she high-strung, resolute,—with "eyes that shone like lamps," as said the observer.

"She's a-sendin' him 'way to lew-ard," thought he. Finally the Monsieur handed her—or rather placed upon the seat near which she stood, what she would not receive—a folded and sealed document, seized her hand, kissed it, and hurried away. She sank down upon the seat, weak and pale, and rose to go, leaving the document behind. The mariner picked it up; it was directed to *M. Honoré Grandissime, Nouvelle Orleans, Etats Unis, Amérique.* She turned suddenly, as if remembering, or possibly reconsidering, and received it from him.

"It looked like a last will and testament," the seaman used to say, in telling the story.

The next morning, being at the water's edge and seeing a number of persons gathering about something not far away, he sauntered down toward it to see how small a thing was required to draw a crowd of these Frenchmen. It was the drowned body of the f. m. c.

Did the brig-master never see the woman again? He always waited for this question to be asked him, in order to state the more impressively that he did. His brig became a regular Bordeaux packet, and he saw the Madame twice or thrice, apparently living at great ease, but solitarily, in the rue ——. He was free to relate that he tried to scrape acquaintance with her, but failed ignominiously.

The rents of No. 19 rue Bienville and of numerous other places, including the new drug-store in the rue Royale, were collected regularly by H. Grandissime, successor to Grandissime Frères. Rumor said, and tradition repeats, that neither for the advancement of a friendless people, nor even for the repair of the properties' wear and tear, did one dollar of it ever remain in New Orleans; but that once a year Honoré, "as instructed," remitted to Madame—say Madame Inconnue—of Bordeaux, the equivalent, in francs, of fifty thousand dollars. It is averred he did this without interruption for twenty years. "Let us see: fifty times twenty—one million dollars. But that is only a *part* of the *pecuniary* loss which this sort of thing costs Louisiana."

But we have wandered.

CHAPTER LX.

"ALL RIGHT."

THE sun is once more setting upon the Place d'Armes. Once more the shadows of cathedral and town-hall lie athwart the pleasant grounds where again the city's fashion and beauty sit about in the sedate Spanish way, or stand or slowly move in and out among the old willows and along the white walks. Children are again playing on the sward; some, you may observe, are in black, for Agricola. You see, too, a more peaceful river, a nearer-seeming and greener opposite shore, and many other evidences of the drowsy summer's unwillingness to leave the embrace of this seductive land; the dreamy quietude of birds; the spreading, folding, re-expanding and slow pulsating of the all-prevailing fan (how like the unfolding of an angel's wing is oftimes the broadening of that little instrument!); the oft-drawn handkerchief; the pale, cool colors of summer costume; the swallow, circling and twittering overhead or darting across the sight; the languid movement of foot and hand; the reeking flanks and foaming bits of horses; the ear-piercing note of the cicada; the dancing butterfly; the dog, dropping upon the grass and looking up to his master with roping jaw and lolling tongue; the air sweetened with the merchandise of the flower *marchandes.*

On the levee road, bridles and saddles, whips, gigs, and carriages,—what a merry coming and going! We look, perforce, toward the old bench where, six months ago, sat Joseph Frowenfeld. There is somebody there—a small, thin, weary-looking man, who leans his bared head slightly back against the tree, his thin fingers knit together in his lap and his *chapeau-*

bras pressed under his arm. You note his extreme neatness of dress, the bright, unhealthy restlessness of his eye, and—as a beam from the sun strikes them—the fineness of his short red curls. It is Doctor Keene.

He lifts his head and looks forward. Honoré and Frowenfeld are walking arm-in-arm under the furthermost row of willows. Honoré is speaking. How gracefully, in correspondence with his words, his free arm or hand—sometimes his head or even his lithe form—moves in quiet gesture, while the grave, receptive apothecary takes into his meditative mind, as into a large, cool cistern, the valued rain-fall of his friend's communications. They are near enough for the little doctor easily to call them; but he is silent. The unhappy feel so far away from the happy. Yet—"Take care!" comes suddenly to his lips, and is almost spoken; for the two, about to cross toward the Place d'Armes at the very spot where Aurora had once made her narrow escape, draw suddenly back, while the black driver of a volante reins up the horse he bestrides, and the animal himself swerves and stops.

The two friends, though startled apart, hasten with lifted hats to the side of the volante, profoundly convinced that one, at least, of its two occupants is heartily sorry that they were not rolled in the dust. Ah, ah! with what a wicked, ill-stifled merriment those two ethereal women bent forward in the faintly perfumed clouds of their ravishing summer-evening garb, to express their equivocal mortification and regret.

"Oh! I'm so sawry, oh! Almoze runned o—— ah, ha, ha, ha!"

Aurora could keep the laugh back no longer.

"An' righd yeh befo' haivry *boddie!* Ah, ha, ha! 'Sieur Grandissime, 'tis *me-e-e* w'ad know 'ow dad is bad, ha, ha, ha! Oh! I assu' you, gen'lemen, id is hawful!"

And so on.

By and by Honoré seemed urging them to do something, the thought of which made them laugh, yet was entertained as not entirely absurd. It may have been that to which they presently seemed to consent; they alighted from the volante, dismissed it, and walked each at a partner's side down the grassy avenue of the levee. It was as Clotilde with one hand swept her light robes into perfect adjustment for the walk, and turned to take the first step with Frowenfeld, that she raised her eyes for the merest instant to his, and there passed between them an exchange of glance which made the heart of the little doctor suddenly burn like a ball of fire.

"Now we're all right," he murmured bitterly to himself, as, without having seen him, she took the arm of the apothecary, and they moved away.

Yes, if his irony was meant for this pair, he divined correctly. Their hearts had found utterance across the lips, and the future stood waiting for them on the threshold of a new existence, to usher them into a perpetual copartnership in all its joys and sorrows, its disappointments, its imperishable hopes, its aims, its conflicts, its rewards; and the true—the great—the everlasting God of love was with them. Yes, it had been "all right," now, for nearly twenty-four hours—an age of bliss. And now, as they walked beneath the willows where so many lovers had walked before them, they had whole histories to tell of the tremors, the dismays, the misconstructions and longings through which their hearts had come to this bliss; how at such a time, thus and so; and after such and such a meeting, so and so; no part of which was heard by alien ears, except a fragment of Clotilde's speech caught by a small boy in unintentioned ambush.

"——Evva sinze de firze nighd w'en I big-in to nurze you wid de fivver."

She was telling him, with that new, sweet boldness so wonderful to a lately accepted lover, how long she had loved him.

Later on they parted at the *porte-cochère*. Honoré and Aurora had got there before them, and were passing on up the stairs. Clotilde, catching, a moment before, a glimpse of her face, had seen that there was something wrong; weather-wise as to its indications she perceived an impending shower of tears. A faint shade of anxiety rested an instant on her own face. Frowenfeld could not go in. They paused a little within the obscurity of the corridor, and just to re-assure themselves that everything *was* "all right," they ——

God be praised for love's young dream!

The slippered feet of the happy girl, as she slowly mounted the stair alone, overburdened with the weight of her blissful reverie, made no sound. As she turned its mid-angle she remembered Aurora. She could guess pretty well the source of her trouble; Honoré was trying to treat that hand-clasping at the bedside of Agricola as a binding compact; "which, of course, was not fair." She supposed they would have

gone into the front drawing-room; she would go into the back. But she miscalculated; as she silently entered the door she saw Aurora standing a little way beyond her, close before Honoré, her eyes cast down, and the trembling fan hanging from her two hands like a broken pinion. He seemed to be reiterating, in a tender undertone, some question intended to bring her to a decision. She lifted up her eyes toward his with a mute, frightened glance.

The intruder, with an involuntary murmur of apology, drew back; but, as she turned, she was suddenly and unspeakably saddened to see Aurora drop her glance, and, with a solemn slowness whose momentous significance was not to be mistaken, silently shake her head.

"Alas!" cried the tender heart of Clotilde. "Alas! M. Grandissime!"

CHAPTER LXI.

"NO!"

If M. Grandissime had believed that he was prepared for the supreme bitterness of that moment, he had sadly erred. He could not speak. He extended his hand in a dumb farewell, when, all unsanctioned by his will, the voice of despair escaped him in a low groan. At the same moment, a tinkling sound drew near, and the room, which had grown dark with the fall of night, began to brighten with the softly widening light of an evening lamp, as a servant approached to place it in the front drawing-room.

Aurora gave her hand and withdrew it. In the act the two somewhat changed position, and the rays of the lamp, as the maid passed the door, falling upon Aurora's face, betrayed the again upturned eyes.

"'Sieur Grandissime ——"

They fell.

The lover paused.

"You thing I'm crool.'

She was the statue of meekness.

"Hope has been crhuel to me," replied M. Grandissime, "not you; that I cannot say. Adieu."

He was turning.

"'Sieur Grandissime ——"

She seemed to tremble.

He stood still.

"'Sieur Grandissime,"—her voice was very tender,—"wad you' horry?"

There was a great silence.

"'Sieur Grandissime, you know—teg a chair."

He hesitated a moment and then both sat down. The servant repassed the door; yet, when Aurora broke the silence, she spoke in English—having such hazardous things to say. It would conceal possible stammerings.

"'Sieur Grandissime,—you know dad riz'n I——"

She slightly opened her fan, looking down upon it, and was still.

"I have no rhight to ask the rheason," said M. Grandissime. "It is yo's—not mine."

Her head went lower.

"Well, you know,"—she drooped it meditatively to one side, with her eyes on the floor,—"'tis bick-ause—'tis bick-ause I thing in a few days I'm goin' to die."

M. Grandissime said never a word. He was not alarmed.

She looked up suddenly and took a quick breath, as if to resume, but her eyes fell before his, and she said, in a tone of half-soliloquy:

"I 'ave so mudge troub' wid dad hawt."

She lifted one little hand feebly to the cardiac region, and sighed softly, with a dying languor.

M. Grandissime gave no response. A vehicle rumbled by in the street below, and passed away. At the bottom of the room, where a gilded Mars was driving into battle, a soft note told the half-hour. The lady spoke again.

"Id mague"—she sighed once more—"so strange,—sometime' I thing I'm git'n' crezzy."

Still he to whom these fearful disclosures were being made remained as silent and motionless as an Indian captive, and, after another pause, with its painful accompaniment of small sounds, the fair speaker resumed with more energy, as befitting the approach to an incredible climax:

"Some day', 'Sieur Grandissime,—id mague me fo'gid my hage! I thing I'm young!"

She lifted her eyes with the evident determination to meet his own squarely, but it was too much; they fell as before; yet she went on speaking:

"An' w'en someboddie git'n' ti'ed livin' wid 'imsev an' big'n' to fill ole, an' wan' someboddie to teg de care of 'im an' wan' me to gid marri'd wid 'im—I thing 'e's in love to me." Her fingers kept up a little shuffling with the fan. "I thing I'm crezzy. I thing I muz be go'n' to die torecklie." She looked up to the ceiling with large eyes,

and then again at the fan in her lap, which continued its spreading and shutting. "An' daz de riz'n', 'Sieur Grandissime." She waited until it was certain he was about to answer, and then interrupted him nervously: "You know, 'Sieur Grandissime, id woon be righd! Id woon be de juztiz to *you!* An' you de bez man I evva know in my life, 'Sieur Grandissime!" Her hands shook. "A man w'at nevva wan' to gid marri'd wid noboddie in 'is life, an' now trine to gid marri'd juz only to rip-ose de soul of 'is oncl'——"

M. Grandissime uttered an exclamation of protest, and she ceased.

"I asked you," continued he, with low-toned emphasis, "fo' the single and only rheason that I want you fo' my wife!"

"Yez," she quickly replied; "daz all. Daz wad I thing. An' I thing daz de rad weh to say, 'Sieur Grandissime. Bick-ause, you know, you an' me is too hole to talg aboud dad *lovin'*, you know. An' you godd dad grade *rizpeg* fo' me, an' me I godd dad 'ighez rizpeg fo' you; bud——" she clutched the fan and her face sank lower still—"bud——" she swallowed—shook her head—"bud——" She bit her lip; she could not go on.

"Aurora," said the lover, bending forward and taking one of her hands, "I *do* love you with all my soul."

She made a poor attempt to withdraw her hand, abandoned the effort, and looked up savagely through a pair of overflowing eyes, demanding:

"*Mais*, fo' w'y you di'n' wan' to sesso?"

M. Grandissime smiled argumentatively.

"I have said so a hundrhed times, in everhy way but in words."

She lifted her head proudly, and bowed like a queen.

"*Mais*, you see, 'Sieur Grandissime, you bin meg one mizteg."

"Bud 'tis corrhected in time," exclaimed he, with suppressed but eager joyousness.

"'Sieur Grandissime," she said, with a tremendous solemnity, "I'm verrie sawrie, *mais*—you spogue too lade."

"No, no!" he cried, "the corrhection comes in time. Say that, lady; say that!"

His ardent gaze beat hers once more down; but she shook her head. He ignored the motion.

"And you will corrhect yo' answeh; ah! say that, too!" he insisted, covering the captive hand with both his own, and leaning forward from his seat.

"*Mais*, 'Sieur Grandissime, you know, dad is so verrie unegspeg'."

"Oh! unexpected!"

"*Mais*, I was thing all dad time id was Clotilde wad you——"

She turned her face away and buried her mouth in her handkerchief.

"Ah!" he cried, "mock me no mo', Aurore Nancanou!"

He rose erect and held the hand firmly which she strove to draw away:

"Say the word, sweet lady; say the word!"

She turned upon him suddenly, rose to her feet, was speechless an instant while her eyes flashed into his, and crying out:

"No!" burst into tears, laughed through them, and let him clasp her to his bosom.

THE END.

AMONG THE REEDS.

AMONG the reeds, beside a singing fountain,
Silenus sat, when life was young and gay,
And piped until the echoes from the mountain
Awoke the birds as if at break of day.

The fount is dry, and no more old Silenus
Makes singing sweet re-echo on the shore.
Great Pan is dead; the exiled fauns have seen us
Walk with bowed heads, where blithe they danced before.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. II.

SHEPHERDESS.

It was in January, 1837, that Millet arrived in Paris. He had several letters of recommendation for friends or relations of important men in Cherbourg. He went to M. Georges, then expert in the Royal Museum. Georges received him kindly, and asked him what he could do. Millet unrolled a big drawing, some six feet high, on paper. Georges, surprised, showed it to his friends and pupils who were there, and who cried out: "We didn't know they could do this in the provinces!" "It is very good,"

repeated M. Georges; "you must stay with me; it will be of great use to you. I can let you see the museums, introduce you to celebrated artists, and get you into the School of the Beaux Arts, where you can compete, and where you will be sure soon to get the prize, at the rate you are going."

Millet left him, and his drawing. He intended returning to see M. Georges, but on the way he thought of the school, the competing for a prize, and the discipline that all in a school would, of course, have to submit to. "All this seemed to me a constraint which I could not contemplate without horror. I said to myself that M. Georges, who had been so kind, and seemed so sure of guiding me—how difficult it would be to make him understand that this way of study, striving to excel others, unknown to me, in cleverness and quickness, was antipathetic!" In fact, Millet resolved not to return to M. Georges, and the drawing was sent back to him later.

At the house of Monsieur L—— (to whom he had a letter), they gave him a clean little room on the fifth floor, whose outlook was the roofs and chimneys of a court-yard:

"Life at M. L——'s was very weary. Mme. L—— was a cross woman, who tried to make me go to see the sights of Paris—the dancers, the students' balls—and who reproached me with my awkward ways and my timidity. The house froze me, and I was only happy on the quays. One day I went to the Chaumière; the dances of this pushing crowd of people disgusted me; I preferred the heavy pleasures and real drunkards of the country."

Millet did not stay long with M. L——. To continue his account:

"During the first days of my stay in Paris, my fixed idea was to go and see the old museum. I went out early with this intention, yet, being afraid to ask the way for fear of being laughed at, I wandered at random, hoping the museum would come to meet me. I got lost several days in looking for it. In this search one day I came upon Nôtre Dame, which I thought less beautiful than the cathedral of Coutances. The Luxembourg seemed to me a fine palace, but too regular, and like the work of a coquettish and mediocre builder. Finally, without knowing how, I found myself on the Pont Neuf, from which I saw a magnificent building, which I thought must be the Louvre, from the descriptions I had heard of it. I went to it, and mounted the great stair-way with a beating heart. I had attained one great object of my life.

"I had augured correctly as to what I should see. It seemed to me that I was in a world of friends, in a family where all that I beheld was the reality of my dreams. For a month the masters were my only occupation during the day. I observed them all, devoured them, analyzed them, and returned to them ceaselessly. The early ones drew me by their admirable expression of gentleness, holiness and fervor; the great Italians, by their knowledge and their charm of composition. Sometimes the arrows of St. Sebastian seemed to go through me, when I looked at Mantegna's Martyrs. Those masters are magnetic; they give you the joys and sorrows which trouble them; they are incomparable. But when I saw a drawing of Michael Angelo's,—a man in a swoon,—that was another thing! The expression of the relaxed muscles, the planes and modeling of this figure, weighed down by physical suffering, gave me a succession of feelings. I was tormented by pain. I pitied him. I suffered with that same body, those very limbs. I saw that he who had done that was capable, with a single figure, to personify the good or evil of all humanity. It was Michael Angelo—that says all. I had already seen mediocre engravings from him in Cherbourg; here I first touched the heart and heard the speech of him who has so haunted me all my life.

"I then went to the Luxembourg. With the exception of the pictures of Delacroix, which I thought great in gesture, invention and color, I found nothing remarkable. Everywhere wax figures, conventional costumes, and a disgusting flatness of invention and expression.

"The 'Elizabeth' and the 'Princes in the Tower' of Delaroche were there, and I was to go to the studio of Delaroche,—these pictures did not make me wish to go. I could see in them nothing but big illustrations and theatrical effects without real feeling, everywhere posing and stage scenes. The Luxembourg gave me my antipathy to the theater, and although I was not indifferent to the celebrated dramas then being acted, I must confess to having always had a decided repulsion to the exaggerations, the falseness and silliness of actors and actresses. I have since seen something of their little world, and I have become convinced that by always trying to put themselves in some other person's place, they have lost the understanding of their own personality; that they only talk in 'character,' and that truth, common-sense, and the simple feeling of plastic art are lost to them. To paint well and naturally, I think one should avoid the theater.

"Many a time I was half inclined to leave Paris and return to my village, I was so tired of the lonely life I lived. I saw no one, did not speak to a soul, did not dare ask a question, I dreaded ridicule so much,—and yet no one noticed me. I had the awkwardness which I have never lost, and which still troubles me when I am obliged to speak to a stranger or ask the simplest question. I was of a great mind to do my ninety leagues in one stretch, like my uncle Jumelin, and say to my family 'I've come home and I'm done with painting;' but the Louvre had bewitched me. I went back and was consoled. Fra Angelico filled me with visions, and when I returned at night to my miserable lodging, I did not want to think of anything but those gentle masters who made beings so fervent that they are beautiful, and so nobly beautiful that they are good.

"It has been said that I was very much taken up with the XVIII. century masters, because I made copies of Watteau and Boucher. I have a decided repugnance for Boucher. I saw his knowledge, his talent, but I could not look at his suggestive subjects and sad women without thinking it was all a very poor kind of 'nature.' Boucher did not paint naked women, but little undressed creatures: it was not the luxuriant exhibition of the women of Titian, so proud of their beauty, and so sure of their power, that they show themselves naked. It is not chaste, but it is strong, and great in its femininity. It is art, and good art. But the poor little ladies of Boucher, with their thin legs, their feet deformed by high-

heeled slippers, their waists pinched by corsets, their useless hands and bloodless breasts, are all repulsive to me. As I stood before the so much copied 'Diana' of Boucher, I thought I could see the *Marquises* of his time, painted by him for no very laudable reason, and whom he had undressed and posed in his studio, which was transformed into a landscape. I went back to the 'Diana' of the antique—so beautiful, so noble, and whose forms are all distinguished. Boucher was only a seducer.

"Nor was Watteau my man. * * * I could see the charm of his palette, and the delicacy of expression of these little stage men condemned to laugh. But I always thought of marionettes, and I said to myself: 'The whole little troupe will be shut up in a box, after the play, to weep over their fate.' I was rather interested in Lesueur, Lebrun and Jouvenet, because they seemed to me very strong. Lesueur had a great effect on me, and I think him one of the great souls of our French school; as Poussin was the prophet, the sage, and the philosopher, while also the most eloquent teller of a story. I could pass my life face to face with the work of Poussin, and never be tired. Well, I lived at the Louvre, at the Spanish Museum, the Standish Museum, and among the drawings, and my attention was always directed to the canvases where the thought was concisely and strongly expressed.

"I liked Murillo in his portraits, Ribera in his St. Bartholomew and Centaurs. I liked everything strong, and would have given all Boucher for one of Rubens's nude women. It was only later that I came to know Rembrandt; he did not repel me but he blinded me. * * * I only knew Velasquez, who is so much sought after nowadays, by his 'Infanta,' in the Louvre. He is certainly a painter '*de race*,' and of pure blood, yet his compositions seem to me empty. Apollo and Vulcan is poor in invention; his 'Winders' are not winding anything. The painter remains, and he is a strong painter. I was never tempted to make a copy of these masters. It seemed to me that a copy was an impossibility, and that it could never have the spontaneity and fire of the original. One day, however, I spent the whole day in front of the 'Concert Champêtre,' of Giorgione. I could not weary of it. It was already three o'clock when, mechanically, I took a little canvas belonging to a friend, and began a sketch of the picture. Four o'clock sounded, and the dreadful '*on ferme*' of the guardians turned me out: but I had made enough of a sketch to give me pleasure, like a run into the country. Giorgione had opened the country to me. I

SHEPHERDESS KNITTING.

had found consolation with him. Since then I have been too wise to attempt a copy, even of something of my own; I am incapable of that sort of thing.

"Except Michael Angelo and Poussin, I have held to my first leaning toward the early masters—subjects as simple as childhood, unconscious expression, creatures that say nothing but are full of life, or who suffer patiently without a moan, without a cry, submitting to the law of human life without dreaming of calling any one to account for it. * * *

"In the end I had to decide to learn my trade and go into a studio. I did not think anything of the painters who taught. Hersent, Drolling, Léon Cogniet, Abel de Pujol, Picot, all professors who were then sought after, were quite indifferent to me, and also Ingres, of whom I had not then seen the slightest picture.

"I waited on and on, reading Vasari in the library of Ste. Geneviève, for fear I should be asked questions about the history of the painters and their lives, and finally decided to see some one who would find me a studio. I had a great dread of this future teacher, and kept putting off the evil moment. One morning I got up, determined to brave the worst. Well, I was admitted to the studio of Paul Delaroche, the painter whom every one pointed to as the greatest talent of that time. I trembled when I entered. It was a new world to me, but I got used to it, and ended by not being altogether unhappy. I found some good souls, a kind of cleverness, and a language which I had never dreamed of,—it seemed to me a tiresome and incomprehensible jargon. The puns of the Delaroche studio made the boys famous. They talked about everything, even politics; it was rather too much for me to hear them chatter about the 'Phalanstery,' but I took root at last, and my homesickness was a little mitigated."

Paul Delaroche was then the most fashionable painter. His atelier was divided into two classes, the "cast" for beginners and that of the life models. Millet found a group of young men, not unknown later. Couture, Hébert, Cavalier the sculptor, Gendron, Édouard Frère, Yvon, etc., etc.

In entering this new world, Millet imposed upon himself the strictest silence and circumspection. Like a true peasant, he let others approach him, and answered little. They tried to make out this puzzling countryman. They apostrophized, joked, and teased him, but Millet answered nothing, or, with his fists, threatened those who went too far, and, as he was built like a Hercules, they let him alone, giving him the nickname of the "man of the woods." His first drawing was from the Germanicus. On Monday the drawing was begun, it had to be finished by Saturday. Thursday, Millet had finished his figure. Delaroche came, looked at the drawing a long time, and said: "You are a new-comer. Well, you know too much and not enough." That was all he said. Couture, who was in the life class, came in to see the antique class, and said to him: "Hello, *nouveau!* do you know that your drawing is good?" Some time after he was severely criticised. The originality of his studies, where knowledge was wanting, and where the spirit was everything, surprised the studio, but did not make them understand him. All but one or two pupils considered him as a curious being without a future; an obstinate fellow, who took the *pose* of eccentric drawing; a mutineer in the academic camp, a schismatic in their worship of Delaroche. When he passed into the life school he had the same trial. His first figure, nevertheless, was a success. Delaroche said: "It is easy to see that you have painted a great deal!" He had never touched a palette before. In his heart Millet was struck by the insufficiency of the master, who never gave him serious advice, and who did not even make the impression of a man who knows and can teach.

Sometimes the truth came out. To a student who did not render the *ensemble* of a life study, Delaroche said: "Look at Millet,—notice how he sees light on a nude figure."

When Delaroche was painting the "Hemicycle," he often talked of it to the students in his atelier. Millet was once much abused by his comrades about a drawing, one of whom said, violently: "There he is again, drawing from *chic*" (out of his head), "and inventing his muscles." Delaroche, coming in at the moment, said: "Gentlemen, the study of nature is indispensable, but you must also know how to work from memory. He is right" (pointing to Millet) "to use his memory. When I began my 'Hemicycle,' I thought that letting the model stand, I could get the attitude of my personages, but I soon found I would have fine models, with no cohesion among them. I saw that one must invent, create, order, and produce figures appropriate to each individuality. I had to use my memory. Do as he does, if you can."

Soon after this Millet left the atelier. A comrade met him one day, and told him the "patron" wanted to see him about some work on the "Hemicycle." Millet deferred to his orders, and went to the Palace of the Beaux Arts. Delaroche was working in the midst of his aids. He came to Millet and drew him into another room, and rolling two cigarettes, silently offered one to Millet, and then said: "Why don't you come to the studio any more?" "Because, sir, I can't pay the janitor's tax." "You are wrong. I don't want you to leave the studio; come back. I have spoken to Poisson" (the janitor), "only don't say anything about it to the

others, and do just what you like—big things, figures, studies—but don't talk about it to the others. I like to see your work; you are not like other people, and I will tell you what work you can do with me."

Millet was touched, and went back.

At last the moment came for competition for the great "Prix de Rome." Millet was admitted, and worked with talent at the figure. Delaroche was struck with the original view he had taken of the subject. His conscience was moved. He called Millet, and said:

"You want the 'Prix de Rome'?"

"That is the reason I compete."

"I find your composition very good, but I must tell you that I especially want Roux appointed; but next year I will use all my influence for you."

Edified by this announcement, Millet left the studio, and feeling that he must rely upon himself alone for instruction and protection, he went to Suisse, who had an academy of models.

One student in Delaroche's studio had come near to the "man of the woods." It was Marolle, son of a varnish manufacturer, whose family could afford to make the art-life he had chosen easy to him. Musset, at that time, was the *vade mecum* of all the young people. Marolle knew him by heart, declaimed him, painted him, and even wrote verses which were not without merit, but which had the fault of being too much like the poetry of the author of "Rolla." "Musset gives you a fever," said Millet, "but that is all he knows how to do. A charming mind, capricious, and profoundly poisoned, all he can do is to disenchant, corrupt, or discourage. The fever goes, and one is left without strength, like a convalescent who needs air, sun and stars."

But life became difficult in the little studio, rue de l'Est.

"What shall I do?" said Millet. "People reaping and making hay?"

"You can't sell them," said Marolle.

"But fauns and forest life?"

"Who knows anything about fauns in Paris?"

"Well, what then?"

"They like Boucher, Watteau, illustrations—nude women. You must do things in that style!"

Millet at last decided to submit to the necessities of life. He did not wish to let his family know of his wants by applying to them. Then he made a last effort—a little picture representing Charity,—a melancholy figure with three nurselings. He took his picture himself from shop to shop, and could not get the least offer for it. He came home sadly, and said to his friend

"You are right; give me subjects and I will paint them."

It was at this time that he made a number of pastels, imitations of Boucher and Watteau, which Marolle baptized after his own fashion, with names of that time, "Vert-Vert," "The Old Man's Calendar," "Soldier Proposing to a Nurse," "The Reading of the Novel," "The Late Watch," "A Day at Trianon." Sometimes the artist went back to the Bible, and painted "Jacob and Laban," "Ruth and Boaz." Marolle and Millet took these pictures to the dealers, who were very disdainful, and would only accept them "on sale." The highest price he could get was never more than twenty francs, and when they came to that sum Millet thought he had reached fortune, and the happy day in which he could give himself up to the impressions which his native country had made on him. He painted, also, unsigned portraits for five and ten francs. But he did not neglect his studies. In spite of his struggle against poverty, he worked in the evening at Suisse's and Boudin's. He went to the library of Ste. Geneviève, and examined the works of the most celebrated exponents of form, Albert Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Jean Cousin, and Nicholas Poussin, for whom he had the deepest and most lasting admiration. Especially he studied Michael Angelo; read all the biographies, communications, correspondence and documents concerning this great man, whom he never ceased to consider the highest expression of art.

It was in 1840 that Millet first tried to exhibit at the *Salon* of the Louvre. The constitution of the jury made it a formidable trial. The jury was not, as now, an assembly of peers elected by universal suffrage each year. It was the Institute, with its doctrines and antipathies. It acted only according to its own good pleasure. The new school was, with a few exceptions, systematically snubbed. Theodore Rousseau gave up facing the yearly humiliations to which he was subjected. Eugene Delacroix was more fortunate,—only half his pictures were refused. Decamps, whose works were so curiously elaborated, felt the capricious rigor of the authorities. Jules Dupré would not exhibit. Corot, still full of respect for the traditions of Bertin and the judgments of the academy, advanced

WOMAN BATHING.

step by step toward his beautiful echoes of Claude Lorraine. In spite of his prudence, he was kept away from the *Salon* with the rest. Diaz was despised, but he entered almost forcibly, thanks to his Correggio studies. Millet dared to beard the lion, and sent two portraits, Marolle's and a relation's, M. L. F. The latter only was admitted, and passed unnoticed. Millet told us afterward that it was the poorer of the two; the color was somber and looked like the follies of the Delaroche studio.

When the Exhibition closed he went back to see his Normandy, with the desire to stay and try to get a living at Cherbourg, and be near his family. It was not the first time that he returned. Almost every year he went to breathe his native air and stay some weeks at Gruchy with his mother and grandmother, who already thought him a wonder, as the Cherbourg papers had spoken of him. In 1838 and 1840 he made several portraits of his family and friends—his mother and grandmother, who were living with one of his brothers. He made two portraits of his grandmother, one a drawing, life size, characterized by a strong expression of austerity. Millet worked on it with great care, as a labor of love. He wanted, he said, to show the soul of his grandmother.

As his pictures did not sell, he accepted commissions for signs, and painted them the size of life: "The Little Milk-girl," for a dry-goods shop; "A Scene of Our African Campaigns," for a tumbler, who paid him the price (thirty francs) in sous; a horse, for a veterinary surgeon; a sailor, for a sail-maker.

Having failed to satisfy the municipality with a portrait of a deceased local dignitary (though they accepted and hung the picture, when he, to cut matters short, gave it to them), Millet was completely cast off by the influential people, who were ashamed of having protected a sign-painter; but such injustice raised friends for him. All the young people were on his side. Indifferent to public opinion, he nevertheless became an object of attention to all who liked noise

or opposition. He had some orders for portraits.

Millet was a big, handsome fellow, proud, with gentle eyes. A nice Cherbourg girl, whose portrait he was painting, took compassion on him. Millet married her in 1841, and began to paint portraits of his wife, himself, and several members of his new family, whom he always disliked to speak of. His marriage was not happy. His wife was very delicate. She suffered and faded away, dying in Paris in 1844, after two years and five months of marriage. Millet returned to Paris in 1842. A portrait and picture sent to the *Salon* were both refused.

From 1841 to 1851 Millet's talent changed and assumed a distinct individuality. The blackness and thick shadows of his figures disappear, and all the traditions of the Delaroche studio. He painted with fervor, with the joy of a man who feels full of life and gifts, and who understands the secrets of the masters. He knows as much as the artists of the eighteenth century, and seems sometimes to remember Restout and Vanloo, and the methods which the old painters of Cherbourg had preserved. But he finds his hand is too clever, and does not follow his mind. Then he stops, studies Michael Angelo and analyzes Correggio. He goes to the Louvre, does not copy, but lives in the atmosphere of the masters. He questions them, tries to understand them. Modeling (which is the sculptural presentation of form bathed in air) engrosses him; it is the first phase of his transformation. He studies it in Correggio, the magician of flesh, the painter of natural grace and strong life.

In 1843 he exhibited nothing. In 1844 he sent two subjects, one "The Riding Lesson," a group of children playing horse—one is mounted on the back of another. "At last," said Diaz, "here is a new man who has the knowledge which I would like to have, and movement, color, expression, too,—here is a painter!"

Millet's life now became still harder, complicated by the sufferings of a dying woman. He was without money, position, or connections. He never spoke of this time without a sort of terror. His material life was a daily fight. He was ready to do anything that chance offered,—had endless difficulties to get the most trifling sums paid. He met people who took advantage of his poverty, who wearied him with their refusals and went to all lengths of cruelty. A different man would have vowed vengeance on this inhuman society—this savage Paris; but Millet did not bear any malice. He merely told the fact, and added: "Yes, there are bad people, but there are good ones also, and one good one consoles you for many bad. I sometimes found helping hands, and I don't complain."

In 1844 he left his own country, to which he returned when he was too hard pressed by trouble. He went to Cherbourg, where he was well received. It must be admitted that his talent had acquired a more appreciable form, his drawing had a persuasive charm, though a little affected. Color was his strongest point; atmospheric harmony, richness of tone, and a particular method of rosy gray, gave a sort of attractive warmth to his works. He executed with a rapidity which might be now called rather too easy, but there was so much exuberance of strength, such a passion for covering canvas, that the pleasure of painting overcame colder reason. Afterward he quieted his youthful fire, put on the bit of the most precise drawing; but in those days he was given over to the "Muse of Painting," and threw the reins to his passionate nature. Those who like to divide a painter's career into periods may call this the "florid manner" of Millet, for his painting has all the charm and promise of youth.

His first marriage had been unfortunate, but he was not a man who could live alone; a young girl loved him in silence; he ended by discovering it, and married the woman who became the mother of his children and the devoted companion of his whole life. They left for Paris in November, 1845, and they stopped at Havre, where several friends expected them. He did all sorts of things; portraits of captains, ship owners, commanders and people employed in the port, even sailors. At Havre a public exhibition of his works was organized, and he made a few more portraits. When, at last, not without difficulty, he got 900 francs together, he left for Paris with his wife.

Here ends the happy life of Millet. Paris, somber and stubborn, will dispute and fight him. Becoming soon a father, his duty will be to his family, black bread and anxiety will be his portion,—he will not see again either mother or grandmother. He will write often to the inhabitants of his native town, the answers will be always touchingly full of tenderness and resignation, but he will always think himself a captive. "I felt," said Millet, "that I was

CARDING WOOL.

nailed to a rock and condemned to endless labor; but I could have forgotten all if I had only been able once in a while to see again my native place."

Millet and his wife came to Paris in December, 1845, and for a time lived in a modest lodging in rue Rochechouart, while waiting to go into three Mansard rooms in the same street, No. 42 bis, where Millet had arranged a very informal studio, whose whole furniture consisted of three chairs and an easel. At once he began to work. His "St. Jerome Tempted by Women" was fine in effect and in movement; it was superbly painted. Couture sent artists to see this "astonishing piece." While he was painting it he received a letter from his grandmother:

"You say you are painting a portrait of St. Jerome, groaning under the temptations which besieged his youth. Ah, dear child, like him reflect, and gain the same holy profit. Follow the example of a man of your own profession, and say, 'I paint for eternity.' For no reason in the world allow yourself to do wrong. Do not fall in the eyes of God. With St. Jerome, think ever of the trumpet which will call us to the Judgment Seat. * * * Thy mother is ill, and part of the time in bed. I get more and more helpless, and can hardly walk. We wish you a happy and fortunate new year, full of the most

abundant blessings of heaven. Let us soon hear from you. We are very anxious to know how you are getting on. We hope well, and embrace you with sincere friendship.

"Thy grandmother,
"LOUISE JUMELIN.

"GRÉVILLE, June 10th, 1846."

The *Salon* of 1846 was just about to open. The jury refused the St. Jerome, and Millet, being short of canvas, painted over it "Œdipus being taken from the tree." Tourneux (a fellow-student of the Beaux Arts) had lost no time in discovering Millet. They became intimate, and from that time on, Millet was counted among the family of painters of "The Quarter." Diaz lived near, and came to see him. He was not a cold admirer. The talent of Millet, like that of Rousseau, had the gift of exciting and making him eloquent. He made a tremendous propaganda for Millet, urging amateurs and dealers to get the artist's paintings, if they did not wish to stand in his eyes as blind and incapable.

For the *Salon* of 1847, he made a picture whose name is the only classic thing about it—the "Œdipus being taken from the tree." It was painted to show his power in the nude. Every one pushed him in this direction, where he made such successes, and in which his natural temperament kept him so many years. You feel that the Œdipus is a fine piece of work, and that the artist, a consummate workman, has only thought of the execution. Millet himself said: "It is a pretext to exercise myself in the nude and in the modeling of light." In truth, the Œdipus is nothing more. Millet makes his mark, but as yet he is neither poet nor thinker. What is most remarkable in this picture, and in many others of the same time, is the ease with which Millet makes nature with what is not pure reality. He is not a copyist. He uses reality, but transforms it. In his nude figures, his most amorous subjects, you never find an unwholesome intention. The picture of the "Children with the Wheelbarrow" seems a robust echo of Fragonard; a young peasant such as never existed, shoulders and breast bare, hair flying, and a face bright with the sun of May. In the hands of a painter of the eighteenth century it would be a suggestive study. With Millet it is only fine plastic art, touched by spring-time

SHEEP-SHEARING.

and youth. So with all his nude paintings. Millet had a sensual organization and admired flesh; but he had an honest soul. In the midst of all our decadence he kept a pure heart.

It was in 1847 that I saw him first. I went with Troyon to his lodging in the rue Rochechouart. He wore a strange garb, which gave his whole person an outlandish look. A brown-stone-colored overcoat, a thick beard, and long hair covered with a woolen cap like those worn by coachmen, gave his face a character which surprised you, and then made you think of the painters of the Middle Ages. His reception was kind, but almost silent. After a while, he began to be more expansive. "Every subject is good," said he, "only it must be rendered with strength and clearness. In art, there must be a governing thought expressed eloquently. We must have it in ourselves, and stamp it upon others, just as a medal is stamped. * * * Art is not a pleasure-trip; it is a fight. * * * I am not a philosopher. I don't want to stop pain, or find a formula which will make me indifferent or a stoic. Pain is, perhaps, that which makes the artist express himself most distinctly." He talked for some time, and then was silent, made timid by his own words. When we parted, we felt that we had made the beginning of a serious friendship. Millet at this time knew Charles Jacques. His was a penetrating and enthusiastic nature. Millet's painting had attracted him; the man had charmed him. He had become a passionate admirer of his talent. And as he knew how to say so in just and convincing terms, Millet had been touched. Jacques was then making his charming etchings, like a pupil of Ostade. At dusk we met at Millet's, and there Jacques, Campredon, and others now gone, passed hours before a jug of beer, talking of the ancients and moderns. In these interminable conversations Millet only put in a good word, or an argument as strong as a giant. He was very severe upon the romanticists, dogmatists and politicians, as well as upon contemporary art. You could see that the air of Paris weighed heavily on him, and that the chatter of the great city, its literature, its aims and ambitions, its manners and customs, were a world which he could not understand.

In the spring Millet was taken with a dangerous rheumatic fever, and brought to death's door. He was given up by all but his devoted friends, and when he did begin slowly to recover he could scarcely speak or breathe. But youth has its privileges; it forgets quickly, and renews itself with its own vital powers. One morning Millet shook himself "like a wet dog," and began to work with a trembling hand. But the *Salon* of 1848 was to open. Millet finished a "Winnower" and a "Captivity of the Jews in Babylon," and sent them. The jury had been abolished, and everything sent was hung,—the "Winnower" in the *salon carré* and the "Jews" in the long gallery. The first obtained a real success, the second left the public cold.

But the success did not fill the needy purse of the Millets. The revolution had stopped all picture-buying, and artists suffered the extremest famine. Millet and his wife did not complain, asked nothing, but we knew their distress. One of us went to the museum, then to the Direction of the Beaux Arts, and got 100 francs, which we took immediately to the painter. Millet was in his studio, sitting on a box, his back bent like a man who is chilled. He said "Good-day," but did not move. It was freezing cold in the miserable room. When the money was handed him, he said: "Thank you; it comes in time. We have not eaten for two days, but the important thing is that the children have not suffered. Until to-day they have had food." He called his wife, "I am going to get wood; I am very cold." He did not say another word, and never spoke of it again. A few days after he moved to the rue du Delta.

In April, M. Ledru-Rollin, urged by Jeanron, came to see him and gave him a commission of 1800 francs. M. Ledru-Rollin bought also the "Winnower," for 500 francs. This was a great deal in 1848.

The insurrection of June came to disturb Paris. Millet was painting a midwife's sign when the first guns were fired. Misery had come again, and he found himself helpless, in the midst of this civil war, when the midwife arrived, carried off her sign, and left Millet thirty francs as pay.

"It saved us," said Millet, "for we managed to live two weeks on the money, until the insurrection and the troubles which followed it were quieted. How often I have blessed this unexpected help!"

A few days after he painted a Samson, asleep beside Delilah, who is about to cut his hair. It is a little picture of a finely balanced composition and beautiful color. He also painted a Mercury, carrying off the flocks of Argus. But they did not sell. A cover for a song was ordered. Millet

made the drawing, and sent the lithographic stone to the publisher. The price was thirty francs; he was paid by insolence; the door was shut in his face.

He then drew two "Liberties," but they sold no better than the others. Jacques sold from one franc to five. Charles Jacques collected a quantity of papers on the studio floor, drawings and notes from nature; he bought them, and saved them from being used for fire.

Like every other Parisian, Millet was

ŒDIPUS BEING TAKEN FROM THE TREE.

advised him to make drawings in exchange for clothes,—six drawings went for a pair of shoes, a picture for a bed. Portraits of Diaz, Barye, Victor Dupré, Vechte, half-length and life-size, were bought for twenty francs, all four, and charming sketches were

armed with a gun during the revolution, and had to take his place in the defense of the Assembly and the taking of the barricades of the Rochechouart quarter, where he saw the chief of the insurgents fall. He came back angry and indignant at the slaughters

of Paris. He had no military spirit, nor the rage of revolt, and all he saw made his heart bleed.

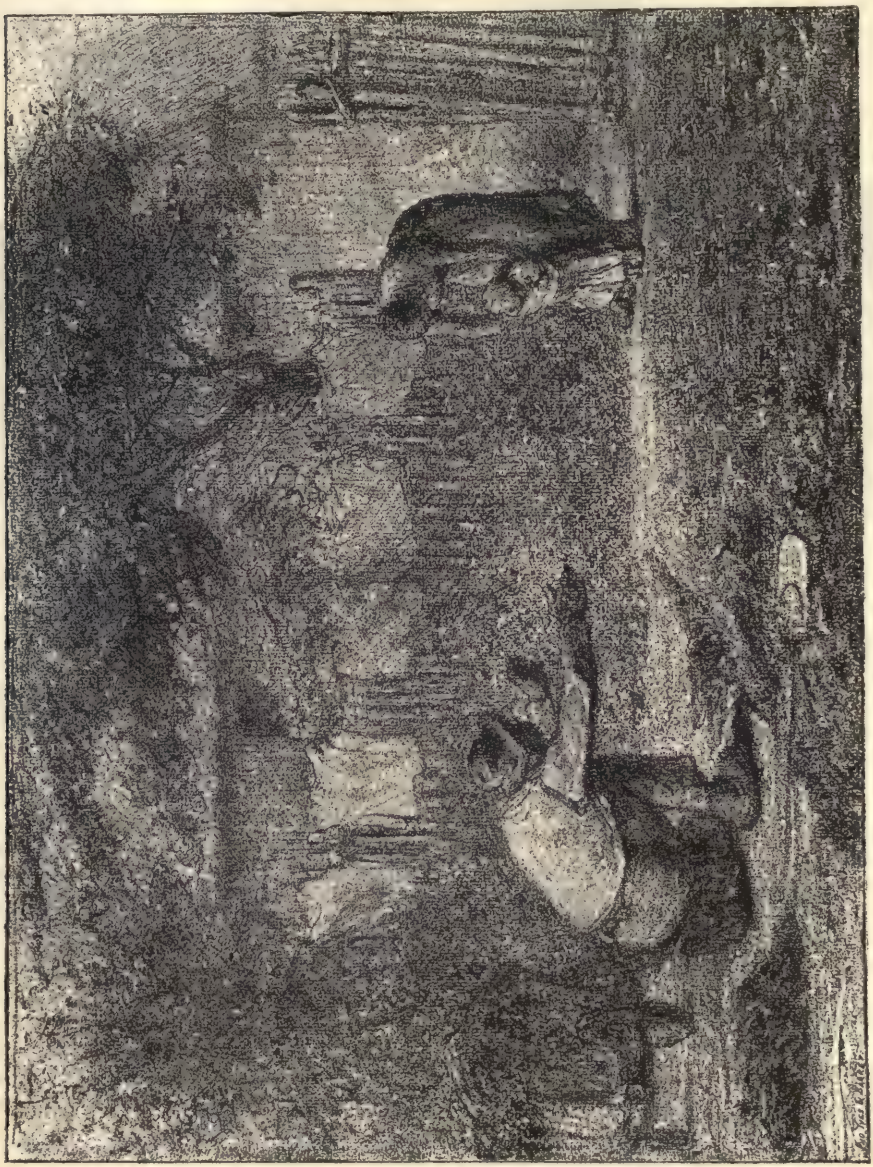
We would go together of an evening to the plain of Montmartre or Saint Ouen. The next day I would find impressions of the day before, which he had painted in a few hours. His facility was extraordinary, and he never omitted the telling note or charm of color.

One evening, standing before Deforge's window, he saw two young men examining one of his pictures, "Women Bathing." "Do you know who painted that?" said

THE WOODMAN.

one. "Yes," replied the other. "A fellow called Millet, who only paints naked women." These words cut him to the quick—his dignity was touched. Coming home, he told his wife the story. "If you consent," said he, "I will do no more of that sort of pictures. Living will be harder than ever and you will suffer, but I will be free to do what I have long been thinking of." Mme. Millet answered, "I am ready. Do as you will." And from that time on Millet, relieved in a way from all servitude, entered resolutely into rustic art.

The year 1849 was a difficult time for many painters. Millet, whom fortune was slow to smile upon, was not more happy than his friends; yet he found time and strength to paint a peasant-woman seated, which he sent to the *Salon*,—but in this epoch of political excitement it does not seem to have caused any great interest. Material life was a problem to be solved



TEACHING THE BABY TO WALK.

THE PLAIN OF BARBIZON.

every day. He had no other hope than an order from the Minister, and it was a long, difficult piece of work. The figures in "The Hay-makers" were to be half life, in the middle of a plain, at rest near a hay-cock. Millet sought long on the banks of the Seine and at St. Ouen, but could find nothing that he could use. "I don't see anything but inhabitants of a suburb; I want a country-woman." However, he finished his work, and had just received the price, when the revolution of the 13th June, 1849, broke out. The cholera, too, reached its height, and decided Millet and Jacques to leave the city. Furnished with 1800 francs, they went with their families to Barbizon and stopped at old Ganne's. There had already settled, since June, 1848, Theodore Rousseau, Hughes Martin, Belly, Louis Leroy and Clerget.

It was at this time that Millet and Rousseau first knew each other; they had merely met at Diaz's. They were neither men to enter easily into intimacy; they took several months to examine one another, and it was not till long after that they talked without constraint. Millet, prudent and discreet, always kept a reserve with Rousseau, which the latter appreciated later. He was never a pupil of Rousseau, as has been stated. When they met they were of equal force. If, afterward, one showed the influence of the other, it was Rousseau, whom Millet's art preoccupied so much that he was drawn by him toward simplicity of subject and sobriety of line.

Millet and Jacques hired studios—such studios!—in peasant houses, and set out together to discover the country. I often visited them at this time. They were in such a state of excitement that they could not paint. The majesty of the old woods, the virginity of the rocks and underbrush, the broken bowlders and green pastures, had intoxicated them with beauty and odors. They could not think of leaving such enchantment. Millet found his dream lying before him. He touched his own sphere. He felt the blood of his family in his veins. He became again a peasant.

The following is from his first letter from Barbizon, June 28th, 1849:

"We have determined, Jacques and I, to stay here some time, and we have each taken a house. The prices are very different from those in Paris, and as one can get there easily if necessary, and the country is superb, we will work more quietly than

in Paris, and, perhaps, do better things. In fact, we want to stay here some time."

The "some time" which he was to stay at Barbizon was twenty-seven years,—all the rest of his life.

From the time Millet went to Barbizon he became "the rustic," and gave to his pictures an elevation, a largeness, which have made him unique in our art,—one who speaks a language hitherto unheard. The echo of country life, its eclogues, its hard work, its anxiety, its misery, its peace, the emotions of the man bound to the soil,—all these he will know how to translate, and the inhabitant of the city will see that "the trivial can be made to serve the sublime," and that something noble can be evolved from the commonest acts of life.

His first fever quieted, Millet painted the rustic scenes which struck him—sawyers at work at gigantic trees, wood-gatherers, charcoal-burners, quarrymen,—worn out with their frightful toil,—poachers on the scent, stone-breakers, road-laborers, men plowing, harrowing and wood-cutting. Each one of these scenes he finished in a day, sometimes in a couple of hours. Later, he composed and executed with great care a series of little drawings which were to express the whole life of the peasant: first, the man of the soil, in his blouse and sabots,—the hero of work, the central point; then, the peasant woman, young, strong and handsome; then, a series of country scenes, from the mother playing with her child to the poor old woman who goes to cut the dead wood, and brings home on her wretched back a fagot four times as big as herself. This collection is a revelation of an artist of genius. It is a succession of pictures worthy to be placed beside the philosophic compositions of Holbein. It is neither a satire nor a special pleading—but the quiet thought of a man glad to be able to express the greatness and the misery of his companions.

He had taken a little peasant's-house with three narrow, low rooms, which served as studio, kitchen and bedroom for his wife and his three children. Later, the little house was lengthened by two other rooms, when the children increased to nine. A studio was built at the end of the garden, and Millet added a wash-house and a chicken-yard in the middle of a garden which was leased to him.

He had two occupations. In the morning he dug or planted, sowed or reaped; after lunch he went into the low, cold, dark room called a studio. He did not dislike this shadowy nook, for there a great part of his works were composed, and all his poetic compositions, sketches and drawings.

His first vision was a Bible subject, "Ruth and Boaz," which he drew on the wall in crayon. They were real peasants,—a harvest scene where the master, as in the Scripture, finds a young gleaner, and leads her blushing to the feast of the country people.

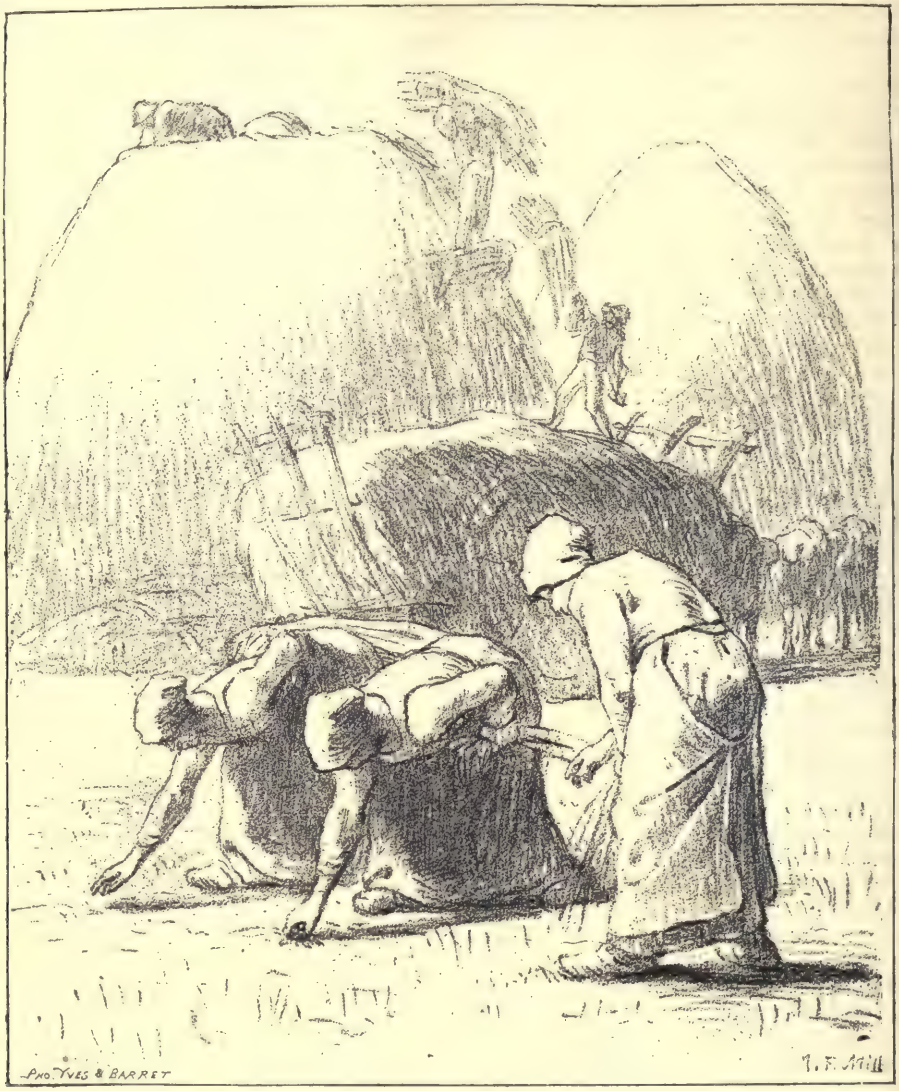
When he had been too long in his dark studio he felt a pain, which soon became a frightful suffering,—a headache of the most violent kind. He was days and sometimes even weeks under the iron hand of this enemy.

To ward off the beginnings of the evil, he would go off into the fields and forest, and walk about with feverish anxiety. We often followed him with other friends in his coursing over hill and dale. The open air restored him; then, with a child-like joy, he climbed rocks, jumping like a stag, to reach at a bound the highest point of the curious granite bowlders which give a magic appearance to the forest of Fontainebleau. Sabots on his feet, an old red sailor's-jacket, a weather-beaten straw-hat, he was in his element. When tired and overcome by the climb, he threw himself on the ground and cried out, like Goethe: "My God, how good it is under Thy heaven." And added: "I don't know anything more delicious than to lie on the heather and look at the sky."

He writes from Barbizon:

"MY DEAR SENSIER: * * * I work like a gang of slaves; the day seems five months long. My wish to make a winter landscape has become a fixed idea. I want to do a sheep picture, and have all sorts of projects in my head. If you could see how beautiful the forest is! I rush there at the end of the day, after my work, and I come back every time crushed. It is so calm, such a terrible grandeur that I find myself really frightened. I don't know what those fellows, the trees, are saying to each other; they say something which we cannot understand, because we don't know their language, that is all. But I'm sure they don't make *puns*.

"To-morrow, Sunday, is the fête of Barbizon. Every oven, stove, chimney, saucepan and pot are in such activity that you might believe it was the day before the '*noces de Gamache*.' Every old triangle is used as a spit, and all the turkeys, geese, hens and ducks which you saw in such good health are at this minute roasting and boiling,—and pies as big as wagon-wheels! Barbizon is one big kitchen, and the fumes must be smelt for miles. * * * Pray give the following order to the frame-maker. * * * Try to have him make the frames not in too horribly bad taste. If the gilding should not be so



THE GLEANERS.

fine, never mind; the form is the point. Send, also, 3 burnt sienna, 2 raw ditto, 3 Naples yellow, 1 burnt Italian earth, 2 yellow ocher, 2 burnt umber, 1 bottle of raw oil." * * * * * *

It was with the simplest means that he obtained the exquisite tones and transparent effects of his pictures.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SOUTH.

It would seem that facts may now be arrayed which leave no doubt that upon the general cycle of American advance the South has described such an epicycle of individual growth that no profitable discussion of that region is possible at present which does not clearly define at the outset whether it is to be a discussion of the old South or the new South. Although the movement here called by the latter name is originally neither political, social, moral, nor æsthetic, yet the term in the present

instance connotes all these with surprising completeness. The New South means small farming.

What Southern small farming really signifies, and how it has come to involve and determine the whole compass of civilization in that part of the republic, this paper proposes to show, (1) by briefly pointing out its true relation, in its last or (what one may call, its) poetic outcome, to the "large farming" now so imminent in the North-west; (2) by presenting some statistics of the remarkable increase in the number of Southern small farms from 1860 to 1870, together with some details of the actual cultures and special conditions thereof; and (3) by contrasting with it a picture of large farming in England three hundred years ago. Indeed, one has only to recall how the connexion between marriage and the price of corn is but a crude and partial statement of the intimate relation between politics, social life, morality, art, on the one hand, and the bread-giver earth on the other; one has only to remember that, particularly here in America, whatever crop we hope to reap in the future,—whether it be a crop of poems, of paintings, of symphonies, of constitutional safeguards, of virtuous behaviors, of religious exaltations,—we have got to bring it out of the ground with palpable plows and with plain farmer's forethought: in order to see that a vital revolution in the farming economy of the South, if it is actually occurring, is necessarily carrying with it all future Southern politics and Southern social relations and Southern art, and that, therefore, such an agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicated.

Approached from this direction, the quiet rise of the small farmer in the Southern States during the last twenty years becomes the notable circumstance of the period, in comparison with which noisier events signify nothing.

I.

As JUST now hinted, small farming in the South becomes clear in its remoter bearings when seen over against the precisely opposite tendency toward large farming in the West. Doubtless recent reports of this tendency have been sometimes exaggerated. In reading them, one has been obliged to remember that small minds love to bring large news, and, failing a load, will make one. But certainly enough appears, if only in the single apparently well-authenticated item of the tempting profits realized by some of the great north-western planters, to authorize the inference that the tendency to cultivate wheat on enormous farms, where the economies possible only to corporation-management can secure the greatest yield with the least expense, is a growing one.

And, this being so, the most rapid glance along the peculiar details of the north-western large farm opens before us a path of thought which quickly passes beyond wheat-raising, and leads among all those other means of life which appertain to this complex creature who cannot live by bread alone. For instance, classify, as a social and moral factor, a farm like the Grandin place, near Fargo, where 4,855 acres are sown in wheat; where five hands do all the work during the six winter months, while as many as two hundred and fifty must be employed in midsummer; where the day's work is nearly thirteen hours; where, out of the numerous structures for farm purposes, but two have any direct relation to man—one a residence for the superintendent and foreman, the other a boarding-house for the hands; where no women, children nor poultry are to be seen; where the economies are such as are wholly out of the power of the small wheat-raisers, insomuch that even the railways can give special rates for grain coming in such convenient large quantities; where the steam machine, the telephone and the telegraph are brought to the last degree of skillful service; where, finally, the net profits for the current year are $52,239.*

It appears plainly enough from these details that, looked upon from the midst of all those associations which cluster about the idea of the farm, large farming is not farming at all. It is mining for wheat.

Or a slight change in the point of view presents it as a manufacturing business, in which clods are fed to the mill, and grain appears in car-loads at Chicago. And perhaps the most exact relations of this large farming to society in general are to be drawn by considering such farmers as corporations, their laborers as mill-operatives for six months in each year and tramps for the other six, their farms as mills where nature mainly turns the wheel, their investment as beyond the reach of strikes or fires,

* According to an anonymous writer in "The Atlantic Monthly," January, 1880.

foreign distress their friend, and the world's hunger their steady customer.

It appears further that, while such agricultural communities are so merely in name and are manufacturing communities in fact, they are manufacturing communities only as to the sterner features of that guild,—the order, the machine, the minimum of expense, the maximum of product,—and not as to those pleasanter features, the schoolhouse, the church, the little working-men's library, the sewing-class, the cookery-class, the line of promotion, the rise of the bright boy and the steady workman—all the gentler matters which will spring up, even out of the dust-heaps, about any spot where men have the rudest abiding-place. On the large farm is no abiding-place; the laborer must move on; life cannot stand still, to settle and clarify.

It would not seem necessary to disclaim any design to inveigh against the owners of these great factory-farms, if indignation had not been already expressed in such a way as to oblige one to declare that no obligations can be cited, as between them and their laborers, which would not equally apply to every manufacturer. If it is wrong to discharge all but ten laborers when only ten are needed, then the mill-owners of Massachusetts must be held bound to run day and night when the market is overstocked *because* they ran so when it was booming; and if it is criminal to pay the large-farm hands no more than will hardly support them for thirteen hours' work, every mill-company in the world which pays market rates for work is *particeps*. But, with the coast thus cleared of personality; with the large farm thus classed as a manufacturing company in all its important incidents; and recognizing in the fullest manner that, if wheat can be made most cheaply in this way, it must be so made: a very brief train of thought brings us upon a situation, as between the small farmer on the one hand and the corporation on the other, which reveals them as embodying two tendencies in the republic at this moment whose relations it is the business of statesmanship, and of citizenship, to understand with the utmost clearness, since we are bound to foster both of them.

For, if we stop our ears to the noisy child's-play of current politics, and remember (1) that in all ages and countries two spirits, or motives, or tendencies, exist which are essentially opposed to each other, but both of which are necessary to the state; (2) that the problem of any given period or society is to recognize the special forms in which these two tendencies are then and there embodying themselves, and to keep them in such relations that neither shall crush, while each shall healthily check, the other; (3) that these tendencies may be called the spirit of control and the spirit of independence, and that they are so intimately connected with the two undeniable facts which lie at the bottom of moral behavior—namely, the facts of influence from without, on the one hand, and free will on the other—that the questions of morals and of politics coalesce at their roots; (4) that these two tendencies are now most tangibly embodied among us in the corporation and the small farmer—the corporation representing the spirit of control, and the small farmer representing, in many curious ways, the spirit of independence; (5) that our republic vitally needs the corporation for the mighty works which only the corporation can do, while it as vitally needs the small farmer for the pure substance of individual and self-reliant manhood which he digs out of the ground, and which, the experience of all peoples would seem to show, must primarily come that way and no other: we are bound to conclude that the practical affair in the United States at the present juncture is to discover how we may cherish at once the corporation and the small farmer into the highest state of competitive activity, less by constitution-straining laws which forbid the corporation to do this and that, or which coddle the small farmer with sop and privilege, than by affording free scope for both to adjust themselves, and by persistently holding sound moral principles to guide the adjustment.

When, therefore, we behold the large farm as a defection from the farm-party in general—which represents individuality in the state—over to the corporation-party, whose existence is necessarily based upon such relations to employees as impair their individuality, we regard with all the more interest the rise of the small farmer, now occurring in an opposite direction so opportunely as to seem as if nature herself were balancing the North-west* with the Southeast.

* Always with the saving clause: if the North-west is really tending, on the whole, toward large farming; which certainly seems true, yet is not sufficiently clear to be argued upon, save with prudent reservations.

II.

THE phrase "small farming," used of the South, crops out in directions curious enough to one unacquainted with the special economies and relations of existence in that part of our country. While large farming in the South means exclusive cotton-growing,—as it means in the West exclusive wheat-growing or exclusive corn-growing—small farming means *diversified farm-products*; and a special result of the Southern conditions of agriculture has brought about a still more special sense of the word, so that in Georgia, for example, the term "small farmer" brings up to every native mind the idea of a farmer who, besides his cotton crop, raises corn enough to "do" him. But again, the incidents hinging upon this apparently simple matter of making corn enough to do him are so numerous as, in turn, to render *them* the distinctive feature of small farming. Small farming means, in short, meat and bread for which there are no notes in bank; pigs fed with home-made corn, and growing of themselves while the corn and cotton were being tended; yarn spun, stockings knit, butter made and sold (instead of bought); eggs, chickens, peaches, water-melons, the four extra sheep and a little wool, two calves and a beef,—all to sell every year, besides a colt who is now suddenly become, all of himself, a good, serviceable horse; the four oxen, who are as good as gifts made by the grass; and a hundred other items, all representing income from a hundred sources to the small farmer, which equally represent outgo to the large farmer,—items, too, scarcely appearing at all on the expense side of the strictest account-book, because they are either products of odd moments which, if not so applied, would not have been at all applied, or products of natural animal growth, and grass at nothing a ton. All these ideas are inseparably connected with that of the small farmer in the South.

The extent of this diversity of product possible upon a single small farm in Georgia, for instance; and the certain process by which we find these diversified products presently creating demands for the village library, the neighborhood farmers'-club, the amateur Thespian society, the improvement of the public schools, the village orchestra, all manner of betterments and gentilities and openings out into the universe: show significantly, and even picturesquely, in a mass of clippings which I began to make a couple of years ago, from a number of country papers in Georgia, upon the idea that these unconsidered trifles of mere farmers' neighborhood news, with no politics behind them and no argumentative coloring in front of them, would form the best possible picture of actual small-farm life in the South—that is, of the New South.

To read these simple and homely scraps is indeed much like a drive among the farms themselves with the ideal automaton guide, who confines himself to telling you that this field is sugar-cane, that one yonder is cotton, the other is rice, and so on, without troubling you for responsive exclamations or other burdensome commentary.

Rambling among these cuttings, one sees growing side by side, possibly upon a single small farm, corn, wheat, rice, sugar-cane, cotton, peaches, plums, apples, pears, figs, water-melons, cantaleups, musk-melons, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, Catawba grapes, Isabellas, Scuppernongs, peas, snap-beans, butter-beans, okra, squash, beets, oyster-plant, mustard, cress, cabbage, turnips, tomatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, potatoes, onions; one does not fail, too, to catch a glimpse of pigs sauntering about, chickens singing, colts flinging their heels at you and off down the pasture, calves likewise, cows caring not for these things, sheep on the rising ground, geese and turkeys *passim*, perhaps the green-gray moss—surely designed by nature to pack vegetables in and send them "North,"—a very bed of dew for many days after cutting, and the roses and morning-glories everywhere for a benison.

The first clipping which comes to hand is a cunning commentary, expressed in facts, upon the diversified-culture aspect of small farming. Perhaps every one who has heard the results of premium awards read out at county fairs will have noticed how often a single name will recur in the same list as premium taker: For the best corn—John Smith; for the best sample of oats—John Smith; for the best lot of pigs—John Smith; for the finest colt—John Smith; and so on. The relation of cause and effect, as between small farming and such success, is direct. Small farming makes so many edges cut at once that many things are obliged to result. And so one is not surprised to see, in this item concerning the fair of the Marshallville Agricultural Society (Marshallville is in what is known as southwestern Georgia, a cotton-growing portion of the State), the name of Mr. J. M. com-

ing up in many varied connections; nor is one surprised to find, upon inquiry, that the same gentleman is a small farmer, who commenced work after the war with his own hands, not a dollar in his pocket, and now owns his plantation, has it well stocked, no mortgage or debt of any kind on it, and a little money to lend.

"The attendance was very large," says the clipping. . . . "Number of . . . exhibitors much larger than last year. . . .

"PREMIUMS AWARDED.

"For the largest and best display of field crops and garden products by single planter—J. M.

"For the largest and best display of stock by a single planter—J. M.

"For the best display of old home-raised side meat and hams, old home-raised corn and fodder, home-raised flour, corn meal, syrup, and one quart ley hominy made of old corn—J. M.

"Special mention is made of the fact that Mr. J. M. had on exhibition one hundred different articles."

And then we are given the "honorable mention" of "field-crops," which, without taking up space with names of successful exhibitors, may be cited here, so far as the crops are concerned, as partly indicating the diversified products customary in one narrow neighborhood of small farmers. Thus, a premium ("honorable mention") was given to the "best corn, . . . best stalk of cotton, . . . best upland rice, . . . best cleaned wheat, . . . best cleaned oats, . . . best cleaned barley, . . . best cleaned rye, . . . best ribbon sugar-cane, . . . best golden-rod cane, . . . best chufas, . . . best ground peas (peanuts), . . . best field-peas."

And so, looking along through this batch of items,—which surely never dreamed of finding themselves together,—one gathers a great number of circumstances illustrating the small farm of Georgia from various points of view. One hears, for instance, how the people of Thomas County (southern Georgia) are now busy gathering, packing and forwarding the sand pear to Boston and New York (the sand pear, or Le Conte pear, is a luscious variety which has recently been pushed with great success among the sandy lands of lower Georgia; the entire stock is said to have come from one tree on the Le Conte plantation in Liberty County—the same farm which sent out a further notable product in the persons of the two illustrious professors John and Joseph Le Conte, now of the University of California); how last week thirty bushels of pears were obtained from the old tree mentioned in the preceding clause; how southern Georgia is making sugar-cane a leading crop; how Mr. Anthony (in Bibb County, middle Georgia) has twenty-eight varieties of grapes growing on a few acres, and has just introduced a new variety; how Bartow County (above Atlanta) shipped 225,000 pounds of dried apples and peaches last season; how over 15,000 pounds of wool have been received during the last four days at one warehouse in Albany (southwest Georgia), while in Quitman (same portion) our streets are constantly thronged with carts laden with wool from Colquitt and Berrien and Lowndes counties—this wool being, it should be added, the product of small farmers who "raise" many other things; how the common sheep is an extremely profitable beast, it being but a sorry specimen which will not furnish one lamb and two and a half pounds of wool per annum, which lamb will sell for two dollars while the wool will bring nearly another dollar, and all for no tendance except a little rice-straw and cotton-seed during the yeaning season, together with careful folding at night; how—and here the connection with small farming is only apparently remote—a library society is being organized in Milledgeville, while in another town the "Advertiser" is making a vigorous call for a library, and in a third the library has recently received many additions of books, and in a fourth an amateur Thespian corps has just been formed, consisting of five ladies and fourteen gentlemen, whose first performance is to be early in July; how there are curious correlations between sheep, whisky, public schools and dogs—the State school commissioner vigorously advocating the Moffett bell-punch system of tax on liquor and a tax on dogs (of which, I find from another slip, there are 99,414 in the State, destroying annually 28,625 of the small farmers' sheep), for the purpose of increasing the school fund to a million dollars annually; how, at the Atlanta University for colored people, which is endowed by the State, the progress of the pupils, the clearness of their recitations, their excellent behavior, and the remarkable neatness of their school-rooms, altogether convince "your committee that the colored race . . . are capable of re-

ceiving the education usually given at such institutions"; how last Thursday a neighborhood club of small farmers, on Walnut Creek (near Macon), celebrated the fifth anniversary of the club by meeting under the trees, with their wives and children, recounting in turn how many acres each had in cotton, how many in corn, how many in potatoes, how many in peas, etc., and discussing these matters and a barbecue, a sub-committee bringing in a joking report with shrewd hits at the behindhand members,—as that we found on Mr. W.'s farm the best gourd-crop, and on Mr. R.'s some acres of very remarkable "bumble-bee cotton," the peculiarity of which cotton is that the bee can sit upon the ground and "exultantly sip from the tallest cotton-bloom on the plant"; how at a somewhat similar gathering the yeomen brought out the great Jones County soup pot, the same being an eighty-gallon syrup kettle, in which the soup began to boil on the night before and was served next day, marvelous rich and toothsome, to the company; how the single item of watermelons has brought nearly $100,000 into Richmond County this season, and how Mr. J., of Baker County—in quite another part of the State,—has just raised ten watermelons weighing together five hundred and fifty pounds; how Mr. R., of Schley County (in cotton-raising south-western Georgia), has made five hundred and fifty-six bushels of oats on a five-acre patch; how the writer has just seen a six-acre crop of upland rice which will yield thirty bushels to the acre; how a party of 250 colored excursionists came up to town yesterday, and the colored brass band played about the streets; or, in another slip a column long, how Governor Colquitt reviews seven colored companies of Georgia soldiery in full uniform, who afterward contest in a prize drill, and at night are entertained with parties, balls and the like, by the Union Lincoln Guards, of Savannah, and the Lincoln Guards, of Macon; how (this is headed "Agriculture Advancing") the last few years has witnessed a very decided improvement in Georgia farming, moon-planting and other vulgar superstitions are exploding, the intelligent farmer is deriving more assistance from the philosopher, the naturalist and the chemist, and he who is succeeding best is he who has plenty of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry of his own raising, together with good-sized barns and meat-houses filled from his own fields instead of from the West,—in short, the small farmer.

Fortunately, we have means for reducing to very definite figures the growth of small farming in the South since the war, and thus of measuring the substance of the New South. A row of columns in the eighth and ninth census reports of the United States is devoted to enumerations of the number of farms in each State and county of given sizes; and a proper comparison thereof yields us facts of great significance to the present inquiry. For example, taking the State of Georgia: we find that, while in 1860 it had but 906 farms of under ten acres, in 1870 it had 3,527 such farms; in 1860, but 2,803 farms of over ten and under twenty acres,—in 1870, 6,942 such farms; in 1860, but 13,644 farms of over twenty and under fifty acres,—in 1870, 21,971 such farms; in 1860, but 14,129 farms of over fifty and under one hundred acres,—in 1870, 18,371 such farms. Making a total of all these sub-classes, considered as small farms in general, and subtracting that for 1860 from that for 1870, we reach the instructive fact that, in some five years preceding 1870, the increase in the number of small farms in the State of Georgia was nineteen thousand three hundred and twenty-nine.

In the State of Mississippi the increase is in some particulars more striking than that in Georgia. By the census report, Mississippi had in 1860 only 563 farms of over three but under ten acres, 2,516 of over ten but under twenty, 10,967 of between twenty and fifty, and 9,204 of between fifty and one hundred; while in 1870 it had 11,003 farms of the first-mentioned size, 8,981 of the second, 26,048 of the third, and 11,967 of the fourth; in short, a total gain of 34,749 small farms between 1860 and 1870.

The political significance of these figures is great. To a large extent—exactly how large I have in vain sought means to estimate—they represent the transition of the negro from his attitude as negro to an attitude as small farmer—an attitude in which his interests, his hopes, and consequently his politics, become identical with those of all other small farmers, whether white or black.

Nothing seems more sure than that an entirely new direction of cleavage in the structure of Southern polity must come with the wholly different aggregation of particles implied in this development of small farming.

In the identical aims of the small-farmer class, whatever now remains of the color-line must surely disappear out of the Southern political situation. This class, consisting as it already does of black small-farmers and

white small-farmers, must necessarily be a body of persons whose privileges, needs and relations are *not* those which exist as between the black man on the one hand and the white man on the other, but those which exist as between the small farmer on the one hand and whatever affects small farming on the other. For here—as cannot be too often said—the relation of politics to agriculture is that of the turnip-top to the turnip.

This obliteration of the color-line could be reduced to figures if we knew the actual proportion of the new small farms held by negroes. Though, as already remarked, data are here wanting, yet the matter emerges into great distinctness if we select certain counties where the negro population was very large in 1860, and compare the number of small farms in those counties for 1860 with the number for 1870.

This exhibit grows all the more close if we confine it to very small farms, such as the colored people have been able to acquire since the war by lease or purchase, and thus make it indicate—certainly in part—the accession to the number of small farmers from that source.

Consider, for example, the figures which stand opposite the name of Liberty County, Georgia, in Table VII. of the census report for 1870, as compared with those for 1860, directing the attention to but two classes of farms—those over three but under ten acres, and those over ten but under twenty. Liberty, it may be remarked, was in 1860 a county producing mainly sea-island cotton and rice, from large farms inhabited or owned by many of the oldest and wealthiest families of the State. In the year 1860, according to the report, it had eighteen farms of over three but under ten acres, and thirty-five of over ten but under twenty. In 1870 we find these figures changed to 616 farms of over three but under ten acres, and 749 farms of over ten but under twenty acres. In Camden County—a county penetrated by the Satilla River through its whole length, and before the war mainly covered with great rice-plantations—the increase is nearly as striking, though the figures are smaller. Here, in 1860, were but three farms of over three and under ten acres, and but five of over ten and under twenty acres; while in 1870 the former class of farms had increased to 189, and the latter to 136. Chatham County—in which Savannah is situated—shows a similarly enormous increase, though here a number of the small farms represent an immigration of white "truck-farmers," raising vegetables for the Northern market—a business which has largely grown in that neighborhood since the war, with the increased facilities offered by fast and often-running steamers from Savannah to New York.

Considering the case of Liberty County: the 1,365 small farms of 1870 (that is, the total of both sizes of farms above mentioned) against the fifty-three of 1860, may be considered—so far as I know—largely representative of accessions of negroes to the ranks of the small farmer. For, though these colored farmers hire out at times, yet their own little patches of varied products are kept up, and they are—as is, indeed, complained of sadly enough by larger farmers in want of hands—independent of such hiring.

Here one of my slips, cut from a sea-coast paper while this article is being written—in February, 1880,—gives a statement of affairs in Liberty County, which, coming ten years later than the 1870 census report last quoted from, is particularly helpful. After stating that a very large area of rice was planted last year, and a still larger area this year—that the price of rice is $1.15 a bushel, and the average yield thirty bushels to the acre, at which figures the farmers plant but little cotton—the writer adds:

> "If the farmer of Liberty County could control the negro labor, she would soon become one of the richest counties of South Georgia; but there comes in the trouble. The negroes, most of them, have bought a small tract of land, ten acres or more, and they can make enough rice on it to be perfectly independent of the white man. If he hires one, he has to pay him his price, which is not less than fifty cents per day; but, with all that, the county seems to be thriving."

It does not seem possible to doubt, in the light of these considerations, that there is, in Georgia at least, a strong class of small farmers which powerfully tends to obliterate color from politics, in virtue of its merger of all conflicting elements into the common interest of a common agricultural pursuit.

I find my slips much occupied with a machine which, if promises hold, is to play an important part in the New South. This is the "Clement Attachment," which proposes not only to gin the cotton without breaking the fiber, but with the same motive-power spins it, thus at one process converting seed-cotton into cotton-yarn. The saving in such a process embraces a dozen methods of expense and waste by the old process, and would be no less than enormous.

But it is not only the product which comes out as cotton-yarn that is valuable. The cotton-seed are themselves, in various ways, sources of revenue. One of these ways—

and one which has grown greatly in importance of late years—is referred to in the following slip:

"The cotton-seed oil factories in New Orleans are reaping this fall a golden harvest. . . . Every 450-pound bale of cotton, when ginned, yields about half a ton (1,100 pounds) of seed, which are sold to the factories at $15 per ton. Here the oil is expressed and the refuse is sold as oil-cake—chiefly exported to Europe for stock food, and used by the sugar planters as a fertilizer. Before expressing the seed, they are first linted and hulled. The lint extracted is sold to the white-paper factories, and the hulls are used for fuel and as fertilizers."

Of course, it remains to be seen whether all these fine things will be done by the Clement mills. Some of my slips show skepticism, a few, faith. It must be said that the stern experiences of the last fifteen years have inclined the New South to be, in general, doubtful of anything which holds out great promises at first. A cunning indication of such tendencies comes—upon the principle of like master, like man—in one of the cuttings before me (from the Atlanta "Constitution"), which records the practical views of Uncle Remus, a famous colored philosopher of Atlanta, who is a fiction so founded upon fact and so like it as to have passed into true citizenship and authority, along with Bottom and Autolycus. This is all the more worth giving since it is real negro-talk, and not that supposititious negro-minstrel talk which so often goes for the original. It is as nearly perfect as any dialect can well be; and if one had only some system of notation by which to convey the *tunes* of the speaking voice in which Brer* Remus and Brer Ab would say these things, nothing could be at once more fine in humor and pointed in philosophy. Negroes on the corner can be heard any day engaged in talk that at least makes one think of Shakspere's clowns; but half the point and flavor is in the subtle tone of voice, the gesture, the glance, and these, unfortunately, cannot be read between the lines by any one who has not studied them in the living original.

"Brer Remus, is you heern tell er deze doin's out here in de udder end er town?"

"W'at doin's is dat, Brer Ab?"

"Deze yer signs an' wunders whar dat cullud lady died day 'fo' yistiddy. Mighty quare goin's on out dar, Brer Remus, sho's you bawn."

"Sperrits?"

"Wuss'n dat, Brer Remus. Some say dat jedgment day aint fur off, an' de folks is flockin' roun' de house, a-hollerin' an' a-shoutin' like dey wuz in er revival. In de winder-glass dar you kin see de flags a-flyin', an' Jacob's ladder is dar, an' dar's writin' on de pane what no man can't read—leastwise, dey aint none read it yet."

"W'at kinder racket is dis youer givin' me now, Brer Ab?"

"I done bin dur, Brer Remus; I done seed um wid bofe my eyes. Cullud lady what was intranced done woke up an' say dey aint much time fer ter tarry. She say she meet er angel in de road, an' he p'inted straight fur de mornin' star an' tell her fer ter prepar'. Hit look mighty cu'us, Brer Remus."

"Come down ter dat, Brer Ab," said Uncle Remus, wiping his spectacles carefully and re-adjusting them, —"cum down ter dat, an' dey aint nuthin' dat aint cu'us. I aint no 'spicious nigger myse'f, but I 'spizes fer ter hear dogs a-howlin' an' squinch owls havin' de ager out in de woods, an' w'en a bull goes a-bellerin' by de house, den my bones git cole an' my flesh commences for ter creep; but w'en it comes ter deze yer sines in de a'r an' deze yer sperrits in de woods, den I'm out—den I'm done. I is, fer a fac'. I bin livin' yer more'n seventy year, an' I hear talk er niggers seein' ghos'es all times er night an' all times er day, but I aint never seed none yit; an' deze yer flags and Jacob's lathers, I aint seed dem, nudder."

"Dey er dar, Brer Remus."

"Hit's des like I tell you, Brer Ab. I aint 'sputin' 'bout it, but I aint seed um, an' I don't take no chances, deze days, on dat w'at I don't see, an' dat w'at I sees I gotter 'zamine mighty close. Lemme tell you dis, Brer Ab. Don't you let deze sines onsettle you. W'en ole man Gabrile toot his ho'n, he aint gwinter hang no sine out in de winder-panes, an' w'en ole Fadder Jacob lets down dat lather er hisn you'll be mighty ap' fer ter hear de racket. An' don't you bodder wid jedgment-day. Jedgment-day is lierbul fer ter take keer un itse'f."

"Dat's so, Brer Remus."

"Hit's bleedzed ter be so, Brer Ab. Hit don't bodder me. Hit's done got so now dat w'en I gotter pone er bread, an' a rasher er bacon, an' nuff grease fer ter make gravy, I aint keerin' much wedder folks sees ghos'es or no."

These concluding sentiments of Brer Remus would serve very accurately as an expression of the attitude of the small farmer—not only in the South, but elsewhere—toward many of the signs and ghosts and judgment-days with which the careful politician must fight the possible loss of public attention. There may be signs of danger to the republic; there may be ghosts of dreadful portent stalking around the hustings and through the Capitol corridors; and Judgment-day may be coming, —to this or that representative or functionary; but meantime it is clear that we small farmers will have nothing to eat unless we go into the field and hoe the corn and feed the hogs. By the time this is done, night comes on, and, being too tired to sit up until twelve o'clock for a sight of the ghost, we go to bed soon after supper, and sleep without sign or dream till the sun calls us forth again to the corn and the hogs.

* *Anglice*, Brother.

III.

THE evils just now alleged of large farming in the West were necessarily in the way of prophecy; but it is not difficult to show them as history. Early in the sixteenth century, England was seized with a passion for large farming such as perhaps no age can parallel; and it so happens that contemporary pictures place the results of it before us with quite extraordinary vividness.

After the fineness of English wool had been demonstrated, and had carried up the price of that commodity, the rage for sheep-raising became a mania like that of the South Sea speculation, and this one culture became the "large farming" of the period. Land-owners deliberately tore down farm-buildings and converted farms into sheep-walks; churches were demolished, or converted into sheep-houses; hamlets were turned to pasture; and rents were raised to such a rate as would drive off tenants holding leases, and enable the landlords to make sheep-walks of their holdings. Thus, bodies of productive glebe which had supported many farmers' families would be turned over to the occupation of a single shepherd. What must become of the farmers' families? Contemporary testimony is ample. They became beggars and criminals, and the world has rarely seen such sights of barbarous misery as are revealed by the writings, the sermons, the laws of this frightful period. A tract in Lambeth Library, belonging to this time, is entitled "Certain Causes Gathered Together, wherein is showed the decay of England only by the great multitude of sheep, to the utter decay of household keeping, maintenance of men, dearth of corn, and other notable discommodities"; and, after estimating that 50,000 fewer plows are going than a short time before, declares that the families once fed by these plows "now have nothing but to go about in England from door to door, and ask their alms for God's sake"; and "some of them, because they will not beg, do steal, and then they be hanged. And thus the realm doth decay."

In that notable dialogue of Thomas Starkey's, recently published by the New Shakspere Society, purporting to be a conversation between Thomas Lupset, Oxford professor, and his friend, Cardinal Pole,—a work by no means an unworthy predecessor of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations,"—we have contemporary testimony to the same facts. "Who can be so blind or obstinate," cries Lupset, at a certain point, "to deny the great decay, faults and misorders of our common weal; . . . our cities, castles and towns of late days ruinate and fallen down;" and he laments the "ground so rude and waste, which hath been beforetime occupied and tilled"; declaring, in another place, that "this is sure, that in no country of Christendom you shall find so many beggars as be here in England," and inveighing against the "nourishing of sheep, which is a great decay of the tillage of this realm."

But here honest Hugh Latimer comes and nails his nail with lightning and thunder. In the first of those seven sturdy sermons which he preached before the young king Edward VI., in 1548, immediately after Henry VIII.'s death, describing the number of agricultural laborers who had been thrown out of possible employment by the sudden rage for sheep-raising, he exclaims:

"For wher as have bene a great many of householders and inhabitantes, ther is now but a shepherd and his dogge!

"My lordes and maisters," proceeds Latimer, "I say also that all such procedynges . . . do intend plainly to make the yomanry slavery and the cleargye shavery." And then we have a bright glimpse at better old days of small farming, in some personal recollections with which the old preacher was often fond of clinching an argument. "My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onely he had a farme of iii. or iiii. pound by yere at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kepte half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hymselfe and hys horsse, whyle he come to ye place that he should receyve the kynges wages. I can remembre yat I buckled hys harnes when he went unto Blackeheath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to have preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers with v. pounde a pece. . . . He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gave to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. *When he that now hath it paieth XVI. pounde by yere or more*, and is not able to do anything for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geve a cup of drincke to the pore."

Thus we learn, from the clause I have italicized, that within Hugh Latimer's personal recollection farm-rents had gone up more than three hundred per cent. in con-

sequence of the "inclosure" mania—"inclosure" being a term in many mouths during all this period, and always equivalent to "large-farming."

It is inspiriting to observe the boldness with which Latimer charges home these evils upon the landlords, many of whom must have been sitting before him at the moment. These sermons were preached in the garden at Westminster, where the young king had caused a pulpit to be set up for Latimer, in order to accommodate the crowd who desired to hear him. "You landlordes," he cries, in another part of the same sermon, "you rent-raisers, I maye saye you steplordes, you unnaturall lordes, you have for your possessions yerely to [too] much. Of thys to much, commeth this monsterous and portentious dearth . . . that poore menne . . . cannot wyth the sweate of their face have a livinge, all kinde of victales is so deare, pigges, gese, capons, chickens, egges," etc.!

But, worse again, in the large-farming mania, great land-owners became land-grabbers of the most unscrupulous kind. In his second sermon, Latimer gives us a view of one of their methods:

"I can not go to my boke, for pore folkes come unto me, desirynge me that I wyll speake that theyr matters maye be heard." Occasionally he is at my lord of Canterbury's house, "and now and then I walke in the garden lokyng in my boke. . . . I am no soner in the garden and have red a whyle but by and by cometh there some or other knocking at the gate. Anon cometh my man and sayth, Syr, there is one at the gate would speake wyth you. When I come there then it is some or other . . . that hathe layne thys longe [time] at great costes and charges and can not once have hys matter come to the hearing; but among all other, one especially moved me at this time to speak. . . . A gentlewoman come to me and tolde me that a great man keepeth certaine landes of hyrs from hir, and wil be hyr tennante in the spite of hyr tethe. And that in a whole twelve moneth she coulde not gette but one daye for the hearynge of hyr matter, and the same daye when the matter should be hearde, the greate manne broughte on hys syde a greate syghte of Lawyers for hys counsayle, the gentilwoman had but one man of lawe: and the great man shakes hym so that he can not tell what to do, so that when the matter came to the poynte, the Judge was a meane to the gentylwoman that she wold let the great man have a quietnes in hyr Lande."

But far more beautifully and comprehensively does that lucent soul Thomas More put the case, in the "Utopia." Here, through the medium of another imaginary conversation, More is cunningly showing up affairs at home. He is talking with his suppositious traveler, Hythlodaye:

"'I pray you, syr [quod I], have you ben in our countrey?'

'Yea, forsoth [quod he], and there I taried for the space of iiii. or v. monethes together. . . . . It chaunced on a certayne daye, when I sate at the table of Archbishop John Morton, that a certain lawyer fell talking of thieves in England, rejoicing to see "XX hanged together upon one gallowes,' and the like, wherto I replied:

"'It is to [too] extreame and cruel a punishment for thefte, ... much rather provision should have been made that there were some means whereby they myght get their livyng, so that no man shoulde be dryven to this extreame necessitie, firste to steale and then to dye.'"

One cause of this is "'as I suppose, proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone.'

'What is that,' quod the Cardinal.

'Forsoth, my lorde [quod I], your shepe that were wont to be so meeke and tame and so smal eaters, now, as I heare say, be become so great devowerers, and so wylde that they eate up and swallow downe the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and devoure whole fieldes, houses and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest woll [wool] these noblemen, and gentlemen, yea and certayn Abbottes, holy men, no doubt, leave no grounde for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures, thei throw downe houses, they plucke down townes, and leave nothing standynge but only the churche to be made a shepe-house,'" so that "'the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne, or els either by coveyne fraude, or by violent oppression they be put besyde it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so wered that they be compelled to sell all; . . . either by hooke or crooke they must needs departe awaye, poore, selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widowes, wofull mothers with their yonge babes, and their whole household, smal in substance and muche in numbre, as husbandrye requireth many handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say . . . . fyndynge no place to reste in. All their housholde stuffe, . . . beeyng sodainely thruste oute, they be constrayned to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandred abrode tyll that be spent, what can they then els doo but steale, and then justly pardy be hanged, or els go about a-beggyng? . . . I praye you, what other thing do you then [than] make theves, and then punish them?'"

It seems difficult to believe that towns were actually destroyed, and churches deliberately pulled down, to give room for sheep-pastures; yet, if anything were needed beyond the testimony already given, it is clinched beyond all doubt by many statutes of the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. For example, the Preamble to the statute of Henry VIII., Chapter I., recites:

"The King, our Sovereign Lord, calling to his most blessed remembrance that whereas great incon-

venience be and daily increase by . . . pulling down and destruction of houses and towns within this realm, and laying to pasture land which customably have been . . . occupied with tillage and husbandry . . . whereby husbandry is decayed, churches destroyed, etc., etc.," therefore enacted that such places "be re-edified, and such lands so turned into pasture be restored to tillage," upon penalty of the king's seizing half the yearly profits to his own use until they should be so re-edified and restored.

Eighteen years later, I find "An Acte Concernyng Fermes and Shepe," whose preamble yields some curious details of this large-farming rampant, and shows that Latimer's poor gentlewoman, who had a great man for her tenant in the spite of her teeth, was but one of many.

"For as much as divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm . . . now of late . . . have daily studied and practiced . . . ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into fewer hands as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle and in especial sheep, putting such land as they can get to pasture and not to tillage, whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents . . . of this Realm . . . but have raised the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other, almost double . . . by reason whereof a marvelous multitude of the people of this Realm be not able to provide meat, etc., for themselves, their wives and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty that they fall daily to theft, robbing, etc., . . . or pitifully die for hunger and cold;" and as all this comes of large farming in sheep, whereby great herds are gathered into few hands; therefore enacted that hereafter no person shall have, of his own proper cattle, above two thousand head at a time; upon pain of three shillings and four pence—a heavy fine—for each surplus sheep.

And to similar intents I find act after act, running far into Elizabeth's reign.

But to no effect; for who can stop gambling? "We have good statutes," quoth Latimer, "as touching commoners,"—commoners being those who usurped commons for sheep-walks, in short, large-farmers,—"but there cometh nothing forth. . . . Let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to the stumps, nothing is amended."

In a time when ballads were so plentiful that, as *Martin Marsixtus* (1552) hath it, "every red-nosed rhymester is an author," and "scarce a cat can look out of a gutter but out starts some penny chronicler, and presently a proper new ballad of a strange sight is indited," such matters as these could hardly fail to find their way into popular verse; and accordingly we find the story in such forms as:

"The towns go down, the land decays,
Of corn-fields, plain leas;
Great men maketh nowadays
A sheep-cot of the church.
* * * * * *
Poor folk for bread to cry and weep;
Towns pulled down to pasture sheep;
This is the new guise."

How far this large farming, thus carried on, converted the most virtuous occupation of man—husbandry—into the most conscience-withering of all pursuits,—the gambler's,—and gave to the wildest speculation the factitious basis of a sort of real-estate transaction; how far it was connected with that national passion for dicing which Roger Ascham mourns, when he patly quotes the Pardoner's Tale of Chaucer, wishing that English

"Lordes might finde them other maner of pleye
Honest ynough to drive the day awaye,"

and concludes, so beautifully! "I suppose that there is no one thyng that chaungeth sooner the golden and sylver wyttes of men into copperye and brassye wayes than dicing;" how far it was of the same piece with that frightful knavery in public station against which we hear old Latimer thundering, "They all love bribes, and bribery is a princely kind of thieving," and telling them the story of Cambyses, who flayed a bribe-taking judge and covered the judge's chair with it, that all succeeding judges might sit in that wholesome reminder, and finally exclaiming, "a goodly syne, . . . I praye God we may see the signe of the skynne in England;" how far it was connected with gentle George Gascoigne's picture, in "The Steel Glass," of the clergyman who

"will read the holy writ,
Which doth forbid all greedy usury,
And yet receive a shilling for a pound;
. . . will preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a wasp;
. . . reproveth vanity,
(While he himself, with hawk upon his fist
And hounds at heel, doth quite forget the text);
. . . corrects contentions
For trifling things, and yet will sue for tithes;"

how far it had to do with Bernard Gilpin's rebuke, in his sermon, of "Never so many gentlemen and so little gentleness;" and how far the past of large farming in England sheds light on the future of large farming in America: are questions beyond the limits of this paper.

Meantime, it seems like an omen to this brief sketch, that while it is being written the

newspapers bring report how Mr. Gladstone has recently proposed small farming as a remedy for the present agricultural ills of England, and has recommended that "English farmers should turn their attention to raising fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs and butter."

In truth, I find a great man appealing to the small farmer a long time before Mr. Gladstone. Euripides praises him for not being a crazy democrat. It is these farmers, he declares, who stay at home and do not come to the public assembly, that save the country.

It is impossible to end without adverting to a New South which exists in a far more literal sense than that of small farming. How much of this gracious land is yet new to all real cultivation, how much of it lies groaning for the muscle of man, and how doubly mournful is this newness, in view of the fair and fruitful conditions which here hold perpetual session, and press perpetual invitation upon all men to come and have plenty! Surely, along that ample stretch of generous soil, where the Appalachian ruggednesses calm themselves into pleasant hills before dying quite away into the sea-board levels, a man can find such temperances of heaven and earth—enough of struggle with nature to draw out manhood, with enough of bounty to sanction the struggle—that a more exquisite co-adaptation of all blessed circumstances for man's life need not be sought. It is with a part of that region that this writer is most familiar, and one cannot but remember that, as one stands at a certain spot thereof and looks off up and across the Ocmulgee River, the whole prospect seems distinctly to yearn for men. Everywhere the huge and gentle slopes kneel and pray for vineyards, for corn-fields, for cottages, for spires to rise up from beyond the oak-groves. It is a land where there is never a day of summer nor of winter when a man cannot do a full day's work in the open field; all the products meet there, as at nature's own agricultural fair; rice grows alongside of wheat, corn alongside of sugar-cane, cotton alongside of clover, apples alongside of peaches, so that a small farm may often miniature the whole United States in growth; the little valleys everywhere run with living waters, asking grasses and cattle and quiet grist-mills; all manner of timbers for economic uses and trees for finer arts cover the earth; in short, here is such a neighborly congregation of climates, soils, minerals and vegetables, that within the compass of many a hundred-acre farm a man may find wherewithal to build his house of stone, of brick, of oak, or of pine, to furnish it in woods that would delight the most curious eye, and to supply his family with all the necessaries, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of the whole world. It is the country of homes.

And, as said, it is because these blissful ranges are still clamorous for human friendship; it is because many of them are actually virgin to plow, pillar, axe or mill-wheel, while others have known only the insulting and mean cultivation of the earlier immigrants, who scratched the surface for cotton a year or two, then carelessly abandoned all to sedge and sassafras, and sauntered on toward Texas: it is thus that these lands are, with sadder significance than that of small farming, also a New South.

A GROUP OF POEMS.

The Flute.

"How sounds thy flute, great master?" said a child,
Those deep dark eyes plead gently with his own.
"Hath it a music very soft and mild,
Or loud its tone?"

Then he, who loved all children tenderly,
Brought forth his best companion, and his lips
Set fondly 'gainst the wood. The melody
Followed his flying finger-tips,
And broke upon her ear in trills of sound
So light and gay, that frolic revelry,
And murmurs sweet, as when fair maids in June
Go tripping daintily to gather flowers,—
Filled with soft laughter all the air around.
Then gushed in glee a little tune
She knew full well, but made so bright with showers
Of liquid notes, 'twas like a meadow brook,
Whose face is kissed by sudden April rain.
And yet again,
Interpreting her smile, the Master blew
(Like some dry thistle that the wind has shook)
Such airy notes to skyward, that her eye,

To aid her ear, should follow:
For, clear and hollow
As bubbles dancing in the sun,
In shades of crimson, gold and violet,
The crystal spheres of music upward flew:
Along her lifted spirit seemed to run,
And lose themselves in Heaven's own harmony.
Then, dewy wet,
And dark with coming night, the woodlands gray
Seemed whispering through all their dusky leaves.
Among the branches stole
Faint twitterings of birds. High overhead,
Piping and calling loudly to his mate,
A swallow seemed to settle on the eaves;
While robin, in his evening roundelay,
Gone mad with joy, seemed pouring forth the whole
Delight of all the summer. Then was wed
To these so strange a sound and desolate,
Sighing she listened, and her tears
Mixed with her sighs. Oh, deep and fine
The pathos of that air divine!
For all the grief of other years,
And all the pain that is to be,
For painters gone and poets fled;
For singers mingled with the dead:
Heroes and loved ones of the earth,
With those whose jests and innocent mirth
Despair made hope again and sadness smile,—
Made pitiful the sorrow of the strain.
Then rose a martial measure, stately, slow,
And following, the brave, quick cries
Of armèd men in battle. Here,
The plain seemed spread before her eyes,—
There shuddered on her sentient ear
A groan, mixed with a triumph shout
And pæan loud of victory!
How sweet and low
Sang then the happy spirit in the flute!
Like the far distant chimes from some old tower,
Speaking of peace and calm serenity
At sunset hour;
Or, coming near,
Tinklings of bells by naiads rung,
Or by spiced winds of summer swung,
When apple-blossoms, shyly peeping out
Fill with fresh fragrance orchards far and wide.
With pleasure mute
She listened, while to joy again
Changed the rich tones. So thrilling, strong and free,
With such wild passion, power and energy
Leapt they from forth the slender instrument,
Wondrous it seemed unto the little maid;
And as they rippled on in fuller tide,
Seeming to break like waves upon the shore,
She crept still closer to the Master's side,
And gazed on him with awe. "Be not afraid,"
He murmured, while above her bent
His face, inspired as never yet before,
"No harm nor guile
Knows this blithe elf, dear innocent,—
Listen, and he shall tell a fairy tale."
But she, whose little heart was throbbing yet,
Whispered, "Ah, no! Thy flute is very sweet,
Great Master, but I fear it. In my soul,
I seem to hear the Future, with winged feet,
Coming too fast!" On this, with visage pale,
In haste he hid the flute, and in regret,
Soothed her with kisses. Then about him stole
Her arms, and soon, in slumberous content,
She dreamed. But watching wistfully the while,
He breathed in pain "How could I so forget?"

LUCRÈCE.

To R. H. Stoddard.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS COLLECTED POEMS.

POET of thought sedate, whose tender line
Is but the transcript of a life-long art
Ripened in quiet study, while the heart
Kept guard and crowned thee with its powers divine
In beauty and in glory! Were it mine
To hymn thy praises, I would cry—at length
The scattered treasures of our poet's strength
Are richly garnered! Why should such wealth as thine
Blow to the winds like vagrant autumn-leaves?
We joy and thank thee that the ripened sheaves
Are safely housed and hoarded! Wheat and wine
And golden fruits and knots of amaranth flowers
That link the years and seasons, heap the shrine
Thy liberal hand hath oped to these glad hearts of ours!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Compensation.

"THIS for the past!" she murmured; "grief and pain
Fade into nothingness beneath thy kiss.
The long dark way that led me to such bliss
Is all forgotten. Clasp me once again,
That in the future I may still retain
One fair remembrance, unto which my soul
May turn, in spite of duty's hard control,
And from the sight new hope, new courage gain.
Last, kiss me for the present, soft and slow,
As on a rose the moonbeams quivering fall;
No more—ah, Love, loose me and let me go!
Dost thou not hear Fate's low, relentless call?
Oh, cruel Life! though thou hast used me so,
My Love's three kisses have atoned for all."

ELIZA C. HALL.

At Dawn.

(RONDEAU.)

AT dawn of day, when cow-bells ring
O'er mellowing meadow-lands, where cling
The clover-scented wreaths of mist,
Half pearl in hue, half amethyst,
Glad sky-bound larks leap up and sing.

And so my heart doth heavenward spring,
When, like some virginal queen, you bring
Fresh, opening buds by zephyrs kissed,
At dawn of day.

The breath, the balm, the glow you fling
Like dew-drops from some bright bird's wing,
Thrill all my being, as I list
To melodies which must desist
When night-fall hath discrowned me, king
At dawn of day.

JOHN MORAN.

"So Be It."

So be it, then! We may not say
Whether this thing be worst or best,
But God knows. Let it rest.
Yea, let it rest, and in our place
Let each do well some worthy deed,
Whereof the sickly World hath need.
So much, no more, our hands can do.
So much, then, let us do, and wait—
Though bitter be the heart's debate.

H. L. C.

Nunc Dimittis.

'Tis a good world and fair,
And excellently lovely. If there be
Among the myriad spheres of upper air,
One yet more beautiful, some other where,
It matters not to me.

What can I crave of good
That here I find not? Nature's stores are spread
Abroad with such profusion, that I would
Not have one glory added, if I could,
Beneath or overhead.

And I have loved right well
The world God gave us to be happy in,—
A world—may be—without a parallel
Below that Heaven of Heavens, where doth not dwell
The discontent of sin.

And yet, though I behold
Its matchless splendors stretched on every side,—
Its sapphire seas, its hills, its sunset gold,
Its leafage, fresh as Eden's was of old,—
I am not satisfied.

Dark, blurring shadows fall
On everything; a strange confusion reigns;
The whole creation travaileth, and, through all,
I hear the same sad murmur that Saint Paul
Heard, sitting in his chains.

Where'er I look abroad,
What blight I see! What pain, and sin, and woe!
What taint of death beneath the greenest sod!
Until I shudder, questioning how God
Can bear to have it so!

I marvel that His love
Is not out-worn; I wonder that He hath
A plenitude of patience, so above
Finite conception, that it still can prove
A stay upon His wrath.

And then,—because I tire
Of self, and of this poor humanity,—
Because I grovel where I should aspire,
And wail my thwarted hope and balked desire,
With such small faith to see,

That yet, o'er all this ill,
God's final good shall triumph, when the sum
Is reckoned up; that even, if I will,
I, at the least, in mine own bosom still
May see His kingdom come,—

Because of this, I say,
I pine for that pure realm where turmoils cease,
Sighing (more tired of *them*, than day by day
Heart-broken after Heaven!) "*Lord, let, I pray,*
Thy servant go in peace!"

How braver 'twere to wait
His sovereign will, the how, the where, the when,
Doing what work He sets me, small or great,
Until He calls, and I make answer straight,
With *Nunc Dimittis*—then!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Peaks of Thule.

There came a morn!—In hope, and fear, we scaled
The steepest steep, and lo! our toil was done.
The land from all its summits swooned and failed,
And all the measures of our course were run—
Farewell the pangs of long-deferred delight!
The grief! the strife! the wrongs more foul than blows!
Our care no more to reck of might, or right,
Or what wind raves, or what tide ebbs or flows—
Only to mark, as in a trance of sleep,
Removed from chance and change beneath the sky,
The idle pageant of the days go by,
To drown and die in the all-circling deep,
And the mailed planets, on their fateful round,
Nightly saluting from the blue profound.

So sang we, till the great sun, overhead,
Blazed through his cloudless arc, and dipped, and burned
The level wave. But when the West was red,
Our glances met, and every eye was turned
Toward the purple vales that slept beneath—
And now, we mused, the shadows haunt the wold
And now the traveler, across the heath,
Fares to his welcome inn, and tales are told
By way-worn guests, about the ingle-side,
While each of some great happiness to be
Dreams, in the silences—but we, ah! we
Shall dream no more!—Then, with one voice, we cried:
"Give us to hope, though but to fear again,
In the glad, tearful, toilsome world of men!"

W. W. YOUNG.

Coronation.

It was the poet's coronation-time—
And he was led into a summer day.

The roof was blue, the carpeting was green—
Upon a hill they sat him for a throne.

The birds flew low, and sang, and touched the flowers;
And humming children moved around his heart.

A ceremony then of food and drink
Was given him by maidens without names.

For food—a word of love, true and complete.
For drink—the sweet fruition of a kiss.

Swiftly he wrote within a book of thought,—
"Oh, I am happy as a perfect noon!"

The maidens read the motion of his hand,
And hid the thought within their happy hearts.

They sang what he had written till the eve—
A newer inspiration filled his soul.

They, dancing, wove a theme of changing grace;
Till music seemed to him created new.

They wrought for him a crown of children's hair—
The most unique and glorious in the world.

W. D. KELSEY.

The Tides.

THE Ocean loves the Moon, and ever
To reach her, strives, with fond endeavor.
She flits in careless beauty o'er him,
Ever returning, flies before him,
Dimpled with voiceless laughter.
He, faithful, follows after,
Follows, follows, evermore.
Constant, he bears his burden,
His patient bosom heaving,
Wistful, still seeks his guerdon,
Mindless of past deceiving,
Till, as his mocking mistress ever flies,
Sweet hope forsakes him, and with groans and sighs
He wraps about his face his garments hoar,
And breaks his great heart on the cruel shore.

LUCY J. RIDER.

The Parting of the Ways.

THUS far, my calm-eyed friend, thus far together
Along the devious road,
Through the broad belts of shade and summer weather,
Our loitering steps have trod;
And now before us, hidden in the golden,
Luminous autumn haze,
The dreadful moment crouches unbeholden—
The parting of the ways.

I know it lurks there, and our eyes shall see it
Ere yet a week be gone;
Though our reluctant feet may shun and flee it,
Silent it presses on.
The threads of life, so strangely intertwisted,
Shall be unwoven soon;
Passing like down, blown where the night wind listed,
Beneath the inconstant moon.

We have been friends. Perhaps, indeed, a glimmer
Of something tenderer still
In either heart, now brighter and now dimmer,
Has flickered up, until,
Touched into tremulous bloom, a rose is blowing,
In shy, uncertain life—
But who shall stoop and pluck and wear it, going
Into the outer strife?

We are not as the men of old. Existence
Is not the simple thing
It was to those who loved in that fair distance
Whereof the poets sing.
Life presses on us in a thousand phases
The old world never knew;
Love roams no more among green dells, where daisies
Drink in the morning dew.

You are no Hero, and I no Leander.
The world that girds us round
Has no room now for words that melt and wander
In vague melodious sound.
Yea, though I loved you as the Hebrew peasant
The dark-eyed maid he won,
We cannot tempt the Laban of our Present
Till the long task be done.

For us no shadow on Life's solemn dial
Goes back to give us peace;
There is no resting-place in the stern trial
Until the heart-throbs cease;
We cannot hold Time fast, and bid him bless us;
And not for us the sun,
When shades fall fast, and doubts and woes oppress us,
Stands still in Gibeon.

And so, though hearts bleed, and eyes fill, unwitting,
With tears that must not flow,
We grasp not the sweet hope before us flitting,
But bravely let it go.
Nay! not one word that friends and comrades proven
Might not undoubting speak.
Let the threads part until the web, unwoven,
Around us fall and break!

Perhaps, in that dim future now before us,
Through all your mortal scaith,
My voice may blend for you in that grand chorus
Of Duty, Love, and Faith.
And surely all my life must be more tender,
Passing henceforth for aye
Through the soft shade of this supreme surrender
Unto the perfect Day.

Good-bye, then; but if life and life's denials
Be not an idle dream,
There yet shall come the guerdon of these trials
Beyond the things that seem.
When all this loss shall be but as a glamour
Of trouble passed away,
And far above Earth's transient gloom and clamor
Love's balm heals Love's delay.

G. HERBERT SASS.

Love's Autumn.

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which, like a milky way,
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence love looks forth, touched by the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the south—
The young south-wind of passion—sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheek, like soft September's rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace,
Which, breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest.

Nought would I lose of all thou hast, or art,
O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure,
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more
Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land—
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There I behold thee young again, and bright,
In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

SHANTYTOWN.

THE great city spreads itself day by day. Chafing within its island limits, it feeds the muddy bays and shallows of its river-front with its own soil, with the ashes of its myriad fires, with the ruins of old houses torn down to make room for new; steals from the water long lines of streets; still unsatisfied, crawling ceaselessly northward, it divides and subdivides its habitations; gardens disappear and tenement-houses rise; every man's allowance of space is cut down to its lowest possibility; the rich man can buy himself a little kingdom a hundred feet square; the poor man must hire a bed six feet by two, in a five-cent lodging-house. And still there is not room. One day, a full block of brown-stone houses, climbing up on the rocks by Central Park, cuts right into a gypsy camp of superfluous poor, squatting outside the gates—a peaceable and well-organized colony, that could not find room for itself in the regions of brick and mortar.

And then the squatter colony must go. Pariahs of poverty, these extra-mural citizens must pull to pieces their home of shreds and patches, and set up their household gods elsewhere—little matter where. No one will remember, next year, when the place of their habitation is graded, curbed and paved, according to city regulations; when the six-story mansions of Philistia stand where stood the whitewashed cabins; when C-spring carriages roll where the one-horse wagon of the licensed vender began its rounds, and when the aristocratic anglo-maniac's dog-cart has replaced the rag-picker's.

The knell of the little colony has already struck. The elevated railroad has set its iron feet in the westernmost highway of Shantytown. A few pioneer brown-stone fronts, with their great Doric high-stoops adjusted to levels strange to the cartography of the earlier settlers, stare, tenantless, out of blank, astonished windows, at the ragged and ruleless architecture of their humble neighbors; the dull, incessant thud of the steam-pick thrills the rocky foundations of the town; long processions of creaking carts stream up from the city, deposit each a cubic yard of earth in some broad ravine where a market-garden and a small stock-yard flourish, thirty feet below the curb, and on the morrow the market-garden and the stock-yard are things of the past. The market-gardener has turned teamster, and is "leveling" elsewhere; the stock-farmer is getting his bread by carrying a hod on the newest flat-building going up on Madison avenue, and the boys of Shantytown are playing base-ball on the smooth ground where a placard announces "Building Lots for Sale."

Yet, before it is utterly gone, let us take a walk through Shantytown. It is not too much to give it—this fast-passing phase or fraction of our city's growth—an hour or two of our time; for the wind blows fresh from the west, across the steely-blue river that gleams down at the bottom of the empty road-ways. The sky is clear overhead, except where the smoky haze about the Jersey river highlands softens the sharper blue. And where we are going we shall see, on the east, the many-colored foliage of Central Park, and, to the north, the white and brown of Bloomingdale villas, showing through the distant green.

But, first, where and what is Shantytown? It has lain, all these years, at your doors, O careless New-Yorker, and you know as little of it as you know of the Battery Park, where your father walked of summer evenings a half-century gone by, a fine young man in rolling-collar swallow-tail and tasseled Hessians, and wooed your mother, in a *Directoire* dress whose belt came close up to the heart that throbbed responsive to the formal utterances of his well-regulated passion. *That* was at the other end of the city; we are going now to the region bounded, as the election notices say, on the S. by 65th street; on the N. by 85th; on the W. by 8th avenue, and on the E. by Central Park.

This is the Bohemia of the laboring classes. In this country we all belong, or at least we ought to belong, to the laboring classes; but the most of us get from our labor wherewith to keep a certain extent of roof over a limited number of heads. There are some, however, who toil for ten hours only to buy themselves the right to a dozen cubic feet of sleeping-room during such part of the fourteen remaining hours as they may choose not to spend in the streets or the beer-saloons. Of this class, which has no condition nor possession to characterize it beyond the fact of its laboring, there must always be found some lively-minded and restless members who are ill content to gasp out their lives in the packed cellars and garrets down the back alleys of the lower town; they yearn for freedom of movement, for light and air, for

the smell of the bare earth and the sight of trees and water. It was some such adventurous souls as these, brave discoverers of the rabble, rambling rakes of poverty, who long ago found their way up to this rocky region, built homes of boards and canvas, and bought goats—which have since multiplied in a ratio wholly disproportionate to the growth of the settlement, respectable as that increase has been: for others, less clearly aware of what moved them, soon came to join the hardy and happy pioneers.

But to be original, independent and comfortable is to be Bohemian; and to be Bohemian is to be condemned of conventionality. When young Mr. and Mrs. Doveleigh van Stuyvesant enter upon the married state, with much affectionate enthusiasm, two unnecessarily long pedigrees, and $1,500 yearly income, they are expected, by good society, to find a corner in *his* father's house, or *her* father's house, and there to live, dependent and cramped, but unimpeachably proper and "nice"! And if they take it into their young heads to rent a little room for themselves, near Union Square, turn it into a small and cheap palace of decorative art, and go foraging among the French table-d'hôte restaurants, dining with the newspaper men and the artists—why, Niceness at once labels them "queer—not to be trusted," and they are outlawed—but happy.

The law of the World of Laziness has its counterpart in the World of Labor. Right-minded and right-thinking poverty clings to its small, stuffy, half-lit tenement-house rooms with a steadfast devotion. Two modes of living it holds utterly in horror. One of these is the life planned for it by philanthropists, in "model" cottages: the other is the disreputable freedom of the shanty.

For the dislike which the poor undoubtedly bear toward the pattern habitations of too-officious benevolence there may be much reason; but, surely, the lofty contempt of a seventh floor in Baxter street for the healthful hovels of the Boulevard is a meanness of small conventionality in which unconscious envy must go for something.

When Pat O'Donohue sits in his smoke-begrimed den, high up near the shaky roof-tree of Murphy's tenement, listening to the rattle and roar of the Elevated Railroad trains, far below him, as they echo up the narrow alley, looking down at the black, crowded streets, where the children swarm in the darkness, and the red, camphene-fed lamps of the venders' torches flare and flicker, his breath choked with the varied foulnesses of sewer-gas and stifling crowds, the night-wind coming in his window, heavy with the smells of Hunter's Point, to mix with the essence of his own pork and cabbage,—is Pat, in all his pride of poor respectability, much better off than Tim, "who's gahn to live up wid the folks in thim shanties, the b'y has—sorra's the day such luck iver kem to the fam'ly!"—is he, indeed?

Here we are at Shantytown. Shanties dot the landscape near and far; shanties mark the lines of graded streets north and west; but it takes only a glance to show us that here, right in front of us, lies a veritable town of shanties—an ordered aggregation of hovels that speaks of an association of interests and an identity of tastes—the two great principles that enter into the foundation of villages and cities. You know at once that something stronger than mere chance has drawn these dwellers in huts together; something more mighty than mere accident has made them live in peace and unity for years. You see at once that, within the legal limits of the city, before the very doors of the actual town, this little settlement exists in its entity, in its quiddity, as Charles Lamb might have said, a something quite by itself and for itself.

Standing here at Sixtieth street, your eye, turned toward the rising ground where a glimmer of white shows the old Croton aqueduct and the gentle slopes of hills cut right and left by boulevard and avenue, takes in a space just half a mile in length—from Sixty-second to Seventy-second streets—and perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, covered with a huddling host of small houses, mostly one story high, no two on a level.* This space is bounded right and left by two avenues, straight as an arrow-flight, and with but slight undulations. It is further transected by streets that run at perfect right angles to the Eighth and Ninth avenues. These sharp lines serve only to mark the strange irregularity of the region. From where we stand, we catch sight of chimneys just peeping above the curb-stones of Seventieth street. A half-dozen blocks nearer, the town mounts an ambitious elevation and sits, a beggarly Rome, hill-enthroned, dominating the surrounding hollows.

For Shantytown lies, for the best part, in certain quadrangular depressions, made by

* Since this article was written, Shantytown has lost several blocks at each end—absolutely *lost* them, for they have been filled in or cut down to the plane of the graded streets.

CORNER SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET AND ELEVENTH AVENUE.

the laying-out and grading of the highways that checker its picturesque irregularity. These broad roads have run, like railroad embankments, across a low country, whose undrained bottom now stares up to heaven from amid four sloping walls of earth and rubble.

But the shanties make no account of high ground nor low. They nestle in the malarious hollows, or perch impudently on the salubrious heights. Their whitewashed walls shine out against the raw, red earth of huge slopes like fortress-walls; their fantastic gables, adorned with bird-houses of quaint design, stand out in sharp outline against the sky, whose keen blue gleams brightest above the high gray rocks.

The suburbs of the town are here at Sixtieth street; but they do not cluster closely together below Sixty-fifth street and that large, ambitious house of yellow-stone-faced brick, whose unused *porte-cochère* has so many years mocked the unfashionable roadway. Pass this, and we are within the limits. Stop here for a moment, if you wish to see the last of one of the most characteristic sections of the colony. Here are two blocks that are still geographically one. The street has not been cut through, from avenue to avenue. It has a beginning now, right ahead of us, as we stand on Eighth avenue. A broad ridge of mud starts from our feet and divides the hollow below us, pausing feebly at the rocky heights that shut the river out —a projecting joint of the island's backbone. Beyond this hummock we see the top of a derrick, occasionally veiled in a cloud of white steam. In a month or two, a wide ravine will cleave the rocks and meet this abortive mud-embankment. But now the hollows on this side, and the heights on the Boulevard end of the two blocks, swarm with shanties. Some stand in the very path of the steam-drill, nor will they disappear until the rock is actually drilled from under them. When we pass down the Boulevard, going home, you will see a hut with one corner projecting beyond the edge of the rocks. The proprietor sits in the door-way. He will move out in a day or two. He has to get up and retire a hundred yards or so every time there is a blast; but that is no reason for quitting his home with premature and injudicious haste.

The folk who have builded in the mud are, in this case, better off than they who

have set their houses upon a rock. These former nestle in the excavation made when Eighth avenue was graded. Their highest roofs do not come up to the line of the pavement. Some of them lie so low that it looks as if a heavy rain would drown them. Others crowd up close to the street, utilizing the fortress-like slope as a combined wall and floor. Others mount the proud eminence of an ash-heap perhaps twenty feet high, a relic of abandoned

A CHARACTER.

dumping-grounds. Almost every yard of space is occupied. Here and there is an open stretch; but the lines of foundation-posts show that buildings have lately been removed.

But why do we linger to look at these shanties, which are not so picturesque as the party-colored groups to the north? Why? Do you see that smooth breadth of new earth on the block to the south? That was just such a populous hollow as this a fortnight ago. It is not wholly closed up yet. At the further end there is a junkman's hut, with his little barn, his stable, sty and shed, and a perfect wilderness of "truck"—boxes, barrels, baskets, stove-pipes, bottles, cart-wheels, odds and ends of furniture—the accumulations of, it may be, a dozen years of his strange traffic. See, his high-pitched roof is ornamented with a coiled and twisted skeleton—a crinoline, that mayhap puffed out the gorgeous silks of some fair American who courtesied within these pliant wires at the court of the last and least Napoleon. Again, mayhap, it did nothing of the sort. Who shall predicate thus much from a bird's-eye view of a feminine hoop on the roof of a rag-picker's house? And see, the tenant's big Newfoundland regards us with a curious eye. We should do well to press onward up the long, bare avenue.

A block further north, we find another "lift" of the rocks which still defies the surveyors.

IN THE GERMAN QUARTER.

We clamber up a ragged and winding space, impassable for horses, yet evidently meant for a road, an apology for the street that is not. Up here the wind blows fresh and free. We can see the river, bright to-day, and flecked with white sails of yachts. The houses here are neater and more home-like than those we have just seen. These are the choice places, pre-empted by their first settlers, who have been at pains to make their nests as snug and pleasant to the eye as may be. We get back to the walk by Central Park, and note that on the north end of this hill the shanties fairly pack themselves together. Above here the streets are all cut through and graded, some partly paved, and the crowded cottages edge the "stoop-line" with decorous regularity. But the physical geography of the space between the streets is unchanged; and the shanty architect revels in unevenness. He finds no two feet of surface on a level, and he adapts his structure to the conditions of his site.

The impression that this small and strange city makes upon the chance beholder is that of a wild dream of all that he has ever imagined in the way of odd sea-side shelters, boat-cabins, wharf-sheds and marine cubby-houses generally, jumbled together in confusion by a storm, and stranded here. At first the eye cannot make out separate forms in these acres of wood and tin and canvas, clothing the inequalities of the ground. It is only a mass of close-set, distinct patches of brown and gray, in every shade, heightened by spots of white, green, or red, and backed, on the further ridge, by the sharp sky-blue. Then this multi-colored expanse begins to resolve itself into walls and roofs, windows and doors, chimneys, porches, gables and galleries. But here the process ends. We cannot assign part to part, nor fit these shreds and patches into habitable structures. Each one must be studied by itself. In the mass, individual combinations are lost in the prevailing lawlessness of line and hue.

The shanty is the most wonderful instance of perfect adaptation of means to an end in the whole range of modern architecture. Nothing is prepared for it, neither ground nor material. Its builders have but an empirical knowledge of the craft they practice. They scorn a model, and they work with whatever comes to hand.

This house in front of us found a triangular bit of rock for itself, about as large as a

SHANTYTOWN GEESE.

Fifth-avenue parlor. The rock slopes up from the small end, where it connects with this little alley between the red shanty, to the right, and the brown shanty, to the left. At the large end of the triangle it drops down abruptly. Now look at the grip and smartness and easy-going adaptability to circumstances of that shanty. It climbs over the rock, and puts its front door at the very summit; thence its other rooms slip off, at lower levels. An extensive stair-way system being out of the question, these lower rooms are reached by trap-doors in their roofs, which are exactly on a level with the kitchen door. A small gallery leads to the cow-house, which is around a spur of the height. It is ten by six, really large for the neighborhood, and the cow climbs the rock, when she has the chance, as easily as do the children.

As to the odds and ends whereof all this is built, you could not catalogue them.

There are bits of wood from the docks, from burnt-out city houses, from wrecks of other shanties; there are rusty strips of roofing-tin; sheets of painted canvas; the foundations are of broken bricks, neatly cemented, the top of it all is tin, slate, shingle, canvas and tarred paper. No bird's-nest ever testified to more industrious pickings and stealings.

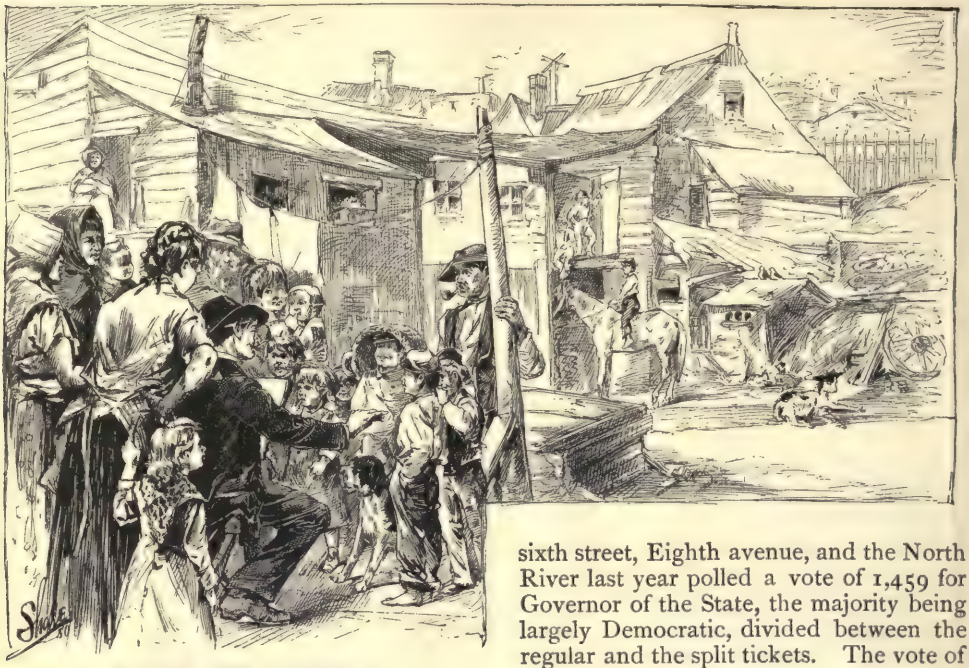
They have been put together with a bird-like eye to effect, too. The gallery railings are painted a bright green, and enriched with iron scroll-work from some ruined villa-wall; the front porch is surmounted with a neat cornice, a well-tended vine clambers about the queer, rough corners, turkey-red curtains deck the irregular windows, and the stones and clam-shells that border the alley path shine with whitewash.

Come inside—we will make some pretext, for these people want neither to be stared at nor patronized. They are independent and respectable, and their sill is as sacred as the lordliest threshold in the land. But we will tell them that we want some goat's milk, which we do, and we will take rapid notes while the mistress of the house is telling us that she thinks we may find a widow with a goat three blocks up.

Mrs. Eichler. American woman. German husband. Has been good-looking. Is now. Neat as a new pin. Everything about her the same. Best class of shanty-dwellers, these. Five children; all clean; and money in bank. This is the kitchen—also dining-room. Good stove; dresser; bright pots and pans; white stone-china. Yankee clock on shelf. Oil-clothed table. Doors right and left. Through left we see white bed, and crib with patch-work quilt. Right, best room of house; horse-hair sofa, chromo, fancy clock, sewing-machine and—a sofa-bed. This is luxury! Who wouldn't live in a shanty?

They are not all so nice, though. Most of the Irish are shiftless, and some of the Germans are slovenly. Sometimes there is only one room in the shanty; but that is rare. Three is the average. Occasionally, one is occupied by two families; but the main idea of the community is the principle of an independent dwelling. Your squatter, smoking his evening pipe in front of his shanty, for which he has paid a fair ground-rent, is a King; and he knows it. His brother down in the Baxter-street tenement-house may despise him; but he cares not. He sends for his father and his mother from the old country, and the neat white heads sun themselves at his south windows all day long. He is proud of his old people, that fellow is; and they, being

CORNER EIGHTY-SECOND STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

provided with potatoes to peel, or light employment of the sort, sit under his roof like aged benedictions upon their son's prosperity.

Of course, the shanty-dweller does not loaf for a living. He is a day laborer, a truckman, a junkman or a rag-picker. The last two lines of business are most numerously represented in Shantytown; but the better class of the population is found among the "truckers," or the men employed in the city as porters, messengers or drivers. They have been living in Shantytown, many of them, for twelve and fifteen years. A few have been on the ground even longer. The first comers were really *squatters;* later on, rent was charged and collected, and the rates have steadily risen of late years. The ground rent of a shanty ranges now from $20 to $100. These are "open leases," still, the dwellers are lessees of property, and citizens.

It may seem strange to consider this region as a factor in the body politic; but in this free country, votes are cheap, and Shantytown has a hand in the government of Fifth avenue. It comprises, indeed, the entire southern portion of the 19th Assembly District; and the shanty dwellers between Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets have nine election districts to themselves. The town proper lies in, or partly in, four. The nine election districts which cover the space between Sixtieth street (about), Eighty-sixth street, Eighth avenue, and the North River last year polled a vote of 1,459 for Governor of the State, the majority being largely Democratic, divided between the regular and the split tickets. The vote of the four districts referred to as belonging principally to Shantytown proper was 684. The 20th district, of only six blocks, cast 149 votes. The political complexion of the whole region is decidedly Democratic. Last year there was a certain amount of discord in both parties; ex-Governor Lucius Robinson, at the head of the straight ticket of the

WATER-WORKS.

Democrats, diverted many votes not only from the ticket of Tammany Hall, the local organization most powerful in the neighborhood, but from the Republican ticket, which had lost the support of a small but active party of "Young Republicans," or "Scratchers," who worked in behalf of the regular Democratic nominee. On the vote for local officers, Shantytown "ran wid de machine" of Tammany. These figures are interesting only in that they show how large and how *masculine* is the population of the district—how rich in voters—that is, in men upward of twenty-one years of age, qualified residents. Of course, allowance must be made for "repeating," but the general testimony is that the region is too *solid*, too openly and surely pledged to the support of a certain party to call for any illicit electioneering devices. The significant fact remains, that four sparsely settled blocks on the edge of Shantytown turn out 204 votes; while the 16th election, of the Eleventh Assembly District, right in the center of the Murray Hill quarter,—the heart of the patrician domain,—the four blocks lying between Sixth and Madison avenues and Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth streets, can show only 240. Yet the aristocratic election district is closely built up: there are but four vacant lots in the whole space; and many of the houses are fashionable "boarding establishments," whose tenants are the same year in and year out. This little fact ought to preach a startling sermon on indifferentism in politics. The four Murray Hill blocks are the very stronghold of respectability. The extreme corners are occupied by two private houses of millionaire families, one grocery and one bazaar; both the shops being among the oldest, richest, and most respectable of their kind in New York. Yet even the mad excitement of such an election as last year's cannot bring from this district a decent and proper complement of voters; while every qualified man in Shantytown walks up to the polls and deposits his vote. Hence, Murray Hill is governed by the rulers chosen of its own truckmen, street-sweepers, and rag-pickers.

Few of Shantytown's voters are visible at this hour of the day. Later, toward evening, you may see a few junkmen sorting their collections; but in most of the yards, women are picking over the loads that their husbands and sons deposited last night. Women have to do a deal of work in this region. They have charge of almost all the shops, and many of the beer-saloons. We will step into a shop, if you please—but not that one. It is a funny little place; but it is only the penny toy and candy store that is to be found wherever there are poor children. There is nothing characteristic about it save the varied assortment of queer confections in the tiny show-window; and the cheery, though unseasonable, plaster Santa Claus who presides over them, with fly-specked snow on his shoulders.

Here is a grocery that supplies Shantytown with tea and coffee, and other luxuries. You see the regulation assortment as you enter. It is Park and Tilford's, in little, with the addition of cabbages. The nicest little German woman imaginable is behind the counter. She speaks vile English with a sweet South German accent. We have forgotten our pipe and our 'baccy, and for eleven cents we get a pretty little terra-cotta affair and a small package of best Durham. "I can't sell no odder!" she declares, with a dainty shrug. Ambitious falsifier! Behind that counter you have hidden tobacco, at ten cents a pound, that would burn the aristocratic gums out of such customers as the present. But this we say not. We pause and chat, and thus learn that the ground-rent of this absurd box used to be fifty dollars, and is now eighty dollars; that the destruction of the shanties is affecting her business; that everybody in her neighborhood has had the proper bonus of five dollars to move away quietly; that it is all on account of the pride of the landlords, who want to have everything pretty for 1884 and the Great Fair; and that she thinks the shanties look better than the bare ground. We agree with her and depart.

We ought to inspect the beer-saloons, of which there are a plenty. But inspection involves beer, and, unless you have a strong stomach, the refreshment will be too much for you. However, this one is a sample of the majority of them—you see: plain, empty, with a high counter and one lonely keg of bad lager. The *Hausmutter*, who is quite seventy, serves us. A yellow-haired baby clings to her skirts. Her grandchild? "*Ach Gott, nein! Du bist mein papy, ni't wahr, August?*"

The "swell" saloon is at the corner of Eighth avenue and Seventy-second street. It is kept by an intelligent, bristly old German, with "exile of '48" written all over his socialist face. He has good *kümmel*—that's a sure sign, too. A mighty mastiff, chained up in one corner, growls at us suddenly and unsettles our nerves. "What do you

keep such an ugly beast for?" we ask, too hastily. "He ought to be killed ——"

"*KILL? kill* dot dog?" And the stumpy figure rises up to positive grandeur as the old man thunders forth his wrath, like a disarmed Berserker. "I guess you aint got no *friends*, to talk of killing a dog like dot!" And he fondles the animal that licks his hand.

This brings us well-nigh to the uppermost end of Shantytown. Let us turn down, now, and follow the rough line of Ninth avenue and the Boulevard. The Elevated Railroad cars crash over our heads every few minutes; their oily breath vitiates the air. This is much too cityfied. So, likewise, is that exquisitely neat little row of brown-stone houses; all tenanted; the most notable encroachment yet upon the liberties of the town. Across the area railing of the corner house, a policeman is flirting with a pretty, red-haired chamber-maid. She tosses her cap when she sees us, and goes inside. We converse with the "cop"—not on the subject of his conquest. He gives the Shantytowners an excellent character. They are not troublesome, and yield few "drunks" to the acre.

A little below here is the Pound. It is perked up on a rocky corner, and is kept by an American couple, who despise their neighbors, impound the stray live-stock of said neighbors, get from the city a quarter for a goat, and a dollar for a cow, and are cordially hated for a mile around.

Shantytown's two churches stand on this side—the Chapel of the Church of the Transfiguration, where Dr. Houghton preaches every Sunday afternoon; and the Reverend Mr. Van Aiken's.

Here, too, are the shamefully neglected ruins of the little old Dutch Reformed Church, and its burying-ground, where lie in fragments the head-stones that, patched together by curious, and not wholly irreverent hands, show how outrageously some highly respectable people in this city are neglecting their ancestors. Shantytown's birds are better cared for.

NOT YET DOOMED.

The poor always love birds. This love is often the sole grace and poetry of their lives. Old-time German folk treasured the rhymes of Walter von der Vogelweide. Norman peasants, in forgotten centuries, invented a quaint and touching story to tell their children why the robin's breast is red; and ages have only nurtured this affection till it has become a fixed fondness—a sort of gentle reverence even, which has made a constant alliance between the needy of this earth and the "careless children of the air." The sky-line of Shantytown is dotted with bird-houses. The roofs are bestuck with them. They sit acock of the gables, and

atop of lonely poles. The tomato-can, vulgar, modern and artificial, but weather-worthy and snug, is no sooner nailed up under the eaves than it is tenanted by the business like sparrow. The rare old wild-birds, that you never see, nowadays, in the city squares, share with the noisy English immigrants the larger domiciles, many of which are curiously ornate, testifying to the industrious leisure of some ingenious, bird-loving shanty-dweller. The airy colony does its courting, its mating, its setting and its nursing, and all the other duties of its life, in perfect quiet and content. The ragged infants below are less wanton than your sleek farmer's boys out in the country. They are willing to leave the birds alone, because the birds leave them alone. Their barbarian yearnings toward torture are glutted when they can tie an abandoned tin-kettle to an unprotected cat.

A goose is not a bird. "In spite of all the learned have said," common people of poetic instinct refuse to believe the libel on the feathered form of beauty to which we love to liken fluttering female hearts, and that sort of thing. Yet, let the graceless goose serve as a connecting link between the pets of Shantytown and its edible beasts and beasts of burden. To neither of these classes belongs the rat, who deserves one line of mention to record the fact of his presence. Nothing more does he demand. He is numerous, but commonplace—the same old rat who is everywhere that man and decay are. He is a shade more impudent here than is his wont, as who should

A TIMID OBSERVER.

say: "I'm a beggar and a tramp—you're right I am; but where's *your* social standing, anyway, stranger?" The pig is a step higher than the rat in the scale of animal worth, in that he can eat the rat. On the other hand, he himself is eaten by man; and it were a nice question to discuss whether he himself regards a life as well and nobly spent that ends in "fresh country" sausages and the hasty ham-sandwich bolted at noonday by the down-town broker.

THE LEADING BUSINESS.

But 'twere reasoning too curiously to devote such speculation to the pig. The dog is the goat's only rival as the typical animal of the colony, and the dog must be properly discussed. The dog in Shantytown—let us stumble down this embankment, cross lots, and scramble up the opposite side, and thus get southward again to the more populous quarter, where we may search for illustrations of our theme. We will spare our feet, and take this narrow pathway between the two gray old hovels huddling together at one end of this long ravine. The dog in Shantytown—"Mother of Moses, sorr! did he bite ye? Jack, lave the gintleman alone, ye baste,—had he hoult of ye, sorr?" No, ma'am, he did not; but

he put his vicious old incisors through the thick stuff of this sleeve, and nothing but that yard of chain keeps those foaming jaws off us at this moment. The dog in Shantytown, as we were remarking, is everything that is vile, degraded and low in canine nature. In him survives the native savagery of the wolf, blent with an abnormal cunning learnt from association with men. He draws the rag-picker's little cart, not by way of making himself useful, not as the friend and helper of man, but simply to delude you into believing in his docility and sweetness of disposition. Then he bites you, and his owner grins out a string of ironic condolences. It is a thing arranged between the dog and his proprietor. Let us go hence, for the atmosphere is not sympathetic; and there are some beautiful effects of chiaroscuro just over there, about a quarter of a mile down the road.

And, as we pass on, we will glance at the little market-gardens to our right. Of these the larger occupy entire blocks—or rather the bottoms of blocks, yards below the street. They supply "salad stuff," radishes, and a few table vegetables to Washington Market. Their crops are grown with little regard to the season; and the soil is worked to its utmost capacity. In an open winter you will often find a prosperous market-gardener with a full half-acre of glass frames. But he is not happy then, for the warm weather keeps the prices down.

All over the rough land, dropping riverward to the west, we see, side by side with desolate old mansions, that were fashionable water-side villas in 1800, the outlying shanties, rebels in their way against the urban constraint of the town proper. They have broad fields to themselves, and are happy in a plenitude of wind and sun. Yet they are just as fond of creeping into out-of-the-way corners, and up inaccessible heights, as those in the crowded settlement.

We reach here another beer-saloon which you must not miss, though the beer is even more utterly undrinkable than anywhere else. You climb up a shaky flight of steps, and you enter a woful little strip of a room —perhaps eight feet by fifteen. At one end are the bar and the German brigand who owns it; at the other several young local loafers are playing Russian bagatelle. They look on us with suspicion; but are not unwilling to play with us, and to win. Meanwhile, glance through the door at the back. You see a huge, empty room, dark except where the light creeps in around the edges of the shutters, and shows the faded pink and blue fly-paper on the ceiling; the plain benches against the walls, and the

A TRUCKER'S SHANTY.

A TOUCH OF REFINEMENT.

kerosene lamps in iron brackets screwed to the side-posts. This is Shantytown's ball-room; where a fiddle or a banjo, or peradventure a cracked piano, leads some queer revelry in the winter-time.

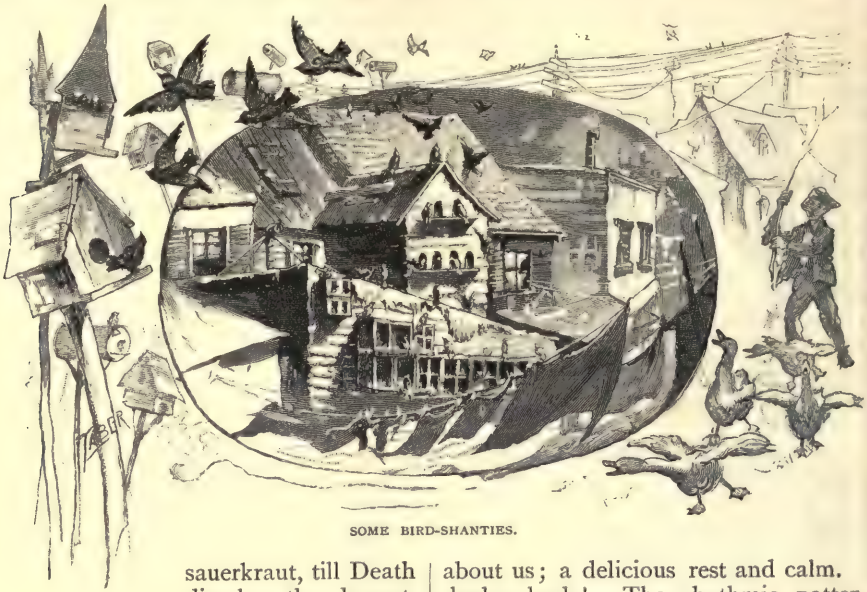
Let us not libel the population, though. It is only the worst of all who frequent these shady halls. From all accounts, the Shanty-folk are much inclined to stay at home o' nights. There are visiting from house to house for the old ones, and decent and sober love-making for the young.

Love! Is there love in Shantytown? Certainly, there is,—good looks, and strong likings, and healthy young blood, and all that goes to make up that rare folly. Those two babies, who are making their own personal, private and peculiar mud-pie on their own side of the gutter, far from the madding crowd of promiscuous infancy—that twelve-year-old pair carrying between them the family pail, just filled at the common pump—that broad-shouldered, red-faced young fellow, in his Sunday broadcloth, hanging on the wooden gate to flirt ponderously with the rosy tenant of the little yard—are not these all steps to that union of affection which has been so effectively commended of St. Paul?

Or, to be more primitive, do not all these lay fitting sacrifice on Cytherea's altar? Juliet Mulvany is spanked and put to bed for making mud-pies with Romeo Guggenheim. Romeo dies not for her; but, growing older, turns to a maiden of his own people, and visits her on Saturday nights, spending long hours in mute admiration of her blonde charms, broken only by spasmodic attempts at conversation, on wholly irrelevant subjects. The fire-light flickers, the rounded form moves to and fro, from shadow to brightness, going about the simple household duties; the tongue-tied young truckman yearns for smooth and impudent speech as wretchedly as a big-eyed Newfoundland dog; yet he speaks nothing, but looks instead, till broad hints and a clamorous clock tell him that he must turn his face homeward through the midnight dark. And then he goes out, with his dull heart full of strange, oppressive delight, and all the small boys round about, waiting in the blackness, throw tomato-cans at him, and chorus: "*Sho! Sho! Lottie Bierbaum's got a beau!*"

"Guggenheim—Bierbaum" will never figure in the marriage column of the "Herald"; but they will be quietly married all the same, and their lives will be all devotion and

ODD BITS HERE AND THERE.



SOME BIRD-SHANTIES.

sauerkraut, till Death dissolve the honest, homely partnership.

Now we have reached the Boulevard, and we will follow its well-planned course, leaving the Elevated Railway to roar and quiver down the avenue. The sun is setting. The wheels of homeward-bound bicycles whir past us, breaking the yellow light into wiry flashes. Out of the shade of a ragged rock-corner comes a strange couple—strange for the place—a gentleman with a lady on his arm—young, well dressed; the man tall and handsome, the woman slight and pretty. A new-married pair, clearly. He is a young lawyer, perhaps, poor and persevering. He has just come up from business; she has been to meet him at the elevated road station; they are going home to some cheap lodging in one of the old high-gabled Knickerbocker houses, far up the road—or perhaps to a bit of a cottage still further up—their own little shanty.

But we must leave this smooth, broad road after awhile, and go down to Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, where the house of the Paulist fathers stands—a big, brown building, with a granite extension, half-built, on the avenue. We wish to see the parish priest. Certainly. Father O'Gorman will see us in five minutes; it is dinner-time now. We are shown into a little, cell-like parlor, where the late sun-rays steal through the cool brown shutters, and against the white wall an ebony crucifix relieves the graceful, drooping lines of the ivory figure it upbears. Dead and perfect silence all about us; a delicious rest and calm. Suddenly—hark! The rhythmic patter and shuffle of many feet, the sharp, strong, nervous vibration of men's high voices, chanting resonant Latin vocables; the beat of feet and the clear, trumpet-like tones draw nearer, still unseen, then echo down the corridors, growing fainter and sweeter; and, while our nerves yet thrill with startled pleasure, a black-robed figure bows before us, and the parish priest greets us with the easy, amiable courtesy which always sits so well on the educated Roman cleric. Father O'Gorman is very happy to afford us all the information in his power concerning his Shantytown flock. It is a good flock, quiet, well-behaved, attentive to its religious duties, and well-to-do in a worldly way. It can, the Father frankly says, "*afford* to be generous to *us*." No, there is but little vice or crime among the people of Shantytown. They are far superior, as a class, to any tenement-house people. The women have no time to idle; their household duties occupy them; the men find something to do at night in making the house neat, or cultivating the small kitchen-garden. The children go to Sunday-school with the Fathers. The Rev. Father Schwinninger has an eye to the spiritual needs of the German part of the population. The "Sick Call" of the House shows negatively that the Shanty-folk are healthy. Father O'Gorman owns that he is losing a good congregation; is glad that many of the ejected have moved further up town, or to Hoboken, and regrets to hear that a few are going back to the

noisome tenements. Then a pale young priest calls the Father elsewhere, and he graciously bows us out.

On the steps of the "elevated" station, an employé answers a question about the region we have just left, by referring us to a fat and pompous old person, who is deferentially spoken of as a great man in the neighborhood, a builder, and an owner of many blocks. "Yes," this old person says, "they are cleaning out Shantytown—and a good job, too. Them people, for the rent they pay for what aint either a summer house nor a winter house, could get comfortable rooms in a good tenement-house." Needless to ask what property that man builds and owns.

From the station platform we catch, through the trees, a last glimpse of Shantytown. The dark roofs rise high into the golden air; the smoke of wholesome dinners trembles hazily upward; a flash of sunlight against the sky tells of an else invisible bird-house. When we next come here, the houses will be gone, the fires will be cold, and the birds flown. Even now, the smoke-shrouded train rolls down the line, shuts out the picture, and bears us home.

MISS STOTFORD'S SPECIALTY.

AGATHA STOTFORD was unfortunate. She lived in the midst of an artistic and literary circle, without being herself either artistic or literary. Her father was a painter of eminence, her brother a poet, while her sister composed music which was supposed by the knowing to be not far removed from that of Wagner—Wagner being the music god of the particularly æsthetic circle in which Miss Stotford revolved. Moreover, all the women of her acquaintance were remarkable for something. One was distinguished for her subtle interpretation of music; another for her pictures; a third had tried her hand, not unsuccessfully, at sculpture; another still was noted for her conversation; and yet another for her novels; and perhaps the most successful of all for her great beauty.

So far, Agatha had been without a specialty. She was not a fool. She could tell a good picture from a bad one. Given a clue, she could discover beauties in a poem; but she had no scrap of original genius. Her father had spared no pains in teaching her to draw, but, after laborious efforts, the highest result was a pitiful little water-color sketch of a forlorn cow, drinking at a village duck-pond. She made her tilt at poetry, also, and addressed some lines to her canary, which began:

"Thou pretty warbler, singing all the day,
Thy song doth melt a cloud from off my breast;
It seems to drive each evil thought away,
And bringeth to my weary spirit rest."

But she stopped there, and accomplished no more in either of these directions, though no doubt she has preserved both poem and picture to this day as unappreciated achievements in art and literature.

She was certainly nice-looking, with a good, shapely figure, a fresh complexion, clear blue eyes, and bright, golden hair. But the men who frequented Mr. Stotford's studio wanted something more than prettiness to atone for the lack of intellectual power. Had she been as beautiful as her tall friend, Mrs. Liddell, the woman with the slightly hollow cheeks, and the wonderful eyes which seemed to have half-solved the mystery of death, they could have overlooked her want of other gifts. But as it was, she was treated more like a kitten than anything else, and against this Miss Stotford's spirit chafed and rebelled.

She finally formed a resolve to produce an effect of her own, or die in the attempt. After much thought, she determined to be "noble"—specially and distinctively "noble." She would do some "grand thing"—not, be it understood, for nobility's sake, but for the sheer longing to produce an effect. Some large, picturesque crime would probably have suited her quite as well; but since she had not the courage for vice, she resolved upon virtue—or, rather, I should say, upon nobility, for the small sweet trifles of self-sacrifice and devotion that belong to every day carry with them no special distinction.

Now, let it be known that, among the *habitués* of Mr. Stotford's studio, was George Singleton, a young hump-backed art-student, who worked terribly hard, so his most intimate friends said, to preserve the life about which he cared so little, since he felt, with a morbid bitterness, his physical deformity. Hitherto, Agatha had scarcely ever thought of wasting words upon him, but now there came to her a grand

resolve. She would make Singleton fall in love with her, and she would marry him. Her father had a kind heart, and was not very worldly: she made sure, therefore, that his consent could be gained. People should see what a power of noble devotion she had, if she had nothing else. Already she seemed to hear a chorus of wonder and admiration; then would come remonstrances, which she pictured herself as smiling down. Yes, all the circle which had taken so little account of her should admire her noble self-sacrifice, and see in her a heroine.

The thought first came to her as she was lying awake one night, and when she appeared at breakfast next morning, there was a warmer glow on her cheek and a brighter light in her eyes than her family had beheld in them before.

When she next saw George Singleton, it was on a Wednesday afternoon, the day set apart weekly by Mr. and Mrs. Stotford for receiving their friends. Agatha had often wondered why Singleton came at all, for he said little, and seemed shy and ill at ease. This day, however, she determined, if possible, to make him talk. It chanced that he had been absent for several weeks, and that fact was an opening.

"What a stranger you've been," she said, as he came where she was sitting.

"It's kind of you to notice it."

"Is it work that has kept you away?"

"No. I've been staying with a man in the country."

"Did you like that?"

"Not much. I think there is hardly anything I do like."

"That must make you feel very lonely," she said, with a little shiver of sympathy, and such tenderness in her eyes.

He took the vacant chair beside her, and said:

"It is the loneliness of death to see your life stretching out before you like a plain, without tree or flower, without even a hillock in sight, to break the dead monotony."

"But your work?" she suggested, looking at him as no woman had ever looked at him before. "Surely, you care a little about that?"

"Perhaps I might, if any one else were interested in it."

"Oh, but many people must be. I, for one, should like so much to hear all about it."

"Would you, really?" he asked, his face brightening.

"Yes, of course I should. Is that so difficult to understand?"

"It seems so to me."

There was a pause. Then she said, oh so gently:

"Will you really tell me about what you do?"

"Need you ask me twice?"

Were this anything more than a short study, I could dwell at length, and with some pleasure in their skillfulness, upon the various wiles with which Singleton was beguiled—the sighs, the little bursts of enthusiasm, looks full of subtle sympathy, tones as subtle as looks, low under-tones meant to reach his ear only. Indeed, she gave herself much more trouble than was necessary, for Singleton was very easily conquered. But, as we all know, it is one thing to get the horse to the well, and another to make him drink; so it was one thing to get Singleton in love, and another to draw from him any declaration of his passion.

"Surely," thought Agatha, recalling his looks of adoration and the eager way he listened when she spoke, as if fearful of losing a single intonation of her voice,—"surely he must love me."

Still, when they were alone together, which they frequently were, he never said nor did any of those things which unmistakably proclaim the lover. As a rule, men are not very grateful for the friendship of the women they love; but Singleton had so schooled himself not to expect even so much as friendship from a woman, that he was really thankful for Agatha's, and did battle with himself to keep down the greater hunger in his heart.

One twilight they were sitting together by the open French window.

"How sweet it was of you," said Singleton, "to come and see me in my den, today."

"It was a pleasure and a privilege."

"You've made me in love with the room," he went on, "and I used to hate it so."

"Then I wish I had come before."

"I wish you had. Do you know how you have blessed my life?"

"I should like to do so much, much more," she said, with that simple, direct earnestness which Singleton always found so irresistibly captivating. Then, quite involuntarily, as it were, her hand rested on his. Of course she would have drawn it

away in a moment, but he pressed it between both of his and held it. Then, as his blood kindled, he went through moments of the most exquisite agony. He saw, as in a vision, what life might have meant for him had he been formed like other happier men. The peace and passion of love, the glory of unmeasured light, the depth of unfathomable shade, the close intimate companionship, the stimulus to work and the crown of work,—he realized them all. Just then his fate pressed heavily upon him. The sound of Agatha's voice roused him from the anguish of self-pity which had almost broken him down. Had it been light enough for her to see him, she would have known that his face was fairly blanched with pain.

"George," she said, speaking in her lowest, and most earnest tones, "will you tell me something?"

"Whatever you may choose to ask."

"The whole truth?"

"The most absolute truth."

"Then I want to know just how much you care about me."

His heart began to beat violently. There were sparks of fire in his eyes. It would be a consolation to tell her just once how he loved her; yet he felt that she must be grieved by his disclosure. He was silent. Outside, one bird twittered persistently.

"Please, wont you tell me?" the girl's low voice entreated.

Still no answer.

"Is it that you are afraid to tell me how little you care for me, lest I should be grieved?"

"My God, Agatha," he cried, kneeling down beside her, and kissing her hands and the rings on her fingers with passionate adoration, "I love you as the martyrs of old loved religion, when they went singing to their deaths. I could die for you, like that. I love you with all the strength of a heart that has never known love before. If I had been like other men, I would never have rested till I had won you. But, Agatha, my darling, my saint, since I can never be more to you than a friend, I will be that. To do you service shall be the one purpose of my life. I know you did not mean to make me love you, but it was my doom."

He had spoken in a headlong impulse of passion. He paused now, and there was a moment's silence, through which, presently, her clear voice fell.

"Why, how mistaken you would have been not to tell me," she said. "I had a right to know, for I love you."

"Yes, as my friend."

"No, not in that way, but as a woman loves the man whose wife she would gladly be."

"Agatha, do you know what you are saying?" he cried. "It is not possible you could mean this."

"Can you think I should say it without meaning it?"

"You are mistaking pity for love."

"No; I have said that I love you, and now you must decide for yourself whether you will believe it or not."

And I am bound in justice to say that if ever Agatha Stotford came near loving any one, it was in that moment. The fervor of his speech had moved her; and then she was grateful to him for gratifying her heart's desire, and affording her the opportunity to make an effect.

"I must believe you," he said, as one half dazed; "but oh, my love, how *can* it be?"

They sat together through the failing twilight, and on in the fragrant night. They were both almost silent. Singleton was trying to count over and realize his untold bliss. Agatha was wondering what would be the most striking form in which to make the general disclosure.

Singleton was anxious to go to Mr. Stotford at once, but Agatha begged him to leave that to her. And that night, after her lover was gone, when the hall-door had been barred against all visitors, and Mr. Stotford was sipping his nocturnal brandy and water, and smoking a massive meerschaum which always made its appearance at that hour, Agatha came behind his chair, and rested her hand on his shoulder, while she said:

"Papa, dear, I want something from you."

"My dear, I'm not surprised to hear that. How many new dresses is it this time?"

"It's not dresses. What I want is your consent to my engagement."

"Your engagement to be married?"

"What other engagement could I possibly mean?"

"What! You mean to say," cried Mr. Stotford, fairly astonished now, and regarding the smoke from his pipe as if he had some slight hope of finding therein a solution of his difficulty—"you mean to say that some fellow is in love with you, and you are in love with him?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Well, it can't be Edmunds; and it can hardly be young Claymore?"

"No."

"Then, who is it?"

"It is Mr. Singleton."

"What! That poor, hump-backed young fellow?"

"It is George Singleton."

"My dear child," said Mr. Stotford, gravely, "this is indeed a more serious matter than I conceived."

But it would be unnecessary to repeat all the father's arguments on this occasion.

"Well, my dear, I wont oppose you. I have seen so much trouble in the world from interference that if you can really love this poor fellow I wont stand between him and his chance of happiness."

"Thank you, dear, thank you," Agatha said warmly, and then she kissed her father.

Just then Mrs. Stotford and her other daughter, Addie, came in and Mr. Stotford told the family news. The mother, good soul, had always felt certain that her Agatha would somehow distinguish herself, and now the hour had come. Both she and Adelaide were enthusiastic and tender-hearted, and they both wept; and somehow Agatha, who was not at all of a melting mood, felt quite out of place and embarrassed with her own dry eyes.

When her brother Ernest, the poet, came in, he too heard the news, took his sister in his arms and kissed her, saying, very earnestly:

"God be praised that there is one woman left who knows how to love."

Ernest was at that time about five and twenty, and rather cynical concerning women, because the beautiful Mrs. Liddell obstinately persisted in preferring her own husband to himself, sonnets included.

The next day, the news spread like wildfire. Mrs. Liddell drove out to see if it were true; and, when she heard that it was, embraced Agatha, and murmured something about Aurora Leigh. Of course, there were not wanting those who felt bound to remonstrate, and asked Agatha very emphatically if she knew what she was doing. When she assured them that she did, they shook their heads solemnly, and expressed their hopes that her nobility would be rewarded.

On the whole, Agatha was not at all disappointed. She had produced quite as startling an effect as she had anticipated. Men who had never noticed her before began to come around her. She went among them by the name of St. Agatha. Painters idealized her prettiness into beauty, and painted her with a halo around her head.

Agatha liked being seen out with her lover. It was a perpetual advertisement to the world of her nobility.

But, alas that wonders live but nine days! Our elopements, our marriages, our sudden deaths—who can pause for long discussion of them? We all know how charming is the existence of convalescence; but as soon as we get a good appetite for our dinners, we are rubbed off the sick list. Our irritability, which was so lately hailed with joy as a sign of our recovery, is set down now as genuine ill-temper, and is considered all the more ungrateful in one whom illness had so long made a candidate for household forbearance. There is no pedestal on which we are allowed to stand for long, unless we are made of stone. Like the rest, Miss Stotford had to come down from hers. It was a depressing day for her when she found that people had quietly accepted the fact of her engagement, and had ceased to praise or pity her for it. Even Singleton himself had ceased to question the reality of his own happiness, and was actually beginning to make plans for the future, and growing eager to have the marriage-day fixed.

"Surely, there is plenty of time for that," she said. "We can settle about it in October, when I come back from Switzerland."

It was just at the end of August when Mr. Stotford took his family abroad for their summer holiday. George could not leave London just then, but he said to his betrothed:

"Don't mind for me, darling. The memory of your love will keep me happy, and I know you want a change; you have been looking quite pale lately. And then you will write to me."

Perhaps Agatha would hardly have allowed to herself how glad she was to get away; but to a perfectly cold nature like hers, persistent "spooning" was a heavy price to pay, even for the pleasure of having produced a great effect.

In Switzerland, the Stotfords made the acquaintance of a family by the name of Gardiner. Agatha and Miss Maude Gardiner struck up an intimate friendship, after the manner of young ladies. The elder members of the two families found little in common, for the Gardiners, though people of good social position, were not overweighted with brains; but Maude suited

Agatha, and Maude's brother, Reginald, was a fine, handsome young fellow. Very pleasant were the mountaineering expeditions the three made together, and three more intrepid spirits could hardly have been found.

Of course, she at once told Maude all the particulars of her engagement, and Maude was enchanted. She had never heard of anything so beautiful.

"You are going to build up his ruined life," she cried.

"I hope so, dear."

"And you must let me see him as soon as we get back to London."

"Oh, yes; we must all be the best of friends."

One morning, as they were leaving the hotel for a day's ramble, Agatha remarked that she hoped she should find a letter on her return.

"Do you mean *the* letter?" Maude asked.

"Yes, Miss Inquisitive. It should have come yesterday."

"Ah? Then let me suggest a telegram," put in Reginald, who had joined them in time to overhear the last remarks. "You don't look pale over your disappointment, though."

Agatha blushed becomingly, and they set out.

They returned at dinner-time, in excellent spirits, and Agatha hurried to her room to dress for *table d'hôte*. They were very merry at dinner, and all the evening through, as they sat in the lighted garden listening to the band.

When Reginald said good-night to Agatha, he asked, with a slight but expressive smile:

"Did your letter bring you good news, Miss Stotford?"

Agatha blushed now in good earnest. Every one knew the English mail came in at five o'clock; and she had forgotten to ask for her letter.

"It's only a straw," thought Reginald, as he went toward the billiard-room; "but it's certainly a straw."

It was a cold day toward the end of October, when the Stotfords and the Gardiners returned together to London. Maude had not long to wait for her introduction to George Singleton, for he was on the platform, ready to greet his betrothed.

"Is it not noble of Agatha?" asked Miss Gardiner of her brother, when they had parted from the Stotfords.

"The fellow has been rather hard hit by fate; but he has his compensation, certainly," Reginald answered, with a frown on his face, as he turned away from his family to go to dinner at his club.

Of course, Singleton dined that evening with the Stotfords; and when he and Agatha were alone together in her little sitting-room, he was very affectionate,—"oh, more affectionate than ever,"—as Agatha thought, ruefully. He had brought with him a small manuscript book, in which he had carefully set down all the details of his days, interspersed here and there with a lover's ravings.

"I thought it might interest you," he said.

"Oh, yes, thank you," she answered; "so it does, very much," and she turned over some of the pages.

When he took his leave, she suggested that he was forgetting his book.

"Then, you don't care to keep it?"

There was a wistfulness in his question which her ear failed to detect.

"No, thanks; I think I've seen in it now all you have been doing. Monday seems very much like Tuesday, and Thursday repeats Wednesday. You have been very good."

Singleton sat long by his fire that night. He took the diary out rather tenderly from his pocket, and looked at the fly-leaf, on which was written: "A record of what I do, kept by me for my dear in her absence." Then suddenly he thrust it into the fire, and called himself an unworthy fool. Why should she understand his sentimentality? Her love showed itself in grand actions,—had she not chosen him? And he went to bed, a good deal ashamed of his diary episode.

The marriage-day was at last fixed for early in January. From the first, I have been frank with you about Agatha. I have not at any time striven to enlist your affections for her, nor will I even make any further claim for her on your respect. I must frankly own that the nearer her marriage-day came, the more she shrank from the prospect of it. As Singleton's wife she could not hope even to make the sensation she had created as his betrothed. The pleasure of producing her effect had been great, but she had obtained it on credit. She had enjoyed it to the full; and now the time for paying the price was drawing nigh. What wonder if she rebelled! At times she almost thought of throwing herself upon Singleton's generosity, which she well knew would not fail her, and begging to be set free from fulfilling her obligation. But what of all her admir-

ing friends? How could she bear to step down from the pedestal of saint, whereon their homage had placed her, and become the commonest of all common things,—a woman who found herself utterly unequal to the sacrifice she had undertaken to make? No; this humiliation was more than she could endure. But surely every woman before being bound for life to one man, has her right to her meed of homage from others, —in a word, to have her fling. And if Singleton would but be jealous,—if he would quarrel with her on this account,—why, then surely the fault would not be hers. Maude was her most intimate friend, and she could not see much of Maude without seeing a good deal of Reginald, too. Besides, she liked Reginald, and her friendship with him as well as with his sister was a fact to which George must speedily make up his mind. So one night she said to him:

"Oh, I shan't see you to-morrow evening —Maude is coming."

"May I not look in after she goes?"

"Oh, you may come in, if you like, but you would not see me alone because Reginald is coming for her, and they'll be sure to stay late."

"The next evening, then?"

"Oh, I am going there."

"Then I may call for you, may I not?"

"Yes, but not before eleven, please. We are going to the theater."

"Well, dear, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. You'll find me very punctual at eleven."

If it had been difficult to draw a declaration of love from Singleton, it was yet more impossible to elicit from him any expression of jealousy. His attention and devotion remained undiminished, and he preserved the utmost serenity of temper under circumstances which might easily have ruffled the sweetest nature. Only Agatha noticed one change, and that was that he talked less about their future than he had done at first. For this she could not help being grateful to him. The day for their marriage, however, was drawing near, and work on the trousseau had begun.

The night before Christmas, they were alone together in Agatha's sitting-room. A wild north-east wind was sweeping around the house and wailing through the leafless trees. Now and then the sleet was driven up vehemently against the window.

"I think I never shall be warm again," said Agatha.

She was sitting in a low easy-chair, drawn close to the fire, her feet resting on the fender, her head lying back on a velvet cushion, her small white hands sparkling with rings clasped on her lap. She looked the very embodiment of indolence and comfort.

Singleton made no answer. He was standing with his arms resting on the mantel-piece.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked, with some asperity in her tone.

"I didn't hear what you were saying."

"You never do," she rejoined, promptly, "when I speak about any suffering of mine."

"Are you suffering, dear?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes, of course I am. You know how this weather makes me feel."

The clock struck half-past ten—the hour when Singleton always took his leave.

"Agatha," he said, a little nervously, "I want to ask something of you."

"Do you?" she replied, wearily; "well, what is it?"

"I want to stay with you to-night until eleven."

"Oh, not to-night," she said, perhaps with more protestation in her voice than she was even aware of. "My head aches, and I want to go to bed, and see if I can't get warm there."

"Only this once, dear," he entreated.

She made no reply.

"Forgive me, Agatha; I was a selfish brute. You aren't too angry to say good-night, are you?"

She could not fail to see the effort he made to hide the quiver of pain in his voice, and glancing up she saw in his eyes such a look of pleading, that even her not very susceptible heart was touched.

"There, there, you needn't go," she said. "I spoke to you more crossly than I should have done. Half an hour longer wont kill me; and if you will be vexed with me I can't help it."

"Vexed with you?" he said, kneeling down beside her. "How do you think that could ever be?"

Then he put his arms around her, and drew her head on his shoulder.

For the next half hour there was complete silence between them. Inside, the fire flickered, and held low converse with itself; and outside, the insatiable wind wailed on. When the clock struck eleven, he arose, and Agatha arose, too.

"Thank you," he said, "for letting me stay. I know you wont be sorry for it, hereafter." And as he stood there, holding

both her hands in his, she saw again in his eyes that strange, pleading look.

"Aren't you happy?" she asked. "You seem as sober as a judge."

"Could a man who believed in your love be other than happy?"

At the door, he turned back, drew her close to his heart once more, and kissed her again, long and lovingly. Then he went.

"Gone at last," she thought, with a sigh of relief, as she heard the hall-door close behind him. Then she went straight to bed.

Miss Stotford was not an early riser. Before meeting the outside distractions of the day, she perused the first delivery of letters over morning coffee in her own room. This morning's mail brought her many seasonable cards, but, oddly enough, only one letter. She was familiar with the delicate, almost feminine handwriting—it was from Singleton. Shortly after their engagement he had been much addicted to the habit of posting her a letter before going to bed, but latterly he seemed to have broken himself of the practice. Indifferently at first, yet with ever increasing interest, she read:

"HARLEY STREET, 24 December, 1 A. M.

"MY DARLING: I wish this letter to be as little of a shock to you as possible. On the 24th of May last, seven months ago to-day, you told me that you loved me. That you were sincere then in thinking so, that you even try to think so now, I do not for a moment doubt. Indeed, I believed in your love most implicitly till your return from Switzerland. Then a doubt of it grew into my mind. I watched you carefully, and watched my own heart carefully, too." ["Now for the jealousy," thought Agatha, as she settled herself more comfortably for a further perusal.] "I know something of the human heart, and I know how a woman appears when she is really in love with a man. At length my doubts grew into an unalterable conviction that if you had ever loved me—if, indeed, you had not from the first, out of the very nobility of your nature, mistaken pity for love—the feeling, unconsciously, perhaps, to yourself, was dying out. Only great love on your part could ever have rendered possible the life you would have led as the wife of a man so unfortunate as I am. But I do not offer to free you" [Agatha's heart dropped a little], "for I know your exquisite sensitiveness would suffer from a mistaken sense that you had failed toward me. I know you would repudiate all I could say; for in your noble desire to build up a ruined life, you would, for once, be capable of deception. But, Agatha, my love, what would it be to me to see you slowly fading before my eyes? Yet I am a weak man, and, if you held the cup to my thirsty lips, could they help drinking? No, I do not offer you your freedom: I give it to you—my Christmas gift. When you read this letter I shall be so far away from you that no pain and no joy can follow me.

"Had I never known your love, I could have had keen pleasure in your friendship; but after knowing your love, your friendship would be an intolerable torment. Life holds nothing more for me; but my death will be painless. I shall die happy, for I shall conjure up from the past, to take with me out of the world, a vision of that dear May evening. Do you remember, I wonder, how I came in, and found you in the twilight? You were lying on the sofa, and I took a low chair and sat close by you—the chair which stood between the windows. You had a gray silk dress on, and a red rose in your hair that I thieved before I went away, I shall hear again the tenderness of your voice, as you told me that you loved me. I shall feel again—ah, no, I shall not feel that—my blood thrill under your touch, under the first confident answering pressure of your lips. Never to feel that again!—this it is which unmans me and makes me weak. Last night, in that extra half hour which you granted me, my heart kept crying out to me: 'Here is Agatha, Agatha, to see, to touch, to kiss,—and in a few hours she will be just as far off as the first day of creation!' Oh, my love, never to see you again!

"Later.

"Dear, I am quite calm, now. In a very little while I shall long for nothing any more. I want you to know how in these last moments my whole heart goes out in blessing to you. But for you, perhaps, I should have lived out a long and painful life, productive of no joy to myself or others. I have neither father nor mother—no one to sadden by my loss. I should never have done anything really good in art,—Mr. Stotford will tell you so,—so I am small loss there. You gave me three months of divine happiness, and I shall now turn to the thought of that time as a bridegroom turns to his bride. Good-bye, my darling, and may some power ever bless and guide you.

"G. S."

Many times the letter had fallen from Agatha's fingers while she read. Now she held it crushed in her hand. Did Singleton mean all he had said? Could this thing really be? Was her lover no longer in this world, and if so, was she not, in a way, guilty of his death? Her blood turned to ice and her teeth chattered. Then, with a sudden impulse, she rose and dressed. She half thought she might do something. Yet what *could* she do? Only one thing she knew. She must appear ignorant of what this letter had revealed to her.

When she went to the breakfast-table, there was no gainsaying the fact that she was ill, for her face was as white as death. She tried in vain to eat.

"No, I can't take anything," she said, at last. "I will go to my own room, and try to get warm there."

Mrs. Stotford and Adelaide followed her, with the kindest intentions.

"I hope, dear," said Mrs. Stotford in her cheerful voice—more cheerful than usual, by virtue of the season—"I hope you made George promise to be with us early to-morrow."

Poor Agatha! What exquisite agonies of remorse she experienced as she remem-

bered that she had promised to go to church with the Gardiners, and then to lunch with them.

"I don't think he'll come before dinner," she answered, faintly.

"I do think George is an angel," said Miss Adelaide, emphatically, "to be so sweet over your friendship with the Gardiners. I know if I were a man I shouldn't like it."

"Please don't talk," entreated Agatha. "I know it's all kindness, but I would rather be let alone. My head is bursting."

"Well, come away, Addie," said Mrs. Stotford. "We have enough to do with putting up the holly and mistletoe. You can't trust matters like that to servants. Of course, it's not their fault that they can't do it artistically. Perhaps when Agatha's a little warmer she'll lie down on the sofa and get a sleep. That will be the best thing for her. She just has a bad, feverish cold, as any one could see."

So they left her, and she crouched before the fire, shivering and shaking as with ague.

Surely, he might yet have repented of his rash resolve. Still, if he had, would he not have sent her word? The silence was ominous. All the time she kept asking herself how far she, Agatha, was responsible if he had done this thing. If he must go away, why not have gone to Australia, where he need never have seen her again? Of course, it was not in her to understand how the thought of love won and lost can turn life into a present hell. At the sound of every footfall, she started as if a ghostly hand had been laid on her shoulder. At the postman's sharp knock her heart leaped in her, and then stood still.

About four o'clock came Reginald and Maude Gardiner to see her.

"We heard from Mrs. Stotford," said Maude, "that you were ill; but you look frightfully, child; what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," moaned Agatha. "I shall be better soon."

"This hand is cold," said Reginald. "Let me see if the other one is equally ill-behaved."

"Don't," she said, almost fiercely, drawing her hand abruptly away.

"Are you cross with me?" asked Reginald, in his sweetest tone of voice.

"I am ill. Don't you see I am?"

"Low-spirited," observed Maude.

"Precisely so," replied Reginald. "Perhaps it would cheer you to hear the contents of the evening paper."

Then, taking a "Standard" from his pocket, he began reading.

"'The latest telegrams from the seat of war.' Ah! it appears we have done wonders. Actually, five hundred soldiers of the English army encountered and defeated two hundred natives, with considerable slaughter. 'Christmas in the East End.' How I do hate all this cant about the season! 'Alarming Fire in the City.' 'Those Cabmen again.' 'Police Reports.' Anything there you'd like? 'A Strange Breach-of-Promise Case.' 'Great Wrecks off Dover.' I should think so, with such a devil of a wind as we've been having. 'The Suicide in Harley street.'"

"Ah! what's that?" asked Maude. "I'm always interested in suicides."

"Morbid propensity, child," in Reginald's tone of brotherly superiority.

Agatha's heart leaped in her with an inaudible cry.

"We must have light on the subject," said Reginald, stirring the fire into a bright blaze.

"Really, Reginald, you should *not* jest on such a subject," remonstrated Maude.

"Jest? I'm sober as a judge at a coroner's inquest. Listen:

"'Mr. Jno. Hales, surgeon in Harley street, was summoned this morning, about ten A. M., to No. 26, where he found ——'"

And suddenly Reginald stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" inquired Maude.

He turned the paper toward her, pointing to the paragraph.

"Oh, great heaven! It can't be. Oh, Agatha, darling!"

And she flung her arms around Agatha's neck. But Agatha seized the paper, which Reginald feigned to detain from her, flashed her eyes down the column, and saw what she knew she would see, Singleton's name.

"Hush! Hush!" said Reginald to Maude, who, with difficulty, stifled her sobs. Then the three sat for a minute or two in awful silence.

Then Agatha rose, stood erect for a moment, as if she were about to walk out of the room, and then suddenly, with a wild cry of horror, fell forward in a deathly swoon. She would have dropped to the ground, but Reginald caught her in his arms.

"How she did love that poor fellow!" he thought, while Maude ran in haste to find Mrs. Stotford.

Of course, Agatha was at once put to bed, and the family physician was sent for. When he heard all the circumstances of the case,

saw Agatha's unnaturally bright eyes, felt her quick pulse, and listened to her incoherent wanderings, he could not disguise from the family his apprehensions of brain fever.

"It was a critical case," he said; "but if she could get a night's sleep, the danger might be averted."

About the small hours, Agatha's wanderings ceased, and a heavy sleep fell upon her and saved her.

It was three o'clock on Christmas-day when she awoke. The bells were ringing for afternoon service. At first she thought it must be Sunday morning, and that she had slept late. Then she began to wonder at her strange feeling, as if she had been bruised all over, and the sense of blended weakness and clearness in her head. Then very gradually, yes, and very gently, too, she remembered all the events of the preceding day, and accepted them as one too weak to feel surprise. There were two great facts—Singleton was dead, and she was free.

At the expiration of a week, Agatha once more appeared in her little sitting-room. The friends who saw her said that a saintly resignation had beautified her face. The truth was, she had settled with her own conscience very satisfactorily, and decided that she was in no remotest way chargeable with Singleton's death. She had certainly flirted no more during her engagement than many other women do, and it was Singleton's own fault if he had deceived her by keeping from her what he really felt, and so prevented her from behaving differently. No,—it was his own morbid sensitiveness that had driven him to his own rash act.

In her heavy mourning, and with her face so pale,—for she really had been ill,—she looked far more interesting than of old. Only four men were privileged to come and see her, and they only as ministering angels. There was William Poynter, a captivating young tenor, for music soothed her; then, by way of gentle stimulant, Mr. John Barker, poet and critic, came to read and explain difficult passages in Browning. Then, as her religious opinions had got somewhat out of order,—she was the only one in that set who had any, and was inclined to make a point of them,—the handsome young High-church clergyman, Mr. Augustus St. Clair, came in to overhaul the spiritual machinery. And lastly, and by right of the family friendship, most frequently, came Reginald to divert her by planning an Italian tour for the autumn.

But, after all, decorous flirtations in recently assumed crape are but tame. Sighs and looks of gratitude must take the place of laughter and repartee. Agatha grew tired of long-continued endeavors not to look quite so resigned as she felt. The tenor's music palled on her; she got sleepy over "Balaustion's Adventure"; she regained her usual tranquil satisfaction with the state of her religious views and functions. She dismissed all her ministering angels, except Reginald, with whom she felt more at ease than with the others.

When the summer came, she was glad to escape from London. Sea-side and hill-side brought her their balm. She concluded that even without a specialty life might be a very good thing. She returned to town bright and beaming. I do not think that Singleton's ghost haunted her, even on the day before Christmas.

The next summer, she fulfilled her natural calling by marrying. The bridegroom, however, was not Reginald. He proposed, indeed, but she took three months to consider. During that period of probation, she met the son of a very rich picture-dealer. As was natural for a painter, Mr. Stotford furthered this alliance; and the young man, if not quite so handsome as Reginald, was very much richer. Like a dutiful girl, she obliged her father, as he had before obliged her. Reginald, I must confess, found speedy consolation. It is not the handsome Reginalds of the world who die for love.

The reputation for nobility which had been purchased by her engagement to Singleton never quite forsook Agatha.

"Ah," said her romantic friends, "her life was really over when that poor fellow died. She married just to please her father."

Of course, there were not wanting unfeeling people to make irreverent remarks; but of such persons we have nothing to say. She lived as tranquilly as such women do. If she had no vivid joy in her days, she had no keen pains. As time wore on, sometimes, in the dead watches of the night, or in the glare of a crowded theater, she would suddenly be confronted with the past from which she had escaped, and meet the look of sad, beseeching eyes—eyes sad, but never reproachful. At such moments she would feel suddenly faint, and grow dizzy; but the evil moments passed, and save in these rare visions, she was never disturbed by the memory of her first engagement.

PETER THE GREAT. IX.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PETER TRIES THE OPEN SEA.

No doubt the English victory at La Hogue, and the revival of the trade with Holland, had much to do with Peter's visit to Archangel. He himself, writing long afterward, when he was, perhaps unconsciously, inclined to magnify the importance of his early doings, says, in the preface to the Maritime Regulations:

"For some years I had the fill of my desires on Lake Pereyaslávl, but finally it got too narrow for me. I then went to the Kúbensky Lake, but that was too shallow. I then decided to see the open sea, and began often to beg the permission of my mother to go to Archangel. She forbid me such a dangerous journey, but seeing my great desire and my unchangeable longing, allowed it in spite of herself."

Although the Tsaritsa Natalia allowed it, she exacted a promise from her son that he would not go out upon the sea, and would look at it only from the shore.

Peter set out from Moscow on the 11th of July, 1693, with a suite of over a hundred persons, including Lefort and many of the "company," his physician, Doctor Van der Hulst, a priest, eight singers, two dwarfs, forty Streltsi and ten of his guards.

The journey from Moscow to Archangel was, till a few years since, performed in much the same way as it was by Peter. A railway is now substituted for the carriage-road to Vológda, but from that town one must go by water down the Súkhon and the Dvína. With the high water of spring, it is easy enough, but the rivers were then so low that Peter's huge painted barge was two weeks on the way before it arrived at the wharf of Holmogóry, to the ringing of the cathedral bells. Holmogóry was then the administrative center for the north of Russia, and it was necessary to do the usual courtesies to the Voievóde and the Archbishop, before Peter could pass the long and narrow town of Archangel, stretching along the right bank of the Dvína, with its clean German suburb and its port of Solombála, crowded then, as now, with merchants, and take up his residence beyond the city, in a house prepared for him on the Moses Island. The salt smell of the sea was grateful and exciting, and the day after his arrival the Tsar went on board the little yacht *St. Peter*, which had been built for him, and, in spite of the promise to his mother, anxiously waited for a favorable wind to carry him to sea. A proposed visit to the Solovétsky monastery was postponed to another year, for various English and Dutch vessels were about sailing, and he was anxious to visit them, and to convoy them on their way. In about a week, on the 16th of August, a fair wind arose, the ships set out and Peter sailed on merrily in his yacht, and he had gone two hundred miles from Archangel, and was near the Polar Ocean, before he realized that it was full time to return. On arriving at Archangel, five days afterward, his first care was to write to his mother, that he had been to sea and had safely returned. Meanwhile she had written to him, urging his return. In reply to this letter, he said:

"Thou hast written, O lady! that I have saddened thee by not writing of my arrival. But even now I have no time to write in detail, because I am expecting some ships, and as soon as they come—when no one knows, but they are expected soon, as they are more than three weeks from Amsterdam—I will come to thee immediately, traveling day and night. But I beg thy mercy for one thing: why dost thou trouble thyself about me? Thou hast deigned to write that thou hast given me into the care of the Virgin. When thou hast such a guardian for me, why dost thou grieve?"

This letter was preceded to Moscow by the news that Peter had gone on a sea journey. Every one was alarmed at an event, the like of which had never happened before in Russia, and magnified the dangers to which the Tsar had been, or might be, exposed. Natalia wrote again to her son, urging his return, expressing joy at his not being shipwrecked, and reminding him that he had promised not to go to sea. She even had a letter written in the name of his little son Alexis, then only three years old, begging him to come back. To this he replied:

"By thy letter I see, O! O! that thou hast been mightily grieved, and why? If thou art grieved,

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what delight have I? I beg thee make me, who am wretched, happy by not grieving about me, for, in very truth, I cannot endure it."

Again, on the 18th of September, he writes:

"Thou hast deigned to write to me, O my delight! to say that I should write to thee oftener. Even now I write by every post, and my only fault is that I do not come myself. And thou also tellest me not to get ill by too quick a journey. But I, thank God! will try not to get ill, except by coming too quickly. But thou makest me ill by thy grief, and the Hamburg ships have not yet arrived."

It was not merely curiosity to see the Hamburg ships that kept Peter at Archangel. Ever since the discovery of the White Sea by Richard Chancellor, in 1553, and the privileges given to the British Factory by Iván the Terrible, and Philip and Mary, Archangel had become the great emporium for Russian commerce with the West. The business of Nóvgorod had been greatly injured by the loss of its independence and the misfortunes which befell the town, and its trade was now almost entirely transferred to Archangel. During the summer months, Archangel, conveniently situated at the mouth of the river Dvína, presented a spectacle of great commercial activity. At the time of the annual fair of the Assumption, as many as a hundred ships, from England, Holland, Hamburg, and Bremen, could be seen in the river, bringing cargoes of various descriptions of foreign goods, while huge Russian barges brought hemp, grain, potash, tar, tallow, Russian leather, isinglass and caviare down the Dvína. For caviare there was a great market in Italy, and several cargoes were sent every year to Leghorn. The foreign merchants who lived in Moscow, Yaroslávand Vológda went to Archangel with the opening of navigation every spring, and staid there until winter. Twenty-four large houses were occupied by foreign families and the agents of foreign merchants. Depots for all the goods sent to Archangel, both Russian and foreign, had been built by the foreigners Marselis and Scharff, at the command of the Tsar Alexis, and were protected by a high stone wall and towers. Trade had now revived, and, in the summer of 1693, ships were constantly arriving, and Archangel was alive with business. On the wharfs and at the exchange, Peter could meet merchants of every nationality, and see cargoes of almost every kind. It was a grief to him that among all these ships there were none belonging to Russians, nor any sailing under the Russian flag. The efforts of the Russians themselves to export their produce had never been successful. At Nóvgorod there had been a league among all the merchants of the Hanse towns to prevent the competition of Russian merchants, and to buy Russian goods only at Nóvgorod. At a later time, an enterprising merchant of Yaroslav, Anthony Láptef, took a cargo of furs to Amsterdam, but, in consequence of a cabal against him, he could not sell a single skin, and was obliged to carry his furs back to Archangel, where they were at once bought, at a good price, by the merchants who owned the vessel which brought them home.

Peter resolved to do something for Russian trade, and gave orders to Apráxin, whom he named Governor of Archangel, to fit out two vessels at the only Russian shipyard, that of the brothers Bazhénin, on the little river Vavtchúga, near Holmogóry. These were to take cargoes of Russian goods, and to sail under the Russian flag. He hesitated where to send them. In England and Holland he feared the opposition of the native merchants, and in France he was afraid that due respect might not be given to the Russian flag. It was at last resolved to send them to France, but as they finally sailed under the Dutch, and not under the Russian flag, one of them was confiscated by the French, and was the subject of long dispute.

Archangel proved so interesting that Peter decided to return there in the subsequent year, and to take a trip on the Northern Ocean. He even had vague ideas of coasting along Siberia until he came to China, but the North-east passage was not to be effected until our own day. For any purpose of this kind, his little yacht *St. Peter* was too small, and he, therefore, with his own hands, laid the keel of a large vessel at Archangel, and ordered another full-rigged forty-four-gun frigate to be bought in Holland. The Burgomaster of Amsterdam, Nicholas Witsen, through Lefort and Vinius, was intrusted with the purchase.

While at Archangel, besides the time which he gave to the study of commerce and ship-building, Peter found leisure for inspecting various industries, and for practicing both at the forge and at the lathe. A chandelier made of walrus teeth, turned by him, hangs now over his tomb in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, at St. Petersburg, and carved work in bone and wood, and iron bars forged by him at this time,

are shown in many places. Besides the social pleasures, the balls and dinners, in which he indulged at Archangel as much as at Moscow, he frequently attended the neighboring church of the Prophet Elijah, where he himself read the epistle, sang with the choir, and made great friends with the Archbishop Athanasius, a learned and sensible man, with whom, after dinner, he conversed about affairs of state, the boyárs, the peasants who were there for work, the construction of houses and the foundation of factories, as well as of ship-building and of navigation.

After the short summer was over, the Hamburg ships having long since arrived, Peter started on his journey to Moscow, and after stopping for a short time at the saw-mill and wharves of the brothers Bazhénin, on the Vavtchúga, he arrived at Moscow on the 11th of October. It was too late in the season at that time to think of any military maneuvers, and Peter had settled down to his usual round of carouses and merry-making, when suddenly, on the 4th of February, 1694, after an illness of only five days, the Tsaritsa Natalia died, at the age of forty-two.

For some reason or other, Peter preferred not to be present at his mother's death-bed. A dispute with the Patriarch had probably something to do with it. It is said that when Peter had been suddenly called from Preobrazhénsky to the Krémlin, to his mother's bedside, he appeared in the foreign clothes which he wore for riding, and that the Patriarch remonstrated with him. Peter angrily replied that, as the head of the church, he should have weightier things to attend to, than to meddle with the business of tailors. General Gordon says:

"His Majesty had promised to come to me to a farewell supper and ball. I went to the palace two hours before daybreak, but did not find His Majesty, on account of the evident danger in which his mother was. He had taken leave of her, and had gone back to his house at Preobrazhénsky, whither I hastened, and found him in the highest degree melancholy and dejected. Toward eight o'clock came the news that the Tsaritsa was dead."

Peter's grief was great and sincere. For several days he scarcely saw any one without bursting into a fit of weeping. He had tenderly loved his mother, and had been much under her influence, although she had opposed his desire for novelty and his inclination toward foreigners. Her place in his affections was, to a great extent, taken by his sister Natalia, who, without understanding his objects, at least sympathized with him. She was of the younger generation, not so averse to what was new or what came from abroad, was readily influenced by her brother, and, like a good and faithful sister, loved and admired him, and was always ready to believe that whatever he did was the best thing possible. As to his wife Eudoxia, it is difficult to say much. She had been brought up in the old-fashioned Russian way, and had received almost no education. She had a bitter dislike to all that was foreign, and to the friends with whom Peter was surrounded. This was perhaps natural: she disliked the men who, as she thought, alienated her husband from her. The marriage had not been one of love; Peter had married simply to obey his mother, and found the society of his wife so uncongenial that he spent very little time with her. Two children had been the result of the marriage—one, Alexis, born in March, 1690, was destined to inherit something of his mother's nature and to be a difficulty and a grief to his father, and to cause the saddest episode of his life; the second, Alexander, born in October, 1691, lived but seven months. Peter had already, in the German suburb, made an acquaintance that was destined to influence his future life, and to destroy the peace of his family. This was Anna Mons, the daughter of a German jeweler, with whom Peter's relations had daily grown more intimate, and in whose society he passed much of his leisure time.

A few days after his mother's death, Peter began again to visit the house of Lefort, but though he conversed freely with his friends about the matters which interested him most, and an extra glass was drunk, no ladies were present, and there was no firing of cannon, no music nor dancing. The next day he wrote to Apráxin, at Archangel:

"I dumbly tell my misfortune and my last sorrow, about which neither my hand nor my heart can write in detail without remembering what the Apostle Paul says about not grieving for such things, and the verse of Esdras, 'Call me again the day that is past.' I forget all this as much as possible, as being above my reasoning and mind, for thus it has pleased the Almighty God, and all things are according to the will of their Creator. Amen! Therefore, like Noah, resting awhile from my grief, and leaving aside that which can never return, I write about the living."

The rest of the letter was taken up with directions about the construction of the small ship which he had begun, and the preparation of clothing for the sailors. He

evidently desired to go to Archangel that winter, but he felt the propriety of being present at the requiem on the fortieth day after his mother's death. Little by little other things interfered, and the journey was put off.

Another letter written by Peter to Apráxin shows him in better spirits, willing to see the humorous side of things, and ready to make little jokes about Ramodanófsky and Buturlín, who were old Russians and opposed to all Peter's novelties, but who still loved him, and yielded with the best grace they could:

"Thy letter was handed to me by Michael Kuroyédof, and, after reflecting, I reported about it all to my Lord and Admiral, who, having heard my report, ordered me to write as follows: First: That the great lord is a man mighty bold for war, as well as on the watery way, as thou thyself knowest, and for that reason he does not wish to delay here longer than the last days of April. Second: That his Imperial brother, through love and even desire of this journey, like the Athenians seeking new things, has bound him to go, and does not wish to stay behind himself. Third: The rear-admiral will be Peter Ivánovitch Gordon. I think there will be nearly three hundred people of different ranks; and who, and what rank, and where, that I will write to thee presently. Hasten up with everything as quickly as you can, especially with the ship. Therefore I and my companions, who are working on the masts, send many respects. Keep well. PITER."

About this time, a large amount of powder and a thousand muskets were sent to Archangel, while twenty-four cannon, intended for one of the new ships, were ordered to wait at Vológda until the arrival of the Tsar. In informing Apráxin of this, Peter sends his salutations to the two workmen whom he had sent on, Niklas and Jan, and begs him not to forget the beer. About the same time, or even earlier, General Gordon wrote to his friend and business agent Meverell, at London, to send to Archangel a good ship with a "jovial captain," and a good supply of powder; and in writing to his son-in-law, at Archangel, recommends him also to brew a quantity of beer.

All preparations being made, the Tsar, on the 11th of May, set out for Archangel, "*pour prendre ses divertissements et même plus que l'année passée*," as Lefort wrote to his brother Ami; having with him many more of his "company" than he had taken the year before. It required twenty-two barges to convey them down the Dvína, and the "caravan," with Ramodanófsky as admiral, Buturlín as vice-admiral, and Gordon as rear-admiral, with a plentiful display of signals and the firing of cannon, accomplished its journey in ten days, arriving at Archangel on the 28th of May. It is hardly necessary to say that the title of admiral was purely as sportive a one as that of generalissimo, or of commodore of a fleet of row-boats; it implied nothing as to the present or future existence of a Russian force, nor did it give any rank in the state. The Tsar himself was known as the "skipper."

Peter established himself in the same house on the Moses Island where he had been the preceding year. His first care was to go to the church of the Prophet Elijah, and to thank God for his safe arrival; his second to inspect the ship building at the wharf of Solombála, which fortunately was completed, and on the 30th was triumphantly launched, the Tsar himself knocking away the first prop. But, as the frigate ordered in Holland had not arrived, it was impossible, as yet, to go to sea, and the Tsar utilized the delay by making the trip to the Solovétsky monastery which he had postponed the year before. For this, on his birthday, he embarked on his small yacht, the *St. Peter*, taking with him the Archbishop Athanasius, some of the boyárs attached to his person, and a few soldiers. He started out on the night of the 10th of June, but was kept at the mouth of the Dvína by a calm. The wind freshened the next day, and soon turned to a gale. When he had arrived at the mouth of the Únskaya Gulf, about eighty miles from Archangel, the tempest was so great that the little ship was in the utmost danger. The sails were carried away, the waves dashed over the deck, and even the experienced sailors who managed the yacht gave up in despair, and believed they must go to the bottom. All fell on their knees and began to pray, while the archbishop administered the last sacrament. Peter alone stood firm at the rudder, with unmoved countenance, although, like the rest, he received the communion from the hands of the archbishop. His presence of mind finally had its effect on the frightened mariners, and one of them, Antíp Timoféief, one of the Streltsi from the Solovétsky monastery who had been engaged as a pilot, went to the Tsar, and told him that their only hope of safety lay in running into the Únskaya Gulf, as otherwise they would infallibly go to pieces on the rocks. With his assistance, the yacht was steered past the reefs, through a very narrow passage, and, on the 12th of June, about noon, anchored near the Pertomínsky

monastery. The whole company went to the monastery church and gave thanks for their miraculous preservation, while Peter granted additional revenues and privileges to the brotherhood of monks, and rewarded the pilot Antíp with a large sum of money. In memory of his preservation, Peter fashioned, with his own hands, a wooden cross about ten feet high, with an inscription in Dutch, "*Dat kruys maken kaptein Piter van. a. cht.* 1694," carried it on his shoulders and erected it on the spot where he had landed.

The storm lasted three days longer, but on the 16th Peter again set sail, and arrived the next day safely at the monastery, where he remained three days in prayer and fasting, and in veneration of the relics of the founders, St. Sabbatius and St. Zosimus. The monks must have been astonished at the devotion shown by the son of that Tsar who had besieged them for nine long years because they had refused to accept the "innovations" of the Patriarch Nikon. They must have been convinced that, after all, they were right.

At all events, they were pleased with the generosity of Peter, who gave one thousand rubles and additional privileges to the monastery, besides gifts to individual monks. The safe return of the Tsar was feasted at Archangel not only by his friends, who had been greatly alarmed, but by the captains of two English vessels then in port, and he himself wrote brief accounts of his journey, first of all to his brother Iván, to whom he said that he had at last fulfilled his vow of adoring the relics of the holy hermits Sabbatius and Zosimus; but not one word was said of the danger he had run. From his wife, to whom he had written nothing, Peter received two letters, complaining of his neglect. Apparently he sent no answer.

A month later, the new vessel which he had launched on his arrival was ready for sea, and with great rejoicing was christened the *St. Paul*. About the same time, Peter's heart was gladdened by the receipt of a letter from his friend Vinius, at Moscow, saying that the frigate bought by Witsen in Amsterdam had sailed six weeks before, under the command of Captain Flamm, and ought by that time to be due in Archangel. Vinius spoke also of many fires which had taken place at Moscow, one of which had burned down four thousand houses. Previous information of this had been received in letters from Lieutenant-Colonel Von Mengden and Major Adam Weijde:

"In Moscow there have been many fires, and of these fires the people said that, if you had been here, you would not have allowed them to be so great."

In replying to Vinius, Peter expressed his joy at the sailing of the vessel, then spoke of the launching of the one built at Archangel, which, he said, "is completely finished, and has been christened the *Apostle Paul*, and sufficiently fumigated with the incense of Mars. At this fumigation, Bacchus was also sufficiently honored.* But how impudent is your Vulcan; he is not satisfied with you who are on dry land, and even here, in the realm of Neptune, he has shown his effrontery;" and went on to tell how all the ships at Archangel would have been burnt, through a fire catching on a barge laden with grain, had it not been for the great exertions of himself and his men. Finally, on the 21st July, the forty-four-gun frigate *Santa Profeetie*, so impatiently expected from Holland, arrived, under the command of Captain Jan Flamm, with a crew of forty sailors. She had been five weeks and four days on the journey. Peter hastened to the mouth of the river to meet her, and finally, at four o'clock, she threw anchor at Solombála. In the midst of the feast, Peter sat down and wrote to Vinius a brief letter:

"MIN HER: I have nothing else to write now, except that what I have so long desired has to-day come about. Jan Flamm has arrived all right, with forty-four cannon and forty sailors, on his ship. Congratulate all of us. I will write you more fully by the next post, but now I am beside myself with joy, and cannot write at length. Besides, it is impossible, for Bacchus is always honored in such cases, and with his leaves he dulls the eyes of those who wish to write at length.

"The City, July 21st.
SchiPer Fonshi
Psantus Pro Fet
ities."

The frigate needed a few repairs, but these were soon made, and in a week Peter was ready to start on his cruise. The *Apostle Paul*, with Vice-Admiral Buturlín, took the lead, followed by four German ships returning home with Russian cargoes. Then came the new frigate, the *Holy Prophecy*, with the admiral and the Tsar, followed by four English ships returning with their cargoes. The yacht *St. Peter*, with General Gordon as rear-admiral, fol-

* A Swedish galliot, which arrived from Bordeaux, after a five weeks' voyage, on July 7th, with four hundred casks of wine, probably supplied the libations for Bacchus.

lowed. The movements of the fleet were to be directed by signals, which had been invented for the purpose by Peter, and had been translated into the different languages. He himself brought Gordon a copy for translation into English, for the use of the English captains. The wind was for a long time unfavorable, and, even after getting to the mouths of the Dvína, the sea-faring company could do nothing but divert itself by mutual feasts on the various islands. Peter, however, who must always have something on hand, discussed a plan for great military maneuvers in the autumn, on his return to Moscow, and, under the direction of General Gordon, made plans of bastions and redoubts, and composed lists of all the necessary tools and equipments. Finally, the fleet set out on the 21st of August, and with various fortune,—General Gordon nearly going to pieces on a small island to which his pilot had taken him, thinking the crosses in the cemetery on the shore to be the masts and yards of the other vessels. With some difficulty he got safely off, and on the 27th the whole fleet reached Sviatói Nos, the most extreme point which separated the White Sea from the Northern Ocean. It had been Peter's intention to venture upon the open sea, but a violent wind rendered it not only difficult but dangerous. The signal was therefore given, and, taking leave of the merchant vessels, the three ships of Peter's navy returned to Archangel, arriving there on the 31st. Three days longer was all that Peter could stay. On the evening of the 2d of September, Gordon says, "We were all at feast with the Governor, and were jovial." The next morning they set out for Moscow.

Immediately after the arrival of the party at Moscow, arrangements were made for the great maneuvers which Peter had planned. Two armies were formed, one in which were included six Streltsi regiments and two companies of cavalry, in all 7500 men, under Buturlín (who took the title of King of Poland, probably on account of the increasing difficulties with that country). The other, the Russian force, was under the command of Prince Ramodanófsky, and included the Preobrazhénsky and the Seménofsky regiments, the two select regiments, and a collection of the men fit for military service sent by the nobility of twenty towns in the neighborhood of Moscow, some of the orders being dispatched as far as Uglitch, Súzdal and Vladímir. The strength of this army is not stated, but it was probably not inferior to the other, and it required two hundred and sixty wagons for the transport of its ammunitions and equipments. The place chosen for the maneuvers was a wide valley on the right bank of the river Moskvá, back of the village of Kozhúkhovo, a little more than a mile from the Simónof monastery, so celebrated now for its lovely view of Moscow. Here, in an angle formed by a bend of the river, a small fort had been begun, even before the departure of Peter for Archangel. These maneuvers, though common enough nowadays in all military countries, must have been a great surprise to the inhabitants of Moscow, accustomed to their quiet and almost pastoral streets. In order to take their positions, both armies, in full parade, passed through Moscow by different routes. In the Russian army appeared what was also a new thing to the Moscovites—the Tsar as Peter Alexéief marching with two of his comrades as bombardiers, in front of the Preobrazhénsky regiment. What would now seem droll is that both armies had what does not now enter into military staff—companies of scribes and singers, and, in one, twenty-five dwarfs, of course unarmed.

It is useless to recapitulate the story of the maneuvers, which lasted for fully three weeks, and which are described with great humor by General Gordon in his diary, and by Zhelabúzhky in his memoirs. Sufficient to say that there was fighting which sometimes was only too real, for the bombs, though without powder, did hurt, and firepots burst and burned faces and maimed limbs. A bridge had to be thrown across the river Moskvá, and the fort was to be mined and countermined, according to the proper rules of war. Unfortunately, banquets and suppers had too great a predominance in this campaign, and after a very good dinner given by General Lefort, on his name's-day, it was decided to storm the enemy's fort. Flushed with wine, the conquest was easy. Every one was satisfied, except Peter, who was not content with this summary proceeding. He therefore gave up all the prisoners, ordered the Polish King again to occupy his fort, and insisted that mines should be made until the walls should be blown up, and the conquering army properly walk in. This was done, and the place was finally taken in the most approved way, on the 27th of October. One incident of the campaign seems to have been a fight of the singers, headed by Tur-

génief, the court-fool, against the scribes of the Polish camp.

This was the last time that Peter played at war. Thenceforward, fate ruled that real battles were to take the place of mimic ones.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN AGAINST AZOF.

PETER had derived so much satisfaction from his visits to Archangel that he thought favorably of various projects of traveling throughout his country, and of beginning new enterprises. Even while at Archangel, Lefort wrote to his family at Geneva that there was talk of "a journey, in about two years' time, to Kazán and Astrakhán. Still, this idea may pass away before two years are over. However, I will be ready to obey all orders. There is also an idea of constructing some galliots, and going to the Baltic Sea." Later, on the 23d of September, Lefort wrote: "Next summer we are going to construct five large ships and two galleys, which, God willing, will go two years hence to Astrakhán, for the conclusion of important treaties with Persia." The ideas of Witsen about the Persian and Asiatic trade, and the many conversations on that subject in the German suburb, about the advantages connected with this traffic, which French, Dutch and English all desired to get into their hands, had evidently stimulated Peter's mind.

Suddenly, however, and apparently to the surprise of everybody, it was resolved to enter upon an active campaign, in the spring of 1695, against the Tartars—nominally for the purpose of reducing the Crimea; actually, the plan of the campaign included getting possession of the mouths of the Dnieper and of the Don, two Russian rivers which were useless for trade so long as their *embouchures* were in possession of the Mussulmans. The only mention that is made of this plan before it was formally announced, is a passage in a letter of General Gordon to his friend Kurz, in Vienna, dated the end of December, 1694, in which he says: "I believe and hope that this coming summer we shall undertake something for the advantage of Christianity and our allies." It is difficult to tell what were the real reasons for this campaign. Apparently it was not, as has generally been thought, on the initiative of Peter himself, for as yet he had not meddled in the concerns of the government. The statement that the expedition against Azof was planned for the purpose of getting a harbor in the Black Sea, in which to create a navy, or because the success of the maneuvers near Moscow made Peter desirous of real war, or because he had already the intention of going to Europe, and wished to signalize himself by great exploits before he appeared in the West, rest merely on surmise. The campaign was an incident in the war against the Tartars, which had been begun by Sophia, in consequence of her treaty with Poland, and which had never come formally to a conclusion. No peace had ever been made. Although, after the unsuccessful close of Galítsyn's second expedition, in 1689, there had been a practical armistice, yet this armistice had never been ratified by any convention, and was frequently broken by the Tartars. The border provinces were constantly exposed to their predatory incursions, and in 1692 twelve thousand Tartars appeared before the Russian town of Nemírof, burnt the suburbs, carried away many prisoners, and made booty of a very large number of horses. The Russians, with the few troops of Cossacks and local levies that remained on the border, had confined themselves strictly to the defensive.

Meanwhile, there had been a growing dissatisfaction in Moscow with the conduct of Poland. The Russian Resident at Warsaw constantly wrote that no dependence whatever could be placed on the Polish King nor on the German Emperor. He reported them as desirous of making a separate peace with Turkey, without the slightest regard for the interests of Russia. When application was made to Vienna, the Emperor replied that he was not in league with Moscow, but that, without doubt, the Polish King kept the Tsars informed of everything that passed. King Jan Sobiésky professed the utmost friendship for the Tsars; but made complaints that they did not assist him in his operations against the Mussulmans; that, under the treaty, they had no right to confine themselves to defensive warfare alone, and that, unless they sent either an embassador to Vienna with full powers, or sent an embassador to go with his envoy to the Crimean Khan, it would be impossible for him to satisfy the Muscovite demands, as he did not know sufficiently what the demands of Muscovy were. Intrigues had been going on between Mazeppa, the Hetman of Little Russia, and various Polish magnates, and it was believed in Moscow that these were

with the knowledge and contrivance of the King. Russia had finally become so bitter on this point that Sobiésky hastened to declare that all the letters were forgeries, and a monk, on whose person, it is said, had been found forged letters and forged seals of Mazeppa, was surrendered to the Russians. The explanation was accepted, and the monk was executed by Mazeppa's orders.

Fearing to be left entirely alone,—for it had been ascertained, by means of Adam Stille, an official translator at the foreign office in Vienna, who had been bought up by the Russian envoy, and who furnished the Government at Moscow with reports of the negotiations going on at Vienna, and sometimes with copies of papers, that no mention, of any kind whatever, of the interest of Russia had been made in the whole of the negotiations at Vienna between Poland, Austria and Turkey,—and fearing lest a separate peace might be made without them, which would enable the Sultan to turn all his forces against them, the Russians resolved to see what they could effect themselves. For this purpose, agents had been sent to the Crimea to ascertain upon what basis the Khan would make a permanent peace. The Russians were unwilling to agree to the same state of things that had existed before the campaigns of Galítsyn. They insisted that the prisoners on both sides should be delivered up without a ransom, and on the suppression of the money tribute which had before that been annually sent to the Crimea. They also, on the suggestion of Dositheus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who had written several letters to the Tsars urging the renewal of hostilities, made a request that the Holy Places in Jerusalem should be taken away from the Franks and restored to the Greek clergy.* As to the Holy Places, the Khan replied that the solution of that question depended on the Sultan alone; but, for the other matters, he declined to accept anything but a renewal of the old treaty of Baktchiserai, insisted on the tribute due to him, and refused to give up the captives without a ransom. Not only were these overtures ineffectual, but alarm was caused by the appearance of the Polish magnate, Rzevúsky, at the court of the Khan, with propositions from the King. Rzevúsky went subsequently to Adrianople, in the hope of making peace with the Sultan on conditions favorable to Poland. This plan fell through; but the Turks finally consented to open negotiations for a general peace. Information about this reached Moscow in a letter from King Jan Sobiésky, in the latter part of July, 1694, and the Tsars were requested to send a proper and fit man to meet the Turkish and Tartar plenipotentiaries. It was, in all probability, the despair of obtaining any favorable conditions for Russia, and the fear that their plenipotentiaries would not be admitted to the congress, that induced the Government at Moscow to resolve on active operations.

The campaign once resolved upon, Peter threw himself into it with all his heart and soul. He looked personally after the artillery, as he had the intention of accompanying one of the armies, in the capacity of bombardier. He even went to Pereyaslávl to look over the artillery stores which he had left there, in order to see what would be available for the purposes of the expedition. Full of ardor at the thought of active war, he wrote to Apráxin: "Although for five weeks last autumn we practiced in the game of Mars at Kozhúkhovo, with no idea except that of amusement, yet this amusement of ours has become a forerunner of the present war." And again he wrote: "At Kozhúkhovo we jested. We are now going to play the real game before Azof."

The plan of operations was that Prince Boris Sheremétief, with 120,000 men, assisted by the Cossacks of the Ukraine under Mazeppa, should go down the Dnieper and attempt to take possession of the fortresses of Otchakóf and Kazikermán, which, with three similar forts, guarded the mouth of that river. The army of Sheremétief was composed entirely of troops drilled in the old Russian style. The two regiments made up out of the play-troops of Peter, together with the regiments of soldiers drilled according to foreign tactics and the best of the Streltsi regiments, were to compose an army of about 31,000 men, the aim of which was the capture of Azof.

This fortress town, situated on one of the arms of the Don, about ten miles from the Sea of Azof, was the chief hindrance to the Russian access to the Black Sea. In the early times, as the half-Greek city of Tanais, and in the Middle Ages, as the Genoese colony of Tana, it had been a great commercial emporium for the Asiatic trade. Destroyed by Tamerlane, and afterward fortified by the Turks, it had been captured by the Don Cossacks in 1637, and held by

* It is interesting to see how early the question of the Holy Places became a subject of dispute between Russia and Turkey.

them for six years against tremendous odds, until they were ordered to abandon it by the Tsar Michael; for Russia was then unwilling to engage in a war with Turkey for its retention. It was then rebuilt by the Turks, who kept 26,000 men at work for several years in strengthening its fortifications. What is particularly to be noticed is that, in sending an expedition to Azof, the Russians were attacking the Turks, and not the Tartars.

The plan of this campaign was decided upon about the middle of February, in a council of war held at the artillery headquarters. The army was to be divided into three corps, respectively under the command of Ávtamón Golovín, Lefort and Gordon; but, strangely enough, there was to be no supreme commander. The command of the army was to be intrusted to a council composed of these three generals, and none of their decisions could be carried into effect without the approbation of the bombardier sergeant of the Preobrazhénsky regiment, Peter Alexéief, as the Tsar chose to be styled. This arrangement, as might easily have been foreseen, proved productive of great calamities.

The division of General Gordon marched the whole distance, and starting from Moscow in March, arrived at the rendezvous before Azof in the middle of June. The "great caravan," as it was called, consisting of the other troops, left Moscow in May, by water, but owing to the constant bad weather (there was snow in Moscow even on the 7th of June), the careless way in which the barges were constructed, and the stupidity and inexperience of the boatmen, had great difficulty in reaching Nízhni-Nóvgorod, on the Volga, where it was found necessary to tranship all the troops, equipments and artillery. As Peter wrote to Vinius, from Nízhni-Nóvgorod:

> "Strong winds kept us back for two days at Dedínovo, and three days at Múrom, and most of all the delay was caused by stupid pilots and workmen, who call themselves masters, but, in reality, are as far from being so, as the earth is from heaven."

Fortunately, the barges from Vorónezh were in waiting at Panshín, on the Don, to reach which a short land march was made, and the caravan reached the rendezvous without much trouble on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the name's-day of the Tsar (June 29, July 9). Gordon at once sent to the Tsar to congratulate him, and asked him to dinner. But Peter busied himself the whole day with disembarking his troops, and came only to supper. Gordon had taken up a position on some low hills within sight of Azof, and had intrenched himself. The other troops did the same, and at the council of war it was resolved to begin the siege works at once.

This siege continued for fourteen weeks, with varying success. There was a want of discipline among the Streltsi, there was a want of harmony in the councils of the generals, there was a want of knowledge and experience in the engineers; and, more than that, there was a breakdown of the commissariat. For a long time, the troops were entirely without salt. Everything went on slowly, and it sometimes seemed, as Gordon said, "that we acted as if we were not in earnest."

One advantage obtained by the Don Cossacks cheered up the army. They succeeded in storming one of the two small forts called Kalantchi, which guarded the junction of the Kalantchá—one of the larger arms of the Don, which branches off above Azof,—and which prevented the passage of the Russian barges with provisions for the army, and compelled everything to be taken some distance around, exposed to the attack of the Tartar cavalry. After one fort had been taken by assault, such a fire was kept up on the other that the Turkish troops abandoned it in the night. It was, therefore, possible for the Russians to construct a floating bridge over the Don, and greatly to facilitate their communications and all their operations. As a pendant to this success, that very afternoon a man named Jacob Janson went over to the enemy. He was originally a Dutch sailor, who had entered the Russian service at Archangel, and had adopted the Russian religion; he had been lately serving as a bombardier, and from some fancy Peter had become extremely intimate with him, had communicated to him all his plans and ideas with regard to the siege. This renegade and deserter exposed to the Turkish Pasha all the Russian plans, and especially the disposition of the troops. One of the many Russian dissenters who had found a refuge at Azof from the persecution of the Church and the Government was immediately sent by the Pasha to verify this, and, by calling himself a Cossack, succeeded easily in passing the Russian sentinels and penetrating into the camp. The Russians, even in the field, had kept up their old habit of taking a long nap

immediately after their midday meal. Informed of this habit, the Pasha made a sortie, surprised the Russians in their trenches, and was only beaten back after a three hours' fight, in which the Russians experienced very severe losses, and General Gordon, who did his best to rally the troops, came within an ace of being taken prisoner. After this, constant sorties and attacks greatly annoyed the Russians and hindered the siege works. General Gordon, who was really the only officer of great experience, wished to complete the trenches on the left side as far as the river, for there was still a vacant space along the river through which the Tartar cavalry kept up communications with the town. He also wished to continue the trenches until they were close to the walls. All his suggestions, however, were overruled by the impulsiveness of Peter, and the inexperience of Lefort and Golovín, who voted to please the Tsar. There was great desire for an immediate assault, which was opposed by Gordon, who represented how dangerous it would be to attempt to carry the town by storm when there were no trenches close to the fortifications in which the troops could take refuge in case of repulse. His remonstrances were of no avail, and an assault was finally attempted, on the 15th of August. It failed completely. The Russians were driven back with a loss of 1,500 men—a very heavy one, considering their numbers. Later on, in spite of the protests of Gordon, two mines were exploded long before they had reached the part of the walls intended to be blown up. No damage was done to the town, but the explosion threw the *débris* back into the Russian trenches with considerable loss of life. The troops began to despair, but Peter resolved to attempt one more assault before giving up the siege, for the weather was now so cold that it was difficult for the men to remain in the trenches. This assault was no more successful than the first, although some of the Cossacks penetrated into the town on the river side. Finally it was determined to raise the siege, and on the 12th of October the Russians began to withdraw, hotly pursued by the enemy, who made constant attacks on the rear-guard. The severe weather and high water prevented the Russians from crossing the river to the safer side, and many were the privations and great was the distress endured on the homeward march.

The Tartars attacked the rear-guard, and on one occasion, after killing about thirty men in the regiment of Colonel Swart, took prisoner the colonel and the greater part of the regiment, with several standards. This caused great panic at the time, and produced an impression at home which lasted for many years, as is evident from the way in which Pososhkóf brings it forward, as an instance of the bad discipline of the army. The troops suffered much from the rains and floods, and afterward from the extreme cold. The steppe, which Gordon, in the spring, had found "full of manifold flowers and herbs, asparagus, wild thyme, majoram, tulips, pinks, melilot and maiden gilly flowers," was now bare and naked. All the vegetation had been burnt off, and frequently the soldiers could not even find a piece of dry wood with which to kindle a fire. The Austrian agent, Pleyer, who had been with the army through the siege, but who was obliged by a fever to remain a month at Tcherkásk, wrote in his report to the Emperor Leopold:

"I saw great quantities of the best provisions, which could have kept a large army for a year, either ruined by the bad weather, or lost by the barges going to the bottom. What was left was divided among the Cossacks. On the way I then saw what great loss the army suffered in the march, although no enemy pursued it, for it was impossible not to see without tears how, through the whole steppe for eight hundred versts, men and horses lay half eaten by the wolves, and many villages were full of sick, half of whom died, as well as many others infected by them, all of which was very painful to see and to hear."

The only success of the campaign was the capture of the two forts, in which a garrison of 3,000 men was left, so as to be ready for subsequent operations the next spring. Lefort, in a letter to his brother, says that had they had 10,000 more troops, the town would certainly have been taken. This additional number would have enabled the trenches to have been drawn entirely around the town, and its communications would have been entirely cut off. But the failure is rather to be ascribed to the want of knowledge and experience on the part of the officers, and the impulsiveness of the Tsar, than to the smallness of the army.

Peter himself was indefatigable. As a bombardier, he filled bombs and grenades with his own hands, and worked at the mortars like any common soldier. With all this, he took part in the councils of war, supervised all the plans of action, and, in addition, kept up a constant correspondence with friends. These letters are all brief. Some

of them refer simply to matters of business, such as the forwarding of material and provisions. In them he endeavored to keep up his own spirits as well as those of his friends, still maintaining the jesting tone

BOYAR ALEXIS SHEIN.

which he had long ago adopted, always addressing them by their nicknames, and carrying out the fiction of making regular reports to Ramodanófsky as the generalissimo of the army, and always signing himself, with expressions of great respect, the "Bombardier Piter." There is much talk about "plowing the field of Mars," and there are other classical allusions. But twice he shows real feeling—with reference to the death of his friend Prince Theodore Troekúrof, who was killed on the 17th of September, and to the deaths of his comrades and orderlies Yekím Vorónin and Gregory Lúkin, who had been two of the most intelligent men in his guard, and had been also of great assistance to him in his boat-building at Pereyaslávl, who were killed at the final assault. He writes to Ramodanófsky on separate scraps of paper, inclosed with the formal letters to him as generalissimo:

"For God's sake, do not trouble yourself because the posts are late. It is certainly from the bad weather, and not, God forbid! because of any accident. Thou canst judge thyself that, if anything had happened, how would it be possible to keep it quiet? Think over this, and tell those that need it. Prince Theodore Ivánovitch, my friend, is no more. For God's sake, do not abandon his father. Yekín Vorónin and Gregory Lúkin by God's will have died. Please don't forget Gregory's father."

The Tsar accompanied the troops until they had reached Valúiek, the first Russian town. He then went on in advance, but stopped for several days near Túla, at the iron works built by the Dane Marselis, which were now owned by his uncle, Leo Naryshkin. Here he amused himself by hammering three large iron sheets with his own hands.

The army reached Moscow on the 2d of December, and, in spite of the failure of the campaign, Peter made a triumphal entry into the city, with a captive Turk led before him. The only excuse for this was the partial success of Sheremétief and Mazeppa, who had taken by storm two of the Turkish forts at the mouth of the Dneiper,—Kazikermán and Tagán,—and had forced the abandonment of two others.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CAPTURE OF AZOF.

PETER undoubtedly felt disappointed, humiliated and angry at the result of the campaign. Despite the dangers and difficulties which beset his childhood, he had nearly always succeeded in having his own way. He was Tsar, he was self-willed, and he was obstinate. He had undertaken the siege with such confidence of success that he had caused Lefort to write letters to be communicated to the different courts of Europe, informing the world of his designs, and he had returned almost empty-handed.

The difficulties of the homeward march must only have served to increase his obstinate adherence to his purpose, and every hammer-blow, which he gave to those iron plates in the forge at Túla, drove away a regret and fixed a resolution. He no sooner returned to Moscow than every preparation was made for another campaign. Indeed, he had formed some plans even before this, for on the march, just after he had escaped from the burning steppe, he wrote to the Emperor of Germany, to the King of Poland, and to the Elector of Brandenburg, informing them of the efforts which he had made against the Turks, and of his failure, owing partly to the lack of cannon and ammunition, but especially to the want of skillful engineers and miners, and, in the name of friendship and for the success of their common cause against the Turk, he begged that skillful men be sent to him.

This time, the number of troops designed for the expedition was much greater, amounting in all, with the help of the Cossacks and the regiments from Little Russia, to 75,000 men. Having seen that the failure of the last campaign was owing, in great part, to the

SCENES IN NIZHNI-NOVGOROD.

divisions in command, Peter appointed a single commander-in-chief for the whole of the forces before Azof, with the title of generalissimo. He at first chose Prince Michael Tcherkásky, a grandee, who was much respected for his character and his great services, but who was then very old; and when Tcherkásky refused this appointment on account of his extreme age and infirmity, his choice fell upon the boyár Alexis Shéïn, more noted for distinguished family—he was the great-grandson of the celebrated defender of Smolénsk in the Troublous Times—than for actual service and experience, but, at the same time, in the opinion of his contemporaries, a man of ability and sound judgment. The appointment of a native Russian to such high rank was doubtless intended to silence the complaints of the ultra-national party, who had again talked of this last defeat being owing to the employment of so many foreigners. The boyár Borís Sheremétief and the hetman Mazeppa were ordered to remain on the defensive and protect the frontier from Tartar incursions.

TARTAR CAVALRY ATTACKING A RUSSIAN COMMISSARIAT TRAIN.

In his first campaign, Peter had seen the absolute necessity of a flotilla in order to prevent the Turks from communicating with Azof, and to keep the command of the river. It is needless to say that his love for the sea strengthened his opinion. He therefore resolved to build a fleet of transport barges, and, at the same time, galleys and galliots that could be armed and used for the defensive if not for the offensive. For the construction of this fleet he chose the town of Vorónezh, on the river Vorónezh, about three hundred miles south of Moscow. All this region had once been covered with a thick virgin forest, and here, from the early years of the reign of Alexis, numerous barges had been constructed every winter for the transport of the grain and wine sent as salary to the Cossacks of the Don. These barges were like those now built on the rivers in the north of Russia for the transport of timber, hides and grain,—rude vessels made entirely of wood, without the use of even an iron nail. They were good simply for the voyage down the river, and never returned. On their arrival they were broken up, and used either as timber or as fire-wood. They were usually about a hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, and held about two hundred quarters of grain. To such a great extent had barges been built in this locality—at the rate of from five hundred to a thousand a year—that in many places the forests were entirely cut down. Vorónezh is now a thriving town, the capital of a province or *gubérnia*, with a population of 45,000, and a considerable trade. Its greatest reminiscences are those connected with Peter, and the construction of this flotilla,—some of the boat-houses being still standing; it also prides itself on having the peasant-poet Nikitin as a citizen, and possesses an agreeable and cultivated society. Here Peter ordered the construction of a wharf on the low left bank, the opposite side of the river from the town, for it is a peculiarity of most Russian rivers that the right bank is high, of bluffs or low hills, and the left flat. During the winter of 1696, more than 30,000 men, under the command of officials sent from Moscow, labored at the construction of more than thirteen hundred barges for conveying troops,

ammunitions and provisions to the mouths of the Don. In addition to this, Peter sent to Archangel for all the ship-carpenters who were wintering there, promising that they should return for the opening of navigation. It was his intention to build thirty galleys of various sizes, some of two and some of three masts, although they would depend chiefly on oars for their swiftness. A model galley had been constructed in Holland, had arrived at Archangel, and was brought by the Dvína to Vológda, and then overland to Moscow. Several of those which Peter had himself built at Pereyaslávl were, according to Lefort, transported on sledges over the easy snow roads to Vorónezh. Four thousand men, selected from various regiments, were told off into a naval battalion or marine regiment, for service both by sea and land. Lefort was made admiral, Colonel Lima, a Venetian who had been for eight years in the Russian service, vice-admiral, and a Frenchman, Colonel Balthazar de Losier, rear-admiral. Peter himself took the rank of captain, and commanded the vanguard.

It is from Peter's return from his first campaign against Azof that the real beginning of his reign should be dated. It was then, for the first time, that he took an active concern and participation in all affairs of government. By a singular coincidence, it was about this time also that he became the sole ruler of the Russian state; for, on the 8th of February, 1696, his brother Iván, who had greatly improved in health since his marriage, suddenly died. Peter had been much attached to Iván, and the care which he always manifested for his wife and family* showed that he always kept the tenderest recollections of him. He had, however, now but little time to grieve, for the preparations for the campaign entirely absorbed him, though a bodily ailment rendered him for the moment powerless. An injury to his foot had produced a malady which kept him long in bed, and which, for a time, excited the fears of his family and his friends. As soon as he got better, he started southward with a small suite, and, contrary to habit, took a week for the journey to Vorónezh. His illness and the bad state of the roads were sufficient reason for this. Once there, he forgot his troubles and immediately set to work, and five days later, in writing to the boyár Stréshnef to send immediately some ash timber from the woods of Túla for oars, as such could not be found near Vorónezh,

PETER ON THE BOURSE AT ARCHANGEL. (FROM A PAINTING MADE FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.)

* Three of the five daughters of the Tsar Iván survived their father—Catherine, Anna and Prascovia. Anna became Empress of Russia, Catherine married the Duke of Mecklenburg, and her infant grandson occupied the Russian throne for a short time as Iván VI.

RURAL POST IN RUSSIA. (FROM A PAINTING BY N. SWERTCHKOFF.)

adds: "According to the divine decree to our grandfather Adam, we are eating our bread in the sweat of our face." The ship-carpenters were slow in arriving, and many of the workmen deserted, the weather was most unfavorable, for the thaw was succeeded by so violent a cold that the river froze again, and storms of hail and sleet were so severe that on two occasions the men were prevented from working for three or four days. Peter was obliged not only to set an example, but to act at once as overseer and master-shipwright.

All this time, Lefort was ill in Moscow with an abscess in his side, occasioned by a fall from his horse on the march from Azof. He did what he could, and at all events cheered the Tsar somewhat with his constant friendly letters.

Finally, on the 12th of April, three galleys, the *Principium*, chiefly the work of Peter himself, the *St. Mark* and the *St. Matthew*, were launched with due ceremony, and two others followed shortly after. Almost the same day, the troops collected at Vorónezh began to load the barges, and on the 1st of May the generalissimo Shéïn raised on his galley the great flag bearing the arms of the Tsar—a representation of the sea with ships, and St. Peter and St. Paul in the corners—which had been embroidered at a convent in Moscow, and brought to Vorónezh by Franz Timmermann. This flag is still preserved at Moscow. Two days later, the first division of the great caravan of galleys and barges set out. The voyage down the rivers Vorónezh and Don took three weeks, but Peter, with his lighter and swifter galleys, overtook the advance, and, on the 26th of May, reached the town of Tcherkásk, the capital of the Don Cossacks, where he came up with the division of General Gordon, which had preceded him by ten days, and that under General Rigeman, which had marched from Tambóf. While waiting for his main forces, he busied himself with drawing up regulations for the new fleet while in action, and with loading on barges the artillery and stores which had been brought from the camp to Tcherkásk the previous autumn.

On the night of May 28th, a messenger arrived from Flor Mináef, the Ataman of the Don Cossacks,—who, with two hundred and fifty men, had been sent to make a reconnoissance at the mouth of the river,—that

he had seen two Turkish ships and had vainly attacked them. Peter immediately communicated this fact to Gordon and hastened off down the river, followed by Gordon and his troops. He stopped at the forts of Kalantchí, where the arrival of the army was hailed with joy. At a council of war, it was resolved that the Tsar, with his nine galleys, on which he embarked one of Gordon's regiments, and Flor Mináef, with forty Cossack boats holding twenty men each, should steal down the river and attack the Turkish ships, while General Gordon made a military diversion in front of Azof. Unfortunately, returned to the fort, where he arrived about midnight. The next morning, at ten o'clock, he visited Gordon and told him the story, "looking very melancholy and grieved," but at three o'clock he came back with other news. What he had not been willing to order, the river pirates of the Don had done of their own accord. By his directions, the Cossacks had waited at the mouth of the river for observation. During the day, either not noticing the Cossacks, or disregarding them, the Turks had transhipped to the lighters a quantity of stores and ammunition, and sent them under a convoy of Janissaries

THE MESSAGE TO AZOF ON THE NAME'S-DAY OF THE TSAR.

a strong north wind blew, which rendered the shallow channel still more shallow. The galleys got aground, and were at last obliged to return to Kalantchí, or, as it was then called, Nóvo-Sérghiefsk, in commemoration of St. Sergius, the protector of the country of the Don. Peter had himself embarked on a Cossack boat and gone to sea, but he found not two but thirty large Turkish ships, with a considerable number of galleys, barges and lighters. It seemed to the Tsar too great a risk to attack these large ships with the light Cossack boats, and he therefore up the river to Azof. A force of about five hundred Janissaries was landed at a mouth of the river, and succeeded in getting to the town with a considerable number of arms. When night came on, the Cossacks, who were on the watch, attacked the lighters and succeeded in capturing ten of them with all their contents, while the Turkish soldiers, thoroughly frightened, after almost no resistance, went back to their ships. The news of this attack brought such consternation that the whole of the Turkish fleet weighed anchor and sailed off, with the exception of

two vessels, which could not be got ready soon enough. One of them the Turks themselves sank, and the other was burnt by the Cossacks. In this way, a large quantity of stores and ammunition was obtained, and thirty men were taken prisoners. Two hours later, Peter was again on his way to the mouth of the river, and was speedily followed by Gordon with a detachment of troops.

In the course of a few days, the remainder of the army and of the fleet arrived at Nóvo-Sérghiefsk, and Peter stationed himself, with his whole flotilla of twenty-nine galleys, at the mouth of the river, and completely cut off the Turkish communications with Azof. By his directions, General Gordon began to erect two small forts, which were completed under the personal supervision of the Tsar, and when they were thoroughly armed and garrisoned, Peter wrote to Ramodanófsky: "We are now entirely out of danger of the Turkish fleet."

The garrison of Azof had apparently not expected the return of the Russians, and had taken no precautions to fill up the trenches dug in the previous year. The besieging troops had, therefore, little more to do than to take their old places; and, owing to their increased numbers, they were able fully to occupy the necessary positions, and especially to guard the approaches along the river-bank. At first, there was little opposition on the part of the garrison. One small sortie was made, which was speedily repulsed. On the 20th of June, the Tartars from the steppe crept up to the camp, and attacked it in force, but the noble cavaliers from Moscow repulsed them and pursued them for several miles. Nuradín Sultan himself went off with an arrow in his shoulder, shot by a Kalmuk. Ayúka-Khan had promised to send all his Kalmuks to the Russian assistance, but only a small number came in time; the main body arrived a few days after Azof was taken.

PETER IN THE DRESS HE WORE AT AZOF. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN POSSESSION OF SENATOR RAVINSKI.)

A PEASANT GIRL FROM NEAR TULA.

A large Turkish fleet which came up to the mouths of the Don was for two weeks inactive, and finally, when about to land some troops to relieve the siege, the Pasha was so frightened at the appearance of the Russian flotilla, that the fleet immediately set sail, and went out to sea.

Peter lived chiefly on his galley *Principium*, looking after the Turkish fleet, coming from time to time to the camp before Azof to see how operations were progressing, and personally opening the cannonade on the evening of the 26th of June. The Tartars in the steppe made several other attacks, which were repulsed, and on the name's-day of the Tsar, the Russians, believing that the besieged were in sore straits, shot a letter into the town by means of an arrow, offering the garrison honorable terms, and promising to permit them to leave the city with all their arms and baggage. The answer was a cannonade.

Meanwhile, the soldiery were discontented even at this short siege, and the general opinion was that the work should be prosecuted in the old fashion, by means of piling up an enormous mound of earth, which could be gradually pushed forward so as to fill up the ditch and topple over upon the wall. General Gordon resolved to comply with this feeling, and no less than 15,000 men worked daily on the construction of this enormous mound. On the 21st of July, when the mound had already become so high and so great that the streets of the town could be seen and the Russian and Turkish soldiers came even to hand-to-hand conflicts, the engineers arrived who had been sent by the Emperor Leopold, in compliance with the Tsar's request. They had not hastened on their way, for they had been fully three months in going from Vienna to Smolénsk, two weeks more from Smolénsk to Moscow, and about a month from Moscow to Azof. They excused the slowness of their journey by the fact that at Vienna they did not expect such an early start, and could learn nothing from the Russian envoy Nephimónof, who professed to have no knowledge of the military operations. Their words were confirmed by Ukràintsef, the official in charge of the foreign office, who naïvely reported that he had sent no information about the army to Vienna, lest Nephimónof should publish it. Peter was irritated by what seemed to him stupidity, and with his own hand wrote to Vinius the following amusing letter:

"Thy brother-in-law has mightily angered me that he keeps Kosmá (Nephimónof) without any news of our war. Is he not ashamed? Whatever they ask about he knows nothing, and yet he was sent for such a great matter. In his dispatches to Nikíta Moiséievitch (Zótof) he writes about Polish matters when there was no need at all, but the side of the Emperor, where was our hope of alliance, he has forgotten. Has he any healthy good sense? Intrusted with state matters, and conceals what everybody knows. Just tell him that what he does not write on paper I will write on his back."

The imperial engineers were surprised at the magnitude of the mound, but, nevertheless, expected little profit from it. They advised mines and trenches in the ordinary way, and immediately gave instructions about the placing of batteries, by which an impression was soon made on one of the bastions. Hitherto, no injury had been done, except to the houses in the town, which had all been ruined.

The Zaporovian Cossacks had become disgusted with the slowness of the siege and with the heavy work on the mound, and were, besides that, experiencing a shortness of commons. They therefore made a private arrangement with the Cossacks of the Don, and, on the 27th of July, without orders, two thousand of them, headed by Lizogúb, their chief, and Flor Mináef, the Ataman of the Don, stormed the fortification from the mound, and made an entry into the town Had they been properly supported by the soldiery and Streltsi,—who remained inactive in their camp,—they would have taken it. As it was, they were beaten back, and obliged to take refuge in the corner bastion, which they held. Here they were at last reinforced by the troops of General Golovín, and succeeded in taking another bastion. The next day, the commander-in-chief resolved on a general assault, but meanwhile the Turks decided to surrender on condition that, with their wives and children, they should be allowed to leave the place with all the honors of war. This was granted. The Pasha surrendered all the Russian prisoners without question, and gave up those Dissenters who had taken refuge in Azof, who had not already become Mussulmans. The only dispute was about the deserter and traitor Janson, who had become a Mussulman. The Russians insisted on his surrender, and the Pasha finally yielded. Janson was brought into the Russian camp, tied hand and foot, screaming to his guards:

"Cut off my head, but don't give me up to Moscow!"

The next morning, the garrison, fully armed, with all their banners, marched through the Russian lines, some to the Turkish fleet, and others on their way to the steppe. Crowded together and without order, they presented a sorry spectacle, and only the Pasha kept up his dignity. On reaching the place of embarkation, where the generalissimo Shéïn was on his horse awaiting him, the Pasha thanked him for the manner in which he had kept his word, lowered his standards to him as a token of respect, and bade him good-bye.

After the departure of the Turks, ten Russian regiments marched into the utterly ruined town, where not one house was uninjured. The Zaporovian Cossacks could not be restrained, and went everywhere in search of plunder. Nothing of any importance was found, although cellars and secret recesses were dug up in all directions. There came, however, to the Government a considerable booty in the shape of cannon

and powder, but there were almost no small arms, and bullets were entirely wanting. Indeed, during the last resistance offered to the Cossacks in the final assault, it was necessary to cut gold ducats into small pieces to furnish ammunition. The small fort of Lútik, situated at the mouth of the Dead Donetz, was not included in the capitulation, but speedily surrendered, and the Russians were left in full possession of the mouths of the Don.

Turkish mosques were speedily transferred into Christian churches, and there Peter heard divine service before starting on his homeward march.

The fall of Azof produced great consternation at Constantinople. The Bey of Konich and two other officials were executed, all the Janissaries who could be found were arrested and their goods sequestered, while the poor commandant who had surrendered the town, Kalaïlikóz Ahmed

PLOWING ON THE STEPPE.

One of the first tasks which Peter set himself was to find a suitable harbor for his flotilla, and for that purpose he explored the coast on each side. The mouths of the Don, which were shallow or deep, according to the wind, afforded no secure refuge, and it was necessary to find a place which might be turned into a safe port. After several days spent in surveying, when he slept on the bench of a galley, almost fasting, Peter decided on an anchorage under a cape long known to the Cossacks as Tagan-róg, or the Tagan Horn. Here he ordered the construction of a fortress, as well as of another a little beyond, at Otchakófsky-róg, and then intrusted the imperial engineer Laval with the task of properly fortifying the town of Azof, so that it should be impregnable to assaults by the Turks. The town was cleared as speedily as possible of its ruins, and two Pasha, was obliged to fly to save his life, and lost the whole of his property, which was confiscated to the Treasury.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE EFFECT OF THE VICTORY. BUILDING A FLEET IN EARNEST.

It can be imagined with what delight the news of the surrender was received at Moscow. "When your letter came," wrote Vinius to the Tsar, "there were many guests at the house of Leo Kirílovitch (Naryshkin). He immediately sent me with it to the Patriarch. His Holiness, on reading it, burst into tears, ordered the great bell to be rung, and, in the presence of the Tsaritsa and of the Tsarévitch, gave thanks to the Almighty. All talked with astonishment of

COMPANIONS OF PETER.

1. Prince Gregory Dolgoruky. 2. Prince Nikita Repnine. 3. Prince William Dolgoruky. 4. Prince Ramodanofsky. 5. Count Theodore Apraxin. 6. Prince Ivan Troubetskoy. 7. Andrew Matveief. 8. Prince Boris Kurakin.

the humility of their lord, who, after such a great victory, has not lifted up his own heart, but has ascribed all to the Creator of heaven, and has praised only his assistants, although every one knows that it was by your plan alone, and by the aid you got from the sea, that such a noted town has bowed down to your feet."

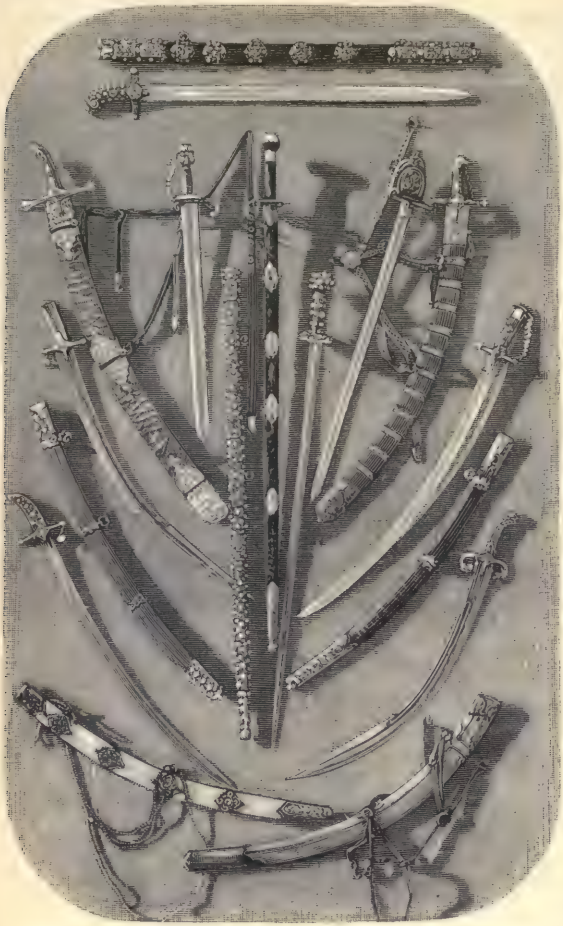
All Peter's friends burst into a chorus of praise for his bravery, his genius, his humility, likening him to St. Peter, to Samson and to David. In reply to the congratulations of Vinius, Peter quoted the verse, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and suggested that it

would be a meet and proper thing to honor him and the generalissimo with a triumphal arch, which might be placed near one of the bridges over the Moskvá. While the arch was being built and the preparations made for the solemn entry of the troops, Peter busied himself for several weeks in visiting the iron-works in the neighborhood of Túla. Here he undoubtedly met the celebrated blacksmith Nikíta Demídof, who subsequently received those grants of mining land in the Urál which have led to the immense fortune of the present Demídof family. Nikíta Demídof was already known to Peter, at least by reputation, as the cleverest smith and iron-forger in all this region. On the road from Vorónezh to Túla, the Tsar was met by Mazeppa, who presented him with a magnificent saber, the hilt and scabbard of which were studded with precious stones, and informed him of the brave deeds done by the Zaporovian Cossacks during the summer. It seems that about fifteen hundred of these braves sailed down the Dnieper past the fortifications of Otchakóf, and hovered along the Crimean coast until they met three merchant vessels sailing under the Turkish flag to Caffa. Two of these they captured and burned, after they had transferred the cargoes, the guns and forty prisoners to their boats. Coasting still further along, they met three more ships coming out from the Azof Sea, and had already captured one of them, when three Turkish galleys came up. In the fight, the Cossack commander was killed, and some confusion ensued, in consequence of which they turned tail, vigorously pursued by the enemy. Unfortunately for them, the Turkish commander at Otchakóf was on the look-out, and they were obliged to take refuge on a desert island, where they concealed their booty. Crossing to the main-land, they then burnt their boats, and marched home with their prisoners. The small detachment left to guard the booty was betrayed by a Turk, and was captured after a long struggle.

After the Tsar had finished his inspection of the iron-works, he met his troops at Kolómenskoe, and made his triumphal entry into Moscow on the 10th of October. It had been very long since the Russians had had a real victory to celebrate, not, indeed, since the early days of the Tsar Alexis, and, in any case, such a sight was new to Moscow. The gilded carriages of the generalissimo and the admiral, the gorgeous trappings and the rich costumes of the boyárs, the retainers in armor and coats of mail, the Streltsi in new uniforms, the triumphal arch with its pictures and inscriptions, presented a brilliant spectacle; but it was with great surprise, and not without displeasure, that the people of Moscow saw their Tsar in German dress and hat,—the uniform of a ship-captain,—walking in the suite of the Admiral Lefort.

The success of the Russian arms created a deep impression everywhere in Europe, sometimes of astonishment, sometimes of admiration. In Warsaw, it was not hailed with great enthusiasm by the governing classes. King Jan Sobiésky had died during the summer, and the Diet had as yet been unable to elect a successor. The French were intriguing for the election of the Prince de Conti, a nephew of the great Condé, and had succeeded in getting the election transferred to a general assembly of the Polish nobility. Another party was supporting the claims of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, and it was believed in Moscow that the Pope had recommended the choice of the exiled James II. of England. Even before the surrender of Azof, a Frenchman, Fourni, who was returning through Warsaw after having conducted some foreign officers to Russia, spoke to some of the nobles with praise of the Russian deeds in front of Azof, and especially of the acts of the young Tsar. The senators listened, shook their heads and said: "What a careless and reckless young man! What can be expected of him now?" The voievode Maczincky remarked: "The Moskáls ought to remember what they owe to the late King Jan, how he raised them up and made them a mighty people, for if he had not concluded an alliance with them, they would have paid tribute to the Crimea until now, and would have sat quietly at home, while now they are getting polished." To this the voievode of Plock remarked: "It would have been better if they still sat at home. It would be no hurt to us. After they have got polished, and have smelt blood, you will see what will come of it; though may the Lord God never let it come to this!"

Nikítin, the Russian Resident at Warsaw, received the news of the capture of Azof on the 8th of September, during divine service, and immediately ordered a Te Deum, and fired a salute, amid the hurrahs of the worshipers. Four days later, Nikítin, in a solemn session of the Senate, gave to the Primate the Tsar's formal letter announcing the event, and made a speech in which, with all the flowery language of the time, he spoke



SABERS OF MAZEPPA, CHIEF OF THE COSSACKS (IN THE MUSEUM OF TSARKOE SELO).

of the triumph over the heathen, urged the Poles to advance toward Constantinople, and assured them that perhaps Arabia itself would be open to the free Polish eagle; that now was the time for a crusade against the infidel; that now was the time to conquer countries and gain new and *lawful* titles for the Polish crown, instead of using titles forbidden by treaties. In reply to the threat in the concluding words, Nikítin was shortly afterward informed by the imperial embassador that the senators had been frightened, and had resolved that in future the King should not use the title of Grand Duke of Kíef and Smolénsk, but added that the nobility were not very glad of the capture of Azof, although the common people were delighted. A few days later, formal congratulations were sent to the Resident, Te Deums were chanted in all the churches, and a salute fired; but, at the same time, negotiations were begun with the Tartars and with Mazeppa. Sapieha, the hetman of Lithuania, even tried to diminish the success of the Russian arms by saying to Nikítin that Azof was not captured by arms, but surrendered.

If there were any at Moscow—either magnates or peasants—who, in the general joy, thought that with the capture of Azof the day of sacrifices was past, they were grievously disappointed. They little knew what ideas were already fermenting in Peter's mind. While in front of Azof, and even before its capture, Peter had written to the Venetian Senate, begging them, for the profit of all Christians, to send to Moscow thirteen good shipwrights who could construct all sorts of vessels of war. He had already the design of establishing a large fleet on the Black Sea. No sooner had the festivities in Moscow ended than, at a general council of the boyárs, it was decided to send three thousand families of peasants and three thousand Streltsi and soldiers to populate the empty town of Azof, and firmly to establish the Russian power at the mouth of the Don. At a second council, Peter stated the absolute necessity for a large fleet, and apparently with such convincing arguments, that the Assembly decided that one should be built. Both civilians and clergy were called upon for sacrifices. Every landed proprietor possessing ten thousand peasants' homes, every monastery possessing eight thousand, was obliged to construct a ship fully equipped and armed, which should be entirely completed not later than the month of April, 1698. The merchants were called upon to contribute twelve mortar-boats, all other landed proprietors who possessed not less than a hundred peasants' homes were ordered to Moscow to enroll themselves into companies for the construction of ships. Details are known about sixty-one of these companies, of which nineteen were composed of the clergy. The ships and galleys were to be built at Vorónezh. The Government found the timber, but the companies were to provide the metal-work, the cordage, and all the other equipments, as well as the arma-

VIEWS IN RIGA.

ment. Some of these companies found that so much time was lost in getting the material together that there was danger of their not fulfilling the precise orders of the Tsar, and of being exposed to heavy penalties. For that reason, nearly all the vessels were built by contractors, who were chiefly foreigners from the German suburb. Among these we notice particularly Franz Timmermann, who was also a Government contractor, the Danish Resident, Butenant von Rosenbusch, and Ysbrandt Ides, who had recently returned from his mission to China. This arrangement was approved by the Tsar, and most of the ships were ready at the appointed time. Ten large vessels were also built by the state.

The Venetian Senate, in reply to the request of the Tsar, sent a number of shipwrights under the command of Captain Giacomo Moro, who arrived in January, 1697, and who showed such great skill in the construction of galleys that the Tsar, on sending them home at the completion of their work, expressed to the Venetian authorities his liveliest gratitude. There were, besides, many shipwrights from Denmark, Sweden, and Holland, obtained through the intervention of Franz Timmermann and of the Danish Resident. Let us quote again from the preface of the Maritime Regulations, where Peter says:

"On this account he turned his whole mind to the construction of a fleet, and when, on account of the Tartar insults, the siege of Azof was begun, and afterward that town was fortunately taken, then, according to his unchangeable will, he did not endure thinking long about it. He quickly set about the work. A suitable place for ship-building was found on the river Vorónezh, close to the town of that name, skillful shipwrights were called from England and Holland, and in 1696 there began a new work in Russia—the construction of great war-ships, galleys, and other vessels; and so that this might be forever secured in Russia, and that he might introduce among his people the art of this business, he sent many people of noble families to Holland and other states to learn the building and management of ships; and that the monarch might not be shamefully behind his subjects in that trade, he himself undertook a journey to Holland; and in Amsterdam, at the East India

wharf, giving himself up, along with other volunteers, to the learning of naval architecture, he got what was necessary for a good carpenter to know, and, by his own work and skill, constructed and launched a new ship."

For the purpose mentioned in the preceding extract, Peter sent abroad fifty nobles, representatives of the highest and most distinguished families in the empire. Twenty-eight were ordered to Italy, especially to Venice, where they might learn the art of building galleys, the remainder to Holland and England. Each was accompanied by a soldier. According to their instructions, they were to make themselves familiar with the use of charts, compasses and navigation; they were to learn thoroughly the art of ship-building, and were to become practiced in the duties of common sailors. No one was to return without permission, and without a certificate attesting his proficiency, on penalty of the confiscation of all his property. They were obliged to pay their own expenses. Most of them were married and had children, and we can imagine their feelings, and those of their families, on being thus summarily sent to unknown and heretical lands to become common sailors. In point of fact, several of them turned their stay abroad to profit, and like Kurákin, Dolgorúky, Tolstói and Hilkóf, became skillful diplomates, able administrators and useful servants of Peter and his successors; but not one distinguished himself in naval matters.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUSSIANS ABROAD.

DURING the reign of Iván the Terrible and his son Theodore, young Russian theological students were sometimes sent to Constantinople to learn Greek, and Boris Godunóf, as I have already said, sent a number of youths of good family to Lübeck, France and England, for the completion of their education. These last found foreign life so attractive that only two of them returned.

MODERN TARTARS OF THE VOLGA.

Under the Tsar Alexis, the children of foreigners living in Moscow were sometimes sent abroad at the expense of the Government to study medicine, and even a Russian, Peter Postnikóf, the son of a high official in the foreign office, was sent, in 1692, to Italy, for the same purpose. He passed a distinguished examination at Padua in 1696, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, as well as that of Doctor of Philosophy. He did not, however, long pursue the practice of the healing art, for on account of his knowledge of Latin, French and Italian, the Government employed him in diplomatic affairs.

With these exceptions, most of the Rus-

sians who had traveled abroad up to this time, had been either pilgrims or diplomatists.* To some of these pilgrims we owe highly interesting accounts of Constantinople and the Holy Land, both before and after the occupation of the Imperial City by the Turks. The Abbot Daniel describes his meeting with Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1115. The Deacon Ignatius was present at the coronation of the Emperor Manuel, in 1391, and Simeon, of Suzdal, accompanied the Metropolitan Isidore to the council of Florence in 1439.

The pilgrims were occupied chiefly with relics and with religious ceremonies. The diplomatists, although, like all good Christians, they did not neglect these, were more busied with court ceremonies and with formal official relations. Not understanding the language of the countries to which they were sent, their reports are very dry and meager, and taken up almost exclusively with exact accounts of the interviews they had with the ministers of foreign affairs, of their audiences with the sovereigns, and of their disputes on points of etiquette. They say almost nothing about the political state of the countries in which they traveled. Indeed, they were not in a condition to obtain information on these subjects. They had not sufficient experience of political life, much less of a political life differing from that of Russia, to know to what points to direct their attention, or how to make inquiries through an interpreter. It is difficult to see what impression even was made on them by foreign countries, or whether they were pleased by a life so different from that at home. Incidentally, we know that their stay abroad must have been agreeable to them, for frequently some members of the suite ran away in order not to return to Russia. We can see, too, that they were greatly interested in the canals and quays at Amsterdam, at Bologna and Verona. They were much pleased with the magnificent gardens of Holland and Italy, to which those made for the Tsar Alexis were so far inferior, and in these their admiration was especially excited by the fish-ponds and fountains. Works of art they were too uncultivated and unrefined to enjoy. The theater pleased them more, but here they were chiefly struck by the costumes and the scenery. Ignorance of the language prevented them from appreciating the play or the acting, and the greatest opera-singers were to them so many "wenches." Zoölogical gardens and the collections of curiosities, which at that time contained a mixture of the scientific, the rare, the monstrous, and the odd, interested them greatly. Their deepest impressions were, perhaps, those of the comfort, as well as of the luxury, of western life. The comfort, probably, they appreciated the more. For the introduction of luxury, little more than a command of money was required; for the appropriation of comfort, there were necessary an organization of social life and a careful management which it took many long years to naturalize in Russia. Some of the more observing diplomates did indeed learn something of public life, and gained ideas which were useful to them at home. The financial and economical reforms of Alexis Kurbátof were the immediate fruits of what he had learned when accompanying the boyár Sheremétief. Ukraíntsef would never have been the skillful diplomatist he was, had it not been for his experience in several embassies, and Zhelyabúzhky owed much to his stay in London, and his journey to Italy. In nearly all cases, even though on their return the travelers sank back into Russian life and Russian ways, their experience in the west must have given them a certain enlargement of mind, and a certain readiness to receive new ideas have sensibly weakened their prejudices against the west, and have powerfully aided in the Europeanization of Russia.

The most illustrious traveler of that day was the boyár Boris Sheremétief. He had gone to Lemberg in 1686, to receive the ratification of the Russian-Polish treaty by King Jan Sobiésky, and had afterward announced it at Vienna; but, in 1697, after the fatigue of his campaigns against the Turks and Tartars, he asked permission to go abroad as a simple traveler for the purpose of fulfilling a vow which he had made when in danger, to pray at the tombs of the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, at Rome. This request, which fell in so well with the views of Peter at that time, was readily granted, and Sheremétief was given letters by the Tsar to the King of Poland, the Emperor of Austria, the Doge of Venice, Pope Innocent XII. and the Grand Master of Malta. Although he traveled simply as

* Occasionally, but rarely, a Russian merchant ventured abroad. We know of the mishaps of Laptéf (Chapter xxviii.), and we should not forget the brave merchant of Tver, Athanasius Nikitin, who has left us an entertaining story of his journey through India in 1468.

a tourist, he apparently had instructions to inquire into the relations of Venice, and especially of Malta, with the Orient, and to see what dependence could be placed on them, or what aid be expected from them, in case of the continuation of the war with Turkey. Sheremétief left Moscow in July, 1697, and did not return until the end of February, 1699. He took with him a numerous suite,—among them as his secretary and treasurer, Alexis Kurbátof, who afterward became distinguished as a financial reformer. Sheremétief traveled with great state, and his whole journey cost him the sum of 20,550 rubles, equivalent now to about $200,000 (£40,000), fully ten or twelve times the salary usually received by the embassadors. He was received with great ceremony and honor by the rulers of the countries he visited, was feasted and entertained by the nobles of Venice, Rome and Naples, all of which cities were then in the height of their social splendor; was courted by the Jesuits, who hoped to convert him, and through him to unite the Russian with the Catholic church; he was made a Knight of Malta, and was the first Russian who ever received a foreign decoration.

In general, the diplomatists were very badly paid. They were usually given twice the salary which they received from their official positions at home, in addition to presents of furs and provisions, and on their return usually further presents of furs. Only a small portion of their salary was paid in advance, and that chiefly in furs, which they had to sell at their post of duty in order to raise money. It was difficult for them to draw either on the Government or on their private property, as the commercial relations of Russia with foreign countries were at that time such that bills of exchange on Amsterdam were the only means of sending money abroad. They were therefore obliged to travel chiefly at their own expense, and frequently had great difficulty in getting paid when they came home. General Gordon was obliged to wait years for the payment of his expenses when on a special mission to England. The burden thus laid on diplomatists was not inconsiderable. Their suites were numerous. Likhátchef, for example, had twenty-eight persons with him, and the suite of Tchemodánof was so numerous that he was obliged to charter two vessels from Archangel, as they could not all be accommodated on one. They were enjoined also to give proper presents in the proper places, and always strictly to pay their debts, that dishonor might not accrue to the Government. The manner of payment by furs and other articles of commerce, which they were obliged to sell in order to raise money, gave them sometimes more the air of commercial travelers and merchants than of embassadors, and as they were naturally desirous of getting these wares—which were money to them—through the custom-houses free of duty, disputes with foreign governments, as we have already seen, were not unfrequently brought about. Besides this, too, they were sometimes commissioned to make sales of articles abroad for the benefit of the Government. Thus Tchemodánof took to Italy, on behalf of the Government, 3,600 pounds of rhubarb, worth, according to Russian calculations, five thousand rubles, and sables to the amount of one thousand rubles. The speculation was unsuccessful. No purchasers could be found for the rhubarb, because it had been injured at sea, and on account of the difficulty of its transport over the Apennines, Tchemodánof was obliged to leave Leghorn. But few of the sables were sold, and these at very low prices.

In some cases the Government assisted its envoys by lending them embroidered robes of state, jewels, plate and horse-trappings, which had to be exactly accounted for, and given back to the Treasury on their return.

Not the least interesting information contained in the reports of the Russian diplomatists is that concerning the difficulties of travel in those days. Journeys by water were always easier and cheaper than those by land, and the embassies sent to England, Holland, France or Italy usually went by sea from Archangel, although in so doing they were obliged to spend much time, and in the Mediterranean to expose themselves to imminent danger of capture by Turkish and Barbary pirates. The voyages of Likátchef and Tchemodánof from Archangel to Leghorn occupied between four and five months, and besides the pirates, they encountered icebergs and severe tempests. As to land travel, the journey through Turkey was too dangerous and difficult to be for a moment considered. In Poland, the hostile attitude of the magnates was such, especially during the constant intestine difficulties, that it was generally desirable to avoid that country, and there were often reasons for not passing through the territory of Riga. In traveling by land, too, there were frequent delays arising from difficulties of obtaining horses, and the bad manner in which Russian carriages were constructed. Sheremétief, who

TOWING A RUSSIAN BARGE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REPIN.)

took five months and a half for his journey from Moscow to Cracow, traveled, as long as he was on Russian soil, with his own horses. After crossing the frontier, he hired them. He frequently made only five or six miles a day. Even outside of Russia, a journey by land was necessarily slow. Sheremétief took a whole month to go from Vienna to Venice, and sixteen days for his return. Tchemodánof was eight weeks in going from Venice to Amsterdam, and Likátchef five and a half weeks from Florence to Amsterdam.

Even in England, the roads were so bad that in 1703 the Spanish Pretender Charles III. (VI.) was fourteen hours in driving from London to Windsor, although he stopped only when the carriage was overturned or stuck in the mud. There were great difficulties in crossing the mountains, whether in Switzerland or between Vienna and Venice. Sheremétief was put to much trouble and expense by the snow near Pontebba, on the road from Tarvis, and was obliged to go for some distance on foot. Likátchef was detained three days by a snow-storm on the St. Gothard. Stage-coaches were introduced into some parts of Europe, especially into Brandenburg, where in 1676 a Frenchman going to Berlin expressed his astonishment that one could travel in a coach by night. A pamphlet which appeared in England in 1673 tried to prove that stage-coaches were injuring trade in England, that fewer saddles, boots, spurs and pistols were bought than formerly, and that clothes were not worn out so fast since men could keep dry by sitting in the coaches, by which the use of manufactured articles was limited. It was alleged that traveling by stage-coach produced effeminacy, because people were not exposed to the weather, and that traveling by night was very unhealthful.

The expenses of traveling were sometimes very great, even for a small party. Likátchef paid for four carriages, a baggage-wagon and four riding-horses, to go from Bologna to Modena, a distance of about twenty-four miles, the sum of 154 thalers, a great amount in those days.

In the larger towns, there were sometimes good inns. Sheremétief put up at the "Golden Bull" at Vienna, and at an inn in Naples. Montaigne, we all remember, when in Rome lodged at the Albergo dell'Orso, which he found too expensive for him. The account given by the President des Brosses, in 1739, of the inns in the Italian towns, especially in Rome, shows that they were not particularly comfortable. In the smaller towns and villages, the inns scarcely provided more than shelter for the horses, and travelers were obliged to take lodgings in some private house. The Russian diplomatists usually had recourse first to the merchants at Archangel, and then to the Dutch merchants in Amsterdam who had relations with Russia, and from them received information as to their road,—for they knew almost nothing of geography,—and letters to correspondents in different towns who obtained for them accommodation. On reaching their destination, they usually had accommodation provided for them by the government to which they were accredited. This sometimes happened in other places. Zhelyabúzhky was lodged in Massa at the Ducal castle, and in Trent Tchemodánof was entertained by the archbishop. Both at Rome and at Vienna, Sheremétief was able to hire large furnished apartments in palaces.

We have now followed Peter through his boyhood and early youth. I have endeavored to give some slight idea of the Russia of that day and of the temper of the times, of the surroundings in which Peter lived, of the events which affected the course of his life and developed his character, of the kind of education which he received, and of the school through which he passed. I shall at present make no attempt further to discuss or criticise his character. We have come to the end of a period in his intellectual and moral development, as well as in the history of Russia. On his return from Europe, Peter was already a man, not only physically but intellectually and morally, and we shall now have to consider his militant and working life, his immense activity both as a ruler and a man, his struggles with foreign enemies and with domestic discontent, with his friends and with himself. We shall see what he strove to accomplish for Russia, and, later on, what were the permanent results of his work and his life.

END OF PART I.

SEVEN SECONDS.

THE clock stands on the shelf, between
The rare old vase and painted screen;
Behind, the mirror wide and clear
Repeats the graceful chandelier,
Repeats—as they were wrought in air
With more than mortal art and care—
Three crayoned heads, in simple frames
That, in the mirror's magic, seem
But as the windows where they sit
Still weaving with their fragrant frames,
In songs—like lilies on a stream—
The poet's passion, pathos, wit;
And hearing, far-off called, their names,
As they who listen in a dream,
No longer marveling at it.

Repeats the draperies' sweep and fall,
The ruddy basses of the wall,
The table, spread with tempting fare,
Its tints and curves of dainty ware,
The living faces circled there;
The host and hostess subtly wise
In gracious care for child and guest,
Supplying needs ere they arise,
Yet never losing thought nor jest,
Each answering with the fit replies
And hospitably kindling eyes
That stir sweet pulses in the breast.

Ah, they who've shared this pleasant scene
(And they are scores and scores, I ween)
Will know what noble home I mean,
What warm, true hearts and cordial cheer
In simple phrase depicted here;
For well they know, scarce any land
Hath home and host at its command
So great of heart, so clean of hand.

Yet, when the clock that stands between
The rare old vase and painted screen
Struck seven, I heard my host no more;
The scene receded as a shore
From which one sails, and fine and clear,
As borne through miles of atmosphere,
From belfry high in summer heaven,
The clock throbbed on from one to seven.

* * * * * *

Strange shadow-forms before me rose
And moved in cloister's dim repose,
And I, who ne'er had been in Rome,
Heard holy mass 'neath Peter's dome,
And under glow of Roman skies
Returned the glance of Roman eyes!
Methought I heard the fabled Rhine,
Between fair banks of purpling vine,
Breathe Lorelei's unceasing moan
To ancient ruin's darkened stone;
And saw hot streets of Florence shine
Before that mighty Florentine,
The awful shadow of whose eyes
Enfoldeth Hell and Paradise!

There sad Savonarola went,
With hands like woman's, claspt in prayer;
Here Romola, her spirit bent
In that contraction of despair
That murdered hope, but could not kill
The grandeur of her selfless will;
Beneath the coil of her gold hair—
As she were Mercy's patron saint—
She passeth corridor and stair,
With food and smiles for them that faint.
While, in this hour of evil hap,
Soft, in a contadina's lap,
Beneath the tender shade of trees,
The graceful Tito sleeps at ease.

And then methought some vesper bell
Tolled soft and slow the dying knell,—
And girls in wreaths of violets
Now dance to clash of castanets,
And high, where dazzling glaciers hung,
I heard a merry jodel sung,
And saw, from dizzy heights of ice,
A hand that plucked an edelweiss!

Then gave the sea a mighty roll,
And passed beneath me like a scroll!

I stood upon my native shore,
In dear New England woods once more;
The heart's-ease clustered at my feet,
Around me climbed the bitter-sweet ——
Just then the clock, that stands between
The rare old vase and painted screen,
Struck the last tone of seven! — My host
Was spreading butter on his toast,
His kind dark eyes were bent on me.
"I see you like my clock," said he.

TO BOLT OR NOT TO BOLT.

THE object of this paper is to conjugate, interrogatively, the political verb "to bolt" through the present and imperfect tenses of the potential mood. May, can, or must I bolt? Might, could, would, or should I bolt? What are the limits of party allegiance? Is a member of a political party ever at liberty to refuse to vote for the nominees of his party, or for any of them? By abstention, or by voting for one or more of the candidates of the opposition, does he cease to be a member of the party with which he has commonly acted? These are the questions to be considered.

To many readers such a discussion will appear superfluous, if not trivial. That it is the right, and may be the duty, of individual members of a political party to protest at the ballot-box against measures adopted or nominations made by their own party, will seem to many a truism. But there is a large class of active political workers by whom it will not be so regarded. When a respectable political convention, like one that lately met in Connecticut, and that counted among its delegates many of the best men in the State, unanimously pledges all the Republicans of the State to vote for the Republican presidential candidate about to be nominated at Chicago, "whoever he may be," it is plain that the right and the duty of independent political action is not so clearly recognized as it ought to be. How it is possible for wise and prudent men to commit themselves to such a declaration, or even silently to consent to it, passes my comprehension. Instances of this sort are not rare, however; and many utterances of press and platform might be quoted in which the right of bolting is vehemently denied. A discussion of the subject that may be somewhat elementary cannot, therefore, be superfluous.

Most voters in this country are connected, more or less closely, with one or the other of the two great political parties. We shall assume for the present that this is the best arrangement; that the conscientious citizen can best discharge his political duties by connecting himself with that party whose methods seem to him the least objectionable, and whose principles the most wise and patriotic. Having connected himself with this party, the question arises, to what extent he shall submit his own judgment concerning measures and candidates to the decision of the majority.

That members of voluntary associations must often defer to the decision of the majority is not questioned. No individual can expect that all the acts of the organization will approve themselves to his intelligence, nor that all the persons put in nomination will represent his ideals. The party will sometimes come short of the standards of its most thoughtful members, and sometimes will go far beyond them; but those who freely criticise its action may continue to support it, because their agreements with it are more numerous and more positive than their disagreements, because they believe in the general course of its policy, and think that it ought to be kept in power.

While thus supporting the party in most of its measures, and voting for the great majority of its candidates,—even for many who are not altogether acceptable, and whose nomination they have opposed,—these thoughtful voters are sometimes brought into places where they cannot act with their party. Up to a certain point they will defer to the judgment of the majority; beyond

that point they will not go. Measures will sometimes be proposed which they cannot support, but which they will denounce and resist with all their might. Men will sometimes be placed in nomination for whom they cannot vote, but whom they will do their utmost to defeat.

In both the parties, men are found who sometimes venture thus to put themselves in opposition to the majority. I say that such men are found in each of the parties, but the question now under discussion is whether or not a man who takes the liberty of differing with the majority of his party, and of expressing his dissent by his votes, continues, after this action, to be a member of the party.

It is said by many active politicians that the man who declines to vote for any regular nominee, by that act puts himself out of the party. If this is true, the number of intelligent members in good standing cannot be large in either party; for there are few voters who have not, at one time or another, for one reason or another, voted against the regular nominee.

Others of the party managers decline to discuss the question of the actual membership of these occasional dissenters, but they assert that such men have no right to be in the party, though they may continue to claim a place in it. Those who cannot submit to the majority, they say, ought to leave the party. If they have not left it, so much the worse for their consistency and their honor. The very condition of the existence of a party, say these gentlemen, is that the majority shall rule; and when a man cannot submit to that rule, he ought not to claim membership in the party.

What is meant by this maxim that the majority must rule? In civil government, under democratic forms, we understand it. When the will of the majority has been fairly expressed at the ballot-box, the minority must offer no armed nor forcible resistance. It does not mean that there should be no opposition to this decision of the majority, and no peaceable attempts to reverse it. Everything that the minority can do *by political methods*, by agitation and by voting, to secure a repeal of the measure to which they were opposed, they have a perfect right to do, and are bound to do, if in their judgment the measure was unwise or iniquitous.

This maxim that the majority must rule cannot even be forced to mean that there must never be, on the part of a good citizen, any hesitation about obeying the laws enacted by the majority. Doubtless, the good citizen will, as a rule, yield obedience to laws fairly enacted, even though he may be convinced of their unwisdom; but even here fealty finds its limits. Sometimes laws will be framed that a good citizen cannot obey. He will not forcibly resist them, but he will not yield obedience to them; he will go to prison first. The authority of the government he honors by peaceably enduring the penalty of disobedience, while he protests by his disobedience against the injustice and iniquity of this particular enactment. Such was the attitude taken by a great multitude of citizens toward the Fugitive Slave Law. The law commanded all good citizens to aid the marshal in capturing fugitive slaves. Hundreds of thousands of voters at once declared that they would never do this thing; that they would make no factious resistance to the officers engaged in the execution of the law, but rather than perform the service required by the law, they would be punished by fine or imprisonment.

This is not an isolated case. Instances of a similar nature have occurred under all free governments. It is not a rare thing to find men who for conscience' sake refuse to obey laws enacted by the majority of their fellow-citizens. They are not always the worst people in the land. Many of the most precious rights now possessed by men are the fruit of such conscientious disobedience.

Even in government, therefore, the maxim that the majority must rule cannot be quoted to forbid independent thinking or independent action. The scriptural injunction, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," must be interpreted, even by those to whom the scripture is a rule, in the light of such words as those of the apostles to the Sanhedrim: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard." The citizen reserves the moral right not only to work for the repeal of the law that violates his conscience, but, in extreme cases, even to disobey it, and take the consequences. When he does this, he does not cease to be a citizen. Should the men who refused to obey the Fugitive Slave Law in America, and the men who now denounce as infamous the Contagious Diseases Act in England, be regarded as outlaws? Should a citizen who thus finds himself restrained by conscience from obeying or executing bad laws proceed to expatriate himself? If the whole course of

the government were offensive to him, if the majority of its acts seemed to him unjust or oppressive, doubtless he would emigrate; but this is not the case. Should his opposition to one particular measure, which he deems unjust, take away his rights of citizenship, or lead him to feel that he must in honor forfeit them?

Even in the nation, then, the principle that the majority must rule cannot be pushed to the extent of requiring an absolute compliance on the part of every citizen with every act of the majority. The obligations of justice and righteousness are higher than any that can be imposed by the will of the majority; and the individual who believes that justice and righteousness are sacrificed by laws enacted by the will of the majority is justified, not in armed resistance, but in a refusal to obey these laws. So much of the right of private judgment as this must be conceded to the patriot; to deny him this is to assail the foundations of morality.

The measure of independence which is claimed by the citizen cannot be denied to the partisan. Fealty to party cannot be a stronger obligation than fealty to the government of the nation. If it would be immoral to insist that the citizen must always submit his conscience to the majority of his countrymen, and must never oppose, even by political methods, the acts of this majority, it is still more immoral to insist that the partisan must hold his judgment in suspense, and must never venture to antagonize the majority of his party. It is only by political methods that the bolter does oppose his party. His action in the party is no more destructive or revolutionary than that of the opposition in the government. If the maxim that the majority must rule forbids the minority of the party to oppose the measures or the nominees of the party, it also forbids the opposition to work for the overthrow of the administration and the repeal of obnoxious laws.

"But this," says the political machinist, "is an utter misconception of the whole case. A party is a voluntary association of individuals for political purposes, and the condition of its existence is that the majority shall rule in its councils. That is the very foundation on which a political party stands."

Here, again, we join issue with the machinist. The party, if it has a right to live, is not the mere creature of a convention. It stands for certain principles. It aims at certain definite ends. The men who formed it were not drawn together by the cohesive power of public plunder, but by their devotion to these principles and their desire to attain these ends. It was their agreement upon these ideas and purposes that formed them into a party—not the bald and unprincipled compact that the majority should rule.

A party in a free country which can show a reason for its existence has the condition of its existence supplied. All it needs to do is to publish its purposes and prove that it is going to work in a sensible way to accomplish them. When its standards are thus lifted up, those to whom they are attractive will flock around them. Intelligent men who join the party do so with the understanding that they will support it only so long as it adheres to the principles on which it was organized, and shapes its policy in such a way as to secure them. When the party managers forget the objects for which the party was formed, or manage its affairs in such a way as to defeat those objects, then fealty to the party requires the overthrow of this management. If this can be done in the caucuses, well and good; if not, it ought to be done at the polls. The temporary check thus given to the party may serve to drive the bad managers from power and to recall the party to its own standards.

A party that is led by men who are deserving of confidence, and that is working for worthy and practicable ends, in a straightforward and sensible way, ought to have no difficulty in keeping up its organization and in securing its full share of the popular vote without resorting to any rigid methods of party discipline. To say that a party thus managed could not succeed in this country is to say that free government is a failure in this country. A party that is led by men who are not deserving of confidence, and that is working in crooked and corrupt ways for no intelligible or patriotic ends, ought not to succeed in this country nor anywhere else.

In the party whose principles are sound, whose methods are open, and whose leaders are wise, party discipline is superfluous. In the other sort of party it is mischievous.

In the earlier and purer days of the political organizations, very little is heard of the obligation to support the nominees of the party. The vigorous cracking of the party whip is a pretty sure sign that corruption has crept into the management, that the men in power have ceased to work for worthy ends, and have come to regard the party as a machine for gathering and distributing the spoils of office. A man who thinks

hat that is what a political party is for, may easonably complain of those who venture o bolt the regular nominations. And as a natter of fact, the doctrine of the wicked- ess of bolting is principally taught by men o whom the spoils are the chief concern, nd who do not see how it is possible for a arty to continue in existence after it has ost the offices. The vigorous preaching of his doctrine, instead of dissuading the intel- igent voter, generally serves to suggest to im that the time has come when bolting is n order.

But some of the stricter partisans, while dmitting that, under certain circumstances, olting may be allowable, deny that it can e honorably practiced by any man who has aken part in a caucus or a nominating con- ention. Every man who goes into such a aucus or convention, they say, binds himself o vote for the persons nominated. To refuse o vote for the nominee is an act of perfidy.

On the theory that the caucus is a politi- al pool, made up by persons all of whom ave selfish purposes to serve, this claim would have some color. If the offices are egarded as the proceeds of a fund contrib- ted by a surrender on the part of each nember of the caucus of his own preten- ions, and to be distributed by a vote of the aucus, then the man who will not abide by he decision is a mean man. But this is ot exactly the view of the caucus taken by ome of those who occasionally visit such ssemblies. They have no selfish interests o serve. They have no pretensions to sur- ender. They ask nothing and want noth- ng from the caucus except the privilege of xpressing their minds. The caucus is alled by the party with which they are in ubstantial agreement, and for the great najority of whose candidates they have een in the habit of voting. They some- imes take the liberty of scratching a name, ut they prefer, when the nominations are ot too bad, to vote the regular ticket. Naturally, they would like to have some- hing to say about these nominations. If he caucus proceeds, in opposition to their vishes, to nominate an unfit candidate, how loes it become a perfidious act for them to efuse to vote for him? If a man goes into a caucus and asks for a nomination for him- elf and fails to get it, then it may look bad- y for him to refuse to vote for the person vho is nominated; but the doctrine that he independent voter who wants no office s debarred the right of voting against a bad nan because he took part in the caucus that nominated him, is a doctrine hard to be understood.

One of the things most offensive to the machinist is the presence in caucuses of men who have distinctly announced beforehand that they will not vote for certain candidates whose names are likely to be brought before these caucuses. "If you do not mean to vote for my candidate in case he is nominated," says the machinist, "what right have you to come into the caucus? If you mean to oppose him in any case, it would be much more honorable in you to stay away from the caucuses and conventions that are proceeding to nominate him."

I must beg the reader not to credit me with the invention of this reasoning. This antagonist is not a man of straw. I have taken these words from the lips of political teachers of intelligence and high standing. They have been addressed to me, within ten days, by one who protested that I ought not to take part in a caucus, because I had declared I would not vote for one of the candidates whose name was to be considered in that caucus. The protestant was not a boss or a political corruptionist, either, but a respectable and fair-minded man. Let me plead, then, to this indictment as though I were myself on trial.

In the first place, I would say to the objector, I do not choose to assume that your candidate is going to be nominated. The caucus is not called simply to nominate him, but to decide whether he or somebody else shall be the candidate. If all those who are opposed to him attend the caucuses, perhaps his nomination can be prevented. If the man is unfit for the office, it is my duty to attend the caucus and do what I can to prevent the nomination. I have seen worse men than he is nominated by this party—men for whom I could not vote. I cannot, therefore, assume on the other hand that this man will not be nominated. It looks, indeed, as though he would be, unless a most energetic protest were made against his candidacy. I cannot and will not vote for him. Is it not, therefore, the duty of all who think as I do to speak their minds before this caucus meets, as well as in the caucus, that those who are managing the canvass in his interest may know what they can depend upon? If I failed to do so, I might be accused of bad faith; but I cannot see why that charge should be made against me for announcing my purpose to oppose in the caucus and at the polls a man whom I regard as unworthy. I oppose the nomi-

nation of this man as a party man, because I want my party to succeed, and because I believe that under his leadership it would be defeated.

I shall oppose his election, if he is nominated, also as a party man; because, though I wish the party to succeed, I believe that it would be better for it to be beaten than to succeed with such a candidate. I believe that it is always wholesome for a thoroughly good party to be defeated when it nominates a thoroughly bad candidate. I believe that the elements which are identified with this candidacy are in the highest degree detrimental to the health and the future usefulness of the party, and that the only way to save the party, or to keep it in a condition in which it will be worth saving, is to purge it of these bad elements. Therefore, as one who believes in this organization and wishes to preserve it from destruction, I shall vote against this candidate if you nominate him.

I shall vote against him on other grounds which to you may not be intelligible, and which I will not now go over; but on the low ground of fidelity to the highest interests of my party I claim the right to oppose this candidate in the canvass, in the caucus and at the polls.

It is certain that there are a good many voters in the country who sustain a relation to the two political parties very much like that which I have now described. There are Republicans, for example, who generally vote the Republican ticket, who approve the policy of the Republican party on the whole, and who would be glad to see that party maintained in power. They are not, however, what are known as "thick and thin" Republicans. They do not believe that the Republicans monopolize the righteousness and the Democrats the iniquity of the land. They are not ready to say what so many of their party are saying in these days, that they would rather vote for the worst Republican in the country than for the best Democrat. Such talk savors to them of infatuation. The frenzy of apprehension into which many partisans lash themselves just before election, in view of the possible success of the other party, appears to them quite absurd. They would greatly prefer that their own party, under wise leaders, should keep the control of the government, but they believe that success would make the other party cautious and conservative; and they have no fear that the republic would take any serious detriment in the hands of any Democratic rulers who are likely to be chosen. As Mr. Adams said in his speech to the Young Republicans at New York not long ago, they look at the two neighboring States of New York and New Jersey, the one under Democratic rule and the other under Republican, and are unable to see that the one State is going to destruction any faster than the other. And when they compare two successive administrations, like that of Governor Robinson, the Democrat, and that of Governor Cornell, the Republican, in New York State, they can by no means discover that contrast, as of darkness with light, which, on the theory of the screaming partisan, ought to force itself upon their notice.

When John Morrissey said, a few years ago, that he would vote for the devil if that "favorite son" of another section should get the regular Democratic nomination, they thought the sentiment immoral. When a delegate to the Republican Convention at Worcester said the same thing the other day, in view of the possible selection of the same candidate by his party, they thought it no more moral. In short, these moderate Republicans are able to conceive of contingencies in which they would vote for the Democratic candidate rather than for the candidate of their own party. So much liberty as this they reserve for themselves in their political action. They have occasionally exercised this liberty, and they may do it again.

It is to be presumed that there is also a considerable number of men who have affiliated heretofore with the Democratic party who hold substantially the same relation to that party.

Now, inasmuch as a party is, in a certain sense, a voluntary association, it is, no doubt, within the power of each of the parties, speaking through its representatives in some general convention, to read out of its membership all those persons who venture thus to decide for themselves whether they will support the regular nominations or not. If the Republicans at Chicago, or the Democrats at Cincinnati, had distinctly announced in their platforms that they want nobody henceforth to take any part in their caucuses or conventions, or to claim any privileges of membership, who will not promise beforehand to support all the regular nominees of the party, whoever they may be, that declaration would have greatly simplified matters. A large number of persons who have been in the habit of acting with the two parties would, no doubt, have with-

drawn from all relations with them, and party discipline would be easily maintained. If this is what the party leaders wish, I submit that they are bound to say so explicitly, that we may have an authoritative declaration of the conditions of membership in each of the political parties. Those of us who have been accustomed heretofore to exercise some independence in our political action, will then know exactly what to do. We shall be very sure not to intrude into caucuses and conventions that are called upon this basis.

We have not, however, been favored hitherto with any such declaration of political high-churchism. Here and there some thick and thin partisan has flung it in our faces that we were acting dishonorably in attending caucuses where we would not bind ourselves to vote for all the nominees of the caucuses, whoever they might be; and latterly, since the party machines have been running a little more briskly, these outgivings have taken on in some cases a semi-official tone; but in general we have been given to understand that, in spite of our known disposition to think for ourselves, our votes would not only be cheerfully counted for the candidates of the party, but we would also be tolerated in making such suggestions concerning the party policy as might occur to us. I am not able to speak of the attitude assumed by the Democratic party toward this class of voters, but the action of the Republican party in several cases has been exactly the reverse of that on which the thick-and-thin partisans are now insisting. At the Republican State Convention of 1873, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, that illustrious expounder of political ethics, submitted the following proposition:

"*Whereas*, The great principle of obedience to the will of the majority underlies all Republican governments, and is the sole test of fealty to party organization, and no honorable man ought or should desire to take part in a political convention who does not abide by its action when fairly expressed; and whereas, Mr. Henry M. Green, elected a delegate and holding a seat in this convention, has publicly declared that he will not be bound by the nomination of this convention in case Benjamin F. Butler is its candidate for governor; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That Henry M. Green be debarred from taking any part in the proceedings of this convention."

That resolution was squelched by a vote of 586 to 406, and thus the Republican party of Massachusetts put its official foot on the doctrine that bolting is dishonorable.

In 1875, the Massachusetts State Convention adopted the following resolution, reported by Senator Dawes:

"It is therefore declared that the Republican party of Massachusetts will support no man for official position whose personal character is not an absolute guaranty of fidelity to every public trust; and *they invoke the condemnation of the ballot-box upon every candidate for office who fails of this test, whatever be his party, name or indorsement.*"

The very last Republican convention of the same State unanimously adopted the following luminous statement of the doctrine of party allegiance:

"The duty of all Republicans loyally to support the candidates of the party, and the duty of nominating conventions to present candidates who are acceptable to all Republicans, are reciprocal duties, of equal force and obligation."

The last named of these duties comes first in the order of time, and when it is not performed the other obligation ceases to bind.

Such is the doctrine of party allegiance as clearly set forth by high Republican authority, and never, so far as I know, retracted by any representative body. The recognition of the right of private judgment and independent action could not be more distinctly made. These deliverances give that class of Republicans to which I have referred all the liberty that they have ever claimed.

Much complaint has been made of late years that citizens of intelligence and character neglect the caucuses, leaving them to be managed by the professional politicians and their tools. I have supposed that there was some reason for this complaint. It would seem that men of this class have recently been striving to make amends for this neglect. For now we hear voices warning them that if they come into the caucuses they must leave their consciences where the Mussulman leaves his shoes,—outside the door. That greeting does not re-assure them; and it may be safely predicted that the party which enforces the most rigid discipline will hear the least of these men in its councils, and see the fewest of them bearing its ballots to the polls.

It is true that the service rendered by men of this class in either of the great parties will be disagreeable and thankless. The man who has no ax of his own to grind, and who goes into a caucus or a convention simply for the sake of securing the nomination of the best men, is likely to encounter the ill-will of a great many people who have axes to grind. The duty which he undertakes is one from which a great many of us

would gladly be absolved. There is another method of influencing political action which is much less disagreeable, and which we are sometimes inclined to adopt. That is the method of holding aloof from all parties, and voting independently for those candidates of either party who seem to us most worthy. It is argued that a small independent vote can thus control the elections, and that the influence of intelligent and conscientious men can be exerted most effectually in this way. In an admirable speech lately made by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to which I have already referred, the wisdom of this method is strongly argued. "In the State of New York," says Mr. Adams, "as nearly as can be estimated, forty-five men out of every hundred who vote can be counted on to vote the Republican ticket, and forty-five men to vote the Democratic ticket. The other ten men in the hundred constitute an unknown element. These ten men we believe we can make fourteen. If we can, we are masters of the situation. They have got to give us what we believe the highest interests of the country demand, or we will not vote for their candidates. Every child knows that the boy on the center of the tilting-board can make either end, if the ends are equally weighted, go up or down at pleasure."

That illustration would be pertinent if the independent vote would all go one way. Unfortunately, however, it is not and cannot, by the supposition, be an organized and compact body; and it is too apt to divide and scatter. If the fourteen independent voters would all stand on the same side of the tilting-board every time, they could have things their own way; unhappily, they are often found standing in about equal numbers on either side of the middle, balancing one another. And although the power of the men who are wholly outside of all parties is sometimes most beneficently exerted, it is a serious question whether, on the whole, and in the long run, these men would not accomplish more of good by connecting themselves with that political party which will tolerate the largest measure of independence, and exerting their influence in its councils for the purification of its management and the elevation of its standards.

Mr. Adams instances, as one who has wielded great political influence, James Freeman Clarke, of Massachusetts. "Mr. Clarke," he says, "is a clergyman; he is a man of acknowledged weight of character; in politics he is nothing if not independent. Well, take him into a convention, and it is comical to see Mr. Clarke unhorse the war-horses. He smites them with his individuality." It seems to me that Mr. Adams's illustration disproves his doctrine. Mr. Clarke is something more than an independent in politics. He is an independent Republican. He votes the Republican ticket, I dare say, in the great majority of cases, using his liberty of bolting when he believes that the interests of the party and of the country require it. He goes to the caucuses. It is in the conventions, is it not, that he "unhorses the war-horses"? The power that he has wielded has been in connection with the Republican party, as a faithful and fearless upholder of purity and integrity in the party management. The best things that he has done he never could have done if he had been content to stand with Mr. Adams on the center of the tilting-board.

I agree with the latter that "we want more James Freeman Clarkes."

This is not, of course, the way to office. Men who desire political preferment can no more follow the leadership of James Freeman Clarke than that of Charles Francis Adams, Jr. I am not, however, quite able to agree with Mr. Adams when he goes on to say:

> "If a man does not want office, and does want to make his single vote and his individual influence tell; if he has no wish for political preferment and would always give his voice for the better man; if he is nothing unless critical, and if, while devoting himself to business or his special calling, he would fain still do his share in politics as behooves the good citizen of a republic; if, in fine, he wishes to be always a thinking man and never a fevered partisan, then, in that case, he belongs to us. Let him come up here at once to the center of the tilting-board. He must join that malignant body of independents and scratchers of which I am glad of every occasion to pronounce myself a consistent and a persistent member."

Now I, for my part, should like to be all that Mr. Adams here supposes, with the exception of one trait. I do not care to be "nothing unless critical." I would prefer to be critical and something besides. And while I am free to admit that the path into which he invites is much less thorny than the one in which I am walking, I am not at all clear, after all his pithy exhortation, that it is a better way to walk in. It seems to me that the good citizen who wants no office can do his duties more effectively by keeping in close but

critical connection with a political party, and bringing his influence directly and constantly to bear upon the shaping of its policy and the choice of its candidates. I am inclined to agree with Governor Andrew that in politics as well as in religion the "stay-inners" can do better service than the "come-outers."

So long, therefore, as there is room in either party for intelligent and conscientious men who will not relinquish their right of private judgment, it seems to me that they can better serve their country as active members of a party. When the bosses make up their minds not to admit to membership anybody who is not a thick-and-thin partisan, we shall have nothing left to do except to climb up with Mr. Adams to the center of his tilting-board. In the meantime, we shall use such opportunities as we have; and, whether coming out or staying in, endeavor to exercise our political rights in securing juster laws and purer administration.

"THERE IS A NATURAL BODY."

IMMORTAL is my friend, I know:
Not summer's turf nor winter's snow
Nor depth of earth could turn to nought
So much of life and love and thought.

And yet that form I did intrust
To kindred earth, the dust to dust,
And thither still my thoughts will tend,
As if to find my vanished friend.

Sacred the robe, the faded glove,
Once worn by one we used to love;
Dead warriors in their armor live,
And in their relics saints survive:

And there I tenderly laid down
The hands that fondly clasped my own,—
The eyes that knew and answered mine
With many a meaning, loving sign,—

The lips familiar with my name,
That freely called me and I came,—
The breast that harbored all good-will,
The loving heart now cold and still.

O sheltering Earth, henceforth defend
All thou hast garnered of my friend
Against the wintry tempest's beat,
Against the summer's scorching heat.

Within thine all-embracing breast
Is hid one more forsaken nest,
While in the sky, with folded wings,
The bird that left it sits and sings.

ONE HUNDRED MILES IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE cavernous limestone of Kentucky covers an area of 8000 square miles; and a ride of eighty-five miles on the Louisville and Great Southern Railroad took my companion and myself to the heart of this wonderful region.

We left the cars at Cave City—only a cluster of houses amid the cornfields—and mounted to the top seat of an old-fashioned stage-coach, that makes daily trips to Mammoth Cave, ten miles distant. Edmondson County, within whose limits it is located, has about 4000 sink-holes and 500 open caverns, many of which are but nameless grottoes, while others have gained celebrity. The road winds among the hills and across a high table-land to the bluffs of Green River. The soil is comparatively sterile, the farms are few and poorly tilled, and large tracts of woodland seem to be yet untouched by the ax. Openings are observed here and there amid the rocks, each being, as the driver assured us, the mouth of a cave.

"Are any of them," I asked, "equal to Mammoth Cave?"

"No, siree," responded Jehu, with a crack of the whip that made the leaders prance, "I reckon it's wuth fifty sich holes in the groun'. What's your notion about it, Jedge?"

"I have visited the chief caverns of the West," replied the judge, "and in my opinion, going from any one of them to Mammoth Cave is like exchanging a log cabin for a palace."

A medley of legends and anecdotes was then served up for us in Corn-cracker vernacular, with accounts of Diamond, Salts, White, Short, the Grand Crystal and Proctor's caves, and others of less note.

A bugle-flourish heralded our arrival at the Cave Hotel,—a spacious building evolved from a log-cabin germ,—and brought around the coach a throng of guests expecting friends, and negro servants offering to take our luggage.

The hotel register shows an aggregate of over 2000 visitors a year. Adjoining the office is a cabinet where specimens are for sale; the rules judiciously forbidding visitors to help themselves. Another rule prohibits the use of surveyors' instruments, lest some unscrupulous person should find a new entrance beyond the 2000 acres now comprising the estate, and steal the cave. Such maps as have been published are therefore not correct, having been prepared without accurate measurement.

The regular hour for entering the cave is nine A. M. The proprietor, Captain W. S. Miller, on learning our errand, generously gave us a special guide, and the freedom of the cave as long as we continued our explorations. An outfit includes a close-fitting cap, easy shoes, a stout dress, a walking-stick, a swinging lamp and some matches. The guide for each party carries extra lamps, a can of lard oil, a lunch basket and a haversack of fire-works. Thus equipped, each working-day for a fortnight beheld us following Tom Lee, our special guide, down the shady path to the mouth of the cave. The other guides, colored men, are familiarly known as Old Mat, Old Nick, and William. The original guide, whose daring exploits and striking traits made him famous, was Stephen Bishop; his remains now rest in the tangled grave-yard near the garden.

Mammoth Cave has a noble vestibule! Amid tulip-trees and grape-vines, maples and butternuts, fringing ferns and green mosses, is the entrance to this under-ground palace. From a frowning ledge a cascade leaps to the rocks below, where it vanishes at once, forming no running stream. The former entrance, through which the discoverer, a hunter named Hutchins, in 1809, made his way in pursuit of a bear, is near the bank of Green River, about half a mile distant. Since that day the roof has fallen in, cutting off a section now known as Dixon's Cave, and leaving the present mouth; which is 194 feet above water level, and 118 feet below the summit of the bluff on which stands the hotel.

A winding flight of seventy stone steps conducts us around the cascade, into an antechamber. At the end of this is a grated iron door to which each guide has a key. The cave, originally bought for forty dollars, is now valued at $250,000; and this formidable door protects it from spoliation.

As we cross the portal, a strong current

of air blows out our lights, but a few yards within, where the draft is weaker, we rekindle them. This phenomenon, which I had previously observed in Wyandot and other large caves, is due to a marked difference in temperature between the atmosphere within, and that without the cave. Both the air and the water in the cave nearly correspond with the heat of the earth itself, which in that latitude varies but little from 56° Fahrenheit throughout the year. In some of the dryer chambers the mercury rises to 58°, and in some of the springs and pools it falls to 52°. On our first visit, the thermometer at the hotel office indicated 100° in the shade, a difference on that day of more than 40°, which caused, of course, a strong outward flow. The current is said to set inward in cold weather, when the conditions are reversed. Chemical processes also are continually at work, surcharging the cave atmosphere with oxygen, and of course forcing it out as the volume expands. I was informed that Salts Cave, not far distant, in which these chemical agencies are much more active, never inhales at all, but exhales all the year round.

The first objects exhibited to visitors are the relics of saltpeter works in the Rotunda. Ruts of cart-wheels and hoof-prints of oxen remain in the indurated clay, leading to the pumps, pipes, and eight large vats, from which, during the war of 1812, Mr. Archibald Miller took niter to Philadelphia by wagon, to be used in making gunpowder. Log benches are still exhibited where once sat swarthy miners, before a rocky pulpit, to hear of Him to whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

In 1816, the property passed into the hands of a Mr. Moore, who was ruined by complicity with Burr and Blennerhasset. It was successively owned by Gatewood, Gorin, and Dr. Croghan, to whose heirs it still belongs.

The simple truth about Mammoth Cave surpasses the most ingeniously woven fabrication. Its areal diameter is nine or ten miles. Its known and numbered avenues are 223, and their united length equals from 150 to 200 miles. Twelve million cubic yards of space have here been excavated from the rocks by the agency of air and of water.* Such are the windings, crossings and involutions of this labyrinth, that we found, by the time our explorations were ended, on adding up all our daily trips in and out, we had traveled about one hundred miles under-ground!

The Main Cave, so called in distinction from minor avenues opening into it, extends like a deserted river-bed, through a succession of noble arches and domes, to a point six miles within, where it is abruptly closed by fallen rocks.

New objects of interest met us at every step, as we advanced. During a moment's pause we were startled by what seemed the loud ticking of a musical time-piece. It was but the measured melody of water dripping into a basin hidden behind the rocks. Drop by drop monotonously it falls, as it has fallen, it may be, for a thousand years.

Not far from this natural water-clock, is a symmetrical recess chiseled by a tiny rill, whose limpid water is collected in a little pool. The story is told of a poor blind boy, who rambled over the country winning a precarious living by his violin, and who, as he said, was resolved to *see* the cave for himself. He lost his way, and when found by his companions was quietly sleeping beside this basin, which ever since has been called "Wandering Willie's Spring."

Singular effects are produced for a long distance beyond this point by the incrustations of gypsum stained by the black oxide of iron, seeming to cut gigantic silhouettes from the ceiling of white limestone. At first we ridiculed these fancies, but at last they fascinated us. Bears, monkeys, ant-eaters, catamounts,—indeed, a whole menagerie is on exhibition, including the old mammoth himself. We were especially interested in a side-show of a giant and giantess playfully tossing papooses to and fro. The Giant's Coffin is near by—a rock shaped like a mighty sarcophagus. It is detached from the ceiling, walls and floor, resting its weight on stone trestles, and equals in size one of the famous blocks of Baalbek, being forty feet long, twenty wide and eight deep.

Here the trend of the Main Cave turns upon itself at an acute angle. The apex of the angle is marked by McPherson's monument, a rude pile of stones in memory of a gallant soldier. More than three hundred such monuments have been erected in different portions of the cave, in honor of

*There is a well-known tendency to overstate the marvelous, and several writers of repute insist on far lower figures than are given here. The above estimates, however, agree with the Kentucky Geological reports of Owen (1856-1861), and are confirmed by the new survey now being made, under the direction of Professor N. S. Shaler.

various individuals, literary institutions and the several States of the Union. Some of these pillars reach from floor to roof, each tourist who chooses to do so adding a stone. An incidental benefit of this custom is that it has helped to clear the paths.

The rules strictly forbid any defacement of the walls. Candles were formerly a favorite means of smirching the names of visitors, in lamp-black, on the plaster-like ceiling, where it was low enough to be within reach. This is now especially interdicted; and instead of these rocky albums there are receptacles for visiting and business cards, thousands of which are thus accumulated, representing visitors from all parts of the world.

The roofless remains of two stone cottages are next visited, as having a melancholy history. These, and some frame ones, now torn down, were built in 1843 for fifteen consumptive patients, who here took up their abode, induced to do so by the uniformity of temperature and highly oxygenated air, which possesses the purity without the rarity of the air at high altitudes. The experiment was an utter failure.

A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall seventy feet wide, sixty high and five hundred long. The lofty ceiling is coated with black gypsum, studded with thousands of white spots, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. Our guide asks us to sit down on a log bench by the wall, and then, collecting the lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. One can easily persuade himself that the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep valley into the real heavens.

"Good-night," says Tom; "I will see you again in the morning."

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues, we hear the beating of our hearts. The painful suspense is at length broken by one of those strange outbursts of laughter that come when least expected; and then we indignantly ask each other the meaning of this sudden desertion. But while we are roundly berating the guide's treachery, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance. Loudly encored, he repeats the transformations again and again,—starlight, moonlight, thunder-clouds, midnight and day-dawn, heralded by cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, lowing of cattle and various other farm-yard sounds; until, weary of an entertainment that long ago lost its novelty for him, he bids us resume our line of march.

As we pass along under a mottled ceiling that changes, from the constellation just described, to a mackerel sky with fleecy masses of floating clouds, many curious objects are pointed out to us. Here is a stout oak-pole, projecting from a crevice, now inaccessible—put there when, and by whom, and for what purpose? There are snow-drifts of native Epsom salts, whitening the dusky ledges. Spaces are shown completely covered by broad slabs, underneath which are the ashes and embers of ancient fires. Side-cuts occasionally tempt us from the beaten path, into which we return by a circuitous way. Crossing the solitary chambers, we enter the Fairy Grotto, whose alabaster grove of stalactites has been despoiled by ruthless hands. Skirting a pit, down whose abyss a cataract tumbles, we climb hills, plunge into gorges, walk underneath frowning cliffs, until we have explored the main cave from end to end.

No creeping nor crawling has to be done here. The average width of this immense natural tunnel is about sixty feet, and its height forty feet; but portions expand to much greater dimensions. Proctor's Arcade is said to be one hundred feet wide, fifty feet high, and a thousand yards long. By burning magnesium lights at several points at once, each light being equivalent to seventy candles, we surveyed the whole vista. In like manner we illuminated Wright's Rotunda, 400 feet in diameter. But the funereal darkness of the Black Chamber defied magnesium, and refused to be cheered even by red fire.

We lingered long amid the wonders of the Chief City, where several acres are strewn with rocks like ancient ruins, the whole area being overarched by so vast a dome as to make us wonder if it has an adequate key-stone.

"Why doesn't it fall?" inquired Barton.

"I know of no reason why it should not

fall at this very moment," said Tom, solemnly, "and I never come underneath without some degree of fear. Yet the arch appears to be a solid block of seamless limestone, and it may stand for a thousand years. You can see, from these Indian torches, that the place is now precisely what it has been for centuries."

As he spoke, the guide picked up some half-burnt bits of cane, which, as he assured us, the red men used to fill with bear's fat and burn, to light them on their search for flint mines, alabaster quarries and other coveted treasures. Igniting our fire-works, we threw a glare over the long slope of irregular rocks, and athwart the gigantic vault, bringing such glories to view as no torch-bearing mound-builder ever saw. And while the crimson light died away amid the arches and pinnacles, we took leave, with many a backward look, of this prehistoric council-hall of sagamores and dusky braves.*

The proprietors object to anything that will mar the romantic rudeness of this ancient cavern. Yet a little of it might well be sacrificed to the spirit of modern invention. Electric lights would grandly illuminate the large halls and domes. Telephones would be of advantage, in establishing communication with the outer world. Tramways might be laid through the main cave and the more accessible avenues. Shafts might be opened at certain terminal points, known to be near the surface, through which visitors might be taken up by elevators, and conveyed back to the hotel in hacks, instead of wearily retracing their steps, as must now be done. Increased patronage would soon cover the cost of such improvements; and time and strength would thus be saved for exploring portions of the cave whose picturesque scenery is now rarely beheld, except by the most resolute pedestrians.

It is doubtful if one visitor in fifty goes farther into the main cave than to the Star Chamber; but none fail to see this favorite hall of illusions. We revisited it frequently during our stay. The path to it is dry and well trodden. A pleasing incident comes to mind, showing how easily it may be reached, although more than a mile under-ground. One evening, after tea, I had entered thus far alone, without a guide, and after studying for a while the peculiar effects of light and shade, I sat down on the log bench and put my lamps out, in order to enjoy the luxury of utter darkness, silence and solitude. But ere long voices were heard, and mysterious peals of laughter. Soon the day-dawn effect was unexpectedly produced, by the approach of a party of jocund youths and maidens, with lights, who, having dressed for a hop, first paid a visit to this enchanted ground, and as cave dust never flies nor sticks, they did so without a speck on polished boots or trailing robes.

Tourists are usually hurried through by two routes, one requiring four hours and the other nine, and both together covering about twenty-five miles of travel in and out. Our more leisurely exploration led us along many an unfrequented path, and allowed us to linger at will in the most interesting localities. The avenues, as all side-passages are termed, vary in importance, some of them rivaling the main cave, while others involve grievous climbing and crawling, with small recompense.

Audubon's Avenue lies nearest the entrance. It is chiefly noted for its myriads of bats, and for the fact that it leads to an opening into which a miner dropped his lamp in 1812. Matt, the guide, found it thirty years afterward at the bottom of Mammoth Dome, a place to be reached only by a long detour.

The Gothic Arcade is approached by a stair-way from galleries beyond the saltpeter vats. Here a niche is pointed out where the early explorers are said to have found two Indian mummies, a woman and a child, along with fine fabrics and trinkets, necklaces of deers' hoofs and eagles' claws, and all that could please the barbaric taste.*

The chapel in the Gothic Arcade has an arched roof supported by large stalagmitic columns, once beautiful but now sullied by sacrilegious smoke. I counted eight, and found fragments of about thirty more. Their growth was slow, requiring many centuries to develop their present dimensions. Three of the pillars are so grouped as to form two Gothic arches. Before this unique altar once stood a runaway bride, who had

* Monographs have been published by the State Geological Survey, on the Cavern-dwelling Races, and Prehistoric Remains of Kentucky; and additional memoirs on the same subjects are promised.

* Forwood, in his excellent manual on Mammoth Cave (pp. 170-194), has collected all existing accounts of these extraordinary relics. Hon. F. Gorin, a former owner of the cave, disputes their authenticity. He states, however, that the skeleton of a giant, and that of an infant, were found in 1811 in Audubon's Avenue; and that mummies were found in Short Cave. Sandals, shreds of garments, etc., from Salts Cave, in the vicinity of Mammoth, are exhibited in the archæological museum of Harvard College, and have been lately described by Prof. F. W. Putnam.

promised her anxious mother that she would "never marry any man on the face of the earth." She kept the letter of her promise, but was married after all to the man of her choice, in this novel Gretna Green. We were fortunate in witnessing a similar scene.

This avenue is about two miles long, and abounds in grotesque curiosities. It ends in Annette's Dome, where a cascade surprises one by bursting from the wall and then disappearing. Lake Purity, near by, is a shallow pool of such transparency that we did not suspect its existence until we walked into it.

Retracing our steps, we soon approach a region of pits and domes. The guide warns us of "danger on the right!" Beside our path yawns a chasm called the Side-saddle Pit, from the shape of a projecting rock, on which we seat ourselves and watch with fearful interest the rolls of oiled paper lighted by the guide and dropped into the abyss. Down they go in a fiery spiral, burning long enough to give us a view of its corrugated sides and of a mass of blackened sticks and timbers a hundred feet below, remnants of a bridge once spanning the chasm.

The Bottomless Pit, a short distance beyond, is on a still grander scale, and extending, as it does, entirely across the avenue, was long an effectual bar to further progress. It is now spanned by a substantial bridge, which, for the sake of perfect safety, is renewed every four years. Leaning over the hand-rails, we safely admired the blazing rolls as they whirled to and fro, slowly sinking one hundred and seventy-five feet, lighting up the wrinkles and furrows made by the torrent's flow during untold ages.

Shelby's Dome overhead is but a continuation of the great pit upward, with rich water-carved scroll-work and lavishly decorated panels, and here and there a sharp projection.

Turning abruptly back, we follow the guide up and down narrow stair-ways and through a winding passage, till we find ourselves peering through a window-like aperture into profound darkness, that seems intensified by the monotonous sound of dripping water. Tom bids us remain where we are while he seeks a smaller and higher window beyond, through which he thrusts blue lights and blazing rolls, disclosing indescribable wonders to our gaze. This is Gorin's Dome. The floor far below us, about an acre in area, is covered with water. The perpendicular walls, rising out of sight, are draped with three immense stalagmitic curtains, one above another, whose folds, which seem to be loosely floating, are bordered with fringes rich and heavy. These hangings, dight with figures rare and fantastic, fit for Plutonian halls, were woven in Nature's loom by crystal threads of running water.

The domes and pits are in fact identical; the name varying as they are seen from above or below. The surface-funnel, or sink-hole, drains the rain-water into the upper tier of cavern chambers; and this may end its work. But when a mass of pebbles is gathered, the whirling water uses this powerful cutting-engine to pierce by a vertical shaft the successive tiers, or floors, until the water level of the lowest cavern is reached. Should the funnel be in any way obstructed, the stream would of necessity cease to flow, and the dripping lime-water would have time to make a stalagmitic deposit. Plainly, no dome can exceed in height the extreme distance between the drainage-level and the surface; which, by barometrical observation, has, for Mammoth Cave, been fixed at 312 feet. There is little doubt that in some instances this altitude is nearly attained. All greater estimates are but imaginary.

We have now a choice of evils between Bunyan's Way, where one must stoop like a pilgrim burdened, and Buchanan's Way, where one must hold his head to one side, after the traditional habit of that eminent statesman. We choose the latter; and presently, by a circular opening over which hangs a threatening trap-door of rock, we are made acquainted with the famous and original Fat Man's Misery, of which all others are but base imitations. It is a serpentine channel, whose walls, eighteen inches apart, change direction eight times in one hundred and five yards; while the average distance from the sandy pathway to the ledge overhead is but five feet. The rocky sides are beautifully marked with waves and ripples, as if running water had been suddenly petrified. There seems to have been first a horizontal opening between two strata of limestone, by taking advantage of which this singular winding way was chiseled, from whose embrace we gladly emerge into Great Relief, where we can straighten our spines, and enjoy once more the luxury of a full breath.

It was formerly supposed that if this passage were blocked up, escape from the regions beyond would be impossible. But not long ago the "Corkscrew" was dis-

covered, an intricate web of fissures, by means of which a good climber, after mounting three ladders, crawling through narrow openings, and leaping from rock to rock, ascending thus amid the wildest confusion for one hundred and fifty feet, gains a landing at last, only a thousand yards from the entrance to the cave, and cuts off two or three miles of travel. Visitors generally come in one way and go out the other, and usually regard the route last chosen the worst, whichever it may have been.

Barton was inclined "to draw this 'Corkscrew';" and leaving him to do so, Tom and I entered an avenue aside from the regular routes, and which he himself had not explored for seven years. After much stooping and creeping, we emerged from the low, narrow passage, and found ourselves standing on a terrace thirty feet long and fifteen wide, whence we peered into a realm of empty darkness. Our lamps revealed neither floor, nor roof, nor opposite wall. Tom said that this was Mammoth Dome, sole rival of Gorin's Dome, the grandest halls in all this domain of silence and of night. I directed him to leave me here, and to return at once for my comrade and for fire-works.

Not until Tom's glimmering light was gone, and his retreating steps had ceased to echo along the corridor, did I realize my lonely situation. There were some unexpected causes of delay, so that nearly two hours elapsed before they came. I sat on the edge of the terrace for a time, and amused myself by throwing lighted papers down, thus discovering that the floor was less than forty feet below me, and was accessible by a rude ladder blackened with age. Here and there a rung was missing, and I hesitated to trust such a fragile support. Finding the solitude and darkness insupportable, I retreated with my lamp to the avenue by which we had come, and whiled away the time catching cave crickets, till Tom and Barton arrived with twenty lamps and a supply of red fire and bengolas.

Carefully descending the treacherous ladder, we lighted up the huge dome and found the dimensions to be about 400 feet in length, 150 in width, and 250 in height, as nearly as we could estimate without the aid of instruments. The floor, strewn with slippery rocks, slopes down to a pool that receives a water-fall from the summit of the dome. The walls are curtained by alabaster drapery in vertical folds, varying in size from a pipe-stem to a saw-log, and decorated by heavy fringes at intervals of about twenty feet. A huge gate-way, at the farther end of the hall, opens into a room so like the ruins of Luxor and Karnak that we named it the Egyptian Temple. The floor of this apartment is paved with stalagmitic blocks, stained by red and black oxides into a kind of mosaic. Six colossal columns, eighty feet high by twenty-five in diameter, stand in a semicircle flanked by pyramidal towers. The material of the shafts is gray oölite, fluted by deep furrows with sharp ridges between; the capitals are projecting slabs of limestone; the whole column, in each instance, is veneered with yellow stalagmite, rich as jasper, and covered by tracery as elaborate as Chinese carving; and the bases are garnished by mushroom-shaped stalagmites. The largest of these is Caliban's Cushion. While examining this, I noticed an opening behind the third column in the row, and clambering down a steep descent we reached gloomy catacombs underneath; but returned without fully exploring them, on account of the extreme difficulty of progress.

One day we learned that a large party from Nashville were to visit River Hall and the regions beyond the subterranean streams; and, as they would first make a detour by the pits, we easily got the start of them by climbing down the Corkscrew. On entering River Hall, we found our path skirting the edge of cliffs 60 feet high and 100 feet long, embracing the sullen waters of what is called the Dead Sea. Descending a flight of steps, we came to a cascade, but a little farther on, said to be a re-appearance of the water-fall at the entrance, suggesting the idea that the cave has doubled on its track.

Our speculations on this mystery were broken in upon by the hilarious sounds heralding the party under Matt's escort, long before they came in view. There never was a prettier sight than this merry company, sixty in all, as with flashing lamps and spangled costumes they skirted the somber terrace, astonishing the steeps of that gloomy sea by the loud refrain of "Litoria" and other jolly college songs. They wound past us, in single file, disappearing behind a rocky mass to come into view again on the natural bridge, whence they swung their lamps to catch sight of the River Styx.

This body of water is said to be over 400 feet long and 40 feet wide. Our attempts at fathoming its depth resulted in one of us falling in, and from his appearance on crawl-

ing out, we judged that he found an abundance of mud under an uncertain amount of water.

Lake Lethe comes next—a broad sheet of water formerly crossed by boats, but now skirted by a narrow path at the foot of steep walls ninety feet above the oblivious wave, and leading to a pontoon at the neck of the lake, from which we step upon a beach of the finest yellow sand, extending to Echo River, a distance of 500 yards, under a lofty ceiling mottled with white and black limestones, like snow-clouds drifting in a wintry sky. A rise of five feet would cover this sandy walk, which is its condition for from four to eight months in every year. Fortunately the streams were low at the time of our visit, as they usually are in summer.

The connection of the cave rivers with Green River has been proved by the simple experiment of throwing a quantity of chaff upon them, which comes to the surface in the upper and lower big springs; deep, bubbling pools, lying half a mile apart, under the cliffs bristling with hemlocks and pines. When these pools are submerged by a freshet in Green River, the streams in the cave are united into a continuous body of water. At rare intervals the rise is so high as to touch the iron railing sixty feet above the Dead Sea; and for some reason the subsidence within is less rapid than that without. In order to save from destruction, at such times, the uncouth little fleet, built of planks and timber, every one of which was brought in through passes we had traversed with difficulty empty-handed, the boats are securely fastened, when not in use, by long ropes of twisted grape-vines that let them swim with the flood.

Four of these boats now await us on the banks of Echo River. Each has seats on the gunwales for twenty passengers, while the guide stands in the bow and propels the primitive craft by a long paddle, or by grasping projecting rocks. The river's width varies from twenty to two hundred feet, and its length is about three-quarters of a mile.

The low arch soon rises to a height varying from ten to thirty feet, while the plummet shows a still greater depth below. The river cannot properly be said to have any shore, for throughout its entire extent there are only one or two points where a foothold could be gained. Hence, the guides exercise the strictest authority, in order to guard against accidents.

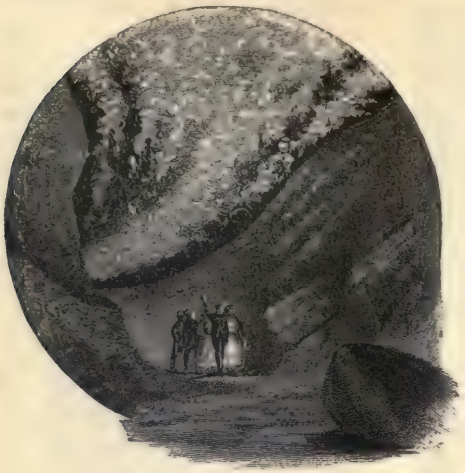
Tom secures for our exclusive use a boat smaller than those into which the others crowd. He then draws from a hiding-place a hand-net, and tries to catch for us a few of the famous eyeless fish, that dart to and fro, but vanish on the least agitation of the water. His success at this time was not very encouraging. But subsequently, on other trips, we captured numerous specimens, from two to six inches in length, and usually destitute of even rudimentary organs of vision. Several, however, had protuberances, or sightless eyes, and one had good eye-sight. The gradations of color are from olive-brown to pure white, while some are perfectly colorless and transparent. They are said to be viviparous; and, instead of bones, have mere cartilage. Agassiz held that these cave-fish "were created under the circumstances in which they now live, within the limits over which they range, and with the structural peculiarities which characterize them at the present day." But it is doubtful if there is more variability than can be explained by simple retardation through successive generations.

Along the water's edge are cavities, varying in size from a few inches to many feet, washed out by the stream. The Nashville wag saw his opportunity to break the silence that had settled over the voyagers, and shouted with absurd glee, pointing to the cavities:

"Oh, see these little bits o' caves—three for five cents!"

The solemn echoes caught his silly tones, and bore them, as if in derision, hither and thither and far away. When the peals of laughter that followed had died away, a quiet lady in black velvet led us in sacred song. The concord of sweet sounds was surprisingly agreeable; but the tones followed each other too rapidly to secure full justice.

Allowing the Nashville party to go on without us, I passed the rest of the day on Echo River, alone with Tom, floating over its strangely transparent water, as if gliding through the air, and trying every echo its arches were capable of producing. A single aërial vibration given with energy, as by a pistol-shot, rebounded from rock to rock. The din awakened by discordant sounds was frightful. On the other hand, when the voice gave the tones of a full chord *seriatim*, they came back in a sweeping *arpeggio*. Flute-music produced charming reverberations. The finest vocal effect followed the utterance, as strongly and firmly as possible, of the key-note of that long vault, letting all other sounds meanwhile cease; the won-



A SNOW CLOUD, MAMMOTH CAVE.

derful vibrations thus caused were prolonged for from fifteen to thirty seconds after the original tone had been delivered.

An extraordinary result was obtained by the guide's agitating the water vigorously with his broad paddle, and then seating himself in silence by my side. The first sound that broke the stillness was like the tinkling of silver bells. Larger and heavier bells then seemed to take up the strange melody, as the waves sought out the cavities in the rock. And then it appeared as if all chimes of all cathedrals had conspired to raise a tempest of sweet sounds. They then died away to utter silence. We still sat in expectation. Lo, as if from some deep recess that had been hitherto forgotten, came a tone tender and profound; after which, like gentle memories, were re-awakened all the mellow sounds that had gone before, until River Hall rang again. This concert was prolonged for several minutes, until the agitation of the waters had wholly subsided. Those who try their own voices are pleased to have the hollow wall faithfully give back every shout and song, whimsical cry or merry peal; but the nymphs of Echo River reserve their choicest harmonies for those who are willing in silence to listen to the voice of many waters.

Roaring River and Mystic River are considerable streams; but, lying on side avenues, they are seldom visited, and may now be passed with mere mention.

All these lakes and rivers are liable to overflow, as has already been remarked, completely filling this part of the cave. These remote regions are never entered when there are signs of a flood. Large cans of oil are, however, stored securely, against the contingency of a party's being shut in by rising waters; so that the lamps may be kept burning. Moreover, a discovery has been made, within a year, of a passage leading out beyond the rivers by a circuit of ten miles. It contains numerous objects of interest, but is so rugged and contracted in places as to deter visitors from attempting to go through, except in case of necessity.

Continuing our journey by way of Silliman's Avenue and El Ghor, picturesque passes where many fantastic objects are pointed out, we arrive at Hebe's Spring. Here, by climbing a ladder and crawling through a hole in the roof, we are admitted to an upper tier of caverns. Tom ignites blue fire, and we are surprised to find ourselves in a vineyard! Countless nodules and globules simulate clusters on clusters of luscious grapes, burdening hundreds of boughs, and gleaming with party-colored tints through the dripping dew.

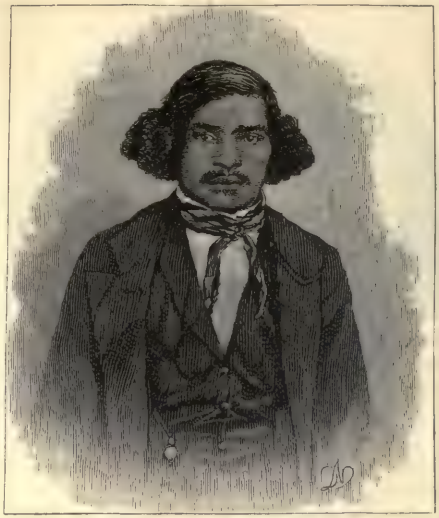
Washington Hall is but a smoke-stained lunch-room. The ceiling of a room near by is dotted with semi-spherical masses of snowy gypsum, each of which is from two to ten inches in diameter, looking like a snow-ball hurled against the wall and sticking there. Snow-ball Room is a fitting vestibule to the treasure house of alabaster brilliants beyond it, where we tarry long with ever-increasing delight.

EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, MAMMOTH CAVE.

What words can picture forth the beauty of Cleveland's Cabinet? Wyandot and other caverns may have galleries like it in kind, but none to be compared with it either in extent or symmetry. We loiter beneath spotless arches of fifty feet span, where the fancy is at once enlivened and bewildered by a mimicry of every flower that grows in the garden, forest or prairie, from the modest daisy to the flaunting helianthus.

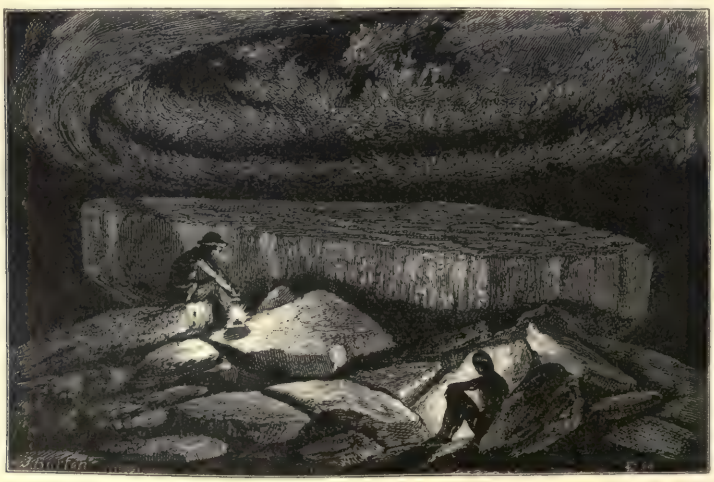
Select for examination a single one of these enchanting blossoms, the "oulopholites" of the mineralogist. Consider the charms of this queenly rose that has unfolded its petals in Mary's Bower. From a central stem gracefully curl countless crystals fibrous and pellucid; each tiny crystal is in itself a study; each fascicle of curved prisms is wonderful; and the whole creation is a miracle of beauty.

Now imagine this mimic flower multiplied from one to a hundred, a thousand, a myriad! Move down the dazzling vista, as if in a dream of Elysium,—not for a few yards, or rods, but for *two miles*. All is virgin white, except here and there a little patch of gray limestone, or a spot bronzed by some metallic stain, or, again, as we purposely vary the lovely monotony by burning colored lights. Midway is a great cross overhead, formed by the natural grouping of stone rosettes. Floral clusters, bouquets, wreaths, garlands, embellish nearly every foot of the ceiling and walls; while the very soil sparkles with trodden jewels. The pendulous fringes of the night-blooming cereus are rivaled by the snowy plumes that float from rifts and crevices, forever safe from the withering



STEPHEN BISHOP, THE GUIDE.

glare of daylight. Clumps of lilies, pale pansies, blanched tulips, drooping fuchsias, sprays of asters, spikes of tuberoses, wax-leaved magnolias,—but why exhaust the botanical catalogue? The fancy finds every gem of the green-house and parterre in this crystalline conservatory. Earlier visitors (Professor Locke in 1842, and Bayard Taylor in 1855) describe long sprays, like stalks of celery, running vines, and branches of a chandelier; but it has been impossible to guard such exquisite formations from covetous fingers. Happily the subtle forces of nature are still at work, slowly replacing by fresh productions what has gone to the mineralogist's cabinet or the amateur's *etagere*.



THE GIANT'S COFFIN, MAMMOTH CAVE.

The most ardent admirer of Mammoth Cave must admit its poverty in stalactitic adornments; especially when compared with the wonderful cave at Luray, in Virginia, which, though not exceeding fifty acres in area, has millions of stalactites, reflected from hundreds of crystal pools. But, on the other hand, Luray has no gypsum rosettes, and its largest lake is only fifty feet in diameter. This remarkable difference is due to the fact that while Mammoth Cave is excavated from an immense mass of homogeneous limestone, affording few opportunities for the formation of drip-stone, the cave of Luray is cut from rock broken up into countless rifts and seams by the upheaval of the Appalachian range. Hence, the two are as unlike as the Mississippi River and Lake George, or as Niagara Falls and Watkins Glen.

THE STYX, MAMMOTH CAVE.

Beyond a rocky hill and a dismal gorge lies Croghan's Hall, and a pit called the Maelstrom, which ends the cave so far as it has been explored in this direction. It is due to the memory of a daring youth to tell how Mr. W. C. Prentice, son of the poet and editor, George D. Prentice, descended this abyss in quest of adventures.

As the guides tell the story, they furnished a rope, down which the young hero descended undaunted, amid fearful and enchanting scenes, then first lighted since creation's morning by the feeble rays of his solitary lamp. Midway he encountered a water-fall, spouting from the rocky wall, into whose sparkling shower he unavoidably swung. Escaping all dangers, he stood at last on the solid rock, 190 feet below his comrades, who now found that it taxed their utmost strength to lift him and the amount of cable that had been paid out. On his way up, Prentice swung himself into a huge niche for the purpose of exploration, whence he roamed through wide and wondrous chambers till checked by rocky barriers. Then, returning to the place where he had fastened his rope to a stalactite, he found it disengaged and dangling beyond his reach. Ingeniously twisting the wires of his lamp into a long hook, he caught hold again, and signaled to the guides to draw him up. It is said (and one is expected to believe) that they did this with such zeal that the cable was fired by friction, and that one of the guides crawled out on the beam and emptied a flask of water on the burning rope. The whole story, with all its embellishments, is done into spirited verse by Rev. George Lansing Taylor. The hero himself, whose life was so miraculously spared, finally sacrificed it, in 1860, for the lost cause.

A charming excursion was from Washington Hall down Marion Avenue to the Crystal Paradise. Another was from the Vineyard, as a starting point, and through a long winding arcade to Lucy's Dome, rarely visited because somewhat difficult of access. This is the loftiest cave-dome yet discovered anywhere in the world, and in some of its features it is unlike any we had seen before. By burning three Bengal lights and a quantity of magnesium, simultaneously, we barely caught sight of the oval apex, more than 300 feet overhead. A twin dome rises by its side, and a tall Gothic archway connects the two, at a point 150 feet above the floor.

It was only after gaining considerable experience in cave-hunting that we ventured in alone; even then keeping to well-

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, MAMMOTH CAVE.

beaten paths, and noting landmarks with care; or, if tempted to explore new ground, indicating the way out by repeatedly marking arrows on the wall. The penalty of losing one's way amid these awful solitudes is a painful bewilderment, often amounting to temporary mental derangement. Hence, as a rule, the services of a guide cannot safely be dispensed with, and guests should respect his authority; for the law holds him responsible for the safe return of those put under his care. Persons accidentally separated from their party should quietly stay in one place till deliverance comes.

We witnessed, one day, a narrow escape on the part of an excitable gentleman, who trusted to his own guidance. His companions were following their guide up the chimney-like corkscrew, and he caught at the bright idea of getting ahead of them by the longer route. He started off alone and on the full run. We followed him, more out of curiosity than from apprehension. His lamp went out; but in his eagerness he did not stop to relight it, relying on the scattered rays of ours behind him. Suddenly Tom darted forward and grasped the stranger in his strong arms. We abruptly halted. There, within a single step, yawned the Side-saddle Pit, on whose black rocks, a hundred feet below, the man would have fallen, had it not been for Tom's presence of mind.

The full moon was riding in a cloudless sky, when we emerged from our last day's journey in the great cavern. We had, as usual, a practical proof of the purity of the exhilarating cave atmosphere, by its contrast with that of the outer world, which seemed heavy and suffocating. The odors of trees, grass, weeds and flowers were strangely intensified and overpowering. The result of a too sudden transition is frequently faintness, headache and vertigo. Hence the pleasant custom of lingering awhile on the threshold, where the outer and inner airs mingle. Resting thus, on rustic seats near the entrance, we interchanged our views.

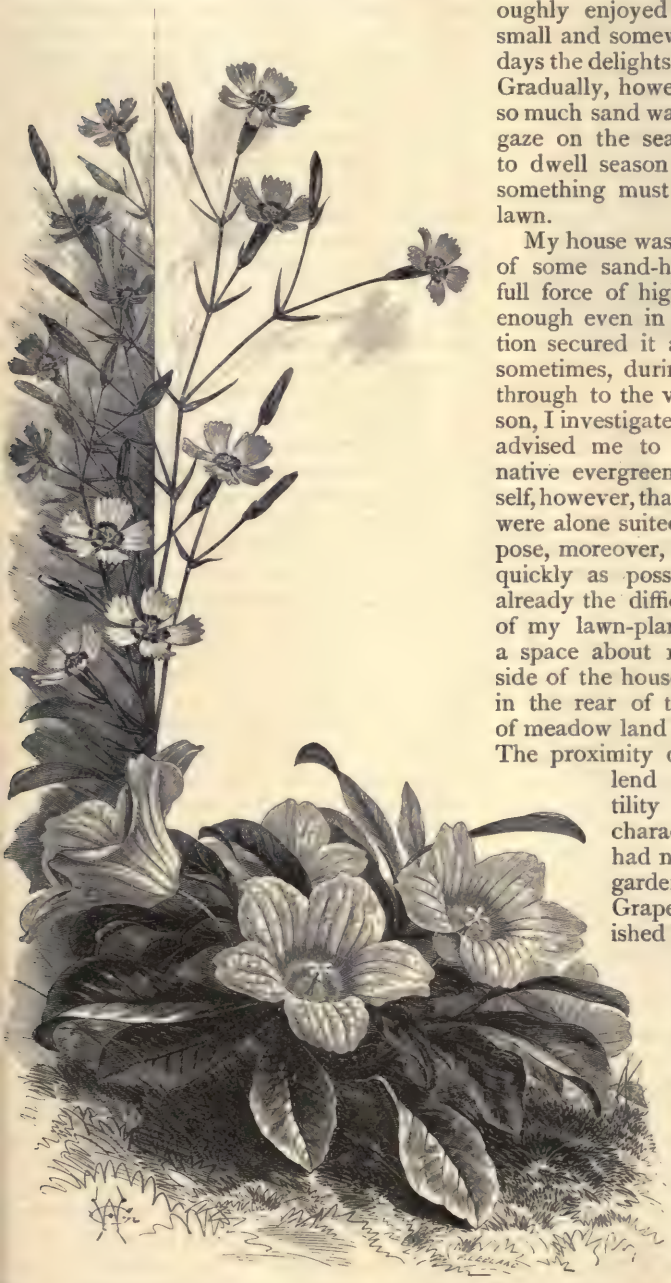
On the whole, Mammoth Cave greatly exceeded, though differing from, our expectations. Yet there was a want of full satisfaction. It was gratifying to be assured by Tom that we had probably tramped to and fro, in and out, about one hundred miles; but how did he know?

The time will come when much more will be known of Mammoth Cave than is possible under existing restrictions. There ought to be a better understanding between the owners and the public. There should be increased facilities of access, along with a sufficient guarantee against any infringement of proprietary rights; then let surveyors measure, geologists hammer, and archæologists delve, till the secrets of this subterranean realm are unearthed, and instead of mysteries, conjectures and estimates, we have definite knowledge. We were grateful, however, for impressions received and memories retained of wonderful scenes and strange adventures. Feelings akin to friendship had sprung up within us for Mammoth Cave; and it was with positive regret that we finally turned away from the fern-fringed chasm, lying there in the soft moonlight, where the sparkling cascade throws pearly drops from the mossy ridge, and spreads its mist like a silver veil.

SEA-SIDE LAWN-PLANTING.

A LONG, narrow sand-beach with a backbone of diminutive hills, sand dunes, bare except for sparse barberry-bushes and meager, coarse grass; ocean on one side and on the other a wide bay and sundry reaches of salt meadow. I lived on such a spot once upon a time, and what is more, thoroughly enjoyed myself. My cottage was small and somewhat primitive, but for many days the delights of the sea were all-sufficient. Gradually, however, I began to realize that so much sand was monotonous. I could not gaze on the sea forever, and if I expected to dwell season after season on this place, something must be done in the way of a lawn.

My house was built, fortunately, in the lee of some sand-hills, and thus escaped the full force of high winds, which blew often enough even in summer. The same situation secured it also from high tides, which sometimes, during unusual storms, dashed through to the very bay. All the first season, I investigated and experimented. Many advised me to use red cedars and other native evergreens. I soon convinced myself, however, that deciduous trees and shrubs were alone suited to my purpose, which purpose, moreover, I wished to accomplish as quickly as possible. Realizing somewhat already the difficulties to be met, the field of my lawn-planting was circumscribed to a space about 100 feet square, on the bay side of the house. Indeed, a hundred feet in the rear of the house came a few feet of meadow land and then a cove in the bay. The proximity of meadow land seemed to lend a certain solidity and fertility to the soil which did not characterize it farther away. I had noticed this in the vegetable gardens of these Jersey beaches. Grape-vines and willows flourished here and there, and nowhere could larger onions be found than in gardens next the bay meadows. My first care was, of course, the erection of a fence against roaming cattle, etc., for no more lawless region exists in this respect than the beach. The next thing to be done was to plant this boundary completely with shrubs and trees, to secure ornament and further



THE MAIDEN'S PINK (DIANTHUS DELTOIDES). NIEREMBERGIA RIVULARIS.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COLUMBINE (AQUILEGIA CŒRULEA).

protection for the lawn proper. These trees, from their deciduous nature, afforded a pleasant shade, far pleasanter than that of any evergreen. Besides, the blazing reflection from adjoining sand-stretches is always more trying for evergreens than for deciduous trees; this notwithstanding the fact that red cedars are not uncommon on sea-beaches. The objection to evergreens, however, lies specially in the great difficulty found in transplanting them successfully in such unmitigated sand. Nature has favored the spontaneous growth of red cedars and one or two other evergreens, on sea-beaches, but for what reason and how, who shall say? Experience also soon taught me that in these bleak sections nothing but the coarser, more vigorous, deciduous trees and shrubs would be likely to succeed. I confess that I tried sundry very attractive plants, both deciduous and evergreen, but soon found myself reduced to nearly the varieties I am about to mention.

It is scarcely worth while to relate my various mishaps, although they were numerous. Very many choice shrubs and trees died. There were graceful birches, white-fringes, Judas-trees, beeches, larches, elms, maples, evergreen shrubs and a dozen other beautiful trees; but they all died, sooner or later. I wonder I did not give up in despair. If a foot of good soil could only have been spread on the surface, the undertaking would not have been so difficult, for even a thin stratum of solid earth might have secured the plants a decent foothold. However, after a while, certain shrubs and trees did not only live, but grew vigorously. The grouping was irregular, skirting the fence in such manner as to afford occasional glimpses without, as well as a considerable variety of flowers and foliage. Willows and poplars and similar free-growing deciduous trees were found best suited for outer boundaries. They obtained a hold on the soil quicker, and therefore, with their vigorous natures, grew up at once as a shelter to choicer plants inside. In accordance with correct methods, this outer grouping consisted of mixed shrubs and trees. Here and there a tree, varying the sky-line above masses of shrubs and low trees, gave a striking and agreeable effect. Many of these trees, as well as shrubs, tossed up leaves with silver linings or were of a decidedly gray aspect—a feature always agreeable at the sea-side, if not repeated too often. For this special purpose of relief from monotony, I found the peculiar-looking catalpa one of the most valuable ornamental trees. Its great, heart-shaped, shadowy leaves piled themselves in rounded, spreading masses, umbrageous in the highest degree. It presented a vivid, soft yellowish-green late in fall, and thus not only gave varied coloring to the grouping, but gave a rich effect at a time when most other trees and shrubs began to lose their natural hues. Smooth, glossy stems and beautiful loose panicles of white flowers, flecked inside with orange and purple, add to the charm of this excellent tree, which, fortunately for me, delighted in well-fertilized sandy soil. Among three varieties of poplars used on my sea-side lawn, a great favorite was the American aspen *(P. tremuloides)*. It is not a lofty tree, but very beautiful on account of the trembling sensitiveness of its leaves. No forest tree comes earlier into leaf, and the exquisitely delicate green of its first leaves makes one of the most charming effects of early spring. The aspen sheds its leaves early, but they turn a pleasing yellow in fall. In a good soil, even if light, its growth is rapid, giving the tree a pyramidal form while young, and a symmetrically irregular outline at maturity. The branches and twigs have a grayish hue, and the older bark is spotted with black. Many outer branches become pendulous as the tree grows old.

As a matter of course, I used the silver poplar, so often criticised for its suckering tendencies as a street tree. It proved, however, a valuable tree for me, growing rapidly

and retaining a healthy habit. The tree itself is really very attractive, although of irregular, spreading form. Its leaves are of a deep, bright green on the upper surface, with white down on the under. This color, instead of disappearing as the season advances, seems on the contrary to grow whiter, the sheen of the leaves in a light breeze having the effect of numerous quivering, silver blossoms.

The other poplar of my lawn was the balsam or tacamahac. This tree has a fine habit and growth, and the rich gamboge-yellow of certain parts of the foliage is very attractive. To those who are accustomed to the common ill-shaped poplars along the road-side, my expressions in their praise may seem somewhat extravagant. Let me say, however, that no tree can be more improved by the systematic use of the pruning-knife than the poplar. The willows used in my lawn constitute, perhaps, its most valuable ornamental feature. The soil was very favorable to their growth, and I used a number of them because of the variety of their effects, especially when mingled with the mixed outer grouping of shrubs and trees. Few realize the diversity of form exhibited among willows. Kinds numbered by hundreds take on almost every form and color conceivable, although still retaining many characteristic qualities of willows. In speaking of willows, the form of the common weeping-willow *(salix Babylonica)* naturally occurs first to the mind; it proved, indeed, a valuable tree for my lawn, with its graceful, fountain-like foliage, but, more than almost anything else, it requires pruning. Similar, and still more delicate and graceful, was the Japan willow *(salix Sieboldii)*. But the best willow of the lot was the laurel-leaved willow *(salix pentandra)*. The value of this willow, though long known, is too little recognized. For a willow, the leaves are very large, shining and glossy, like veritable orange-leaves. Otherwise the growth of this remarkable shrub is erect, rounded, almost pyramidal in general contour,—peculiarities seldom seen among willows. Indeed, it requires pruning less than almost any plant of its genus. The rich yellowish-green of the stem also contrasts well with the foliage, and gives the tree a decidedly elegant appearance. I employed also another somewhat uncommon willow, *salix regalis*. The leaves were of so light a hue as to present during much of their growth the grayish white of native silver. This truly royal willow is perhaps the lightest and most silvery shrub we have among those suited for sea-side planting. *Eleagnus hortensis* and the sea-buckthorn, though silvery and effective in such positions, are far inferior in richness of coloring. One or two other trees I tried with considerable success; but the kinds already named include the best varieties employed.

Among the shrubs, perhaps the most noteworthy and generally valuable for the position

LARGE-FLOWERING TICKSEED (COREOPSIS GRANDIFLORA).

was the California privet *(Ligustrum ovalifolium)*, a plant originally from Japan. It is perfectly hardy, grows rapidly in almost any position, and is very ornamental in appearance. In fact, it gives an evergreen element to the piace, for the leaves stay on at times all winter, and have a dark, waxy green, suggestive of the laurel, rhododendron and other evergreen shrubs. This plant I used freely throughout both the boundaries and inner

groupings. Though an old shrub, the California privet is not known as it should be. Among the low-growing willows were found several suited for my purpose. The rosemary willow *(S. rosmarinifolia)*, with its narrow, delicate, grayish-green foliage, properly pruned, did remarkably well, as did also the well-known Kilmarnock willow, of picturesque, perfect curves and rich foliage. Very beautiful, also, is the purple-leaved weeping-willow *(S. purpurea pendula)*. It is very narrow-leaved and graceful, glaucous on one side, after the manner of willows, and dark greenish-purple on the other. Both of these varieties need frequent pruning to retain symmetry. In this case they were employed both low and high grafted. Uplifted on a stem seven or eight feet in height, the effect of their parasol-like crown of foliage is very fine, alike mingled with other trees or standing alone somewhat within the boundary. I preferred the picturesque and more permanent nature of low-grafted specimens. It has also been noted elsewhere how much high-grafted plants suffer from the exigencies of American seasons. *Eleagnus hortensis* formed yet another vigorous shrub for mass-grouping by the sea-side, and possessed, moreover, the silvery-gray foliage so beautiful in such positions, especially if duly mingled with a proportion of darker-colored shrubs. There is a choice relation and sympathy of color to be found in combinations of certain trees and shrubs which will fully reward the study that seeks to adapt them to appropriate neighborhoods. A willow by a lake or stream, and a Norway spruce on a rocky hill-side, are examples in point. Within the belt of plants which proved of peculiar importance in my exposed position, I was enabled to grow, scattered about near the walks or boundaries, many choice and beautiful flowering deciduous shrubs. They consisted of such kinds as the silver-lined *Hydrangea nivea*, several spireas already spoken of, notably *S. tomentosa*, blooming in midsummer, as well as the snow-berry, red-stemmed dogwood, Amorpha, Forsythia, Deutzia and Philadelphus. The fresh green foliage of the common beach-plum I found very effective in large masses, and readily transplanted. It is important in such places to plant in masses, that one shrub may protect the other. This collection of shrubs gave considerable variety of flowers and foliage throughout the season, and were so disposed about the lawn as to leave broad, open surfaces of turf.

BLUE HAREBELL (CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA).

But here came in the question: Of what should the turf be made? My experiments in this line had been extended and decidedly unfortunate. Grass would not grow on such soil, and many other things failed as I tried them, until it occurred to me to use some of the creeping herbaceous plants, wild flowers, if you please, that spring up in almost any soil. I was specially successful in producing turf by means of broad patches of *Lysimachia nummularia*, otherwise called moneywort or Creeping Charlie. Its small light-green or yellow leaves grow with great rapidity, and spread out in thick, dense areas of a fresh, lively color. The flowers studded all over the mass gleam like little yellow jewels. In order to give room for other plants, these moneyworts are planted three feet apart, and here and there, espe-

cially on the outer borders, are scattered low-growing herbaceous plants. There were bright-colored dwarf phloxes, neat, many-formed sedums, white or pinkish flowered candytuft, white rock-cress, and the mountain everlasting scarcely an inch high, with creeping stems and silvery leaves. Then there was the *Aquilegia cærulea* of our illustration, the curious blue Rocky Mountain columbine, one of the most interesting plants of its class; the pretty little maiden's pink and delicate blue harebell peered out in numerous spots, while the pure white blossoms of the *Nierembergia rivularis* studded a carpet of its own rich green. Plants of large-flowering tickseed *(Coreopsis grandiflora)* were also used, and made gorgeous clusters of bright-orange flowers. It made truly a party-colored carpet, but it was pleasant to the eye throughout the summer, with the added charms of a series of blooms, although it could not, of course, in every way equal grass. Let me also say here that one great secret of the success of this lawn lay in thorough mulching, and in the copious application of water, which sometimes contained in solution strong ammoniated fertilizers. Vigorous growth is absolutely essential to permanent success in the adverse surroundings of sea-side lawn-planting.

Pruning, also, especially in the case of such trees and shrubs as are here named, cannot receive too careful attention.

In concluding this brief sketch of my sea-side lawn, I would again warn any one from attempting too much in such exposed places. There are unquestionably very great difficulties to overcome, and only by carefully adapting oneself to circumstances is tolerable success possible. It should be remembered, on the other hand, as an encouraging fact, that, given abundant water, fertilizing power and mulch, pure sand may be made to perform marvels hardly possible on any other soil.

A FREE LENDING LIBRARY FOR NEW YORK,

WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AS BRANCHES.

THERE is at present a general impression in the city of New York, among the class known as "leading citizens," that the time has come to found a great public lending library. This is certainly cause for congratulation—though why the time should be thought only just now to have come might not be easy to explain, in view of the well-known experience, not only of many English towns, but also of several of our own sister cities.

Boston, twenty years ago, thought the time had come, and acted accordingly. She spent, and spent well, in founding her great free library, more than two dollars for each man, woman and child within her limits, and she has sustained it to this day with equal spirit and liberality. That library has now more than three hundred and sixty thousand volumes, and her citizens last year took from it *to their homes more than one million one hundred and sixty thousand books.* Many smaller places in New England and elsewhere, not without careful investigation, have followed her example, finding in the practical results of her twenty years' work proof satisfactory to their tax-payers that a free library is a profitable investment of public money; while in the West, the great cities of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, with the western free-handed energy, have established free libraries on such a scale that one, at least, of them bids fair to rank among the greatest in the world.

Our first excuse for our delay in the matter, as for all other civic delinquencies, is the mixed composition of our population,* but in that respect both Boston and Cincinnati are, in fact, almost as heavily handicapped as New York, while Chicago is even worse off. The shape of our city, also, its insular site, its intense commercial activity, and the nightly exodus of such hosts of its busy workers, all tend, by offering unusual conditions, to embarrass the consideration of the question.

It is a discouraging and humiliating reflection that we, the citizens of this, the

* A reference to the census for 1870 shows the foreign-born population of Boston to be 35 per cent. of the whole; of Cincinnati, 37 per cent.; of Chicago, 48 per cent., and of New York 45 per cent. One third, however, of this 45 per cent. are Germans, who may for the most part, for the purposes of this calculation, be considered the same as ourselves. The Irish element is even larger in Boston than here, being 23 per cent. to our 22 per cent.

metropolis of the western hemisphere, have to-day, as a body, relatively fewer literary privileges than were enjoyed by our predecessors at the beginning of the century. Our libraries then were small, but they were within the reach of all. The Society Library, for instance, in the year 1795 had five or six thousand volumes and some nine hundred subscribers; it has now some sixty-five thousand volumes, but its subscribers are somewhere about twelve hundred. The Apprentices' Library, at its foundation in 1820, was probably within fifteen minutes' walk of three-quarters of the apprentices in the city; to-day its collection of over fifty thousand volumes is positively inaccessible to probably at least the same proportion. The cause is everywhere the same—that the means have gradually come to be regarded as the end,—the true end and aim of a public library being evidently not the mere collecting of books, however valuable, but the getting of them read by those who need them.

It must be admitted that the great city of New York has just cause for shame, being in this state of things not only behind the age, but behind many small and unimportant towns of past ages.

Our largest libraries, the Astor and the Lenox, are, even to well-to-do business men, practically as inaccessible as if they were in another city. The Society and the Mercantile, though not free, are, it is true, pecuniarily within the reach of a large class, and they, as well as the smaller collections of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Cooper Union, may be consulted in the evening; but this involves a sacrifice costly indeed to most—that of their few hours of home life and home influence. To the vast majority of mechanics and working-men, these also are entirely out of reach. What wonder, then, that the dime novel and the sensation story-paper pass from hand to hand, and gradually become almost the exclusive reading in thousands of humble homes! Yet there are few lads who would not rather read a natural history adapted to their years, with anecdotes of wild and tame animals, or really good books of travel and adventure, provided that all these are so illustrated as to bring them within the grasp of an unpracticed imagination.

When the oldest of our city libraries were established, New York was a little town of easy and simple habits. Since those days she has increased, and all the inventions of the modern world have come in a hundredfold, but the methods of her libraries remain unchanged. If one of her citizens has to-day occasion to inform himself in any but the most elementary manner on some subject, say of scientific or historical interest, he must send to London and buy the necessary publications, or go in person to one, probably successively to several, of our bonded book warehouses, facetiously termed free libraries, get the books out, if happily they are there to be got out, one by one on his written recognizance, and read them with what heart he may in some elbow-touching rank of fellow unfortunates,—and all before four o'clock in the afternoon. The result should have been foreseen by any one with the least knowledge of human nature, or the slightest experience of human action. Although our half-dozen principal libraries aggregate some half-million of volumes, the majority even of our cultivated classes make no use whatever of them, and naturally regard them with indifference, while the great mass of the population are doubtless ignorant of their very existence.

Our public may be divided roughly into three classes of readers,—that is, of those who would become readers under more favorable circumstances. The first comprises people of wealth and leisure, together with those who make literature a profession; the second, business men of all kinds, who generally can better afford money than time; the third, working men and women, of whom it is no stretch of truth to say that they have neither time nor money at their disposal. The first class can make shift to get on as at present; the second, on the contrary, does not and will not make use, to any extent, of facilities such as we now have; the third cannot if it would.

A great library is no longer an experiment, nor are its manifold benefits now for the first time to be demonstrated. As we turn the pages of history, scarce a monarch truly great but founds or revives one; scarce a free people of any political sagacity but early manifests solicitude on the subject. If the great sea-port of the ancient world, though heiress of the stupendous monumental records of primeval civilization, yet counted her collection of parchment and papyrus scrolls among her chief glories, housing it splendidly among the palaces and temples of her principal street; if the chief mart of modern Christendom has provided for her library (it now numbers over a million volumes) even more munificently, expending one hundred and fifty thousand pounds ster-

ling on its reading-room alone; surely the metropolis of the New World, of destinies possibly greater than either, need not fear to lay foundations broad and deep for a structure grander than human eyes have thus far seen.

But who, in this city of shifting population, of feverish commercial activity, of popular and not too pure administration, can be found, of strength and skill to wield the ponderous instrument, to hold it back from unworthy uses, and to guard it from falling into ignorant or corrupt hands?

The money question will be the first to strike our New-Yorker. Can the large sum necessary be raised by private subscription? On the other hand, if voted by the city, can the professional politician be kept at bay? It would seem in principle that an institution so entirely for the people, and for the whole people, should not be left to the uncertainties of private benevolence. It ought to be founded and maintained by the city, the necessary appropriation being voted and the money raised in the same way as that for the Board of Education. Practically, however, it would evidently be exceedingly desirable that, to begin with, a fund should be subscribed large enough to defray, at least, the expense of getting the enterprise fairly under way, with a permanent board of management organized and in the field. As we proceed, a plan may develop itself by which these expenses may be reduced much below what has hitherto been thought possible.*

The free library must be considered as, in its simplest and justest conception, the adjunct and concomitant of the public school, joining in the task of popular instruction even before the latter lays it down, seeking to make permanent results already attained, and to carry on the work of educating the people even through their years of maturity. The best thought of the present day on this subject all seems to tend in this direction, and, as might have been expected, not a few able and philanthropic men have already thrown themselves heart and soul into so fascinating a field of work. In Providence, for instance, the public librarian daily posts upon his bulletin lists of books suitable for consultation on the topics of the day, as mentioned in the daily papers, and he also publishes, from time to time, "attractive articles tempting the reader further." At Harvard College, by co-operation of the professors and the veteran pioneer in library work, Mr. Justin Winsor, the resources of the library are utilized in a systematic way which is probably without example in such an institution.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence that could be exerted by an earnest teacher, having at his disposal the varied treasures of a great library for reward of the diligent and encouragement of the flagging.

Not of the public school alone, however, but of every school and institution of learning, should the public library be the adjunct and the successor,—of every striving, struggling man and woman should it be the confidant and guide, ready to lend counsel in every trade and profession, to every artisan, every artist, to every merchant, to every scholar.

Let those who pride themselves upon their devotion to the so-called practical reflect that the advantages of a library are no longer of a purely literary character, and are becoming less and less so; that the "arts and mysteries" of manufacture are no longer taught by word of mouth alone to indentured apprentices, but that the "master workmen" of the nineteenth century speak through books to all; and that in proportion as our workmen become intelligent and skillful does their labor increase in value to themselves and to the State.

It is probably not too much to say that the benefits already suggested to our working classes, and through them to our city, will alone be of a magnitude to warrant the expense of the undertaking; but it is to the great middle class, engaged generally in business pursuits, that our library will really be the greatest boon, and in the midst of which its beneficient influences will be most promptly and most widely manifested; it is probable that men of action in this same middle class, comprising so many of broadest view and clearest insight, will more often than now give us the results of their experience and observation, when they are able to assure themselves, as they cannot now do, that some one else may not already have been over the very same ground.

Fortunately for the successful working of our future library, there are already in existence excellent models for many details,

* We may advert here to one source of growth of a really popular library, which is in the large number of valuable books now annually scattered or sold for trifling sums, but which would speedily begin to find their way into it, were they only made welcome, and were there suitable public recognition of such gifts by notices posted in the porch and inserted in daily papers—perhaps, also, by proper stamps and labels in the books themselves.

both of construction and operation. The great reading-room, for instance, of the British Museum Library, in London, is not likely to be forgotten by those Americans who have been admitted to its privileges, and it might with advantage be reproduced here, unchanged except in size. It is a circular building, floored with heavy India-rubber, lighted in the day-time by windows in its immense iron dome, and in the evening by the electric light; and it has arranged upon its walls a reference library of thirty thousand volumes, to be taken down at will by any reader. In the center of the room sits the librarian with his assistants; surrounding them is the circular catalogue-counter, and radiating from this are desks for three hundred readers, to each allotted pens, ink, blotting pad, an arm-chair on casters, and last, not least, four feet of elbow room. Any reader wishing a book not upon the walls of the room has but to ask for it at the central counter, and it is presently brought to his desk by an assistant. This arrangement it would be hard to improve upon, but we should have also a second large room, as in Boston, for newspapers and periodicals, while a third, of less size, should be devoted to the preservation and the study of prints and drawings. Many less striking but equally important problems, as, for example, to obtain ventilation without dust, warmth without injury to bindings, light with economy of space and convenient classification, seclusion for special studies with thorough supervision, and many others, have all been solved more or less satisfactorily, and there is no reason why, in all such particulars, we should not begin where others leave off. Probably the key to some of the greatest moment will be found in the abandonment of the shelving on the external walls, and the making of the windows as numerous and as large as possible, so as to light up brightly the alcoves in the stacks of shelves which should fill the center of the building. These stacks, with an iron frame-work and shelves of japanned iron, or, perhaps, of heavy glass, would defy all the destructive agencies from which library buildings have heretofore suffered, except the sledge-hammers of barbarism and fanaticism.

In organizing the lending, or "circulating," work of the library, the Boston plan may probably be followed to advantage. This divides it into two departments, requiring of all borrowers separate application and registration; the Boston "Lower Hall" containing the more popular books, with all "juveniles," while the "Bates Hall," named from a generous donor, contains the main library; of which many valuable works, of course, never go out at all, and others only by order of the librarian himself.

There has been some talk lately of the possibility of library consolidation in New York, and the suggestion has been made that the old Mercantile Library should constitute itself such a "lower hall" division of a future great library, and that the Niblo bequest to the Young Men's Christian Association (some $160,000 cash) be used for the foundation of a "Bates Hall" division. This offers a plan by which the great point is gained of setting our library in operation and bringing its advantages home to the people before calling on them to approve of a heavy outlay of public money; for, by use of the telephone, the two or more libraries thus consolidated can continue in their present quarters, under their present administration, until the building of the future be far enough advanced to give them shelter. Of course, in such a transaction, the Young Men's Christian Association, or any other society, should have assured to it a proportionate representation in the future board of direction, and might thus exert for all time an influence for good possibly far wider than by keeping its books apart and within its own walls.

The library edifice should be at the outset of a size to contain one hundred thousand volumes in the main library, twenty-five thousand in the popular circulating library, and ten thousand in the reference library, and should be susceptible of enlargement, without removal or rebuilding, to accommodate two or three million volumes in the main library, one hundred thousand in the circulating, and in the reference library fifty thousand volumes and a thousand readers. A simple arrangement would be to construct a central dome large enough for the full development of the reference library and reading-room, and to make use temporarily of a part of it for the nucleus of the main library, building afterward, as required, radiating wings, along the middle of which the books should be stacked, leaving room near the windows for the so-called "alcove" studies of specialists. The interiors should be planned with regard to but two main considerations—the accommodation of the public and the preservation of the books; and if our American architects of this nineteenth century have not originality enough

to inclose such interiors in walls graceful and agreeable to the eye, yet indestructible by aught but time itself,—why, so much the worse for them and for us. Except the London reading-room already mentioned, there is scarcely a great library-building in the world which should serve us for anything but a warning.

It is evident, as already intimated, that, wherever our library may be placed, it will be an impossibility for the great mass of the people who should use it to come to it themselves in person. The books must be got to them by some means, and if our city express posts can take letters and circulars at a profit—as they now do—for one cent each, it is difficult to see why, under proper management, the cost of carrying books, even from house to house, should be much greater. The chief objection to this house delivery is, indeed, less its first cost than the danger of losing the books or of wasting them on improper persons—the difficulty, amounting practically to impossibility, of keeping so vast a system of registration in working order. A philanthropic effort is now making by our "Free Library Association" to bring good reading within reach of the poor by small libraries in various quarters, and the eagerness with which the books are taken at the one now open shows how great the want has been. This scheme, however, seems scarcely susceptible of more than very limited development, and may, besides, excite among the class for whom it is intended something of the distrust felt for the so-called "missions," left here and there among them by wealthy churches, in departing to more fashionable quarters up-town. In Boston, this case is sought to be met by establishing in the suburbs "branches" of the public library, where duplicates of popular books (which would in any case be required) are kept for local use. Of these subordinate collections, for each of which some local library has served as nucleus, she has now seven, a number equivalent to twenty-five or thirty in New York.

There is, however, a plan which promises to take us a long step in advance of either of these, solving equally well the problem of registration, far cheaper than house delivery, yet giving to every citizen the inestimable benefits of direct access to the entire treasures of the main library, while at the same time bringing about simply and practically a desirable unity in the work of public education. This plan is to make each public school a branch of the public library, in constant, immediate connection with it by telephone, and also by an active wagon service. Counting grammar-school buildings only, omitting for the present the fifty primary-school buildings, will give about seventy stations—a number not too great for the proper working of the plan. Let each be made the center of a "library district." Let the principal or vice-principal of the school, assisted by a teacher always under his supervision, act as librarian, being clothed with full discretionary powers and held responsible for the books not only, but also for a judicious use of them, first of all by the families connected with his school.*

This will give us at once, without expense and without a chance for "jobbery," seventy stations, not in odd holes and corners, but in handsome buildings, where political trickery but seldom enters and where every influence will be protective and conservative. It will give us the services of seventy scholarly men of undoubted integrity, each already thoroughly acquainted with his district, known and respected by every family in it. It will put the whole management and development of the branches, at least for the present, where it seems naturally to belong—under the control of the Board of Education, and will bring the practical workings of them in each ward under the valuable supervision of the local trustees and inspectors.

The entrance hall of the school building, now used only by the teachers and visitors, will afford space enough for the present, but in time the rooms on the same floor, usually three or four in number, now occupied by janitor and family, may be taken, especially if eventually it is thought best to open reading-rooms at each branch. In this case, the janitor can be quartered in the neighborhood, and probably without additional cost to the city, for an inquiry into the wages paid these custodians, and the service, whether watching, cleaning or keeping order, rendered for the same, will speedily convince any employer of labor

* A hint for some such plan was given by the Holbrook bequest, under which about thirty thousand dollars was not long since paid to the trustees of the several wards, for the purchase of public-school libraries. Where these have been selected to suit the wants of the scholars, the effect is described as very happy; but in some cases no books, apparently, have yet been bought; in others the collections are for the teachers, not the scholars; and in some, again, they suggest the preponderance of other considerations than the best welfare of either teachers or taught.

that the places are such as thousands of worthy men in the city would be thankful for. Each branch must, of course, be provided with complete catalogues of the two divisions of the library, and with suitable books for registration of the two classes of borrowers, as already suggested. These and other details of administration may be found ready to hand in the New England public libraries, where they have been worked up with uncommon skill, and applied with equal adroitness and economy. The hours must necessarily be suited not only to business men but to working men, who, however, will be only too content if they can order a book one evening and get it the next. Two hours a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, may be enough to begin with. As to any serious difficulty in the wagon delivery from the library to the branches, it is enough to say that the distance from any point on this island to each of the aforesaid seventy schools, and back again, is considerably less than thirty miles, so that with ten good horses five rounds could be made daily. With such small districts it is possible to know every applicant, and to keep the register in such wholesome condition that books may, as in Boston, be safely delivered upon written order—in which case the school children would immediately begin to play the carriers. In Boston, the preliminary inquiries into the character of would-be borrowers, as well as the recovery of books and collection of fines from delinquents, are intrusted to the police, and with many advantages. It is possibly in part owing to their efficient co-operation that the loss of books is there so astonishingly small, it having been last year only one hundred and one volumes, or less than one lost in every ten thousand lent. New-Yorkers are not accustomed to look for such assistance from the police, but the service is after all a light one, which we cannot help thinking will be cheerfully rendered, while in many quarters their known co-operation would have a most salutary influence.

This new use of the public schools will cause a shock to some men of routine, and will certainly not be adopted without much discussion in the Board of Education and by the ward trustees. It will be surprising, however, if these gentlemen refuse to accept so honorable an extension of their duties and influence, for there is no reason whatever why such a use should in any way interfere with what is, of course, their first duty, the work of direct instruction. Moreover, good ought to ensue from the better acquaintance of the public with the schools.

To the principals of the schools, also, it will cause an increase of labor and responsibility, which, however, will be amply repaid by the increased dignity, doubtless, also, eventually increased emoluments, of their position.

We have now come to a critical question —that of the site. Perhaps the most suitable spot in the whole city is that now occupied by the Croton distributing reservoir, on Fifth avenue, from Forty-first to Forty-second street; if that gloomy old Egyptian prison is to be pulled down, as now seems both probable and desirable, the mass of excellent dressed stone in it could be nearly all utilized in the new structure. This choice of situation, while diminishing the cost of building, would obviate any outlay for land. It would, at the same time, please those citizens who desire to see Reservoir Square extend out to Fifth avenue, for the new edifice, placed in the middle of the block, will leave on all sides an ample breadth of greensward and shaded walks.

Of the active measures to be taken toward accomplishment of this plan, one of the first will be to secure the passage of an adequate State law. This legislation, having been anticipated in several States both East and West, offers no new problem, unless the proposed use of the public schools may require State authorization. It should cover:

1. Raising and appropriating money for establishing libraries and reading-rooms, to be perpetually free to all.
2. Receiving and using gifts and bequests, of whatever nature.
3. Acquisition and absorption of other libraries, with their consent.
4. Gratuitous contribution by the State of all laws and other public books or papers.
5. Punishment of thefts or willful mischief.
6. Appointment for limited terms, without pay, of trustees or directors empowered to buy land and build, purchase books, engage staff of officials and establish regulations.

The composition of this board of management should be planned by men of proved sagacity. Such, happily, have never been wanting in New York, and those of us who have observed the recent progress of the city in matters æsthetic, particularly the strenuous effort which resulted in the establishment of our Metropolitan Museum of Art, will recall some by character and education especially qualified, not only to assist in organizing such a board, but also to serve upon it themselves with distinction. In this

board the City Government will naturally be represented; the Board of Education, also, and perhaps the trustees of the public schools—certainly Columbia College and the University of New York, and possibly each of the learned professions and the National Academy of Design. It is evident that there should be assured a large and constant majority entirely above political influence.

Shall the work be done? Indispensable, first of all, is an earnest, generous, unselfish co-operation by all who are in a position to lend aid, whether by word or deed. The trustees of existing libraries, the commissioners of education, the trustees of the public schools and the principals of the same, our fellow-citizens in the legislature and in the city council, clergymen and editors, gentlemen of wealth and families with a few books to spare—can all help on. Let them all help, and with their might, and there will arise swiftly and surely before our eyes a majestic structure which shall be for centuries the glory and the blessing of our home.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Trees.

We do not remember any article in this department of the Monthly which has proved so prolific of beneficent results as one which was published four years ago, on "Village Improvement Societies." It was responded to from Maine to Texas, gave rise to a great deal of inquiry, and resulted in the establishment of a large number of associations for the beautifying and improvement of village property and life. One of the most important of all the improvements inaugurated was the setting out of trees for shade and beauty and profit; and this is so important a matter, from an economical point of view, that it deserves a special article. The appearance of Mr. B. G. Northrop's papers on "Tree-planting" and "Forestry in Europe" makes the writing of the article both easy and pleasant. Mr. Northrop has done a great service to the country in collecting and disseminating information upon these subjects, and we know of no man who has done, or is doing, so much as he to beautify and enrich the State which honors him with the charge of her educational interests. Such a man is a treasure to Connecticut, at any price, and he will not fail to be remembered, when the results of his foresight and enthusiasm shall become apparent and established, as a great public benefactor. More than fifty village improvement societies have been established in Connecticut, mostly through his agency, and he has gone up and down the State, making public addresses on the topic, until the public mind is fully awakened. We can do our readers no better service than in turning over the pages of information and statistics he has furnished, and quoting freely from them. In illustration of the great interest attached to forestry abroad, it is stated that previous to 1842 there had appeared in Germany 1,815 volumes on the subject of forestry, and that an average of one hundred volumes on that subject are published in that country every year. There are more than 1,100 volumes on forestry in the Spanish language. In America, the great question has related to the best and quickest methods of getting our forests out of the way. We have done nothing but cut and burn our wood. Destruction has been the end aimed at, and the end has been only too well achieved. In the Old World, the effect of the destruction of forests has been very carefully and intelligently traced, and this effect should give America pause at once in her suicidal policy. To strip a vast realm of its trees is to change its climate from a soft and moist one to a dry and harsh one, to dry up its streams, with all their capacities for irrigation and navigation, and to transform a fertile soil into a barren waste. It is declared that Tunis and Algiers were once fertile regions, supporting a dense population. Their decadence is largely traceable to the destruction of their forests. Rentzsch ascribes the political decay of Spain to the same cause. Hon. George P. Marsh says: "There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where causes set in action by man have brought the face of the earth to a desolation as complete as that of the moon, and yet they are known to have been once covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures and fertile meadows." Mr. Marsh is trying to impress upon America the importance of arresting the work of destruction going on within her borders, and the facts which he adduces from Persia and the farther East may well excite our profound alarm. Regions larger than all Europe are now withdrawn from human use, though they once flowed with milk and honey.

In the discussion of this matter of the destruction of forests, we have never noticed any competent allusion to the agency of railroads. Mr. Northrop tells us how many ties must be produced to furnish our 85,000 miles of railroad, viz., 34,000,000 sleepers per annum. These are astonishing figures, but nobody talks of the consumption of wood for the production of steam-power in locomotives. Nearly all the railroads of the country, passing through wooded districts, use wood for steaming just as long as the line will produce it. The consequence has been that a railroad is a scourge to all the forests within five miles of it. The hills and valleys are stripped bare. A tornado ten miles wide, destroy-

ing everything in its path for the entire distance, would not be more disastrous to the forests than an ordinary railroad throughout its length. Hundreds of thousands of acres of beautiful woodlands, that were the nursing-homes of streams and the mothers of climatic salubrity and balm, have been burned up in the locomotive furnace, and the hills and valleys where the forests stood are baking in the sun.

A world of mischief has been done already in America, and now, of course, the question is, "What is the remedy?" The first answer is, "Stop destroying." Wood must be cut—that is true; but it is not necessary to cut it clean, unless the land is needed for cultivation. Timber must be felled for building and manufacturing purposes; but it is not necessary to denude the land and burn it over. Large tracts of undisturbed forests should be left, and then, when the work of destruction has been perfected, we must begin and plant forests and let them grow. The American is not a patient man. He is particularly desirous to see the result of his toils and his expenditures in his life-time. To plant a forest, which it will take fifty or sixty years to mature, seems like throwing away life; but it is demonstrable that so good an investment for one's family cannot be made as an investment in the growth of a forest. Mr. Northrop quotes Dr. James Brown as saying that he has seen crops of larch, of sixty-five years' standing, sold for from $700 to $2,000 per acre, from land that was only worth originally from $2 to $4 an acre. It has been calculated by a competent authority that a plantation of ten acres of European larch, to last fifty years, will produce a profit of thirteen per cent. per annum, and give a net profit of $52,282.75! Mr. Sargent, director of the Botanic Garden and Arboretum of Harvard College, calculates that there are 200,000 acres of unimproved land in Massachusetts, which could at once be covered with larch plantations with advantage, and that, if so planted, their net yield in fifty years would be considerably more than a billion of dollars. Mr. Northrop advises the Connecticut farmers to plant white ash; but Grigor says: "No tree is so valuable as the larch in its fertilizing effects, arising from the richness of its foliage, which it sheds annually. The yearly deposit is very great; the leaves remain and are consumed upon the spot where they fall."

Farmers who want information for practical use should send to Mr. Northrop for his book. Lands are various, and have their special adaptations to certain kinds of trees. All trees, however, are trees of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the acres. If a farmer have a sterile pasture, let him remember that the way to make it fruitful at the least expense is to plant it with trees. Trees have a chemistry of their own for dissolving the elements of the rock in the crevices of which they will grow. Spread a sterile pasture with shade and strew it with leaves every year, and a good piece of land will be made of it for those who succeed the planter, while the crop of trees will pay all expenses and leave a handsome profit.

When we remember what a wonderfully beautiful object a tree is, how important a part it plays in all our landscapes, how useful it is in the arts and economies of life, and how beneficial it is in its climatic influences, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which specialists regard it, and the zeal with which such a man as Mr. Northrop pushes its claims upon the popular attention. If all communities would give themselves up to his leading, and share in his devotion, they would do a good thing for themselves and for the country. As for him, we hope he will not become weary with popular indifference, and that, if necessary, he will be willing to wait as long as it takes a tree to grow for the reward which is sure to come to his memory.

Dr. Tanner's Fast—Cui Bono?

DURING the month of July and the early part of August, a certain Dr. Tanner fasted forty days and forty nights in this city. This tremendous feat was performed nominally in the interest of science, but nobody has found the point where science would be benefited by the experiment, and the great faster has failed to make clear the motive which actuated him in his marvelous undertaking. But the fast was accomplished, as it seems to be pretty universally admitted, with freedom from even the suspicion of trickery, and the man has survived—not without a great shock to his system—a shock from which he is not likely soon to recover.

Now, if there are "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," there must be some good in Dr. Tanner's fast, which, of course, a wise editor ought not to be slow in finding. First, Dr. Tanner has made himself famous. Six months ago, we had never heard of Dr. Tanner, and we doubt whether his name was in any way familiar to our readers. Now, there is hardly a spot in the civilized world that is not acquainted with his name and his most notable achievement. Notoriety is not exactly fame, but it is something which many work for throughout their lives. Dr. Tanner achieved it, as no modern man has done, in forty days. He swallowed a good deal of water, that did not agree with him, during the period, and the retchings he experienced furnished material for daily bulletins, and he suffered all the pangs of starvation; but he is now the notorious, or the famous, Dr. Tanner, who went forty days and nights without food. If he were now to walk down Broadway, and it should happen to be known that he was in progress on that thoroughfare, all the shop-men would run to their windows, and little boys would gather around or follow him. What more could they do for a king or a cannibal? We know of writers who would be quite willing to go through Dr. Tanner's trial if they were sure of winning his reward,—a reward they have sought for long, but never found. Whatever Dr. Tanner's motive may have been in fasting, this is his first reward. He is famous.

The next good which seems to have been achieved by his fasting is the furnishing of another desirable man to the lecture platform. Who doubts that more than one lecture bureau has already proposed to him

to come before the public with the recital of his achievements? One hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a night are sure for him, as a lecturer, during the coming season. To do some strange thing, which has not the slightest relation to a man's power to entertain or instruct an audience, is all that is necessary to engage the interest of the lecture bureaus. Well, the old lecturers are wearing out, and the country is to be congratulated on the introduction of new blood, and upon the achievement of Dr. Tanner, which secures it.

Carlyle speaks of his beloved British nation as "mostly fools." We suppose the proportion of fools to the grand total of population, or "to the square mile," may be as great in America as in Great Britain, and it is to be presumed that a goodly proportion of these, stimulated thereto by the brilliant example of Dr. Tanner, will undertake to do a job of fasting on their own account. It cannot be possible that a notoriety so great as Dr. Tanner's can be achieved in forty days without bringing to the front a great flock of fools who would be greatly delighted by the possession of such a notoriety, and would be quite willing to earn it, even by fasting. Suppose, for a period of forty days, a thousand fools should fast. Think what a saving of the materials of life would be effected! And then think how surely the whole batch would die, and relieve the world of their useless presence!

It would be easy to trifle through a long article on this topic, and still be engaged in the detail of the beneficent results that follow naturally from the feat of fasting that Dr. Tanner has achieved; but we want an earnest word upon it. Among both the British and the American fools, there are those who talk of matter as the mother of mind. They do not believe in the dualism of the human constitution. To them, there is no such thing as mind,—as an independent and distinct principle,—but that which we call mind is no more than a manifestation, through the offices of the brain, of the powers of matter. To use familiar language, "thought is a secretion of the brain," as bile is a secretion of the liver, or mucous of a mucous surface. When the body dies, those manifestations of its activities which we call "soul," die, because they are entirely of the corporeal nature. All through the trial of Dr. Tanner, the papers were talking of his indomitable will. He was ill; he was wretched; many of his advisers, private and public, discouraged him; but, through all his weakness and all his discouragement, his will was indomitable. His spirits, depending upon the animal life, were depressed, because all the powers of the animal life were depressed; but there was one light within him, fed from an independent fountain, that burned steadily and brightly through all. His pulse might be feeble, his animal life might burn low; but the food for his will and the maintenance of his determination was never wanting. For these, he had food to eat that the materialist knew not of. It was freely said that if it had not been for his will, he would have died. How many have died on a shorter process of starvation, simply because their discouraged minds dragged them down to death! The confession that the mind has anything to do in preserving the bodily life, is an admission of the dualism of human nature. As an illustration of this dualism, we have rarely seen anything better or more demonstrative than Dr. Tanner's experiment, and so we regard it as one of great value. The doctors may not find anything in the experiment that will be of use to them in their profession; but the psychologists cannot fail to look upon it as in a very high degree suggestive and valuable.

If the mind supports the body through a great trial of bodily strength, and maintains its power, though the supplies of the body are cut off, then the mind must have an existence upon which the body as truly depends as the mind depends upon the body. In other words, they are most intimately associated with each other, and are interdependent; but are distinct entities—dual existences, dual forces, dual principles. We think it will be very difficult for the disciples of monism to explain the phenomena of Dr. Tanner's case on any ground that will not destroy their own doctrine.

Of course, everybody has been reminded by this marvelous fast of the fast of Christ in the wilderness. It seems to us a very low and degrading view to take of this fast of Christ, to regard it as a struggle of the divine nature to overcome the gross appetites and passions of the human. We are told that Christ was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin, though we cannot imagine that the nature of Christ—so in love with purity, so full of benevolence, so unselfish—was ever called upon to "mortify the flesh"; but we can imagine that, in the day of Sadduceeism, when the immortality of the soul was not only not believed in by a prominent Jewish sect, but contemptuously scouted, he could engage in an experiment which proved the dual nature of man. "Man shall not live by bread alone," were his own words, "but by every word of God." That was his answer to monism, and no better is needed; and these were the first words he uttered on the completion of his fast, as if that were the lesson of it most prominent in his mind.

One thing, at least, Dr. Tanner has done. He has removed the fast of Christ from the realm of miracle, and made that credible to the disbeliever in miracles which seemed to him like a fable or an idle tale.

The Bennett Business.

In our July issue, we published an article entitled "The Apotheosis of Dirt." The occasion was the completion of the term of imprisonment of Mr. D. M. Bennett, for sending indecent literature through the mails, and the complimentary reception given to him at a public hall in this city. The complaint and claim of Mr. Bennett and his friends are that he was unjustly convicted and incarcerated; that the book he circulated was in no sense obscene; that the ruling of the judge in his case was an outrage; and they even quote the authority of Attorney-General Devens, Secretaries Sherman and Schurz, Pardon Clerk Judge Gray, and several other dignitaries, as in favor of Bennett; and they assert that the Presi-

dent directed Mr. Comstock not to bring any more suits for mailing the offending pamphlet. Whether these latter claims are true, we do not know. Men in their position are not in the habit of loosely criticising the judgments of courts. At any rate, the fact remains that Mr. Bennett was convicted by due form of law, and, after all the facts were known to the men in authority,—as we are assured they were,—the convict was not pardoned, but was compelled to serve out his sentence.

Now we submit that no wise nor prudent man would accept the statement of a convict or his friends in regard to the judgment of a court.

> "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law."

It is a very firm, and, we may presume, a very sincere impression on the part of those who have been made to feel the retributions of the law, that they have suffered unjustly. We do not assert here that Mr. Bennett did not suffer unjustly. We only say that the presumption must be, on the part of all prudent citizens, that the court was right, and that he was wrong. The assertions and denials of Mr. Bennett and his friends cannot be accepted as against an unimpeached legal tribunal. They must not ask nor expect too much of us, or the public; they must not ask nor expect that we shall do more than they would do in like circumstances. The claim is made that Mr. Bennett has suffered because he is an enemy of Christianity, but we took care to quote from the Boston "Index," edited by quite as eminent an opponent of Christianity as Mr. Bennett, a more condemnatory opinion of him than any one we have seen from Christian sources. It is not necessary to reproduce here the paragraph we quoted from the "Index," and we need only to say that Mr. Bennett seems as angry with the editor of that publication as he is with us, from which we may at least gather the comfort of learning that all the meanness and untruthfulness of the world is not monopolized by the believers in Christianity.

Complaint is made by Mr. Bennett and his friends that we have lugged in some private letters of his to a woman, as a part of the case. We have done no such thing. We were not responsible for publishing the letters. They had been made public, their authorship had been confessed by Mr. Bennett, and they were in our hands as a convenient means of determining the personal character of the writer. We denounced them as vile, and we assert without fear of contradiction, by Christian or infidel, that they could not have been written by a pure man, or by a man who reverences woman. It is entirely legitimate to judge Mr. Bennett's character and moral standing and immoral tastes by the revelations of these abominable letters. There is no apology to be made for them, and those of his friends who are disposed to regard them as venial do themselves a wrong by attempting to excuse them. In the public and private animadversions upon the article that has been so offensive to Mr. Bennett and his friends, very free use has been made of the word "hypocrite." Well, we do not pretend to sanctity. We never did. We do not pretend to be without the weaknesses and passions that pertain to human nature; but if these accusers and users of hard epithets mean that we are fond of dirt, but are too prudent to say so, or seem to be so,—if they mean that we practically adopt the atrocious doctrine that "virtue depends upon who's looking," then they are mistaken. They must at least give us the credit for having ordinary good taste, and dirt is not only bad in morals, but it is "bad form." To say nothing of Christian morals in the matter, there are some men who have instincts of cleanliness which relate to their minds as well as their persons. They regard dirt with natural disgust, even if they fail to look upon it with moral abhorrence; and to these men, whether in infidel or Christian ranks, the writing of the private letters to which we have alluded would be an impossibility. A dirty letter comes from a dirty mind, and we like neither.

Again, if the idea is intended to be conveyed that we pretend to believe in Christianity and do not believe in it, then another mistake has been made. The flings at Christianity that are made in such a letter as Mr. Elizur Wright sends to us, and which we consented to print, are unspeakably painful to us. The claim that the opinions of infidels are just as precious to them as those of Christians are to the believers in Christianity, is not sound. They have not proved it by such a series of martyrdoms as have illustrated the history of Christianity, and Christianity is something more than an opinion. The difference in value between an opinion and an affection is as great as that between a pebble in the highway and a diamond in its golden setting. A Christianity which consists only of opinions is a very shabby article, and we do not pretend to believe in it. The Christianity which is a divine life, a divine inspiration, and a divine hope, is so inexpressibly dear to so many people, it is such a help to them in the struggle with their grosser natures, it gives to life and death so stupendous a meaning, it is such a comfort in trouble and sorrow and burden-bearing, that we should need to be inhuman not to regard the efforts aimed at its overthrow as aimed at the dearest interests of the human race. To pretend that an infidel's opinions are sacred to him in any such way as Christianity is sacred to a Christian, is to trifle most inexcusably with holy things.

There is no doubt that many candid men and many pure and good men among the self-styled "liberals" of this country and this age, have been forced into their infidelity by the type of Christianity that has been presented to them. Ecclesiasticism and dogmatism and formalism are responsible for a great deal of the infidelity of the time. Against these, we have faithfully lifted a warning voice for many years; but we say here that Christianity, pure and simple, is not any more responsible for them than the "liberalism" represented by "The Index" is responsible for Mr. D. M. Bennett and his doings. Nor is the Church Christianity. Is liberalism sure that it is fair with us? Is it sure that, in aiming at the destruction of the mistakes of men about Christianity, it is not trying to destroy a life that would be of infinite advan-

tage to itself? They must be a lonesome and a sad set who deny Christ as the revealer of the fatherhood of God, Christ as the exemplar and the inspirer of a divine life, Christ as the mediator between God and man, Christ as the author of the highest code of morals ever promulgated upon the earth, and Christ as the hope of immortality. When they have succeeded in blotting out the faith in, and the love of, and devotion to, this personage, they will blot out the light of life and the hope of the world. One thing is at least true, and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Elizur Wright know it as well as we, viz.: that every loyal and devoted friend of Christ "hath clean hands and a pure heart."

COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Apotheosis of Dirt," A Reply.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

The appearance of my name under the above sensational heading, in your issue for July, page 463, induces me to offer your readers a few words, rather to set the facts right than to justify myself for the part I took in the meeting there referred to. The latter I did in the words I there uttered, which I should not be ashamed to see in your or any other journal of civilization. I am very far from promoting the apotheosis of Mr. Bennett or any other man, having never yet found any man, either in life or history, sacred or profane, who did not fall far short of an easily imaginable perfection. But having read Mr. Bennett's writings with care and pretty extensively; having attended his trial, and candidly considered the attacks made upon him after his conviction and imprisonment, and his replies to them, not to honor him as, after all, a brave, truthful and nobly useful man, would be to dishonor myself.

It is not true that Mr. Bennett had been "convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails," if the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States on the character of the matter he sent is worthy of any respect. That was the pretense of the indictment. Now, whatever Mr. Bennett, in his life, may have done, said or thought, which was not embraced in the indictment against him, is no justification for his imprisonment. The less he was a saint, the more inexcusable was the jury for convicting him of what he was not guilty, and the more execrable the judge for the rulings which upheld them in it. If there is in English or any other history a more palpable outrage on justice than that perpetrated by Judge Benedict in the trial of D. M. Bennett, I am sure I do not know where to find it. I felt deeply mortified by the whole proceeding, the law and the Society which led to it, as well as the deplorable result. If we cannot repress clandestine literature without a clandestine law and a professional liar, we had better not attempt it. I believe Rev. Sidney Smith was a tolerably clean, as well as a very sensible man, and I heartily agree with what he wrote in the "Edinburgh Review," nearly as long ago as I was born, where, among other important things, he said:

"Though it were clear that individual informers are useful auxiliaries to the administration of the laws, it would by no means follow that these informers should be allowed to combine,—to form themselves into a body,—to make a public purse, and to prosecute under a common name. An informer, whether he is paid by the week, like the agents of this society, or by the crime, as in common cases, is, in general, a man of very indifferent character. So much fraud and deception are necessary in carrying on his trade—it is so odious to his fellow subjects—that no man of respectability will ever undertake it. It is evidently impossible to make such a character otherwise than odious."

A good farmer, in eradicating weeds, takes care not to destroy his corn, and does not set his barn on fire to exterminate the rats. It was perfectly plain to a vast number of people, not fanatically inclined, that the prosecution of Bennett was nothing but the old Christian blunder of punishing where it is impossible to refute. The discovery of personal delinquency, not covered by the indictment, and, indeed, not indictable, was used to mitigate an adverse public sentiment. I do not envy the praise lavished by bigots and fanatics on those liberals who were too timid or jealous either to stand by the victim or reprobate the judge. Inasmuch as Mr. Bennett acknowledged his fault in the matter for which he was not punished, and was forgiven by the only party liable to be injured, the publication of the objectionable letters written by him was a gross and unpardonable infraction of the very law which proposes to protect the decencies of society, and stamps with hypocrisy the whole movement against him.

Let us see. Supposing Mr. Bennett was, as I think, unjustly convicted, so far as obscenity is charged in the matter he mailed, yet there is no doubt that he had attacked Christianity with the utmost vigor and contempt, and you say: "The safety and purity of society rests, as it always has rested, with the believers in, and professors of, Christianity," as a reason why his punishment should be acquiesced in and accepted as righteous. This is pouring contempt on the law for no longer permitting heretics to be burnt, and on Christianity for being obliged to resort to imprisonment on false charges to protect itself against an infidel press. It surely is to be hoped that the great bulk of Christians do not intend nor expect to repel the contemptuous assailants of Christianity by a contemptible indirection, which makes the law a laughing-stock. It would be better to resort to the old direct

method which was applied to Giordano Bruno, effectually as to the man, though ineffectually as to his opinions. I presume there were not a few Christians present at the Bennett reception in Chickering Hall, who sympathized as heartily with the indignation expressed at the unjust imprisonment as the infidels. We are all mortal men, and have many points in common besides faith.

For a Christian journal to refer to that great meeting as an "apotheosis of dirt," was to use a most unfortunate figure of speech—a sort of rhetorical boomerang. Dirt is none the better for being really apotheosized, and there happens to be in the same book where Moses Stuart found a justification of slavery a good deal of the very "dirt" which the Comstock obscenity law excludes from the mails on pain of imprisonment. Even our "free lovers," I think, would be ashamed of the doings of Saint Mordecai. This high claim for Christianity as a purifier reminds one how much the "purity of society" has depended on a hole in a wall, with a priest on one side and a spell-bound female on the other. I shall not enter on the question, though I think it is an open one, whether society is as much indebted to Christianity as Christianity is to skepticism, for so much "purity" as it has. I have lived to be ashamed of having been used by Christians to propagate a set of dogmas which are essentially immoral, and if the "free lovers" have made use of me to deepen that degradation of woman which Christianity found her laboring under, and, with terrible effect, attempted to perpetuate, I shall live to be ashamed of it. But I do not think they have intended to use me in that direction. If so, they have mistaken their man, as much as the Christians did.

BOSTON, July 12, 1880. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Education in Europe.

IN the department allotted to communications, in a recent number of your magazine, I read with attention a letter upon the education of women. We are, indeed, forced, in this latter day of dawning American perception in the matter of culture, to compare the qualities which distinguish educated people at home and abroad, for we have, in the United States, so far left behind the primitive simplicity of our stay-at-home ancestors as to covet a place among the polished circles of the polite world.

I do not refer to the "great unwashed," which is about the same all Christendom over—perhaps a trifle better informed in Germany and the United States than elsewhere. But in our so-called upper classes, there is a restless movement toward something like the broad, easy cosmopolitanism of refined Europeans. It is a conceded fact that Americans, away from home influences, lose their provincialisms more quickly than most other people, probably because there is less force of gravity of dead-and-gone generations drawing them to their established centers. But this assimilation is often only in the mere superficial things of dress and manners, and as a nation we do not adopt the spirit of foreign languages as do Germans and Russians, or even Englishmen. These last, it is true, speak the acquired tongues with that omnipresent English inflection which every American hopes to carry across the ocean for the amusement of his friends, but always finds he has lost on the steamer, and cannot possibly recover until he has again landed in Liverpool.

Now, this failing of Americans to grasp practically a foreign tongue can be nothing more than the result of that mistaken course of instruction which the article signed S. B. H. so vividly portrays. The education of the English girl so far differs from that of her overworked and under-taught transatlantic cousin, that I have been led to make the contrast a subject of much observation.

For this reason, as well as to vitalize my poor pretense of American French, I entered as pupil one of the charming *pensionnats* in Geneva. Perhaps nothing can so far go to prove the reality of the advantages opened by the European system as a brief sketch of life at Bois de Fey. I write, not from a gushing school-girl's stand-point, but from mature insight, as well as a critical analysis of results. The name of this school—if such one must call it, for want of a better English word—I should like to write in letters of gold for American girls to whom fortune has given the better part of "a finishing year" abroad, although it is but one of many such happy institutions on the Continent.

To begin with, we number, in our merry family, four English girls, sweet and serious and honest; two or three Americans, whose chief disadvantage is in knowing less French than most of the others; several Germans, who acquire the language with astonishing rapidity and speak it with great flexibility; several French girls, all vivacity and excitability, after the manner of their nation; one little girl from Bombay and one from Java, the complement being made up of Swiss. A heterogeneous family, but in an enviable state of assimilation. To say they are the happiest young people, out of their own homes, that I have ever seen, would give but an inadequate idea of their contentment. Perhaps, in contrast with the compulsory and monotonous school routine of American girls, they have too much liberty and make too little effort. At least, so it seemed to me at first. They were always in the garden, or on half-duty, I thought. But, now that I have fallen in with the varied round of occupations, I find that the demoiselles, for the most part, work quite as hard as though under stricter orders, and with this to us unknown difference: they study from pure interest in their subjects.

To be sure, Mademoiselle gives a *jeton* for every correct answer, or bright idea, or careful translation, or success in composition, during the admirable two hours devoted to recitations. But it is not a spirit of emulation which makes students at Bois de Fey. I look back to the trials of my school-girlhood, and to some later experiences in the deep, narrow rut of a bleak New England boarding-school, and believe that there is nothing in America like these two morning hours in the cheerful *salle d'étude* at Bois de Fey.

Around the long table (or some supplementary small tables, drawn cozily up) sit the girls, with their knitting or crocheting, or any light work which occupies the fingers without claiming the attention. At the head of the table, with the lesson-books for the day open before her, is Mademoiselle. After a chapter from the Bible and a simple prayer, which elevate this French Protestant school far above many of the fashionable academies in the United States, there is a special calling of names from a little blue book, wherein each young lady's name stands opposite to some simple household duty allotted to her, and to be performed before the ringing of the bell, at ten o'clock. One is to dust the pianos, one to arrange the flowers, one to see that the fire is properly replenished, one to look after the games that are to be replaced, one to keep the book-shelves in order, etc. These performances being commended or disapproved, the exercises begin.

First, there are several rounds of spelling; then synonyms are demanded for the words,—both excellent discipline in aiding the foreigner to acquire a French vocabulary. Then sentences are read, or improvised, in which the same words are employed, —and they must be well employed to please the fastidious ear of Mlle. P. This leads naturally into grammar and composition, after which comes an entertaining lecture on geology, botany or physiology from Mademoiselle, whose French is pure and fluent, and who requires well-expressed notes written upon her remarks. The history and literature of different countries follow, and a few rapid rounds of general questions close the recitations. Of course there is a German teacher for the French and English girls, an English class for the German and French girls, and a master of mathematics for all. But the charm of the home is the liberal instruction of its kind and cultivated mistress.

But there are other methods of educating girls in Europe which are even farther removed from the "mechanical way of learning" prevalent in American schools. Perhaps nothing appears, upon first view, more superficial and nomadic than the course pursued by many an English mother in the "training" of her daughters. And yet the English girl whom one encounters everywhere in Europe is a refreshing example of versatile culture. She is not "crammed," but is genuinely cultivated. This involves a more liberal process of imparting many-phased information than is possible in our first-class schools where the cramming system is in vogue. I am afraid to turn the leaf back, somewhere prior to my first European experiences, and recall all the things which I studied, in common with sixty or seventy-five other overtaxed young ladies. Although possessed of as many different inclinations or capacities, we were reduced to one striving, undiscriminating mass. All day, and sometimes half the night, we labored and strove—for what? For perfect recitations and a high standing in our class, at best. I do not believe we ever had a rational conception of why we studied, of the means of cultivation professedly within our reach, or of the use or tendency of any branch of mental application.

It was all one nebulous effort; and the ability to acquire each individual *lesson* was a sort of necromancy which had to be worked by a special evoking of the sensitive and easily excited memory. I do not think we were stupid; but this I know; that most of the information supposed to have been absorbed during the school term each year, became in the summer a vague blur of incoherent impressions, —a chaos of irretrievably mixed dialectics and hopelessly misplaced facts.

Ah, well! it is not worth while to call up the slowly vanishing phantoms of buried school-books. Doubtless, every "finished" girl in America experiences the same retrospective amazement in contemplating, from the perihelion of graduating day, the immense "ground" she has gone over in her brief scholastic orbit. Of course there are, here and there, sturdy feminine organizations which, when coupled with clear intellects, come unexhausted from the race. But nearly always the female constitution is incapable of that prolonged nervous strain called by your correspondent "the high-pressure method."

But these English maidens who dwell in green pastures of Europe and lie down by the still waters of culture!—how does their ideal education come to them? By work, assuredly; but also by perpetual variety and refreshing contact.

They often begin life with a French governess at home. When they have outgrown their nurseries, a systematic course of travel and languages follows. Mamma gathers her sons and daughters under her wing and goes to the Continent. Here, perhaps, the girl begins with a good German school, her summer holidays among the mountains of Switzerland or the lakes of Italy being pervaded by a ubiquitous German flavor, induced by the presence of a companion, until she is so thoroughly acquainted with the language that she can read, write and speak it,—even think and dream in it. After that, she is polished afresh by a French governess, whose quick ear and eye no English word nor gesture is permitted to escape. A winter in Italy, amid the refining influences of Rome or Florence, it may be, completes this graceful training; and then the maiden is ready to be chaperoned by her capable mamma into a society where her acquired tongues are not dead languages, as they are apt to be in the drawing-rooms of well-bred America.

It seems to me, however, that the school-plan, observed in this Genevan *pensionnat*, is the best; for the governess, with all her personal surveillance, makes a slower impression upon the intelligence than does contact with other young minds in the same

strait. To be obliged to recite side by side with French-speaking associates lends a glibness, first from mere imitation, then from habit. And it perpetually stirs up the spirit to renewed energy, as the girl is thrown among all the multiform requirements of a little French world such as this. The speech becomes a part of the occasion. I think this home phase of Bois de Fey will rise before me whenever I hear the diplomatic tongue in America, bringing with it the cozy breakfast freedom, the chatter of lunch, the merriment of the prolonged dinner,—all the pleasant girlish talk; and, above all, the kind and ever cheerful presence of Mlle. Pradez.

L. CLARKSON.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell."*

AN interval of something more than four years has elapsed since Dr. Bushnell's death, and we have here at last a worthy memorial of his life. We took up this handsome volume expecting to be interested, but we have been interested beyond our expectation. There is a charm that never intermits from the beginning to the end of the narrative, and you are drawn on to read the whole of it with unabated zest. The very brief fragment of autobiography with which the book begins is a true appetizer. If you had never heard before of Dr. Bushnell, you would be curious to learn something further of the man who could write that sketch. It is wonderfully racy, of a strong, fresh, vital, idiosyncratic nature. Carlyle's idiom is not more pronouncedly unique than is Dr. Bushnell's. John Foster did not more eagerly seek, nor more decisively succeed in securing, a thought, and a form for the thought, that should be incommunicably his own, than was the case with the subject of this biography. Dr. Bushnell was too high and sound and genuine a soul to be spoiled with affectation, yet we cannot resist the impression that he did humor, and even force, his bent for idiosyncrasy a little beyond what was perfectly wholesome. The result at length was a style in which the accent of individuality had become unpleasantly exaggerated. If that same accent had been softened instead of being sharpened—softened through such good taste as is mainly identical with wise deference to the opinion of others, Dr. Bushnell's style would have grown into one of the most charming vehicles of expression that our American literature has known. As the case stands, Dr. Bushnell's later period of production seems to us a kind of brazen age, degenerated from the golden one of his prime. Still, the golden age with Dr. Bushnell was so choice, that a considerable degree of degeneration was entirely compatible with high merit remaining after the change.

The record of Dr. Bushnell's life is very simple, and may be briefly given. He was born in Connecticut, of sterling New England parentage, in 1802. He spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827. During the two following years, he first taught a school, and then was editor on the staff of the "Journal of Commerce," in New York. He now became tutor in Yale College. His tutorship continued two years. Study of the law was carried forward at the same time. Just as his preparation for the bar was complete, a religious revival in the college produced a crisis in Bushnell's own inward experience. The result was that he entered upon a course of theology in the New Haven divinity-school, and became a minister instead of a lawyer. His first and only pastorate was in Hartford. This extended from 1833 to 1860. After 1860 till the time of his death, in 1876, with intervals of travel and temporary sojourn in various places resorted to for the sake of his health, which was in a slow, intermittent decline, Dr. Bushnell continued to reside in Hartford, an active and influential citizen no less than a venerated minister of the gospel. He exercised all this time what he called a kind of "ministry at large," in the writing of books and of papers for the periodical press.

Such was the uneventful life recorded in this book. But the man himself was much more than the outward life he lived. The interest of the narrative is not in the incidents that occur, but in the man to whom they occur. He was a noble, strenuous spirit, deeply religious, stoutly bent on being orthodox in his own individual way. He was involved at one time in theological controversies, out of which he emerged, if not triumphant, still unharmed, to enjoy, during the latter period of his life, a measure of general respect very grateful to his heart. His sense of his own individuality was so intense that it hardly differed from a kind of transformed and modified egotism. This stimulant consciousness of himself sustained him greatly during the long suspense of his failing health. He continued to the last to feel that he had work to do which could be done by no one but himself. He probably conceived of his mission in the world of thought as being relatively more important and influential than it really was. Some of those who write of him in this biography not unnaturally share the mistake. With all the generous force and fertility of nature that he possessed, Dr. Bushnell still was a somewhat narrow man. He was, perhaps, too intense to be broad. His accomplishments were not equal to his endowments. He had original virtue enough in him to have vitalized and made serviceable a much larger amount of learning than he seems to have acquired. If he read widely, this does not appear, either in his

* Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

correspondence or in his books. His thought, it seems to us, would have been juster and richer if it had had more material of acquirement to exercise itself upon.

But Dr. Bushnell was a rare, a lofty soul; we have not many such. His life is a book to read with profit and delight. It is full of the breath of a pure and heavenly inspiration. One feels cheered and spurred as one reads. The authorship is composite; but the composite authorship has produced, on the whole, a satisfactory book. What we chiefly miss is, first, in connection with the polemical periods of Dr. Bushnell's life, succinct and lucid statement of exactly the points in controversy between Dr. Bushnell and his opponents; and, secondly, a history of the interior processes by which Dr. Bushnell advanced from stage to stage of his mental and spiritual growth. But we feel sincerely thankful that we have so much, and that what we have is so good. Seldom, if ever, have we seen private letters from any pen, every line—every word—of which so well repaid perusal. Dr. Bushnell would seem to have let almost nothing slip from him into utterance that he had not first steeped to saturation in his own personality. The quaintness, the picturesqueness, the suggestiveness of his turns of expression entice you to read date, signature, parenthesis, commonplace detail—everything that he took the trouble to write. There is more thought, more freshness, more originality, sometimes, in a single page of one of his apparently least-considered little notes to his wife, than you might chance to find in a whole ream of the letters which the great, generous Walter Scott somehow got time to lavish in unstinted improvidence on the vast mob of his correspondents. The whole book is readable, and, besides that, is worth reading.

If the reader is induced to make himself familiar with "Sermons for the New Life," and with the "Character of Jesus," he may justly feel that he knows Dr. Bushnell at his best. He will certainly feel that Dr. Bushnell's best is something exceedingly good.

Swinburne's "Songs of the Springtide."*

WE have read Swinburne's last book with every desire in the world to understand it. It is filled to overflowing with the stuff out of which poetry is made, but it is not poetry. It is a wilderness of magnificent language, besprinkled with vehement phrases,—a sea of sonorous measures, surging hither and thither in billows of rhythm; but it signifies nothing. What led to its composition we have to conjecture; but, giving him the benefit of his title, we may suppose it was the influence of the sea. We look for it, accordingly, but we do not find it. It is true that three of the four poems of which it is composed imply it; but for any impression that they leave upon our minds they might as well have implied the woods, or the air, or anything else under the sun. They contain no evidence that he ever saw—or, seeing, was impressed by—the sea; no such evidence as authenticates itself in Byron's famous apostrophe to the ocean (which was written on the shores of the Mediterranean), in Campbell's "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's," or Bryant's "Hymn of the Sea"; nothing which presents or suggests, either in mass or in detail, the restless surface of the waves, burnished by the glare of the sun, obscured by the shadow of the clouds, and ruffled by the boisterous merriment of the wind; nothing, in short, which appeals to the imagination like the one hundred and eighty-third stanza of the last canto of "Childe Harold" ("Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form"), or the line and a half in "Thanatopsis," which sums up its elemental effect with the gravity of the Greek tragic writers, or the Hebrew prophets:

> "And poured round all
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Not a line, not a word, has suffered "a sea-change." "Thalassius," if we understand it, is an attempt to reflect the emotions of one born by, and possibly of, the sea—an offspring of that mysterious and awful force; "On the Cliffs" is an attempt to revive and recall the personality of Sappho, whom we have to suppose supreme among the martyrs of passion; and "The Garden of Cymodoce" is an attempt to celebrate one of the Channel Islands, upon which Victor Hugo once resided, and which his memory has glorified ever since in the eyes of his adoring poet. The volume closes with a "Birthday Ode"—a long and tedious rhapsody in all sorts of measures, saturated with enthusiasm for this grand man and his works, which are "so incomparable as to seem incredible."

We have indicated, as well as we could in a brief notice like this, the existing characteristics of Swinburne's poetry. It is wearisome in its wordiness and exhaustive in its obscurity. We try to persuade ourselves that we understand it; but, after reading a few pages of it, we give up in despair. If this is poetry, we say, we are on the eve of a new dispensation, which will overthrow all that has gone before,—the noble simplicity of Homer, the awful sublimity of Dante, the world-containing comprehension of Shakspere,—all that we have loved and reverenced from of old:

> "The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or charms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

The faith of reason has gone, or the songs of Ariel would not be hushed before the silence of Thalassius, nor would the immortal shape of Juliet fade into the passing shadow of Sappho. It is an age of unreason, and Swinburne has become one of its prophets.

"The Ode of Life."*

THE difference, or one of the differences, between a poet in *esse* and a poet in *posse*, is shown in the

* Songs of the Springtide. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

* The Ode of Life. By the author of "The Epic of Hades," and "Gwen." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

choice of subjects selected by each, as well as in their methods of handling them. The poet of aspirations, ignorant alike of his limitations and the resources of his art, grasps at the unattainable. The poet of achievements, who carefully studies his powers and what is possible to be achieved, contents himself with gathering the flowers that grow along his path. He feels the profound truth of Lord Houghton's stanza—

> "A man's best things lie nearest him,
> Lie close about his feet;
> It is the distant and the dim
> That we are sick to greet."

Not so his ambitious fellow-singer, who habitually takes refuge in dimness and distance, and is never so much inspired as when he is unintelligible. Such a one is the author of "The Ode of Life," who is as much to be pitied as he is to be censured. He is to be pitied, because he possesses an uncommon degree of poetic talent, which is wasted in this production, and he is to be censured, because he has declined to learn by the failure of his betters. He should have known—no one better, for his culture is evident in all that he has written—that no poet, however great, has yet succeeded in grappling with the problem which he so rashly essays to solve, and which he so mistakenly persuades himself that he has solved. "Whatever may be the fate of the work," he says, "the writer knows well that nothing more mature can be expected from his pen, nor can he hope again to find unappropriated so fruitful a subject for verse." He is correct in thinking it a fruitful subject,—he might have said the most fruitful of all subjects,—but he is mistaken in thinking it unappropriated, for every thoughtful poet, from the days of Lucretius down, has appropriated as much of it as he could, and has left it what it was—an undecipherable secret, a mysterious manifestation, whose beginning and whose end are unknown.

There are two ways of regarding life, or, more strictly speaking, the Life of Man, which is the fruitful subject of the "Ode,"—one obvious, the other recondite; the obvious being confined to our knowledge of ourselves, the recondite to our apparent relation to the universe. One suggests pictures of the different stages of mundane existence, from the cradle to the grave; the other reflects impressions of the things by which we are surrounded. Human life, on its picturesque side, is the theme of nearly all Bryant's poetry. It moved like a shadowy procession before the eyes of the boy to whom the woods of Berkshire yielded their solemn secret in "Thanatopsis," and it surged tumultuously before the eyes of the aged man whose last great hymn was "The Flood of Years." No other poet ever dwelt so persistently upon it, and no other poet ever brought it so nearly home to the bosoms and business of men. It was recognized in a different and more profound spirit by Wordsworth, who cared not for it as it was manifested in the multitude, but who dwelt upon it, like the egoist that he was, as he felt it in his own individual being. The heights and depths of life are scaled and sounded in his glorious "Intimations of Immortality," which read like a transcript from the universal manuscript of nature. If "The Ode of Life" *could* be written, it would have been by Wordsworth; but it escaped even his elemental genius, as this his noblest poem proved, and where he failed who can hope to succeed? Certainly not the author of "The Epic of Hades."

There were two methods open to him—the recondite method of Wordsworth, and the obvious method of Bryant, either of which might have insured a measure of success; but he chose neither, or, rather, chose a combination of both, and the result is disappointing. His Ode can be read, if one determines to read it, but it is not likely to be remembered, either in its entirety, which is merely that of a rhapsody, or in its parts, which lack distinctness and contrast. He is occasionally picturesque, in a quiet fashion, as when he endeavors to realize the life of childhood. Here, for example, is a glimpse of a group of boys, set against a background of country landscape:

> "I see the warm pool fringed with meadow-sweet,
> Where stream in summer, with eager feet,
> Through gold of buttercups and crested grass
> The gay procession, stripping as they pass.
> I hear the cool and glassy depths divide
> As the bold, fair young bodies, far more fair
> Than even sculptured Nereids were,
> Plunge fearless down, or push, with front or side,
> Through the caressing wave.
> I mark the deadly chill thro' the young blood
> When some young life, snatched from the cruel flood,
> Looks once upon the flowers, the fields, the sun,—
> Looks once, and then is done!"

Prettier than this is the glimpse of girlhood:

> "Now with thy doll I see thee full of care,
> Or, filled already with the mother's air,
> Hushing thy child to sleep.
> And now thyself immersed in slumbers, deep
> Yet light, I see thee lie.
> And now the singer, lifting a clear voice
> In soaring hymns or carols that rejoice,
> Or busied with thy seams, or, doubly fair
> For the unconscious rapture of thy look,
> Lost in some simple book."

This is pleasant writing, certainly, but it does not come up to what we have a right to expect from a poet who undertakes to sing "The Ode of Life"; and when we say that it is the best that we have been able to find in this Ode, we suspect it will hardly induce our readers to struggle through the one hundred and fifty odd pages in which it is imbedded. If he has failed, as we think he has, the failure lies in his subject as much as in himself. We think worse of his subject than of him, and better of him than he appears to think of himself; for we refuse to believe that "nothing more mature can be expected from his pen." He has made a mistake such as men of genius are apt to make, and the best thing he can do is to forget it speedily, as the world will, and write a better poem. There is still a brilliant future for the author of "The Epic of Hades."

King's "Echoes from the Orient."*

THE Orient of Mr. King's volume is not the gorgeous East, which, in Milton,

> "With richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold";

the wild and romantic East to which Byron trans-

* Echoes from the Orient. With Miscellaneous Poems. By Edward King. London: C. Kegan Paul.

ports us in "Childe Harold" and "The Giaour"; or the languorous, poetic East of gardens, kiosks and harems which Moore depicts for us in "Lalla Rookh"; but the East of which we read so much during the Russo-Turkish war, the Occidental East,—that bloody, debatable border-land between the forces of the Crescent and the Cross. This ground was trenched upon some half a century ago by the late Sir John Bowring, who sought to acquaint his countrymen with the poetic literature of every country in Europe, and who published a small library of anthologies, which whoever can may read. Others have cast their eyes upon it from time to time, but so far, we believe, Mr. King is the first English-writing poet who has set to work seriously to preserve its echoes in verse, and who has fitted himself to do by journeying through the regions which he describes. Twenty of the thirty-two poems of which his volume is composed are devoted to them—the longest, "The Sorrow of Maniol," being based on a Roumanian legend, while the remainder are attempts, more or less successful, to embody the characteristic features of its landscapes, and the life of its peoples, their joys and sorrows, "fierce wars and faithful loves," in a word, the elements of their national character as it is reflected in their popular folk-songs. He has been struck by what he has seen, and has reproduced it with a faithfulness that has destroyed the poetic impression at which he aimed. His work is carefully wrought, but it is literal and hard. We miss the ideality which we look for, and which must have enveloped the themes as they existed in his mind. We especially miss this quality in "The Fair Bosnian," who might have taken her place in literature with Wordsworth's "Highland Girl." "An Idyl Among the Rocks" suggests a stormy episode of Oriental border-life. There is not much story in it, but what there is is fairly indicated, and the gleams of landscape through which it conducts us are picturesque. Here is such an one:

> "Across the rocky lands, along the hills,
> Upward beside the foaming cataracts,
> Past lonely khans upon the mountain side,
> Through darkened woods of oak and sycamore,
> And through the pass of Zygos, where the crags
> From all their vast recesses echo forth
> The cries and murmurs of a hundred brooks,
> Which nourish old Penaëus, as his wave
> Flows down to greet the olive and the vine."

Quite as distinct, and much less Tennysonian, is this glimpse of "Night in the Herzegovina."

> "No blade of grass, nor any green is here,
> Save on a crag one starving olive tree;
> The torrents into caverns disappear,
> Or hasten, moaning, downward to the sea.
>
> "The shepherd homeward to the fold his flock
> Leads by the crooning of his rustic reed;
> The goats bound airily from rock to rock,
> And gambol where our human feet would bleed.
>
> "The mountaineer, with dagger at his side,
> With pistols in his belt, and carabine
> Firm in his hand, seems like a ghost to glide
> Along the rocky high horizon line."

"The Ballad of Miramar" is the best poem which the untimely fate of the Emperor Maximilian called forth: "Prince Lazarus" is an effective rendering of a well-known Servian legend; and "The Tsigone's Canzonet" is still better. We are inclined to think, indeed, that it is the finest thing in the book, or that it would be if its two long lines were capable of musical modulation.

Wikoff's "Reminiscences of an Idler."*

MR. WIKOFF has the courage to announce himself on his title-page as the author of "My Courtship and its Consequences," a book now well-nigh forgotten, but remembered, when recalled, as one of the least creditable volumes ever put forth by a native American. This, however, should not prejudice the reader against the present book, but, unfortunately, the memory of his title-page seems to have hung like a pall before Mr. Wikoff's eyes while he was writing these reminiscences, and so a good half of the book is very dull. Toward the end, the writer warms to his work, and it becomes of more interest. It is rarely that the title of a book is so exact an index to its character as the title of this volume. Mr. Wikoff, if we may accept his own evidence, has devoted a long and laborious life to the pursuit of idleness. He has no more story to tell than the needy knife-grinder; he has seldom had exciting adventures or held memorable conversations; he has merely loitered for half a century among the notabilities and notorieties of Europe and America. To say this is to say that this book is a book of gossip. Now, a book of gossip may be a good thing. Greville's "Memoirs" were valuable, for instance, though they were little more than a book of gossip. But there is gossip and gossip. And by far the most of Mr. Wikoff's gossip is either valueless in itself, or else it is second-hand. In the long account of Paris as it was in 1830 and thereabouts, is the most barefaced borrowing from Sir Henry Bulwer's "France, Social, Literary and Political," and from Captain Gronow's "Recollections." Although quotation marks appear, without a detailed reference to these books it is impossible to say how much is taken verbatim, and how much is paraphrased. Besides the matter thus lifted, a short history is given of everybody Mr. Wikoff meets or sees; if he goes, for instance, to a ball at the Tuileries and sees two old men shake hands, he fills three pages with a sketch of the life of each, containing no details not to be found in the biographical dictionaries from which Mr. Wikoff has apparently derived his information. This is popularly known as "padding"; it fills fully one-half of Mr. Wikoff's pages. In still another way is the book monotonous; Mr. Wikoff is a persistent optimist. Every man he meets, if not a great man or a good man, is at least a handsome man or a well-dressed man. He sprinkles sugared phrases over every chance acquaintance. As for the ladies he has the fortune to approach—they are sylphs, fairies, houris, goddesses! And Mr. Wikoff dilates upon their physical charms with an impudence almost refreshing. He pays special attention to the ladies' figures, which are described with the most luxuriant superlatives. All these glowing por-

* The Reminiscences of an Idler. By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1880.

traits are framed in a style easy to the point of carelessness; not even the three colleges, at one after another of which Mr. Wikoff received instruction, have seemingly been able to teach him to write English.

These are the main demerits of his book. In its favor are to be recorded his vivacity, his eagerness in the pursuit of idleness, a certain *naïveté*, good spirits, and the fact that somehow he always got into good company. He tells us how he spent the night in a diligence with his head, accidentally, in his sleep, on the shoulder of a fair stranger, who turned out to be the Countess Guiccioli; he describes over again Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay; he narrates how Lady Bulwer appealed to him for aid in the midst of her quarrel with Sir Edward George Lytton Bulwer; he met Mrs. Norton in her regal beauty, a few hours after the verdict in the Melbourne case; and he informs us of his success in patching up a disagreement between Edwin Forrest and his future wife, then Miss Sinclair. From these experiences it may seem that Mr. Wikoff made a specialty of matrimonial infelicity; but he had other experiences also. He traveled with Forrest through Russia and the East; he was in Paris at a barricade just as it was charged by the troops; he saw the execution of Fieschi; he was present when "Jim Crow" Rice first turned about and wheeled about on the London stage (in the index, we may note, this Rice is confounded with "Dan" Rice, of circus fame); and he was introduced by Fanny Elssler to Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian. The letters from Mrs. Grote are much the best things in Mr. Wikoff's book—as he says of one of them: "Was there ever such a piquant jumble of topics more eloquently conveyed, or at times more quaintly expressed? Horace Walpole never mixed a more palatable dish of gossip." In a later letter, Mrs. Grote tells him that she has taken a box to see Fanny Elssler come out in the *Tarentella*, and that she carries with her three good men and true to applaud heartily, "among them a countryman of yours, Charles Sumner." Mr. Wikoff tells us about his friend Sampson, who came over to this country for the Bank of England, and went back to wield enormous power over the financial world as the "city" editor of the London "Times"; but he does not mention, characteristically enough, that Mr. Sampson was discharged from this high position for selling his influence.

A large proportion of the final hundred pages of these "Reminiscences" are given up to Fanny Elssler, whose trip to this country, where she danced the top of Bunker Hill Monument on, was owing to Mr. Wikoff's personal exertions. Strange to say, both of the rival queens of the dance of fifty years ago, Marie Taglioni and Fanny Elssler, probably the two finest dancers ever seen, are alive to-day. Mr. Wikoff, in speaking (page 321) of the Duke of Reichstadt's passion for Fanny Elssler, says that she did not know of it till after his death; the current account is different.

Readers of the de Remusat "Memoirs" may be interested in another Napoleonic anecdote recorded by Mr. Wikoff, although not apparently original with him. It is said that Napoleon, in a moment of fondness, told Mlle. Georges to ask for anything she wanted. Sentimentally enough, she requested a portrait of her imperial lover. "Oh, if that is *all* you want," said the emperor, "here is my portrait—and a very good likeness it is, too." And he handed her a five-franc piece, containing his effigy and superscription.

Gath's "Tales of the Chesapeake." *

MANY readers are familiar with the amusing fictions which frequently appear in the Western newspapers over the signature of "Gath"; and in the present volume Mr. Townsend comes forward for the first time frankly as a story-teller. These "Tales of the Chesapeake" consist of twenty-seven pieces, thirteen in prose, and fourteen in verse. The latter may be dismissed off-hand, as calling for no special consideration; most of them are simple ballads, easily told, but giving no evidence of the poetic gift; there is one exception, however: "The Imp in Nanjemoy" is really a fine psychologic study in meter of the results on John Wilkes Booth of that long man-hunt of which he was the game, and at the end of which he died at bay. Of the thirteen prose pieces, one, "Sir William Johnson's Night," besides having nothing of the Chesapeake in it, is a cheap and personal newspaper squib wholly unworthy of a revival in the pages of a book; and two others are studies of the "Old Washington Almshouse" and of "Preacher's Sons in 1849." This last, which sketches vividly the happenings in the life of a Methodist itinerant on the eastern shore, thirty years ago, is in some respects the best bit of work in the book.

The remaining ten stories are of very varying value; some may fairly be called excellent, others are only commonplace. One may detect in them a distinct proof of a decided vocation for prose fiction; and had the call been heeded earlier, and the gift been made much of, we might have been able to welcome Mr. Townsend as a promising recruit in the already creditable band of Americans who can do that difficult thing: write a good short story. He has evidently the story-telling faculty, and it might have been cultivated to fine effect. But the writing of fiction has been but a side issue. And so we see much cleverness, indeed, but also the marks of a lack of training. And more than all, there is no strong savor of marked individuality; there is no Gath trade-mark, which might incite an imitator. Two tales, "Ticking Stone" and "Dominion Over the Fish," are in the Edgar Poe or Fitz-James O'Brien style; another, "The Big Idiot," is seemingly an imitation of Washington Irving. Curiously enough, the plot of "Judge Whaley's Demon" is very like a play by M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, called the "Filleul de Pompignac," although, with finer art, the French author did not attempt to explain away the main idea of the plot in a conventional happy conclusion. There is true strength at times in some of these tales, however, in spite of an occasional

* Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). New York: American News Co. 1880.

weakness in handling the theme, especially in "Crutch, the Page," by far the finest story in the volume, and the one which gives most hope of Mr. Townsend's future work. Here is real skill in the conception and presentation of character; here is sharp dramatic interest; a truly well-told story, well worth telling.

But even in this there is a touch of the bad taste inherent in cheap newspaper work. Because the old lady of the tale keeps a boarding-house, the second chapter is entitled "Hash." And we have noted many other lapses into newspaper idioms and mannerisms. In general, the style is hasty. It is with something very like a shock that one reads—

> "He keeps the saddle as he used
> In younger days, when he *enthused*
> Three provinces," etc.

This is poetic license with a vengeance.

About's "Story of an Honest Man."*

IT was full time a story like this was put forward by some one holding a front place in French literature, for its fair fame was day by day sinking lower and lower, under the double pressure of the trifling and heedlessly immoral tales written for the consumption of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "the average sensual man," on the one hand, and on the other under the weight of the pseudo-scientific narratives of the so-called "naturalists," who seem to be able to find the dark colors with which they paint only in the muddiest depths of human degradation. Alike from the insidious immorality of M. Feuillet and the cold descriptions of the lowest vices by M. Zola, this simple and sincere story comes as a great relief. Of M. About's skill as a writer of fiction no one needs to be told who remembers the "King of the Mountains," or the "Man with the Broken Ear;" and though his present theme is lacking in the lightness and brightness of these earlier tales, and is, indeed, serious and elevating instead of being merely amusing, there is no loss nor lack of ease and grace; and there is gain in strength and dignity. "The Story of an Honest Man" is the model of what a story with a purpose should be. It is not didactic; it does not preach—save by example; and its interest does not flag for an instant. Perhaps this is because its purpose is a very simple one, and easy to handle in fiction. This purpose, we take it, has been to show that French fiction is possible which shall be fair and not foul; that all the French are not either frivolous in emptiness or sodden in vice; that there are still brave men and honest women in the fair land of France; and that a novel may be written which shall be thoroughly French, and yet not have for its characters the drunkard and the rake, and for its scene the grog-shop and the brothel. M. Zola has a horror of sympathetic characters; M. About here gives us hardly anything else; although not free from failings and from faults, there is scarcely one of the people who pass through the pages of this book that an honest man need regret taking by the hand. There is no villain in the story—save, remotely, His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.; there are no "sensations" in it; there is not much of a love story, but there is a story which every novel-reader who has not spoiled his taste by the fire-water of fiction will read through to the end, almost without stopping and with unbroken interest—the one quality without which all the other gifts of the novelist are as naught.

The naturalistic school makes great parade of its use of modern scientific formulas; M. Zola's "Rougon-Macquart," for instance, is a group of twenty intersecting stories, held together by the principle of heredity. This very principle is the backbone of M. About's story, and its development is far more natural and more scientific here than in M. Zola's much-vaunted volumes. M. About, to be sure, has one great advantage; he is not only clever and able, but his cleverness is disciplined and his ability trained, and both are supplemented by wide culture. The amusing account of the reforms in the school, while Pierre is a boy, recalls to us the fact that M. About is a graduate of high rank from the strict École Normale, where he was in the same class with M. Taine and M. Sarcey. And the difficulties and struggles of the crockery-makers, of whose factory Pierre at last becomes the owner, remind us of the admirable little book on the A. B. C. of political economy which M. About put forth a score of years ago. It is of no consequence that we may detect a slight slip now and then, such as the antedating of founding of the South Kensington Museum, for instance; the general impression is one of strength, well informed and well trained. In short, the "Story of an Honest Man" is a manly and dignified novel, worthy to be read by honest men and women, and especially by those who have got a notion, not altogether without reason, that the French fiction of our time is wholly given over to the devil.

* The Story of an Honest Man. By Edmond About. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

Mrs. Gray's "Fourteen Months in Canton." *

THE wife of Dr. Gray, archdeacon of Hong-Kong, has very admirably supplemented the work of her husband, "China: a History of the Law, Manners and Customs of the People." Her book* takes the unpretending form of a series of letters to her family in England. Mrs. Gray accompanied her husband to the scene of his labors when he returned to China after a visit to his own home. During the fourteen months of her stay in China, Mrs. Gray was an indefatigable sight-seer and explorer. With the intelligent enthusiasm of an educated English woman, she made the best possible use of her opportunities to study the people at home, and in all of the human activities which engage their attention. The archdeacon accompanied her in most of her peregrinations, and, as he is well-versed in the Chinese language, she was never in want for an interpreter close at hand. Added to this, the position of archdeacon of the English church establishment

* Fourteen Months in Canton. By Mrs. Gray. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880. Pp. 444.

at Hong-Kong gave him peculiar privileges and facilities for observation, in which Mrs. Gray naturally shared. The result of all these appears in a most entertaining and instructive volume. Less learned and ambitious than the archdeacon's work, and more minute than any similar work of which we have recollection, Mrs. Gray's record of her fourteen months' study of the manners and customs of the Chinese gives us a vivid and exceedingly life-like picture of the domestic and familiar manners of this interesting and curious people. So much of the daily life of the people of China is out of doors, that any observant person, with plenty of leisure, could not fail to gain a clear idea of the habits of this peculiar people. But Mrs. Gray seems to have a clear perception of what would be most interesting to her readers. The writer managed her own household, and so she gives us many piquant glimpses of home life as conducted under Chinese skies by foreigners. Her minor trials with the native servants, helpers and trades-people are not made tedious to the reader, and the minutiæ of common things, the cost of living, the ways of the Chinese world, and the character of those with whom the writer came in contact, are all described entertainingly. We certainly gain a fresher and more nearly photographic view of Chinese interiors from this book than from any other which pretends to sketch the manners of the Chinese. The work is nicely printed, and is illustrated with many tolerable engravings.

Mrs. Dickinson's "Among the Thorns."*

NOTWITHSTANDING the punning character of its title, Mrs. Dickinson has written a really clever story. Originally contributed as a serial to a denominational monthly, it bears certain marks of that intention which mar its artistic completeness. But its faults are those of strength, not of weakness. It is well conceived, well developed, and well concluded. In respect of its plot, or plots,—for there are several,—it is remarkably successful. There are no "rich windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing." Most important consideration to summer loiterers, the book is eminently readable, and the hand that wrote it is capable of excellent things.

* Among the Thorns. A Novel. By Mary Lowe Dickinson. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. Pp. 430.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Electrical Separators.

IT often happens that the announcement of a new invention is accompanied, or immediately followed, by the appearance of others more or less like it. As an illustration of this, it may be observed that the new apparatus for separating iron ores and sands by electrical means, recently described in this department, is so closely followed by others that it is evident other inventors were seeking the same ends at the same time. A zinc-mining company, being troubled by the presence of iron in their ore, sought the aid of an electrical expert in Berlin, and the result of his labors is a new separator of some interest. It consists of a steel shaft, supported at the ends, in a position slightly out of the horizontal. On this shaft is a common screw conveyer of the usual shape, and made of brass. This is surrounded by a tube, split open on the upper side through its whole length. Outside of this is placed a drum, or cylinder, composed of electro-magnets, separated from each other by rings of brass. These magnets are of different power, the weakest being placed at the receiving end of the apparatus, and the most powerful at the opposite end. The split tube in the center of the drum has one edge bent sufficiently to just touch the outer cylinder of magnets, and thus serve as a scraper. The mingled ores of zinc and iron are poured, in a finely divided state, by means of a hopper, into the end of the apparatus, and fall upon the bottom of the drum of magnets. This drum turns slowly, and causes the ores to slip downward toward the lower end. The zinc, not being affected by the magnets, escapes, while the iron, clinging by magnetic attraction to the magnets, is carried up by the revolution of the drum till it meets the scraper, when it is brushed off, and falls into the open slit in the brass tube that surrounds the conveyer. Here it is carried out through a spout at the end of the machine. The angle at which the drum is inclined causes the mingled ores to roll over and over so that every particle is in turn exposed to the magnets, and as these increase in power toward the discharge end, all the iron is taken up and thrown into the conveyer. The first machine constructed, though very small, was found to have a capacity of about one ton an hour, and to do the work with entire success.

Another machine, employing the same principle, has been constructed in this country for separating brass and wrought and cast iron filings, when mixed together in machine shops. The mixed filings are placed in a hopper so arranged as to distribute them in a thin sheet, or film, upon the upper side of a horizontal drum composed in part of magnets. The drum turns slowly, and the brass filings slip off and

fall into a box placed to receive them. The iron filings cling to the magnets, and are carried on by the revolution of the drum till they meet a light brush. The cast-iron filings, being only slightly affected by the magnets, are easily brushed off, and fall into a box below. The wrought-iron filings, being more powerfully attracted to the magnets, cling to them, and pass under the brush without being disturbed, and may be occasionally removed by hand. The machine has the merit of simplicity and cheapness, and is said to do its work in a satisfactory manner.

The ingenious separator already described in this department has since been modified by allowing the mingled ores to fall from a circular hopper, in a slender thread, directly between the poles of an upright electro-magnet. On the magnet are placed two armatures having square edges facing each other between the poles of the magnet, the stream of falling ores passing between them. A blast of air is directed at right angles with the stream of ores, just as it meets the magnets. The action of this is to blow the ores away in two streams, each having a different path or trajectory, the iron ore being turned aside by passing through the field of magnetic attraction between the armatures, and falling in one place, while the non-metallic portions are blown in quite another direction, and fall in another receptacle.

Gas Fuels.

THERE can be no question that the best fuel for heating, cooking or making steam is a gas. Only the high price of common gas prevents it from being the universal fuel. A gas flame is clean, free from smoke, gives its full power instantly, and may be cut off the moment the required work is done. It is equally available in the range, furnace, and locomotive or marine boiler. To reduce the cost of making gas has been the aim of many inventors, some of whom have been more or less successful; and it has been demonstrated that a good heating-gas can be supplied to the householder at very low rates. Some of these new gases and processes have been already described here, and the prediction may be ventured that gas is the fuel of the near future. All of the later processes for making gas fuel depend on the production of hydrogen from water, and in a new process recently brought out, naphtha and water alone are used to produce what is called an "oxyhydro-carbon heat," or flame. It is practically a non-luminous gas of great heating power, made in a self-contained apparatus that is at once retort and burner. From an examination of the apparatus, it may be described as a pair of iron retorts, somewhat resembling coal-gas retorts, and cast in one piece. For a common cook-stove, the retort, in its two compartments, would hold about one quart of water. It is supplied with inlet pipes at one side, near the bottom, one pipe for each compartment, each pipe being packed for a short distance with fine wire netting. From the top of each division of the retort is taken a pipe, bending over and turning under the flat bottom of the retort. Here one pipe ends with a minute hole, or burner, and the other in a ring pierced with small holes on the inner side, or toward the top of the other pipe, which is placed in the middle of the ring. One of the inlet pipes is connected with a tank containing naphtha, and the other connects with a tank containing water, and each is raised sufficiently above the retort to give a fall of about fifteen feet. Under the retort is a small metal cup, connected with a branch pipe from the pipe supplying naphtha. The retort is placed in the fire-pot of the stove or range, and about a tea-spoonful of naphtha is allowed to run through a pipe into the cup under the retort. On lighting this, it burns for a few moments and heats the retort. The naphtha and water are then turned into the retort in very small quantities, or at the rate of seventy or eighty drops a minute. The naphtha is at once volatilized, and under its own pressure escapes through the opening below, and takes fire in the form of a minute and slender flame. The wire netting on the supply-pipe here serves to prevent the gas from striking back into the supply-pipe, and to distribute the naphtha in the retort in as finely divided a state as possible. Water flows into the other division of the retort in minute quantities, and is at once converted into steam, and then into superheated steam; in other words, is decomposed into its gases, that, escaping from the ring below, strike the naphtha gas-flame, and combine to produce a gas-fire of intense heat, free from smoke or dust. The process once started, the supply of naphtha in the cup under the retort is cut off, and the process of gas-making goes on continually, so long as the supply of water and naphtha is maintained. By adding a third division to the retort, and a certain length of pipe in the fire-box, the same apparatus will, with the use of more naphtha supplied by a separate pipe, produce a good illuminating gas, so that the range may at once cook for the family and make gas for lighting the house by night. For making steam, the retorts are somewhat larger, but are essentially of the same construction. The retort, placed in an open fire-place, gives a brilliant and powerful sheet of flame: really a bright open fire, that may be lighted instantly, extinguished in a moment, and requires neither cleaning nor attention, and makes neither smoke, smell nor dust. By adding the retort for making luminous gas to the fire-place, the open fire will give a bright light and make a light and cheerful blaze on the hearth. It would appear as if this method of making and using a cheap gas-fuel, suitable for the household and boiler-room, had been thoroughly tested, and it will do much to bring into use the fuel of the future, which will be a gas.

New Steam Fire-Engine Boiler.

IN the refinement of steam engineering caused by the growing demand for high pressures in engines of all kinds, particularly in steam fire-engines, the tendency appears to be toward the exposure of the water to the fire in very small quantities, either in films or thread-like streams. Among the boilers of recent design is an upright fire-engine boiler having groups of pipes joined into nests at top and bottom by a hollow ring, and hanging down into the fire-box

from the crown sheet. Each nest of pipes is connected at the top directly with the water space of the boiler, and below by a pipe and elbow that enters the boiler near the bottom. The object of this is to give a large number of pipes in the fire-box with as few openings into the crown sheet as possible, and thus save perforating and weakening the sheet. The leg of the nest of pipes also serves as a support for the pipes, and acts as a spring in correcting expansion and contraction. The smoke flues pass directly through the boiler to the stack above, passing near the top of the boiler through a horizontal sheet of iron. The openings in this sheet are slightly larger than the smoke flues, leaving an annular space, through which the steam passes to the space above that serves as a steam drain. This causes the steam to pass in films in contact with the hot pipes, at once superheating the steam, and keeping the pipes in the moisture and preventing burning. The boiler is reported to give high working pressures in very short firing, and to do good and steady duty while at work. It appears from inspection to be admirably designed for a high-pressure boiler, whatever the use made of the steam.

Utilization of Scrap Tin.

THE vast heaps of scrap tin found about tin-ware works, and the quantities of refuse tin cans that form such an item in city waste, have often been made the subject of experiment to separate the tin coating from the sheet-iron. Melting the scrap gives only a spongy iron, and the extraction of the tin by the action of acids or chlorine gas is too expensive, so that hundreds of tons of this material are wasted every year, and all the experiments to save it appear to prove abortive. The latest experiments, however, seem to promise a cheap method of recovering both the tin and iron in a pure and useful shape. The tin scraps are placed in a furnace where the temperature and the supply of air can be carefully adjusted. This gives a roasting in free air that causes the film of tin on the iron to oxidize. The alloy of tin and iron under the film of tin is next oxidized, and then the scrap is taken from the furnace, and the coating of oxides on the iron is shaken off by simple machinery. This leaves the iron in a comparatively pure state, while the powdered oxides may be smelted with other tin ores, or, as is preferred by the inventor of the process, they may be submitted to the action of hot sulphuric acid, which dissolves the oxide of iron, leaving the tin untouched. The tin may then be separated from the solution of sulphate of iron and melted, while the solution may be evaporated to dryness and then placed in retorts to recover the sulphuric acid, the residue in the retorts being valuable in making paints. The waste heat from the retorts is used to assist in roasting the scrap, and in evaporating the solution of sulphate of iron. Waste fruit-tins are first roasted to remove the solder that may cling to them, and are then treated by the same process. The process is one that it may be hoped will save a great deal of money now lost without recovery, and do much to rid manufacturing cities of many unsightly heaps of refuse.

Memoranda.

New Fruit Jar.—A new device for preserving fruit in its natural condition consists of a glass jar or tumbler, having a cover with a rubber packing-ring, secured to the jar by a screw clasp. At the bottom of the jar is a hole, designed to be closed air-tight by a suitable stopper, and inside the jar is placed a layer of dried clay, to absorb the moisture that may escape from the fruit. The grapes or other fruits are hung up inside the jar, the cover is put on, and the air is withdrawn by means of an air-pump, when the opening in the bottom is closed and sealed.

Gas Soldering-iron.—Several kinds of irons for soldering, using a gas flame to heat the iron, and thus saving the delay and trouble of placing the iron in the fire, have been made. In a new form of soldering-iron the bit is held by a narrow piece of iron, projecting from the end of the handle, and bent slightly to accommodate the gas-burner. The bit is hollow at the back to receive the flame, while a small hole is made through the bit to carry off the products of combustion. The gas-jet consists of a tube having a movable sleeve at the end, and a number of narrow slits at the sides for admission of air, the gas entering the tube through a pipe in the handle. By sliding the sleeve up or down, more or less of the air-inlets may be covered, and the mixture of air and gas regulated with great nicety. The tool is reported to give a soldering-bit uniformly and evenly heated, and giving good results in work.

Skating Surface.—An artificial surface, suitable for skating, and behaving very much like natural ice under a skate-iron, has been formed by a mixture of the carbonate and sulphate of soda. The crystalline mass is spread on a floor, and may be used as a skating-rink, and will last indefinitely, with slight repairs. It "cuts up" like ice, and, when too rough, may be smoothed again by a simple steaming apparatus.

Malleable Nickel is among the late metallurgical products, and it is now announced that it is an alloy of zinc and magnesium. The nickel-zinc alloy is made by mixing the pure oxide of zinc with five per cent. of oxide of zinc. To this may be added 1.20 per cent. of magnesium, when the alloy becomes malleable, and may be welded to nickel, or to steel or iron. The alloy has recently been made useful by welding thin sheets of iron and nickel under a steam hammer, the product being a thin sheet of iron, nickel covered. The sheets have also been rolled, giving large sheets of steel or iron having a nickel surface, that takes a high polish.

Ruby Paper.—The Geological Survey of Pennsylvania reports the discovery of large deposits of garnet, in the form of an aggregation of grains and crystals of garnet bedded in a small percentage of other minerals. The value of the deposits is thought to spring from the fact that the material may be used in making a very sharp cutting sand for sand-papers and cutting wheels. Experiments already made would seem to indicate that the garnet, or, as it is called, "ruby paper," will prove of value in the arts.

Barff Process.—The so-called "Barff process" for coating iron articles with a film of magnetic oxide, described at the time of its announcement in this department, is now carried on upon a large scale, but the objection has always been raised that, while the film prevents rust, it has a disagreeable appearance and color. Other experimenters used air instead of steam, in applying the magnetic oxide coating, and secured a better color, but at the expense of stability. By a new process, the chamber in which the iron to be coated is placed is filled with carbonic oxide, and, on introducing heated air, combustion begins, and continues till all the carbonic oxide is converted into carbonic acid, when the surplus oxygen in the air attacks the iron, converting the surface first into a magnetic oxide and then into common rust. A second supply of carbonic oxide is admitted, and burned as before, but the supply of air being withheld, combustion is maintained in part by extracting oxygen from the rust, which is again converted to a magnetic oxide, which is the film desired. Repeating the operation tends to thicken the film and make it secure, and, at the same time, retain an agreeable color and surface.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love and Jealousy.

WHEN the sun-flushed roses render
Fragrant homage unto June,
Cupid—nestling 'mid their splendor—
Cried: "My heart is out of tune,
And I crave a new sensation!"
Then the pale pinks round his bed
Changed to crimson and carnation,
And the white musk-roses, red.
Sighed the listless god: "I'm weary
Both of conquest and repose,
And begin to feel it dreary,
Seeing things *couleur de rose*.
Beauty ceases to delight me,
I am sick of everything,
And would like a snake to bite me,
Or a honey-bee to sting.
'Hide-and-seek' might give me pleasure,
To outwit,—as I defy,
Without fear, and without measure,
That grim hydra, Jealousy."
Now the summer breeze, that tattles,
With this reckless banter flies
Where, upon his bed of nettles,
Rests the monster, who replies:
"If defeat be recreation,
Bid the small god plume his wing:"
Zephyr flew to Cupid, humming
Softly in his drowsy ear:
"Hark!—grim Jealousy is coming;
Rise up quickly—he is here!"
Light as foam upon a billow
Young Love rose, for he had seen
Ghastly shadows on his pillow,
Turning all the roses green.
And with quick, mysterious power
To a maiden's bosom flew,
Where heart's-ease and passion-flower
Gleamed with youth's pure morning dew.
But within that sweet seclusion
Lo, a surly voice near by
Whispered: "Love is a delusion
When apart from Jealousy."
Cupid felt his courage failing
In the presence of his foe,
For the dew was fast exhaling
And the heart's-ease drooping low.
Then he cried out, in his sorrow:
"You are present, yet unseen"—
"Yes—I ride upon your arrow,
And invisible the green
Of my shadow round you sweeping,
Oh, you foolish little sprite,
For I wake while you are sleeping
And am subtle as the light."
Sobbed poor Cupid: "While this settles
My defeat,—let me propose
That you rest among the nettles,
While I'm pillowed on a rose;
Let me be with pleasure sated,
I will sneer no more at bliss,
Having surely overrated
New sensations such as this."
"Since my power you have derided,"
Growled his foe—"till time shall cease,
We will rarely be divided,
And together find no peace.
Let us make a compact—reaping
Its reward—if you should see,
By mere chance, that I am sleeping,
Fan your fires and let me be.
If I find you drowsy, deeming
Love hath safety in repose—
Be my sting unto your dreaming
What the thorn is to the rose."

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

There is no victory so cheap and so complete as forgiveness.

If you suspect a man wrongfully you license him to defraud you.

Luck is the dream of a simpleton; a wise man makes his own good fortune.

Wealth in this world is just so much baggage to be taken care of but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and is a never-failing source of profit and pleasure.

Gratitude is a debt which all men owe and which few pay cheerfully.

Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it.

About all that cunning can do for a man is to make him incredulous.

Too great economy in youth leads to avarice in old age.

All prudes were once coquettes and only changed because they were obliged to.

Experience has a very poor memory and true charity none at all.

A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

Doing nothing is the most slavish toil ever imposed on any one.

True eloquence is the power of completely impressing others with our ideas.

The charities which a man dispenses after his death look suspicious.

Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Some men seem to have a salve for the woes of others, but none for their own.

Extreme gravity is oftener the result of stupidity than of wisdom.

Politics at the Log-Rolling.

I b'lebes dat any nigger's in a sorry sort o' way
Dat swallows all de racket dat de politicians say;
For I's been a grown-up cullud man some forty
years or so,
An' I's heard 'em make de same old 'sertions heap
o' times befo'.
Dar's lots o' cussed foolishness an' gassin', anyway,
'Bout bustin' up de Consterchusion eb'ry 'lection-
day;
'Cause I gib it as de notion ob a plain an' humble
man,
Dat de Gub'ment an' de country, too, is tough
enough to stan'.
I nebber takes more polertics dan one good man
kin tote,
An' I don't need any 'visin' when I go to drap
my vote;
I talks wid all de canerdates, an' tell 'em what I
choose,
But I goes in on de side dat gibs *de biggest bobby-
kews!*

J. A. MACON.

A Wish.

THERE'S a legend old of the midnight watch
That at sound of the midnight bell,
A voice rung out through the silent town
And the cry was: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

O friend, when thy midnight hour shall come,
With the sound of the passing knell,
May a voice ring out to thy weary heart
And the cry be: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

W. T. PETERS.

Signs of the Times.

IN the calm blue light of a summer sea,
A boat went flitting by,
And a youth and a maiden earnestly
Watched its beautiful white wings fly.

They gazed as only the young can gaze,
With longing and joy and hope,
And the white sail, luffing a little, showed
The legend of "Samson's Soap."

In the sweet still light, another sail
Came fast and ever faster,
And the motto, bright, that it bore aloft,
Was "Dodson's Porous Plaster."

And farther off, but hurrying on
(Fierce roars the surf and louder),
Came a sail with the sweet suggestion to
"Use Lightning Baking Powder."

"How sweet," said the maid, "it is to sit
At Nature's feet, and adore her,
Reading and learning the virtues of
'The Thunder Hair Restorer.'"

"Yes," said the youth, and he dropped a tear,
"Such joys one never forgets,
I love to be told, in this gracious way,
Of 'Tecumseh's cigarettes.'"

BESSIE CHANDLER.

A Balladine.

SHE was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eyes had ever seen;
Her name is Anabel Christine,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her lace was washed in coaline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
She wore a dress of grenadine,
Looped over a skirt of brilliantine.
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with a kid bottine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline.
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine.
She flirted with a gay marine
Till they reached th' Republic Argentine,
Where they were married by the Dean,
And lived on oleomargarine.

CORNELIA SEABRING PARKER.

Revolution.

IN Carthage—so the story goes—
The tender maidens fair
Once bravely furnished strings for bows
By cutting off their hair.
But time a revolution brings;
Our belles, with artful care,
Now fasten *beaux* upon their *strings*
With fresh supplies of hair.

TELL me, lady, what is sweetest,—
What, of all things, the completest?
'Tis the kiss of him we love most.
Nay, 'tis the kiss of her we love most.
Nay, 'tis *two* kisses. Here true bliss is.
This, fair lady, is the sweetest,—
This, of all things, the completest.

J. H. PRATT.

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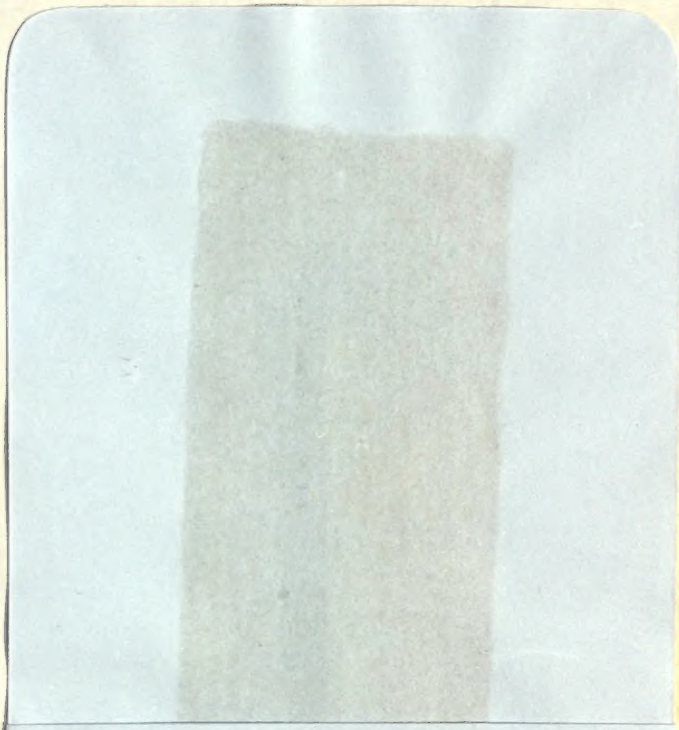

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